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Vol. LXVI. No. 1 JULY 1919

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# *The* Thirtieth Fiction Number
# Scribner's *for* AUGUST

## *Short Stories:*

**MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS**—"The Swallow," a story of a French-Canadian guide who received an unexpected honor. With frontispiece in tint by Wyeth.

**E. H. SOTHERN**—"The Image," the story of a soldier who was an actor in the Passion Play.

**SARAH REDINGTON**—"The Parthenon Freeze," an amusing tale of a university town and an ice-cream parlor. With pictures by W. E. Hill.

**CALVIN H. LUTHER**—"Golden Fruit," the story of a fruit ranch.

**F. S. CHURCH**—"The Extremists," a fantasy by this popular artist, with his own pictures.

**EDNA MARY BOOTH**—"Being a Man," a tale of a belated love-affair.

**FRED C. SMALE**—"The Field of Shadows," a strange romantic story by an English author who recently died.

## *Special Articles:*

**MRS. WHARTON** continues her unusual journey in *Morocco* to strange places where she witnesses ceremonies not before viewed by an American author. She was received by great chiefs and viewed monuments which even few French officials have been allowed to enter.

**JOHN GALSWORTHY,** in "*Talking at Large,*" shows the psychological effect on the present generation of writers and artists of the dramatic experiences through which the world has recently passed.

**PROFESSOR J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN** pictures "*The British Industrial Crisis*" from recent direct observations. He draws a picture which in part confirms Frank A. Vanderlip's sensational speech.

**CAPTAIN RAYMOND RECOULY** (Captain "X"), one of the best-posted men in France, now released from military service and on the staff of the *Figaro*, summarizes the absolute needs for France if she is to be restored to former life—and the part America must take in it.

**ROBERT GRANT** contributes new light on "*Marriage and Divorce*" as seen by a judge of probate.

**LIEUTENANT JOSEPH E. EATON** gives a few brief pictures of "*Watching the Fighting from an Aeroplane*"—different from other narratives in the account of low-flying fights with men in the trenches.

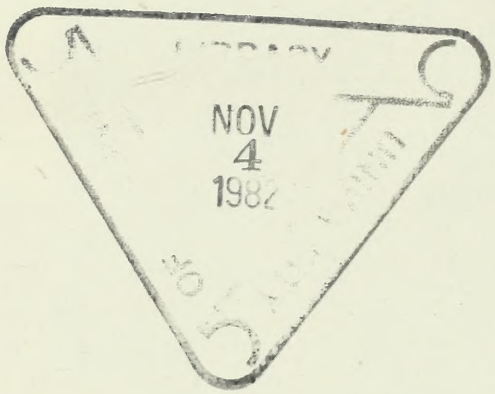
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**A FOREIGN TRADE** article by Merton Emerson Burke on *Italian Trade; The Financial Situation,* by Alexander Dana Noyes; *The Point of View;* and *The Field of Art;* also poems by *Amy Lowell* and others.

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*Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.*

"ARRAH, DHRAP IN AND DO Y'R SHTEP F'R FREEDOM WHILST TH' SHTEPPIN'S GOOD."

—"Mr. Boyle," page 67.

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXVI JULY, 1919 NO. 1

# IN MOROCCO

## BY EDITH WHARTON

[FIRST PAPER]

## RABAT AND SALÉ

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

### I

### LEAVING TANGIER

TO step on board a steamer in a Spanish port, and three hours later to land in *a country without a guide-book*, is a sensation to rouse the hunger of the repletest sight-seer.

The sensation is attainable by any one who will take the trouble to row out into the harbour of Algeciras and scramble onto a little black boat headed across the straits. Hardly has the rock of Gibraltar turned to cloud when one's foot is on the soil of an almost unknown Africa. Tangier, indeed, is in the guide-books; but, cuckoo-like, it has had to lay its egg in strange nests, and the traveller who wants to find out about it must acquire a work dealing with some other country—Spain or Portugal or Algeria. There is no guide-book to Morocco, and no way of knowing, once one has left Tangier behind, where the long trail over the Rif is going to land one, in the sense understood by any one accustomed to European certainties. The air of the unforeseen blows on one from the roadless passes of the Atlas.

This feeling of adventure is heightened by the contrast between Tangier—cosmopolitan, frowsy, familiar Tangier, that every tourist has visited for the last forty years—and the vast unknown just beyond. One has met, of course, travellers who have been to Fez; but they have gone there on special missions, under escort, mysteriously, perhaps perilously; the expedition has seemed, till lately, a considerable affair. And when one opens the records of Moroccan travellers written within the last twenty years, how many, even of the most adventurous, are found to have gone beyond Fez? And what, to this day, do the names of Meknez and Marrakech, of Mogador, Saffi or Rabat, signify to any but a few students of political history, a few explorers and naturalists? Not till within the last year has Morocco been open to travel from Tangier to the Great Atlas, and from Moulay Idriss to the Atlantic. Three years ago Christians were being massacred in the streets of Salé, the pirate town across the river from Rabat, and two years ago no European had been allowed to enter the Sacred City of Moulay Idriss, the burial-place of the lawful descendant of Ali, founder of the Idrissite dynasty. Now, thanks to the energy and the imagination of one of the greatest of colonial administrators, the country, at least in the French zone, is as safe and open as the opposite shore of Spain. All that remains is to tell the traveller how to find his way about it.

Ten years ago there was not a wheeled vehicle in Morocco; now its thousands of miles of trail, and its hundreds of miles of firm French roads, are travelled by count-

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less carts, omnibuses and motor-vehicles. There are light railways from Rabat to Fez in the west, and to a point about eighty-five kilometres from Marrakech in the south; and it is possible to say that within a year a regular railway system will connect eastern Morocco with western Algeria, and the ports of Tangier and Casablanca with the principal points of the interior.

What, then, prevents the tourist from instantly taking ship at Bordeaux or Algeciras and letting loose his motor on this new world? Only the temporary obstacles which the war has everywhere put in the way of travel. Till these are lifted it will hardly be possible to travel in Morocco except by favour of the Resident General; but, normal conditions once restored, the country will be as accessible, from the straits of Gibraltar to the Great Atlas, as Algeria or Tunisia.

To see Morocco during the war was therefore to see it in the last phase of its curiously abrupt transition from remoteness and danger to security and accessibility; at a moment when its aspect and its customs were still almost unaffected by European influences, and when the "Christian" might taste the transient joy of wandering unmolested in cities of ancient mystery and hostility, whose inhabitants seemed hardly aware of his intrusion.

## II

### THE TRAIL TO RABAT

With such opportunities ahead it was impossible, that brilliant morning of September, 1917, not to be off quickly from Tangier, impossible to do justice to the pale-blue town piled up within brown walls against the thickly-foliaged gardens of "the Mountain," to the animation of its market-place and the secret beauties of its steep Arab streets. For Tangier swarms with people in European clothes, there are English, French and Spanish signs above its shops, and cab-stands in its squares; it belongs, as much as Algiers, to the familiar dog-eared world of travel—and there, beyond the last dip of "the Mountain," lies the world of mystery, with the rosy dawn just breaking over it. The motor is at the door and we are off.

The so-called Spanish zone, which encloses internationalized Tangier in a wide circuit of territory, extends southward for a distance of about a hundred and fifteen kilometres. Consequently, when good roads traverse it, French Morocco will be reached in less than two hours by motor-travellers bound for the south. But for the present Spanish enterprise dies out after a few miles of macadam (as it does even between Madrid and Toledo), and the tourist is committed to the *piste*. These *pistes*—the old caravan-trails from the south—are more available to motors in Morocco than in southern Algeria and Tunisia, since they travel mostly over soil which, though sandy in part, is bound together by a tough dwarf vegetation, and not over pure desert sand. This, however, is the utmost that can be said of the Spanish *pistes*. In the French protectorate constant efforts are made to keep the trails fit for wheeled traffic, but Spain shows no sense of a corresponding obligation.

After leaving the macadamized road which runs south from Tangier one seems to have embarked on a petrified ocean in a boat hardly equal to the adventure. Then, as one leaps and plunges over humps and ruts, down sheer banks into rivers, and up precipices into sand-pits, one gradually gains faith in one's conveyance and in one's spinal column; but both must be sound in every joint to resist the strain of the long miles to Arbaoua, the frontier post of the French protectorate.

Luckily there are other things to think about. At the first turn out of Tangier, Europe and the European disappear, and when the motor begins to dip and rise over the arid little hills beyond to the last gardens one is sure that every figure on the road will be picturesque instead of prosaic, every garment graceful instead of grotesque. One knows, too, that there will be no more omnibuses or trams or motorcyclists, but only long lines of camels rising up in brown friezes against the sky, little black donkeys trotting across the scrub under bulging pack-saddles, and noble draped figures walking beside them or majestically perching on their rumps. And for miles and miles there will be no more towns—only, at intervals on the naked slopes, circles of



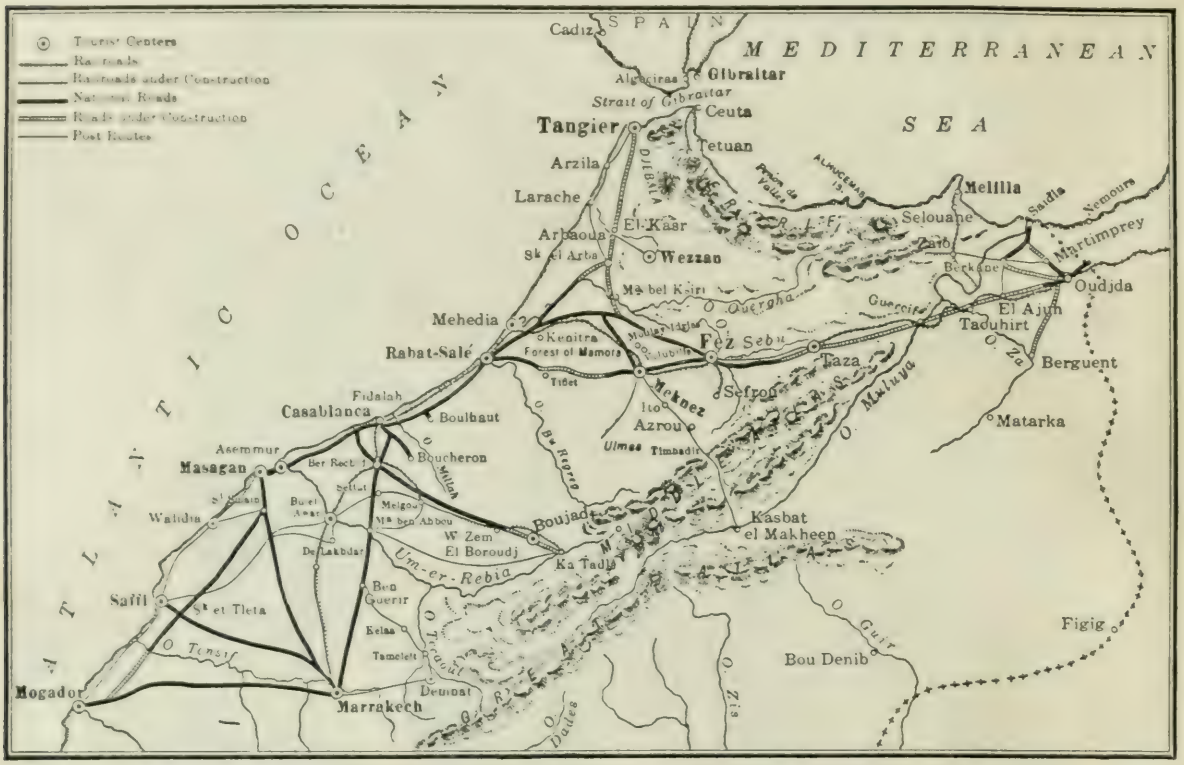
*From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.*

Rabat.

General view from the Kasbah of the Oudayas.

rush-roofed huts in a blue stockade of cactus, or a hundred or two nomad tents of black camel's hair resting on walls of wattled thorn and grouped about a terebinth-tree and a well.

Between these nomad colonies lies the *bled*, the immense waste of fallow land and palmetto desert: an earth as void of life as the sky above it of clouds. The scenery is always the same; but if one has the love of great emptinesses, and of the play of light on long stretches of parched earth the encounter of the first veiled woman heading a little cavalcade from the south. All the mystery that awaits us looks out through the eye-slits in the grave-clothes muffling her. Where have they come from, where are they going, all these slow wayfarers out of the unknown? Probably only from one thatched douar* to another; but interminable distances unroll behind them, they breathe of Timbuctoo and the farthest desert. Just such figures must swarm in the Saharan cities, in the




The part of Morocco visited by Mrs. Wharton.

and rock, the sameness is part of the enchantment. In such a scene every landmark takes on an extreme value. For miles one watches the little white dome of a saint's grave rising and disappearing with the undulations of the trail; at last one is abreast of it, and the solitary tomb, alone with its fig-tree and its broken well-curb, puts a meaning into the waste. The same importance, but intensified, marks the appearance of every human figure. The two white-draped riders passing single file up the red slope to that ring of tents on the ridge have a mysterious and inexplicable importance: one follows their progress with eyes that ache with conjecture. More exciting still is the encounter of the first veiled woman heading a little cavalcade from the south. All the mystery that awaits us looks out through the eye-slits in the grave-clothes muffling her. Where have they come from, where are they going, all these slow wayfarers out of the unknown? Probably only from one thatched douar* to another; but interminable distances unroll behind them, they breathe of Timbuctoo and the farthest desert. Just such figures must swarm in the Saharan cities, in the Soudan and Senegal. There is no break in the links: these wanderers have looked on at the building of cities that were dust when the Romans pushed their outposts across the Atlas.

## III

### EL-KSAR TO RABAT

A TOWN at last—its nearness announced by the multiplied ruts of the trail, the cactus hedges, the fig-trees weighed down by dust leaning over ruinous earthen walls. And here are the first houses of the European El-Ksar—neat white Spanish

* Village of tents. The village of mud-huts is called a *nourwal*.



*From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.*

Rabat.

Gate of the Kasbah of the Oudayas.

houses on the slope outside the old Arab settlement. Of the Arab town itself, above reed stockades and brown walls, only a minaret and a few flat roofs are visible. Under the walls drowse the usual gregarious Lazaruses; others, temporarily resuscitated, trail their grave-clothes after a line of camels and donkeys toward the olive-gardens outside the town.

The way to Rabat is long and difficult, and there is no time to visit El-Ksar, though its minaret beckons so alluringly above the fruit-orchards; so we stop for luncheon outside the walls, at a canteen with a corrugated iron roof where skinny

Spaniards are serving thick purple wine and eggs fried in oil to a party of French soldiers. The heat has suddenly become intolerable, and a flaming wind straight from the south brings in at the door, with a cloud of blue flies, the smell of camels and trampled herbs and the strong spices of the bazaars.

Luncheon over we hurry on between the cactus hedges, and then plunge back into the waste. Beyond El-Ksar the last hills of the Rif die away, and there is a stretch of wilderness without an outline till the Lesser Atlas begins to rise in the east. Once in the French protectorate the trail improves, but there are still difficult bits; and finally, on a high plateau, the chauffeur stops in a web of criss-cross trails, throws up his hands, and confesses that he has lost his way. The heat is mortal at the moment. For the last hour the red breath of the sirocco has risen from every hollow into which we dipped; now it hangs about us in the open, as if we had caught it in our wheels and it had to pause above us when we paused.

All around is the featureless wild land, palmetto scrub stretching away into eternity. A few yards off rises the inevitable ruined koubba* with its fig-tree: in the shade under its crumbling wall the buzz of the flies is like the sound of frying. Farther off, we discern a cluster of huts, and presently some Arab boys and a tall pensive shepherd come hurrying across the scrub. They are full of good-will, and no doubt of information; but our chauffeur speaks no Arabic and the talk dies down into shrugs and head-shakings. The Arabs retire to the shade of the wall, and we decide to start—for anywhere . . .

The chauffeur turns the crank, but there is no responding quiver. Something has gone wrong; we can't move, and it is not much comfort to remember that, if we could, we should not know where to go. At least we should be cooler in motion than sitting still under the blinding sky.

Such an adventure initiates one at the outset into the stern facts of desert motoring. Every detail of our trip from Tangier to Rabat had been carefully planned to keep us in unbroken contact with civilization. We were to "tub" in one European hotel, and to dine in another, with just enough picnicking between to give a touch of local colour. But let one little cog slip and the whole plan falls to bits, and we are alone in the old untamed Moghreb, as remote from Europe as any mediæval adventurer. If one loses one's way in Morocco, civilization vanishes as though it were a magic carpet rolled up by a Djinn.

It is a good thing to begin with such a mishap, not only because it develops the fatalism necessary to the enjoyment of Africa, but because it lets one at once into the mysterious heart of the country: a country so deeply conditioned by its miles and miles of uncitied wilderness that until one has known the wilderness one cannot begin to understand the cities.

We came to one at length, after sunset on that first endless day. The motor, cleverly patched up, had found its way to a real road, and speeding along between the stunted cork-trees of the forest of Mamora brought us to a last rise from which we beheld in the dusk a line of yellow walls backed by the misty blue of the Atlantic. Salé, the fierce old pirate town, where Robinson Crusoe was so long a slave, lay before us, snow-white in its cheese-coloured ramparts skirted by fig and olive gardens. Below its gates a stretch of waste land, endlessly trailed over by mules and camels, sloped down to the mouth of the Bou-Regreg, the blue-brown river dividing it from Rabat. The motor stopped at the landing-stage of the steam-ferry; crowding about it were droves of donkeys, knots of camels, plump-faced merchants on crimson-saddled mules, with negro servants at their bridles, bare-legged water-carriers with hairy goat-skins slung over their shoulders, and Arab women in a heap of veils, cloaks, mufflings, all of the same ashy white, the caftans of clutched children peeping through in patches of old rose and lilac and pale green.

Across the river the native town of Rabat lay piled up on an orange-red cliff beaten by the Atlantic. Its walls, red too, plunged into the darkening breakers at the mouth of the river; and behind it, stretching up to the mighty tower of Hassan, and the ruins of the Great

* Saint's tomb. The saint himself is called a *marabout*.

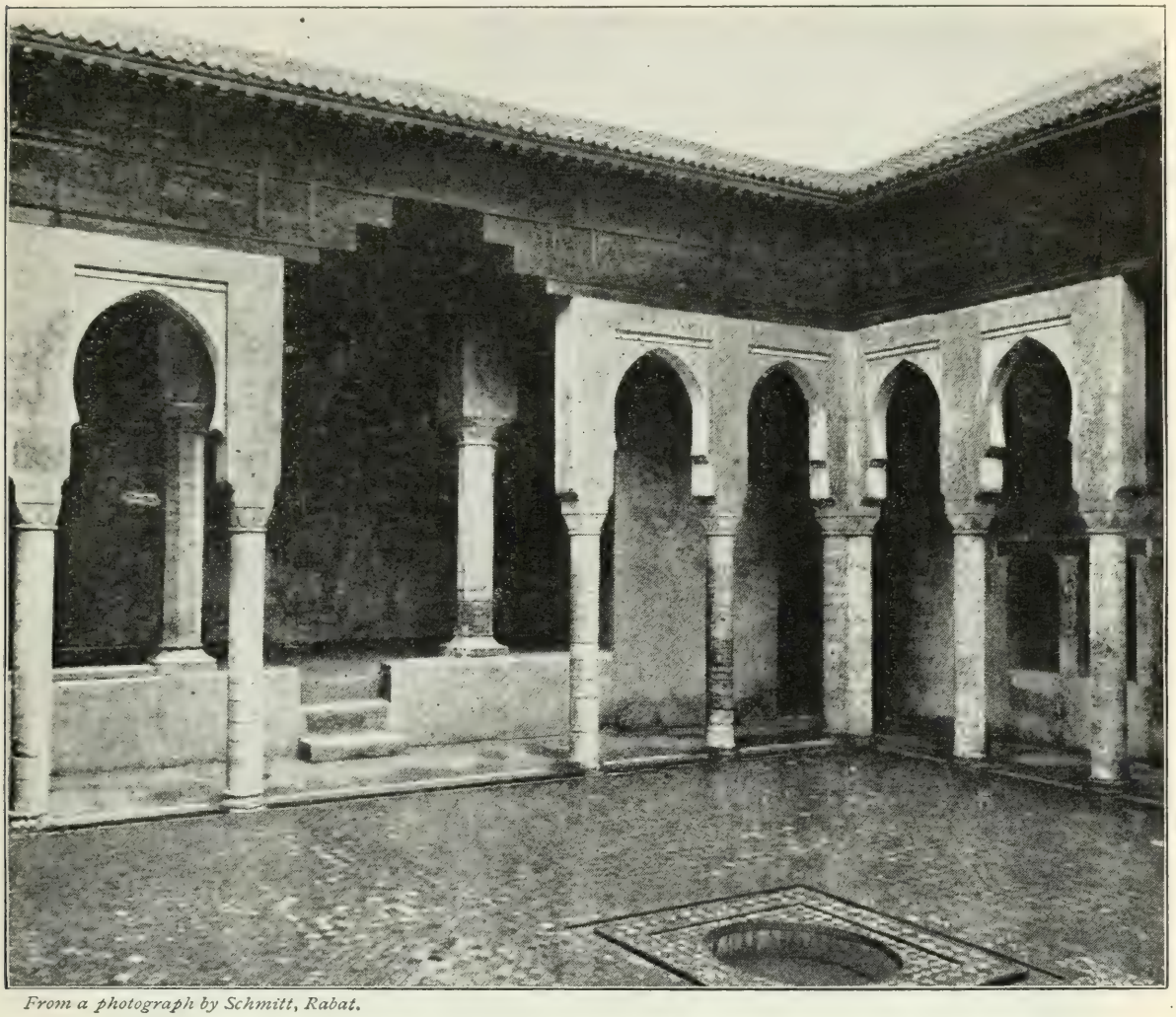
Mosque, the scattered houses of the European city showed their many lights across the plain.

## IV

### THE KASBAH OF THE OUDAYAS

Salé the white and Rabat the red frown at each other over the foaming bar of the Bou-Regreg, each walled, terraced, minareted, and presenting a singularly complete picture of the two types of Moroccan town, the snowy and the tawny. To the gates of both the Atlantic breakers roll in with the boom of northern seas, and under a misty northern sky. It is one of the surprises of Morocco to find the familiar African pictures bathed in this unfamiliar haze. Even the fierce midday sun does not wholly dispel it: the air remains thick, opalescent, like water slightly clouded by milk. One is tempted to say that Morocco is Tunisia seen by moonlight.

The European town of Rabat, a rapidly developing community, lies almost wholly outside the walls of the old Arab city. The latter, founded in the twelfth century by the great Almohad conqueror of Spain, Yacoub-el-Mansour, stretches its mighty walls to the river's mouth. Thence they climb the cliff to enclose the Kasbah* of the Oudayas, a troublesome tribe whom one of the Almohad Sultans, mistrusting their good faith, packed up one day, flocks, tents and camels, and carried across the *bled* to stow them into these stout walls under his imperial eye. Great crenellated ramparts, cyclopean,



*From a photograph by Schmitt, Rabat.*

Rabat.

Interior court of the Medersa of the Oudayas.

* Citadel.



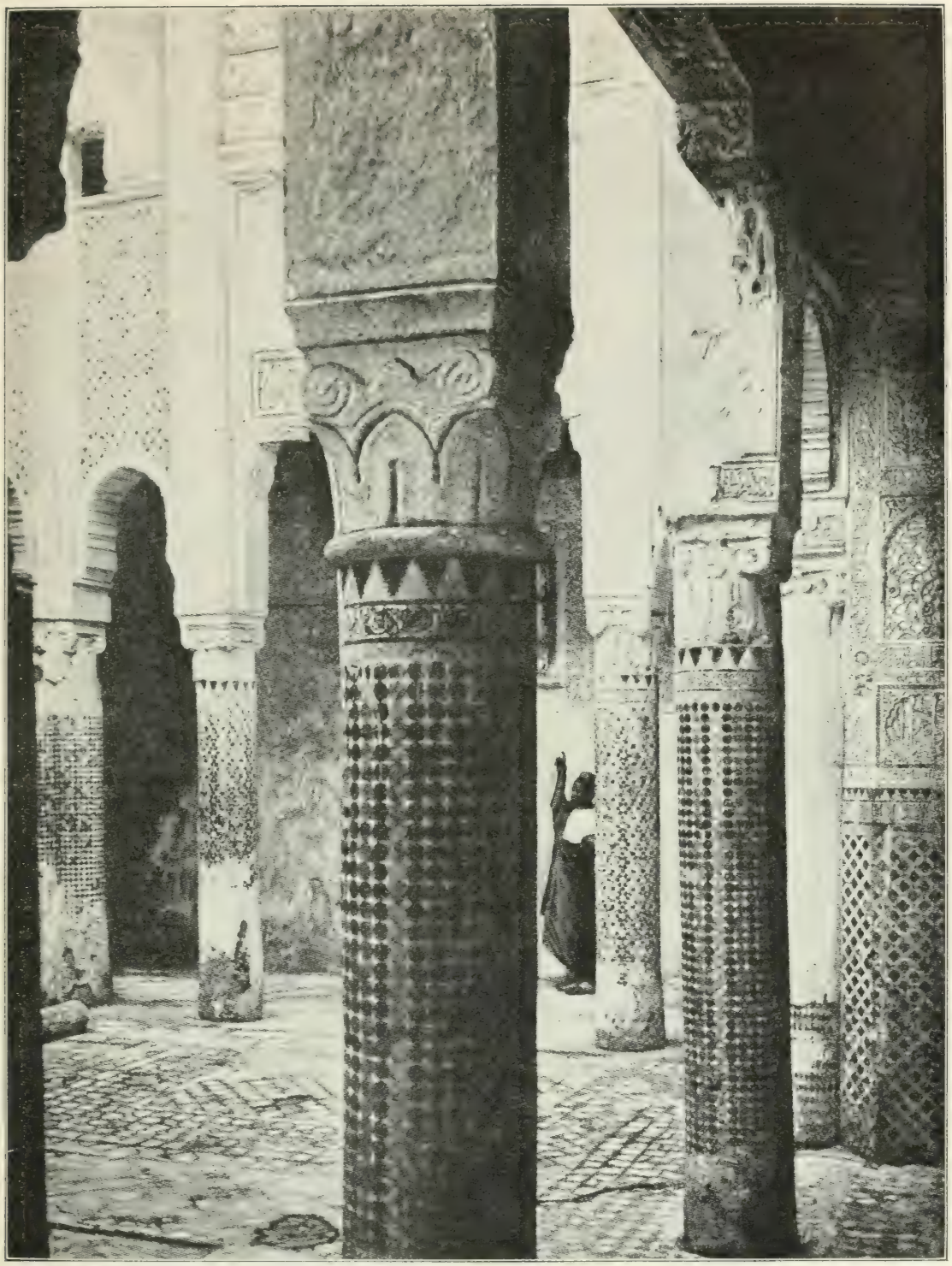
*From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.*

Salé.

Entrance of the Medersa.

superb, follow the curve of the cliff. On the landward side they are interrupted by a gate-tower resting on one of the most nobly decorated of the horseshoe arches that break the mighty walls of Moroccan cities. Underneath the tower the vaulted entrance turns, Arab fashion, at right angles, profiling its red arch against darkness and mystery. This bending of passages, so characteristic a device of the Moroccan builder, is like an architectural expression of the tortuous secret soul of the land.

Outside the Kasbah a narrow foot-path is squeezed between the walls and the edge of the cliff. Toward sunset it



*From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.*

Salé.

Interior court of the Medersa.

looks down on a strange scene. To the south of the citadel the cliff descends to a long dune sloping to a sand-beach; and dune and beach are covered with the slanting headstones of the immense Arab cemetery of El Alou. Acres and acres of graves fall away from the red ramparts to the grey sea; and breakers rolling straight from America send their spray across the lowest stones.

There are always things going on toward evening in an Arab cemetery. In this one, travellers from the *bled* are camping in one corner, donkeys grazing (on heaven knows what), a camel dozing under its pack; in another, about a new-

made grave, there are ritual movements of muffled figures and wailings of a funeral hymn half drowned by the waves. Near us, on a fallen headstone, a man with a thoughtful face sits chatting with two friends and hugging to his breast a tiny boy who looks like a grasshopper in his green caftan; a little way off, a solitary philosopher, his eye fixed on the sunset, lies on another grave, smoking his long pipe of kif.

There is infinite sadness in this scene under the fading sky, beside the cold welter of the Atlantic. One seems to be not in Africa itself, but in the Africa that northern crusaders may have dreamed of in snow-bound castles by colder shores of the same ocean. This is what Moghreb must have looked like to the confused imagination of the Middle Ages, to Norman knights burning to ransom the Holy Places, or Hansa merchants devising, in steep-roofed towns of Barbary, and the long caravans bringing apes and gold-powder from the south.

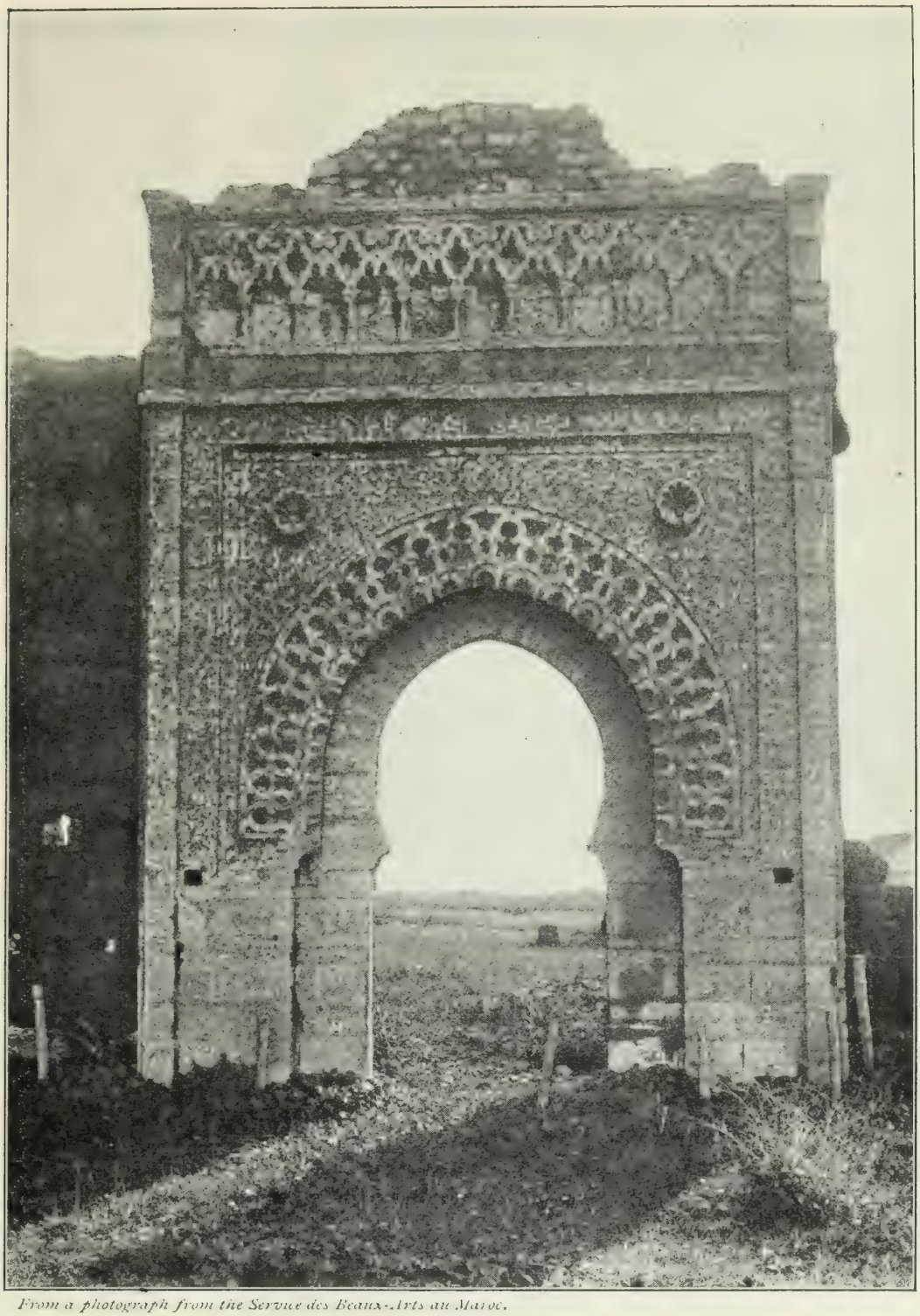
Inside the gate of the Kasbah one comes on more waste land and on other walls—for all Moroccan towns are enclosed in circuit within circuit of battlemented masonry. Then, unexpectedly, a gate in one of the inner walls lets one into a tiled court enclosed in a traceried cloister and overlooking an orange-grove that rises out of a carpet of roses. This peaceful and well-ordered place is the interior of the Medersa (the college) of the Oudayas. Morocco is full of these colleges, or rather lodging-houses of the students frequenting the mosques; for all Mahometan education is given in the mosque itself, only the preparatory work being done in the colleges. The most beautiful of the Medersas date from the earlier years of the long Merenid dynasty (1248–1548), the period at which Moroccan art, freed from too distinctively Spanish and Arab influences, began to develop a delicate grace of its own as far removed from the extravagance of Spanish ornament as from the inheritance of Roman-Byzantine motives that the first Moslem invasion had brought with it from Syria and Mesopotamia.

These exquisite collegiate buildings, though still in use whenever they are near a well-known mosque, have all fallen into a state of sordid disrepair. The Moroccan Arab, though he continues to build—and fortunately to build in the old tradition, which has never been lost—has, like all Orientals, an invincible repugnance to repairing and restoring, and one after another the frail exposed Arab structures, with their open courts and badly constructed terrace-roofs, are crumbling into ruin. Happily the French Government has at last been asked to intervene, and all over Morocco the Medersas are being repaired with skill and discretion. That of the Oudayas is already completely restored, and as it had long fallen into disuse it has been transformed by the Ministry of Fine Arts into a museum of Moroccan art.

The plan of the Medersas is always much the same: the eternal plan of the Arab house, built about one or more arcaded courts, with long narrow rooms enclosing them on the ground floor, and several stories above, reached by narrow stairs, and often opening on finely carved cedar galleries. The chief difference between the Medersa and the private house, or even the *fondak*,* lies in the use to which the rooms are put. In the Medersas, one of the ground-floor apartments is always fitted up as a chapel, and shut off from the court by carved cedar doors still often touched with old gilding and vermilion. There are always a few students praying in the chapel, while others sit in the doors of the upper rooms, their books on their knees, or lean over the carved galleries chatting with their companions who are washing their feet at the marble fountain in the court, preparatory to entering the chapel.

In the Medersa of the Oudayas, these native activities have been replaced by the lifeless hush of a museum. The rooms are furnished with old rugs, pottery, brasses, the curious embroidered hangings which line the tents of the chiefs, and other specimens of Arab art. One room reproduces a barber's shop in the bazaar, its benches covered with fine matting, the hanging mirror inlaid with mother-of-pearl, the razor-handles of silver *niello*. The horseshoe arches of the outer gallery look out on orange-blossoms, roses and the

* The Moroccan inn or caravanserai.



*From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.*

Salé.

Gate of a ruined Medersa outside the walls.

sea. It is all beautiful, calm and harmonious; and if one is tempted to mourn the absence of life and local colour, one has only to visit an abandoned Medersa to see that, but for French intervention, the charming colonnades and cedar chambers of the college of the Oudayas would by this time be a heap of undistinguished rubbish—for plaster and rubble do not "die in beauty" like the firm stones of Rome.

## V

### ROBINSON CRUSOE'S "SALLEE"

BEFORE Morocco passed under the rule of the great governor who now ad-

ministers it, the European colonists made short work of the beauty and privacy of the old Arab towns in which they established themselves.

On the west coast, especially, where the Mediterranean peoples, from the Phenicians to the Portuguese, have had trading-posts for over two thousand years, the harm done to such seaboard towns as Tangier, Rabat and Casablanca is hard to estimate. The modern European colonist apparently imagined that to plant his warehouses, *cafés* and cinema-palaces within the walls which for so long had fiercely excluded him was the most impressive way of proclaiming his domination.

Under General Lyautey such views are no longer tolerated. Respect for native habits, native beliefs and native architecture is the first principle inculcated in the civil servants attached to his administration. Not only does he require that the native towns shall be kept intact, and no European building erected within them; a sense of beauty not often vouchsafed to Colonial governors causes him to place the administration buildings so far beyond the walls that the modern colony grouped around them remains entirely distinct from the old town, instead of growing out of it like an ugly excrescence.

The Arab quarter of Rabat was already irreparably disfigured when General Lyautey came to Morocco; but ferocious old Salé, Phenician counting-house and breeder of Barbary pirates, had been saved from profanation by its Moslem fanaticism. Few Christian feet had entered its walls except those of the prisoners who, like Robinson Crusoe, slaved for the wealthy merchants in its mysterious terraced houses. Not till two or three years ago was it completely pacified; and when it opened its gates to the infidel it was still, as it is to-day, the type of the untouched Moroccan city—so untouched that, with the sunlight irradiating its cream-coloured walls and the blue-white domes above them, it rests on its carpet of rich fruit-gardens like some rare specimen of Arab art on a strip of old Oriental velvet.

Within the walls, the magic persists: which does not always happen when one penetrates into the mirage-like cities of Arabian Africa. Salé has the charm of extreme compactness. Crowded between the river-mouth and the sea, its white and pale-blue houses almost touch across the narrow streets, and the reed-thatched bazaars seem like miniature reductions of the great trading labyrinths of Tunis or Fez.

Everything that the reader of the Arabian Nights expects to find is here: the whitewashed niches wherein pale youths sit weaving the fine mattings for which the town is still famous; the tunnelled passages where indolent merchants with bare feet crouch in their little kennels hung with richly ornamented saddlery and arms, or with slippers of pale citron leather and bright embroidered *babouches;* the stalls with fruit, olives, tunny-fish, vague syrupy sweets, candles for saints' tombs, Mantegnesque garlands of red and green peppers, griddle-cakes sizzling on red-hot pans, and all the varied wares and cakes and condiments that the lady in the tale of the Three Calanders went out to buy, that memorable morning in the market of Bagdad.

Only at Salé all is on a small scale: there is not much of any one thing, except of the exquisite matting. The tide of commerce has ebbed from the intractable old city, and one feels, as one watches the listless purchasers in her little languishing bazaars, that her long animosity against the intruder has ended by destroying her own life.

The feeling increases when one leaves the bazaar for the streets adjoining it. An even deeper hush than that which hangs over the well-to-do quarters of all Arab towns broods over these silent thoroughfares, with heavy-nailed doors barring half-ruined houses. In a steep deserted square one of these doors opens its panels of weather-silvered cedar on the court of the frailest, ghostliest of Medersas —mere carved and painted shell of a dead house of learning. Mystic interweavings of endless lines, patient patterns interminably repeated in wood and stone and clay, all are here, from the tessellated paving of the court to the honeycombing of the cedar roof through which a patch of sky shows here and there like an inset of turquoise tiling.



*From a photograph by Schmitt, Rabat.*

Salé.

Market-place outside the town.

This lovely ruin is in the safe hands of the French Fine Arts administration, and soon the wood-carvers and stucco-workers of Fez will have revived its old perfection; but it will never again be more than a show-Medersa, standing empty and unused beside the mosque behind whose guarded doors and high walls one guesses that the old religious fanaticism of Salé is dying also, as her learning and her commerce have died.

In truth the only life in her is centred in the market-place outside the walls, where big expanding Rabat goes on certain days to provision herself. The market of Salé, though typical of all Moroccan markets, has an animation and picturesqueness of its own. Its rows of white tents pitched on a dusty square between the outer walls and the fruit-gardens make it look as though a hostile tribe had sat down to lay siege to the town; but the army is an army of hucksters, of farmers from the rich black lands along the river, of swarthy nomads and leather-gaitered peasant women from the hills, of slaves and servants and tradesmen from Rabat and Salé; a draped, veiled, turbaned mob, shrieking, bargaining, fist-shaking, calling on Allah to witness the monstrous villanies of the misbegotten miscreants they are trading with, and then, struck with the mysterious Eastern apathy, sinking down in languid heaps of muslin among the black figs, purple onions and rosy melons, the fluttering hens, the tethered goats, the whinnying foals, that are all enclosed in an outer circle of folded-up camels and of mules dozing under faded crimson saddles.

## VI

### CHELLA AND THE GREAT MOSQUE

The Merenid Sultans of Rabat had a terribly troublesome neighbour across the Bou-Regreg, and they built Chella to keep an eye on the pirates of Salé. But Chella has fallen like a Babylonian city triumphed over by the prophets; while Salé, sly, fierce and irrepressible, continued till well on in the nineteenth century to breed pirates and fanatics.

The ruins of Chella lie on the farther side of the plateau above the native town of Rabat. The mighty wall enclosing them faces the city wall of Rabat, looking at it across one of those great red powdery wastes which seem, in this strange land, like death and the desert forever creeping up to overwhelm the puny works of man.

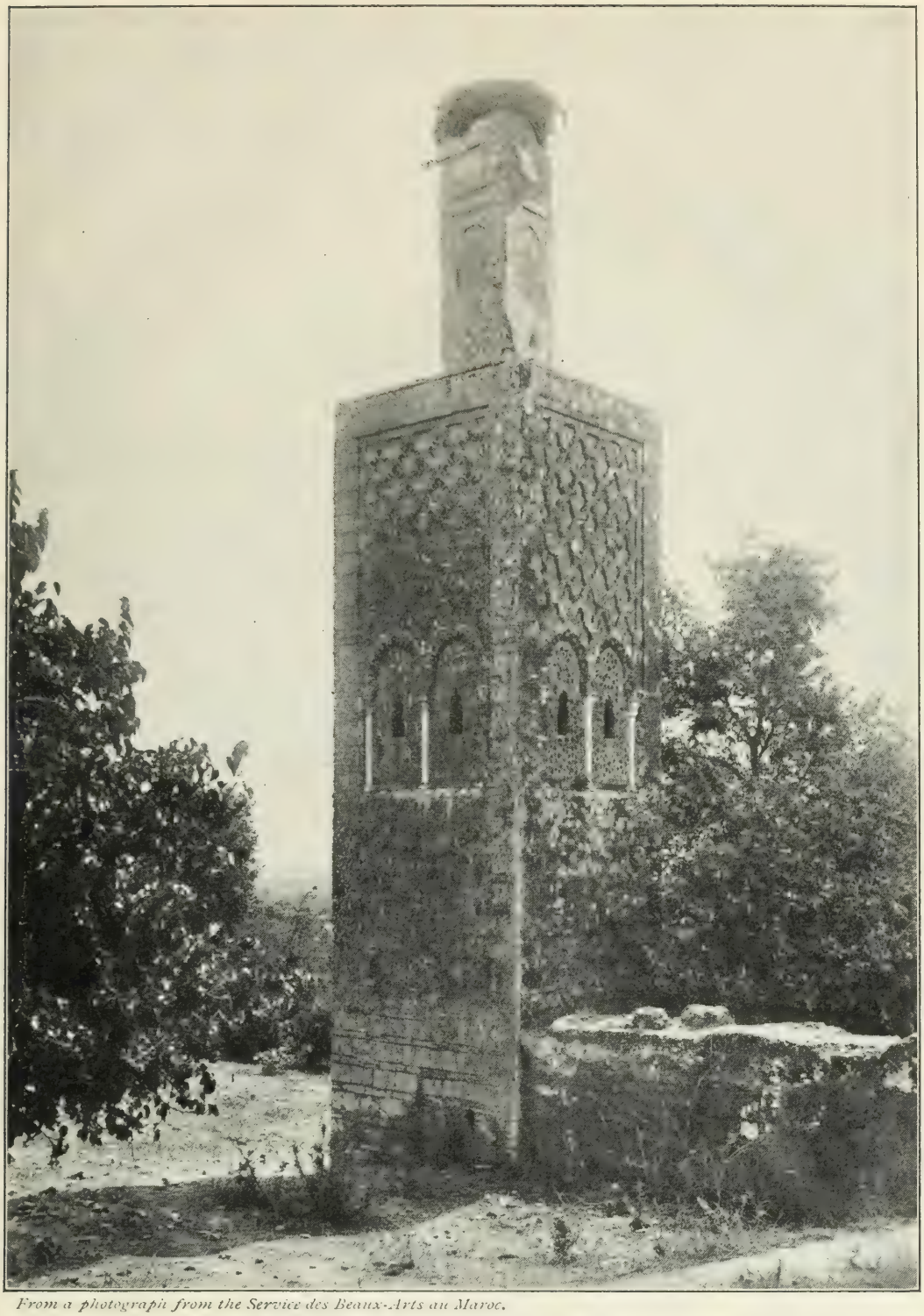
The red waste is scored by countless trains of donkeys carrying water from the springs of Chella, by long caravans of mules and camels, and by the busy motors of the French administration; yet there emanates from it an impression of solitude and decay which even the prosaic tinkle of the trams jogging out from the European town to the Exhibition grounds above the sea cannot long dispel.

Perpetually, even in the new thriving French Morocco, the outline of a ruin or the look in a pair of eyes shifts the scene, rends the thin veil of the European Illusion, and confronts one with the old grey Moslem reality. Passing under the gate of Chella, with its richly carved corbels and lofty crenellated towers, one feels one's self thus completely reabsorbed into the past.

Below the gate the ground slopes away, bare and blazing, to a hollow where a little blue-green minaret gleams through fig-trees, and fragments of arch and vaulting reveal the outline of a ruined mosque.

Was ever shade so blue-black and delicious as that of the cork-tree near the spring where the donkeys' water-cans are being filled? Under its branches a black man in a blue shirt lies immovably sleeping in the dust. Close by women and children splash and chatter about the spring, and the dome of a saint's tomb shines through lustreless leaves. The black man, the donkeys, the women and children, the saint's dome, are all part of the inimitable Eastern scene in which inertia and agitation are so curiously combined, and a surface of shrill noise flickers over depths of such unfathomable silence.

The ruins of Chella belong to the purest period of Moroccan art. The tracery of the broken arches is all carved in stone or in glazed turquoise tiling, and the fragments of wall and vaulting have the firm elegance of a classic ruin. But what would even their beauty be without the leafy setting of the place? The "unimaginable touch of Time" gives Chella its peculiar charm: the aged fig-tree clamped



*From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.*

Chella.

Minaret of the ruined mosque.

in uptorn tiles and thrusting gouty arms between the arches; the garlanding of vines flung from column to column; the secret pool to which childless women are brought to bathe, and where the tree springing from a cleft of the steps is always hung with the bright bits of stuff which are the votive offerings of Africa.

The shade, the sound of springs, the terraced orange-garden with irises blooming along channels of running water, all this greenery and coolness in the hollow of a fierce red hill make Chella seem, to the traveller new to Africa, the very type and embodiment of its old contrasts of heat and freshness, of fire and languor. It is

like a desert traveller's dream in his last fever.

Yacoub-el-Mansour was the fourth of the great Almohad Sultans who, in the twelfth century, drove out the effete Almoravids, and swept their victorious armies from Marrakech to Tunis and from Tangier to Madrid. His grandfather, Abd-el-Moumen, had been occupied with conquest and civic administration. It was said of his rule that "he seized northern Africa to make order prevail there"; and in fact, out of a welter of wild tribes confusedly fighting and robbing he drew an empire firmly seated and securely governed, wherein caravans travelled from the Atlas to the Straits without fear of attack, and "a soldier wandering through the fields would not have dared to pluck an ear of wheat."

His grandson, the great El-Mansour, was a conqueror too; but where he conquered he planted the undying seed of beauty. The victor of Alarcos, the soldier who subdued the north of Spain, dreamed a great dream of art. His ambition was to bestow on his three capitals, Seville, Rabat and Marrakech, the three most beautiful towers the world had ever seen; and if the tower of Rabat had been completed, and that of Seville had not been injured by Spanish embellishments, his dream would have been realized.

The "Tower of Hassan," as the Sultan's tower is called, rises from the plateau above old Rabat, overlooking the steep cliff that drops down to the last winding of the Bou-Regreg. Truncated at half its height, it stands on the edge of the cliff, a far-off beacon to travellers by land and sea. It is one of the world's great monuments, so sufficient in strength and majesty that until one has seen its fellow, the Koutoubya of Marrakech, one wonders if the genius of the builder could have carried such perfect balance of massive wall-spaces and traceried openings to a triumphant completion.

Near the tower, the red-brown walls and huge piers of the mosque built at the same time stretch their roofless alignment beneath the sky. This mosque, before it was destroyed, must have been one of the finest monuments of Almohad architecture in Morocco: now, with its tumbled red masses of masonry and vast cisterns overhung by clumps of blue aloes, it still forms a ruin of Roman grandeur.

The Mosque, the Tower, the citadel of the Oudayas, and the mighty walls and towers of Chella, compose an architectural group as noble and complete as that of some mediæval Tuscan city. All they need to make the comparison exact is that they should have been compactly massed on a steep hill, instead of lying scattered over the wide spaces between the promontory of the Oudayas and the hill-side of Chella.

The founder of Rabat, the great Yacoub-el-Mansour, called it, in memory of the battle of Alarcos, "The Camp of Victory" (*Ribat-el-Path*), and the monuments he bestowed on it justified the name in another sense, by giving it the beauty that lives when battles are forgotten.

[Mrs. Wharton's second article, "Volubilis, Moulay Idriss, and Meknez," will appear in the August number.]

# CRUSHING THE GERMAN ADVANCE IN AMERICAN INDUSTRY

BY A. MITCHELL PALMER
Attorney General of the United States (formerly Alien Property Custodian)

THE original Trading with the Enemy Act was a rather innocuous piece of legislation. Although passed six months after we entered the war, when preparations to strike the enemy wherever he raised his head were being prosecuted in this country, with a vigor never before known, it lacked every fighting quality. It was framed for the purpose of preventing commerce of every sort between the United States and persons living or doing business in enemy territory, and yet it was couched in such conservative, not to say benevolent, terms, that when the Alien Property Custodian got fairly into the work which the law laid upon him, he wondered whether its real effect might not be to lend aid and comfort to the enemy. It made of the Alien Property Custodian a mere conservator of enemy property; a sort of guardian to take charge of, administer and account for the property in the United States owned by persons, who, by reason of their enemy character or residence in enemy territory, were disabled from caring for it themselves.

Every department of the government upon which duties were laid under the Act almost immediately recognized its weakness, and sought to have it amended by the usual legislative processes. The War Trade Board, the Treasury Department, and the Alien Property Custodian presented to the legislative committees of the Congress comprehensive amendments to the law, which, perhaps on account of their far-reaching character, suffered the necessary fate of most general legislation during war times, and remained buried in committees. It was difficult to divert the attention of the Congress from its many pressing war problems to what appeared to many to be a subordinate function of the general war-machine. The attempt to make the act as effective as experience proved it ought to be, finally resulted in three amendments to the law offered by the Alien Property Custodian, and adopted by resort to the time-honored device of having them carried as riders on appropriation bills. Little difficulty was encountered in impressing the committees of the Congress with the importance of these simple, but far-reaching, changes in the law.

By these amendments the Trading with the Enemy Act was converted into a real fighting force in the war, and thereafter the Alien Property Custodian, instead of being looked upon in Germany as an amiable protector of German interests in the United States, found himself denounced in the *Berliner Tageblatt* as "the official pickpocket," while the Imperial German Government felt impelled to submit through diplomatic channels its official protest against his conduct as "consciously designed to destroy the German economic existence on the American continent."

Under the original act, the Alien Property Custodian was given the powers of a common-law trustee; his right to sell enemy property being restricted to cases where it was necessary to prevent waste or protect the property. This amounted to a virtual denial of the right to sell enemy property. The first amendment wiped out these restrictions, and gave him the power to manage and dispose of the property as if it were his own, except that all sales should be made by public auction to the highest bidder, and to American citizens only. The Department of Justice had, in the meantime, rendered an official opinion to the Federal Trade Commission to the effect that a patent could not be seized as enemy property, and the Alien Property Custodian, therefore, found

himself unable to seize or dispose of thousands of German-owned patents issued by the American Government. These patents were, in many cases, being used by American corporations whose stock was wholly German-owned, the owners of the stock being also the owners of the patents. The German owner got his return for the use of the patent, not in the shape of royalty, but by way of dividends upon his stock in the American corporation. The plan was generally adopted of permitting the use of these patents by the American corporation without any license or written agreement, because of the common ownership by the German in the patent and corporation. When we came to sell the stock of such corporations to American citizens, we found, therefore, that although their chief and most valuable asset was the right to enjoy these patents, there was no way for us to convey the patent rights. The original Act had been quite careful to protect German patents in this country, doubtless on the theory that many American patents in Germany were valuable, and would be protected by way of reciprocity. This was a fallacy, however, because under the German law a patent lapses unless certain license fees are periodically paid to the government. The war effectually stopped the payment of such license fees despite the President's proclamation that trading with the enemy would be permitted to that extent, and American patentees lost their rights in Germany while the law was carefully protecting the German patents here.

The second amendment to the Act put patents in the category of property which can be seized by the Alien Property Custodian, and made it possible effectually to destroy the German monopoly in many lines of industry based upon these patents.

The third amendment cured the defect in the original Act which had rendered it difficult, if not impossible, for the Alien Property Custodian to acquire the enemy interest in American corporations where he was unable to produce the stockholder's certificate of shares. Many of the German-owned shares in American corporations were in the hands of agents or representatives in this country, who were required to report them to the Alien Property Custodian, and it became an easy matter in such cases to substitute the Custodian for the German owner as a stockholder in the company. In many other cases, however, the certificate was locked up in the strong-box of the owner in Germany, and, while the interest of the enemy stockholder in the corporation was demanded by the Custodian, it was impossible to make him a stockholder of record, with all the rights and powers of such a stockholder. Congress by this amendment required the corporation to issue a new certificate in place of an enemy-owned certificate which was in enemy territory, and the Alien Property Custodian thus became empowered to exercise all the rights of a stockholder, both in the management, operation, and sale or liquidation of the great industries in which the enemy had substantial investments.

These three amendments put teeth into the law, and even before we had sufficient men on the western front to start the counter-offensive which finally drove the German Empire to surrender, we had in thoroughgoing operation on what might be called the American front, a commercial offensive of wide scope and far-reaching character, which was rapidly breaking up the great industrial and commercial army which Germany had deliberately planted upon American soil.

My experience convinced me that the industrial invasion of America by the German interests, for a generation before the world war, was begun with hostile intent. It was designed to capture the trade and business of this continent when the day should come that Germany felt strong enough to pit her armed force against the civilized world. When she struck on that fateful July day in 1914, she was convinced that her industrial and commercial outposts in America had secured so strong a foothold that their influence and power would make for her a great allied force on American soil sufficient to keep America out of the war, or to cripple us at home if we should go in.

Her method of upbuilding industry in this country was not the method of ordinary investors of capital, but the method of distributors of propaganda. Many of the German-owned industrial

concerns in the United States were mere spy centres before we entered the war, and would have been centres of sedition if we had not promptly taken them into our possession. It was earnestly urged upon me in the early days of my administration as Alien Property Custodian, by many persons of prominence whom I afterward came to suspect of some ulterior motive in the suggestion, that the law intended the Alien Property Custodian only to take the enemy-owned stock in corporations into his possession, without exercising any rights as a stockholder by the election of directors, the installation of managers, or the actual operation of the business. I should have been very unhappy if I could not have made myself believe the law intended something more than this, and by acting upon my belief was able, I think, to rid the country of some very virulent pest spots, with which we would otherwise have been compelled to contend through all the days of the war.

When we took over the Bayer Company, a well-known corporation with offices and warehouses in New York City and up-State, all of whose stock was owned by great German chemical interests, if I had been satisfied simply to take the stock and allow the old managers to operate the property, I would have failed to discover the attempt which was made by some persons connected with the company secretly to conceal its assets. A new corporation had been formed by the Bayer managers for the purpose of starting, under a camouflage of American ownership, a new business of the same character, to continue the German invasion of the American markets when peace should come. As it was, however, that attempt was still-born; the purloined assets of the company were returned to it; the business which its managers had sought to start was made a mere subsidiary of a real American corporation, sold by the Alien Property Custodian to real American citizens, who are now operating it as such. Our representatives in the Bayer Company inquisitively turned their attention to every nook and corner of the company's business. We turned up more than a million dollars of concealed government taxes, and paid them out of the company's treasury; thus, in one stroke, defraying the entire cost of sixteen months of my administration of the office of Alien Property Custodian. One simple illustration is fairly indicative of the general character of these corporations which were entirely German-owned. Agents of the government found in the cellar of the Bayer Company's warehouse twenty-three trunks, which were said by trusted German employees to contain cast-off clothing of certain officials connected with the company, but which upon examination proved to contain letters and documents from private files of Bernstorff, Dernberg, and other leaders of the German spy system in America. They had abused the American hospitality which permitted the German money to be invested in the American corporation by making that corporation's property a veritable repository for the information collected by individuals, who were likewise abusing our hospitality.

The Orenstein-Arthur Koppel Company, a German corporation, owned a large plant at Koppel, near Pittsburgh, where it had built up a very efficient industrial organization with a half dozen corporations engaged in various lines of business, all acting under and through two German subjects who were attorneys-in-fact for the original German investors. The chief business of the company was the manufacture and installation of what is known as "inside transportation"; that is, narrow-gauge railways, dump-cars, travelling cranes and machinery of a similar sort used in large industrial plants. It was the American branch of a great German business which has branches in all the great countries of the world. It was never naturalized by becoming an American corporation, and its managers never showed any desire to become American citizens. For nearly twenty years it had been operating under a system which required its managers to submit to the home office the plans and specifications of every industrial plant on which it made bids for materials to be furnished. Its product has gone into most of the great industrial plants of the United States, and specifications, floor plans, and elevations of these plants have likewise gone to the home office of the

Orenstein-Arthur Actiengesellschaft, at Berlin. Similarly, the eighteen branches of German insurance companies in this country collected for their own use detailed plans and drawings of all the property insured by them, with especial reference to the hazard of the insured buildings from fire, explosion, or other causes. Whether these interesting circumstances had any connection with the fact which afterward became apparent, that whoever was planning the explosions which occurred in munition plants, seemed to know the vulnerable points in which to cause the explosions, has been one of the unsolved riddles of the war.

After the world war started, the Orenstein-Arthur Koppel Company took a contract to furnish certain railway supplies to Russia, and the German agents who were operating the plant became suddenly possessed of the fear that in doing so they had violated the penal code of the Fatherland in agreeing to furnish supplies to an enemy of Germany. Inquiry by them at the German Embassy in Washington developed the fact that it was a violation, but the German agents at Koppel expressed the hope that this violation of the German law might well be condoned in view of the fact that they were in position to render a great service to the Fatherland by taking the contract with Russia and failing to deliver the goods. This was fighting the war in Pennsylvania in the days when we were trying in good faith to be neutral.

The Bosch Magneto Company, by secret ownership of the stock of competitors, had reached a point where it controlled more than half of the business in this country in magnetos and battery ignition systems. It secretly owned the major part of another magneto company, and through stock ownership controlled the largest producer of moulded insulation, a product which was essential to the magneto industry. It had acquired for about a million dollars another competitor, whose plant was promptly shut down and dismantled. In addition to these investments, the Bosch Magneto Company owned and operated a well-equipped factory at Springfield, Massachusetts, with branches at Detroit, Chicago, and San Francisco, and, when the war opened, its products had obtained first place in the minds of the American purchasing public. It was ostensibly American-owned. It had only twenty-five thousand dollars of capital stock, though it was afterward sold to American purchasers for four million one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and of this stock all but a few shares stood in the name of American citizens, who at first steadfastly insisted that there was no enemy interest in the company. Despite this alleged American ownership during the period of our neutrality, the company was openly pro-German in its sympathies and activities. Though it manufactured a product highly important in war, it refused to sell anything to either the allied governments or to any purchasers suspected of being interested for the allied governments. It did this under an alleged impartial business policy of refusing to supply materials for any belligerent, but it was, of course, playing Germany's game. When the United States went into the war the company still held back, and it was not until after a most searching investigation, followed by a confession by the men who had concealed the enemy ownership, that the Alien Property Custodian was able to take over the business. When he did take it over, he made the Government of the United States its preferred customer, and at the time of the armistice was furnishing eighty-five per cent of the product of the Bosch Magneto Company to this government for war purposes.

The Bosch Magneto Company presents an interesting example of the German method of invading our market. Bosch had taken out a large number of American patents. The Bosch Magneto Company was permitted to use these patents, but when that company was taken over as enemy property, it was learned that it had no title whatever to the patents, either by assignment, license, or otherwise. Bosch had simply been permitting his own company to use them without paying royalty or license fee, relying for his compensation upon the enormous profits which the company could earn in the manufacture of the product for his benefit. It was this circumstance that first carried conviction to the minds of our investigators that the

American owners of the stock were, in fact, dummies.

Down in the Virgin Islands is the beautiful harbor of St. Thomas. At the most advantageous point in that harbor, the Hamburg-American line built a great terminal, consisting of land, buildings, docks, warehouses, water-tanks, and cisterns, lighters, motor-boats, loading paraphernalia, and coaling facilities. This plant had all the characteristics of a naval base; it is significant that its principal building commanding the harbor is of reinforced concrete, the plaza in front of it having an eight-foot foundation of concrete fit for gun emplacements. When we contemplate the fact that by this convenient arrangement a ship of the Hamburg-American line, a corporation subsidized by the German Empire, and in which the Kaiser was a stockholder, at any moment might have unloaded long-range guns from its hold, and promptly put them in position to command the entrance to the Caribbean Sea, we may have some substantial clue to the reason which prompted Germany in bringing sufficient influence to bear upon Denmark to prevent the sale, whenever America in the last twenty-five years sought to acquire the Danish West Indies.

St. Thomas lies forty miles east of Porto Rico in the very track of vessels sailing to and from Europe, Central and South America, the West Indies, Panama Canal, and the Gulf and Atlantic coast States. Its splendid harbor enjoys marvellous natural protection, and can be easily fortified. Germany clung to this property with amazing tenacity. When we came to investigate its ownership, we found the title to be apparently in a Danish lawyer of St. Thomas, one Jorgensen, who claimed that on January 22, 1917, five days after the United States had purchased the Islands from Denmark, he himself had purchased the property from the business agent of the Hamburg-American line, who was also the German Consul at St. Thomas. The sole consideration in this pretended sale was Jorgensen's note for two hundred and ten thousand dollars, which he gave his client —the Hamburg-American line—payable in three months without interest, and with the provision that it should be renewed every three months until after the war. Jorgensen had the deed for the property, as well as his note, while the German Consul had a copy of the note and was continuing in charge. The Alien Property Custodian took both note and deed, and Jorgensen finally executed a deed quitclaiming his title to the Alien Property Custodian, by whom the property was sold for the same amount of two hundred and ten thousand dollars to the Government of the United States, and it will now become an American naval base. The time will doubtless come when the Hamburg-American line will protest that the Custodian sold the property to the government for too low a price, but the circumstances are such that, caught in their own trap, they will have to admit that the price was fixed by their own agents.

Another interesting case is that of the German-American Lumber Company, whose valuable property is located on the shores of St. Andrew's Bay on the west coast of Florida. It is interesting to observe that St. Andrew's Bay is said to be the finest harbor on the Gulf of Mexico, and the nearest harbor in America to the Panama Canal. Here a typical Junker, a prince of the German Empire, Forstlich Schamburg Holfkammen, had made a large investment running into millions. He seems never to have visited the property, nor received any dividends or other earnings from it, but allowed the profits to be returned to the business, and further investments made until the company had acquired more than a hundred thousand acres of timber lands near the bay. The German Consul at Pensacola was the secretary of the company, while its chief officer changed about every two years; in each case, however, being a man who was sent there by Germany from a similar enterprise in South America. Vigorous opposition was offered by the company to an American railroad which sought to penetrate its lands to the water's edge. Its lands were so situated that, if the American Government itself had desired to build terminal facilities for its own use upon its own harbor, to open quick and direct communication with the Panama Canal, it would have had to deal with the German Empire. When we took over

this property we found the files in the company's office filled with the Pan-German literature which was a part of the German propaganda in America, and I verily believe it was one of the chief spy centres in the country.

The Hamburg-American Line's office in New York was a meeting place for all the German agents in America before we entered the war, and the terminals of this company and of the North German Lloyd Line were expected to be the gates through which Germany would again come into her own in the commercial warfare to which she looked forward when her plans for the military wing of her army had come to a successful issue. It has recently come to light that in every neutral country Germany had placed her commercial agents fully equipped to start immediately upon cessation of hostilities in Europe. It is said that as many as one hundred and fifty thousand German salesmen were in Spain alone. They were furnished with price-lists, samples, and all the necessary equipment for pushing German trade in every part of the world; activities which were, of course, predicated upon Germany's winning the war, a result which German business men never doubted, certainly not until America entered the lists.

Examples of this sort might be multiplied indefinitely. They all go to show an abuse of American hospitality which is almost unbelievable, and prove that Germany's plan was not to trade with the world, but to conquer the world by trade. How far the morale of the German people was broken when the great interests of that country realized that the sale of their American businesses to American citizens would require them to start all over again in their plan of invasion of American markets, will never be known until the true history of the great world war has been written. Herr Ballin, of the Hamburg-American line, realized what it meant when his dream of world-wide commercial empire was shattered by the simple announcement on the part of the United States that the Hamburg-American Line terminal facilities on the Hudson River had been sold to the United States Government, which might treat with Germany as to the disposition of the sum of seven million dollars, which was put into the Treasury as against the day of accounting, but would never consider the return of the properties themselves.

The United States had already, by Congressional action, divested the Hamburg-American Line and the North German Lloyd Line of both the possession and title to more than sixty ships which had been interned here in 1914. These were being appraised under the Act of Congress, with the plain purpose of using their value, and not the ships themselves, as the basis for any possible future negotiation with their owners. The Imperial German Government, by a note conveyed to the State Department through the Swiss Legation, made strenuous protest against the Americanization of these ships and terminal facilities, declaring this action on the part of our country to be "an endeavor to shackle through measures of force the opportunities of German shipping interests to develop in the future." This vigorous protest was, of course, inspired by the Hamburg-American Line interests in Germany, whose managers are said to have protested to the Kaiser himself that his conduct in pursuing the war would destroy the German economic existence everywhere in the world. They knew she had already lost the war no matter what the results might be upon the military fields of battle. The Kaiser did not desist, and America did not weaken, and Herr Ballin in desperation finally committed suicide.

The Bayer Company, the Orenstein-Arthur Koppel Company, and the German-American Lumber Company have now all gone into American hands, and are real American corporations, operated with honest American capital. Full values were paid for them, and the purchase price is in the Treasury of the United States to the credit of the former German owners, to be disposed of after the war "as Congress shall determine."

The same effective plans have been carried out with relation to the German investment in other lines of industry. Their hold upon chemicals, dye-stuffs, and pharmaceuticals, steel products, surgical instruments, electrical appliances, and many other essential products, has

been effectually broken, and America has been emancipated from the dominion of the German industrial invader. And yet, of the thirty-five thousand trust estates being administered by the Alien Property Custodian, it is safe to say that no more than five thousand are of the character here referred to. The remainder constitute the private investment of the individual German subject, who looked upon America as a land of promise where his surplus capital might well be employed. Such individual investments were no part of the German scheme of industrial control, and differed from the large investments in industries dominated or controlled by German capital, in that they had no connection with the financial or political powers in Germany. It has never been contemplated that such individual investments should be put upon the auction block. The Alien Property Custodian has demanded and received thousands of pieces of property, consisting of real estate, mortgages, bonds, stocks, and personal property of every kind and description, which are being held by him until the peace settlement shall have determined the status of enemy property, and Congress shall have legislated upon the subject. It would be easily possible to return all of this property in kind to the individual owners, if that should be determined to be the proper policy, or, it could be rapidly converted into cash, if it should be determined to use the value of enemy property in America as a liquid fund in the settlement of damages against the enemy powers. There is plenty of evidence, however, to sustain the finding that most of the enemy investments in the essential industries in the United States were made under circumstances which indicated a governmental policy on the part of Germany. They were in many cases financed by the Deutsche Bank or the Disconto Gesellschaft, or were cartel-controlled and a part of the imperial economic and commercial plans. In some cases they were even subsidized by the government. These were the investments which marked the outposts of German Kultur upon the American continent. They were the investments which marked Germany's greatest advance in the commercial warfare upon which she had embarked with the aim of dominating the trade of the world. These investments were not alone taken from the enemy by the Custodian, but they have been placed in American hands for all time. The total value of such investments will probably not exceed one hundred and fifty million dollars, about one-fifth of the entire enemy investment in the United States, but their potential value was greater than all the rest. The blow struck at Germany, while the war was at its height, by the capture of this industrial army on American soil, was a stroke of no small importance.

It is impossible even yet to measure the full strength of the weapon which was employed in the war when the German-owned patents were taken over and sold to Americans. The situation in a single industry is sufficient to indicate the importance of this step. Chemistry, more than any other science, is the very foundation of a far-flung line of industry. One has but to look about him, for example, at the essential part which colors play in all the necessities, comforts, and luxuries of life, to realize the grip which the control of the dyestuff industry has upon the people. Its by-products touch alike the health, well-being, the very life of the people. In peace, and even more in war, chemistry paints the whole picture of progress. America's social and economic, possibly even her political, independence is not safe unless the industries dependent upon the development of the science of chemistry are open to American genius and energy. We have to confess, I think, that Germany has been ahead of America in the commercial application of this science. The great dyestuff, pharmaceutical and chemical business which Germany built up gave her a practical monopoly of the American markets, either because she controlled subsidiary corporations here which were permitted to use some of her patents, or because as in most cases she effectually shut off American effort by preventing the development of chemistry and its use in America by her patents of processes and products. Recognizing that the chemical industry is the great key which opens the door to the manufacture of explosives, before we entered the

war, Germany had made the industry almost a state institution. The German producers in chemical lines were combined in two cartels, representing an aggregate capitalization of ten billion dollars, and the American industry was thus put in competition, not with the individual German producer, but with the German Empire itself. Its system was to confine all chemical research and important production work to Germany itself, while its arms reached into every other country for purposes of distribution.

Under the power granted by the second amendment to the Trading with the Enemy Act, which I have recited, the Alien Property Custodian seized four thousand five hundred German patents in the chemical industry alone, and conveyed them to a corporation known as the Chemical Foundation, Incorporated, which was formed by the association of nearly all the dye and chemical trade—both producers and distributors—for the purpose of acquiring the patents. This is a corporation which has a capital stock of four hundred thousand dollars preferred, and one hundred thousand common. No single interest has more than one share of the common stock, which has the sole voting power. All the stock is in the control of a committee of voting trustees, under whose direction there will be granted the use upon equal terms by the entire industry of the processes and products covered by the patents, so as to prevent the monopoly by any one manufacturer of the patented products. The corporation has released the Government of the United States from all damage claims for alleged infringements of these German-owned patents by reason of the use of the inventions by the government in the production of war materials. It seemed obvious that the United States should not be called upon to pay royalties to its enemies for the manufacture of explosives or other necessary war materials employed in a war for which the owners of the patents and their friends were responsible. The license fees for the use of these patents will be used by the Chemical Foundation for the advancement of chemical and allied industrial sciences by research. I have no doubt that the organization of this institution, which was the result of a patriotic effort on the part of an ambitious industry to carry out a well-defined governmental policy in co-operation with the Alien Property Custodian, will prove the most important step yet taken for the upbuilding of industrial chemistry in America. Tariff protection has proved utterly unavailing in the past. The patents which have been transferred to the Chemical Foundation include many German patents taken out as late as 1917, and even in 1918, as well as many applications still pending. They include the results of the research, upon which must be based the manufacture of any new dyes which the Germans are now able to produce and market. Accordingly, the Chemical Foundation will be able to protect the American industry for a considerable period, for new chemical products only appear several years after patents are taken out, and a few years will suffice to put the American industry in a place where it can hold its own.

The British and French have adopted a system of licensing imports, which amounts to an embargo against German dyes, but the American plan of operation under the Chemical Foundation will doubtless prove quite as effective. The opportunities which the Foundation offers to competent research scientists are expected to exceed those of any institution unconnected with industry, and it may well be possible that great benefits to humanity may result from this research work. Discoveries of curative medicines of great value may be hopefully anticipated. At any rate, the plan puts the American industry firmly on its feet, and the students of chemistry in America may now go forward in the development of the science for commercial purposes, with the knowledge that their efforts will not be forestalled nor stifled by the German chemical octopus which has so long deprived the chemists of every country of the incentive to individual effort.

# DEAD MEN'S SHOES

## By Gordon Hall Gerould

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

DAVID LLOYD sat in his library, chewing the stem of an unlighted pipe. It was called his library, he reflected bitterly, though it was no more his than was the rest of the house. Something like half of the books on the shelves he had placed there: they were things he had chosen—his own. The other half went with the room, which wasn't his at all. He scowled ferociously at space and gave himself over, with tense preoccupation, to analysis of his troubles.

He hadn't worried about the matter at first. He wondered now that he could have been so foolish; wondered so hard that he screwed his blue eyes into pinholes and rumpled his hair into a wilder disorder. He had been so much in love with Edith that he had taken everything for granted, including her wealth and his own poverty. It had all seemed easy enough, and it had sounded so as she had put the matter to him at the time. What did it matter, Edith had argued, where the money came from, since it was there for them to use together? He had acquiesced rather weakly, as he saw now, letting her generous impulse and his own desire overcome his scruples. He had felt, indeed, that to insist on any other arrangement would be despicable in him; that he ought to accept this, without questioning and without jealousy, as he accepted the fact of poor Bob Haskins who had died. The money had been Bob's, certainly, just as Edith had been; and if Edith had emerged for him out of the clouds of her sorrowful widowhood, to be his thereafter while life endured, the circumstance that she brought with her a life interest in a fortune destined ultimately to little Jack, had seemed no impediment to their perfect union. Love, he had thought heedlessly, would make everything right.

Well! It hadn't. He loved Edith just as much as he ever did. He insisted on that, clung to it, even in his present bitterness of spirit. Not for an instant would he admit to himself the possibility that his love had wilted a little, though the thought insinuated itself now and again into his ordinarily clear-thinking brain. He banished the notion whenever it crept into his head, chased it from him obstinately, not from any hypocrisy of feeling, but because he was determined to hold the inner citadel of his heart to the very last. Things were strained between Edith and himself—or, more exactly, between himself and Edith—that was all.

He didn't know, as a matter of fact, what Edith felt. She had never so much as hinted that she was disturbed by the situation they had reached. She had never once reproached him, during these latter months while his discomfort had been growing, with his comparative poverty. She had never said that she loved him and respected him the less because he continued to live in her house and let her pay the bills. It wasn't that. Their surface of marital amenities had remained unbroken. Only he had seemed to perceive underneath her habitual sweetness of behavior a growing disdain, as if she were more and more coming to consider him one of her possessions: a chattel of a superior kind that could look after her business and act as a personal attendant. She seemed never to think of his position as a landless man whose only hold on the world of property was energy and intelligence; she never referred to his affairs as distinguishable from her own.

He could go on for the present, he supposed, just as he had been going on, these last months. If only on account of the baby, that was almost necessary. Besides, Jack helped in a way. He was both fond and proud of six-year-old Jack. The boy wasn't his, of course, and sometimes served as a reminder of all the other things that weren't his; but he was such

a splendid little chap that one couldn't possibly grudge him the affection he won, quite as one accepted gratefully the devotion he gave. Lloyd did not separate the two children in his mind. As a matter of fact, he was much closer to the boy, who was old enough to be a jolly companion of sorts, than to tiny Agatha, whose speech and step were still halting. The children, together, made the situation just possible.

Lloyd got up at length and stretched himself, though his scowl did not relax. Edith would be coming in soon, he supposed, and must be met. She had the habit of coming in as the evening wore on: an old habit from the days when separation was painful to them both. The evenings when they didn't go out and hadn't guests were the freest time they had together, and always had been. The difficulty now was that this intimate hour invited, and almost provoked, discussion, which would be the least desirable thing in the world. He might pretend, of course, to have work to do, but he was unaccustomed to stoop to petty deceit. Edith knew, moreover, perfectly well that his solid business could be managed in business hours. She would be worried if he began to play with papers in the evening. No, he couldn't dispose of Edith's visit without being rude. And wasn't it, after all, he asked himself with a sudden access of bitterness, even more Edith's library than his own?

Mrs. Lloyd entered as he put the question to himself. She paused for an instant, framed in the tall doorway, with an unconscious grace that few portrait-painters could have reproduced. She was slender and dark—altogether a lovely figure if her husband had chanced to have an eye for her. In spite of her two children—and her two husbands—there was a look of clear-skinned virginal freshness about her that women seldom keep to their thirtieth year. She did not stop to pose at the door: merely hesitated for one moment, then glided silently into the room. Edith Lloyd's carriage was famous in the circle where she was known. It was envied—and sometimes badly copied—by the women, and mentioned with respectful admiration by the men.

"Bored, my dear?" she asked, coming up to Lloyd and touching his arm gently.

"No. Why?"

"I thought you looked so. Perhaps we ought to have gone to the Dawsons', after all." She laughed.

"Oh, bother the Dawsons! We didn't want to go; and you found a perfectly good excuse, didn't you?"

"Yes. I said we thought their food bad, their house worse, and their manners worst of all."

Lloyd smiled with his lips, though his eyes did not clear. Edith was amusing, of course. When one was with her, it was easy to forget the trouble between them. "Polite but firm, I conclude," he said.

"As polite as was necessary, and no end firm," she amended. "I took three poor excuses and made one perfectly good one out of them. But I'm sorry I was so clever if you really wished to go."

"I didn't. I'd rather die of starvation than dine with the Dawsons oftener than once in six months."

"But you *are* bored." Edith Lloyd clasped her hands behind her and confronted her husband solemnly.

"No, I'm not." He clung obstinately to the assertion, though he wondered the while whether it was good tactics. Perhaps it would have been wiser to admit boredom at once to save discussion. Edith seemed singularly assertive tonight.

"Something or other is the matter," she declared with conviction. "Something has been the matter for weeks, darling." Her voice took on a new color as the term of endearment passed her lips. "I'm afraid you've been working too hard at those horrid mills. Shan't we pack up and go South for a change?"

Lloyd looked at her accusingly. She ought to have known that he couldn't drop his business like that, especially now, when he had laid all his plans to develop the mills to their fullest capacity. He had explained everything to her as in duty bound, and he got no consideration at all. "You can take the children and go if you want to," he said sulkily. "I couldn't possibly leave."

Her forehead puckered. "Surely you can if you need to. Your health is more important than anything else."

"My health's all right," he answered grimly. It made him angry to have Edith assume that she could pack him up, just as if he were one of her trunks, when he had work to do. Away from home, more respect was paid him. "I have to earn my living," he added.

A look of pain came into Edith Lloyd's dark eyes: a look he did not see. With parted, eager lips she came nearer him and stretched out a timid hand. "Why, David dear," she said, "you don't have to slave, do you? We've lots of money, really."

"You have." He couldn't help uttering the words, though he should have known how unfair a thrust they were. It was too much to have the difference in their conditions touched on just now, no matter how gently, when he was raw with the sense of it.

"It doesn't matter whose the money is." Her hand touched him, but he drew away. "It's ours to use. There's no need for you to get pulled down with overwork. Can't you possibly leave the mills for a month or six weeks?"

"No, I can't; and I wouldn't if I could." He was maddened by her insistence. His sensitiveness made him indifferent to any pain except his own; his mind, for the moment, was like an inflamed wound. The torment of it excluded every other thought. "Don't I accept enough from you, as it is," he went on, "without neglecting my work? I'm not a lap-dog."

Her eyes widened. Her husband had been morose of late, had looked overstrained and far from well; but he had never in word or act been unkind. It was dreadful, and it hurt. She could not understand, and in her amazement she was terrified. Lloyd had been very careful hitherto not to betray the unrest that had been coming closer and closer to the surface of his mind. Now that the turbid waters had broken forth, he was incapable of realizing the effect of his words. The nerves that ordinarily would have made him acutely aware of any suffering endured by Edith did not react: they seemed paralyzed. He looked at his wife almost as if she had been a stranger, and a rather repugnant stranger at that.

"David!" she gasped.

"Well, I'm not," he reiterated sullenly, cherishing the metaphor of the thing he was not. "In order to keep up my end, I've got to work."

"But you don't have to keep up your end—not when you're ill, you poor boy." Edith Lloyd was more and more troubled, but she was growing less afraid. Nothing but the approach of illness could explain David's strange unreasonableness, and that roused her pity.

Yet she could scarcely have chosen a more unfortunate phrase by which to express her protest. It was absurd of him to mind, but he was goaded into fury by the words. "I don't choose to be utterly dependent," he said, holding himself a little in check simply because he was getting so very angry. "You mean to be generous, Edith, but you don't understand at all. I suppose it's natural; I suppose you can't realize. Anyhow, I'm sick of it."

Tears came into Mrs. Lloyd's eyes, and she grew very white; but she stood her ground, trying to be reasonable, trying not to care. "No, I'm afraid I don't understand," she returned quietly. "You're not dependent on me at all, as a matter of fact. The salary you get from the mills is enough, of itself, to keep all of us going. I can't see——"

"You can't see that I'm dependent on you," he interrupted, "when even my salary is paid by a company in which you own most of the stock?" The last restraints were being swept away by the flood of his wrath. He no longer cared how wildly he struck. "Don't I live in your house, and drive your cars, and ride your horses? I've been your plaything ever since I married you. And now you try to take me away from my work for the sake of a whim! Am I allowed to spend a cent of my income except on gewgaws and the clothes I wear?"

"But why should you—why should you, David?"

"Only for the sake of keeping a little self-respect, I suppose. And you say you don't understand that."

Mrs. Lloyd was openly weeping now; but she stiffened as if she had been struck, and her black eyes flashed. "I never said anything remotely resembling

that, and I never thought it. You're very unreasonable, David; you are, indeed. I don't see how self-respect comes into it. We have the money. Why can't we go on living this way? All your—all the money you make will go to little Agatha, won't it?"

"I dare say it would if I were willing to go on like this. As it happens, I'm not. There's no use in crying, Edith. I'm not unreasonable, but I'm very tired of being a mere hanger-on. That's all. If you want to go South with the children, you'd better go. I've other things to do. Don't cry, I beg of you."

It was a poor attempt at dignity that he clutched at, and it accomplished nothing, even towards bolstering up his pride. That he did not see, any more than he saw the flush that swept his wife's face. Although his eyes were full upon her, his own were too curtained by misery and anger to mark any change in her features. He was even a good deal surprised when she turned suddenly to leave the room. She was still dabbing at her eyes a little. He hadn't started the unpleasantness, he reflected in self-defense, but he was glad to have the talk at an end.

"I can't think what is the matter, David," Edith Lloyd flung at him over her shoulder, as she went. "You're very ungrateful, anyhow."

Ungrateful! Only that was needed to complete the break between them. If Edith felt it proper for him to regard her as a benefactor, her fine protestations weren't worth much. He was confirmed in his worst suspicions. The situation had become intolerable. It had been intolerable from the start, no doubt, but it could not be borne now that he had grown conscious of it. He had been a fool; they had both been fools; but he would have no more of it. He would find a way out. He had never quarrelled seriously with Edith before, and he had all the dislike of heroics that is inbred in his kind. But to be called ungrateful when he was trying his best to escape from a false position! When he wished to escape from the necessity of being grateful at all! His resentment focussed itself upon his wife. As she disappeared through the doorway, he scowled at her instead of space.

When she had gone, he threw himself into a chair and tried to discover just where the interview left him. He was fagged after a hard day at the office. Edith was right about that, though she exaggerated absurdly in supposing that he needed a holiday. He hated to think tonight, but he must see the thing clear before he slept. His anger dropped suddenly as soon as he began to put the case to himself, and he felt listless. He had to force himself, in order to go on thinking at all. He was very sorry that Edith had made a scene. It was all her fault. For his part, he could have discussed the situation quite calmly except for her tears and her exhibition of temper. He hadn't realized that she was capable of behaving so badly, but then he hadn't realized how completely she regarded him as her slave. Well: he would see. One ought never to be drawn into an argument with a woman.

For the moment, he admitted, it would have been more convenient to go on living as they had been living—largely on Edith's income. The capital he had accumulated wasn't much compared with her fortune—or Jack's, rather; and he had uses for all he could make. With his income free, and if he had good luck, he would be a rich man on his own account after a few years. The idea had been that little Agatha would be provided for in that way. But he couldn't sacrifice his self-respect any longer, especially since Edith had confirmed his suspicions as to her attitude. He would insist hereafter on paying at least his share of family expenses. If necessary, he would have to use a high hand in the matter.

Edith must accept the changed situation as best she could. Her irritation would pass, naturally. Possibly he himself had been a little hasty, and he must be kind to her. He wouldn't forgive her too easily for her rotten thrust at him as she went out; but he wouldn't, on the other hand, be too stiff when she came to make up the quarrel. The longer he thought about it, the more clearly he saw that what had seemed a serious break between them needn't be anything more than a passing storm. It might even lead to a better understanding. He was perfectly calm now, and he was sure that he

had been altogether in the right, even though he hadn't, perhaps, managed their talk very tactfully.

By the time he had smoked a cigar to the end and was ready to go to bed, he was more at peace than he had been for a long while. It had done him good to get the matter aired. Nevertheless, he felt disinclined to kiss his wife good-night. If she happened to be awake, there would inevitably be more conversation, which he didn't desire. So he went to bed very quietly, neglecting altogether the invitation to peace that was offered by the half-open door between their rooms.

When he woke in the morning, the door was closed. Edith had breakfasted, indeed, before he got down-stairs. This was a variation from their usual habits that troubled him a little. In the light of a sunny day, he was merciful. He would have been ready to face his wife in a conciliatory spirit over coffee and toast, even though he felt very tired and irritable; and he was sorry that she wasn't on hand to make the proper overtures. Jack danced in, bringing his habitual atmosphere of comic opera; and Agatha came more decorously, led by a nurse. Both children went out to play, but Edith did not appear. It made him uneasy; it seemed almost as if she were deliberately avoiding him, which was wrong of her. She should have known that the way to play the game was to be on hand, ready with words of reconciliation if they found it possible to make up their differences briefly, but in any case ready to gloss over their disagreement before the household. It was rather sneaking of her to keep out of sight and sound like this.

He decided that he couldn't decently ask for her or go to look for her. She knew that he had to start for his office at quarter to nine, and had no time for sentiment before working hours. If she chose to sulk, she must take the consequences.

So, without seeing Edith or leaving any message for her, he took the light car from the garage and drove away, not many minutes behind his daily schedule. The cold air freshened him. Through force of habit, he began to think of business as soon as he left the house; and he was quite ready, by the time he had reached the mills, to take up the reins of government.

As it happened, he had two or three questions of some importance to settle that morning, and he was engulfed so completely by the tide of affairs that he had no leisure to think of his wife and children till the midday pause. Even then, he found no space to worry about difficulties at home or to brood upon his private wrongs, for he had to take a valuable and restive customer to lunch at his club. He told his secretary to telephone to his house that he would not come home until the late afternoon, and thought little more about it. To be sure, he had an irritating sense, while he plied his commercial acquaintance with argument and food, that something was going wrong with him; but he gave himself up to the matter in hand with such concentrated zeal that he was not very greatly disturbed. It was about Edith, of course. It was something he must set right when he got home. But never mind now. Anderson must buy fifty thousand at the very least; he mustn't be allowed to slip away after the sales department had brought him so nearly to scratch.

In the middle of the afternoon, Lloyd sat in his quiet office, greatly pleased with himself and with the turn things had taken. He was assured that the mills would be kept running for the next twelve months at a pace they had never known before. The directors would be pleased, and they might well be. Bob Haskins—poor Bob, who was dead—had never done business on such a scale as this. He would make his hesitating board authorize at once the enlargement of the plant that he had been considering for a year. He would begin work on it as soon as the weather permitted.

In upon these happy meditations broke a messenger-boy, who had somehow forced himself past the barriers of the outer office. He had been told to surrender the note he carried into the hands of no one save Mr. Lloyd, and with dashing Irish gallantry he had accomplished the feat. The note was timely, David Lloyd thought, as he opened it. Edith had made up her mind to beg his pardon before he reached home. It was very decent of her, and very pretty; especially

gratifying, since the word came on top of his happy stroke of business. But when he read the note, his face fell.

Instead of asking forgiveness, or proposing an armistice, or doing any of the possible things she might have done, his wife said that she was going away. The note was brief, but it contained a variety of information: she was taking his advice and going South with the children and a nurse; she was leaving directions that all household bills and the like be turned over to him for payment; she had made no plans about coming back; she hoped he would be happy in his independence; she was taking the train at 3.35 and giving the servants the impression that he was to meet her at the station. It was all very businesslike and by no means unfriendly in tone. Except for the dig about the bills, it was altogether considerate of his feelings, while the arrangements by which a meeting was evaded saved both of them from immediate gossip.

David Lloyd crumpled the note and thrust it, unconsidered, into a pocket. He looked at his watch. It was exactly 3.40. The message had been nicely timed to prevent action. There was nothing he could do—nothing whatever. Since Edith had chosen to make a fool of herself and of him, and had worked out her plan so carefully, he was powerless. He could follow her, of course; but he couldn't in decency bring her back for a few weeks to come—not until her absence explained itself plausibly as a sudden flight from midwinter snows. Moreover, he couldn't be sure that she would come back to him at once or at all. The note sounded as if she meant not to come back. She was sufficiently independent of him; much too independent to follow his commands or yield to his entreaties if she was really determined on a break.

The blow was incredible in its swiftness. Lloyd rose unsteadily, with a vague sense that he must act. Then he sank down into his chair. He could do nothing whatever, now or later, except stay on in Edith's house and manage Edith's business, until she chose to divorce him on some trumped-up excuse or other—desertion, probably! That must be what she contemplated. Indeed, she must have been preparing to make the move for some time. That conclusion forced itself upon him. She couldn't possibly have gone away on account of anything so trivial as their dispute of the previous evening. Such desperate matters as flight, with divorce as its goal, weren't decided upon in a moment. She would never have gone simply and solely because he had once lost his temper while downcast about his position. She must have been awaiting the occasion that his outbreak gave her.

One thing was certain; one thing he could do. He would fight for the custody of the children if it came to a fight in the courts. Edith needn't think she could deceive him, and desert him, and still keep her children. At least, she couldn't have Agatha. Jack—of course Jack she *could* have, hang it! He wished the boy had been his—he wished—oh God!

For a few minutes his head whirled in a tumult of longing and jealousy and anger that was too incoherent to be recorded. He went down into bottomless abysses of rage and brought up with him unspeakable suspicions and primeval curses. He dropped his cultivated inhibitions and lost consciousness of himself as anything more than a seething caldron of emotion. He slipped back into savagery and experienced, for a little time, the ugly feelings of countless dead generations.

After a quarter-hour he came to himself, spent and rather horrified. Wonderingly he resumed his self-command, for he was not sure what had happened to him and had no wish to know. With white face and tight lips, he turned to the routine work that was still to be accomplished before evening, and despatched it without permitting his thoughts to wander.

The hardest moment came when he reached home. The smiling maid who let him in asked if Mrs. Lloyd had got safely off, and had to be told that she had. That twisted the knife in his wound. The situation seemed intolerable, an absurd fantasy of unreason. Was Edith really gone? Why had she gone? There was no sense in any of it, though it was actuality. Of that he became profoundly aware from the feeling of quiet emptiness

that pervaded the house. He tried to act as though nothing were amiss, and he succeeded well enough outwardly, but he was depressed as he had never been before.

Later he attempted to persuade himself that he was exaggerating the significance of Edith's flight; that she had gone in a burst of temper and would soon be ready to come back to him. But he got little comfort from the notion. Edith wasn't easily roused to anger, and she had had no real provocation. The causes of her flight must go back of their miserable quarrel, the evening before, back to antipathies and resolutions that he couldn't fathom. Now that he was calmer, he was convinced that he could not reasonably be jealous of any man living; but he wondered—wondered in the dark hours before he slept—whether Bob Haskins (Bob Haskins, who was dead) was equally innocent.

After some days, during which he did his work like an intelligent automaton, and had no word of Edith, he became convinced that his wife had somehow drifted away from him—though quite inexcusably—and would not come back to him at all. While he had been chafing under the yoke of his economic dependence, she had perhaps returned to her earlier love. In that case, she must have been glad of any excuse to withdraw, though he had to admit that up to the very last she had kept the outward semblance of affection quite wonderfully. Just how the matter stood he could not tell; but he suffered from his retrospective jealousy more acutely than from any other of the ills he had to bear.

At the end of a fortnight, he was beaten to his knees by passion and uncertainty and loneliness. Besides, he realized now that he was weary in mind and body, and needed a rest. His wife had been right about that. It had become increasingly difficult, day by day, to keep his brain at its tasks. He would willingly have written to Edith, begging her to come back on any terms she chose to make, only he hadn't her address. He would have gone to find her if he hadn't seen the folly of attempting a search through several states for an errant wife. He thought of setting some detective agency on her trail, but he couldn't stoop to that. If she wished to disappear for the time being, she must be allowed to do so. It was unspeakable of her, but it couldn't be helped. He was tamed; he was cured of any longing for personal freedom; he was willing to be Edith's slave forever. At the same time, his anger did not wholly evaporate. Altogether, he was in a state of mind as pitiable as it was illogical.

It was almost three weeks after Edith Lloyd's departure, however, before anything happened. Then, when her husband had quite given over hope that anything would happen until a suit for divorce was entered, the stroke came with dramatic suddenness. Edith telegraphed.

Lloyd was in his office when the message came. An hour later, he was aboard the afternoon express, headed southward. Haggard with anxiety and physically exhausted by his wild rush to catch the train, he shut the door of his compartment and leaned back against the cushions. His hand trembled like an old man's as he took out the telegram to study it. It had been sent from Aiken.

"Jack ill. Please come if you can. Send money anyhow. Sorry for mess.

"Edith."

That was all, but it needed elucidation. Jack's illness, whatever it was, poor lad! might have brought Edith to her senses. But why was she asking him for money? And what about the mess, for which she was sorry? What did she mean by that? Half a dozen interpretations of the words were equally plausible. Edith might at least have taken the trouble, he thought bitterly, to say whether Jack's illness was a mere childish ailment or a serious matter. Indeed, after the hot excitement of his departure, a revulsion of feeling shook Lloyd. He was agonized lest Jack might be dying, and he realized, more completely than ever before, that he loved the boy as he would love a son of his own flesh and blood; but he grew hot with anger against Edith again. He persuaded himself that, except on the child's account, he would have disregarded the summons and let his wife work out her problems for herself. It was cool of her to appeal to him as soon as she got into trouble, after

casting him off as she had done. If only little Jack weren't perhaps dying!

He relented towards Edith, however, after a little, when his imagination pictured her, distraught and desperate, beside the bed of the sick boy—who was her own flesh and blood, after all, even though not his. And the wholly inexplicable difficulty about money softened him. She was heedless about such things, it was true, and needed to be cared for. She might have made some absurd mistake, and have been frightened by it.

To the drum-beat of the revolving wheels, through the evening and the night, he tried to understand the errand on which he was going; and tried to understand the state of his own feelings, but with little success. Everything was in a hopeless tangle that might or might not be straightened out when he reached Aiken. He did his best to sleep, but he could not; and he watched the moonlit landscape flit by the window, through the long hours, until dawn grew white upon the ragged forests of the Carolinas.

When he got out of the train at Aiken, he had no choice but to make his way to the chief hotel in the place and trust to luck that he should find Edith and the children there. He was fevered by the night and almost light-headed with weariness. Even the objects he touched seemed to lack substance, and everything he saw, to be the pallid setting of a dream.

"Mrs. Lloyd was hoping you might get through by this train," said a cheerful clerk at the desk, as Lloyd wrote his name in the register. "I'm glad the little boy is so much better."

"Is he? Thanks. That's good news," Lloyd mumbled, turning to follow a bell-boy up-stairs.

He dreaded meeting his wife, for he couldn't guess what the encounter would be like. His own feelings were too mixed to give him a proper cue; and what Edith was up to was beyond him. If the clerk reported her aright, she had certainly been counting on him to come without delay, which was cheeky of her, to say the least. And his anxiety about Jack had been uncalled for, it appeared.

The door of a sunlit room opened to him. He shut it quickly behind him as he stepped in: no grinning bell-boy should be a witness of the scene. Edith Lloyd stood quietly waiting for him. She looked tired and anxious, but she held herself very straight and put on a smile of welcome as she advanced to greet him.

"Oh, David, you have come!" she cried. "I'm so glad and so grateful!"

Out of sheer habit and awkwardness, he took her outstretched hands and kissed her mechanically.

"How is Jack?" he asked. "They tell me he is better. Has he been very ill? Your telegram, you know——"

"Oh—my telegram!" Edith Lloyd flushed. "I'm sorry if you were frightened, but I was dreadfully frightened, too. Jack was very sick, poor boy! It was gastritis again, you see, but worse than the other attack. He's ever so much better to-day, and will be quite all right now, I feel sure. The doctor sent a good nurse. She's with him now, but he's asleep."

"I'm glad he's better. Naturally I was frightened. You told me nothing." Lloyd spoke with dry emphasis. Worn out as he was, he felt almost more hurt than relieved to find that at least a portion of his alarm had been unnecessary. Edith had probably exaggerated the danger, and she had let him come the long journey in the grip of needless fear.

"I know." Edith looked at him anxiously. "It was very thoughtless of me, David. Of course you were terribly worried, and you shouldn't have been when you were so tired. I'm afraid you didn't sleep at all."

"I couldn't sleep much." He was stiff with her. "That doesn't matter, however."

"But it does matter," she answered. "You must go to bed and rest, or I shall have two sick people on my hands."

He couldn't understand why she should concern herself with his health, after running away from him and concealing her whereabouts for three weeks. As a candidate for the divorce-court, she had no business to be advising him like that; and he resented her interference. "I shall give you no trouble, I assure you," he said. "Since I'm not needed here, I can sleep very well on the train to-night."

"You won't go back right away!" she cried in alarm.




*Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.*

"Don't I accept enough from you, as it is, . . . without neglecting my work?"—Page 27.

"I think I may as well." He was dazed, but he caught at the plan as the only way that offered out of an awkward situation. What his wife was up to he couldn't think: she acted as though they could ignore their break and take up their life together without explanation. "There seems to be no reason why I should stay," he added. "What's the trouble about money, by the way?"

Edith Lloyd blushed crimson and hung her head like a child. "That was too—too silly of me," she stammered. "I have to throw myself on your mercy, David. You see, I got word from the bank at home that I had overdrawn my account, and I didn't know what to do. I had to telegraph to you. It never happened to me before."

Lloyd frowned in perplexity. "Your account overdrawn? Impossible, Edith." The habit of business took control of him and made him forget, for the moment, the terms on which he stood with her. "Unless you've been squandering thousands down here, it's incredible. Anyhow, the people at the bank had no business to bother you about it. I'll look into it at once. Are you perfectly sure the notice was intended for you?"

"It was properly addressed. There's no doubt about that, but I thought I had a lot of money. I haven't spent more than a few hundreds since—since I left—left home. I know I haven't."

He did not notice her hesitations. "They should have come to me," he said irritably. "I can't understand it."

"They wouldn't have known that I wasn't there, would they?" she asked. "The note from the bank was forwarded, of course."

"You mean you left word?" Lloyd cursed his stupidity. Of course she would have had her letters forwarded.

"At the post-office, yes. I told them I wanted to save you the trouble."

"Then I might—at any time—" He was reflecting that a little plain sense should have made him observe that no letters were coming for her. He ought to have realized what she had done. He might have written, any day.

"Why, so you might! It hadn't occurred to me that I left such a plain clue." A faint smile began to trickle along her lips. "But I didn't suppose you'd wish to write. I was afraid you'd be too much relieved."

"Relieved! What do you think I'm made of, Edith?" Lloyd was incensed. "Does a man like to have his wife clear out with the children, and not even leave her address?"

"I saddled you with Jack," she replied evasively. "With Agatha, too, for that matter. Only Jack——"

"I'm as fond of Jack as I am of Agatha," he interrupted. He felt that Edith was wantonly perverse. "I don't care if I haven't any claim on him, as you so politely suggest. It's outrageous of you, at this time of day, to take that tack."

"If you're going to scold me, David, I think I'll sit down. I'm a little tired." Mrs. Lloyd spoke with the meekness of a second Griselda.

Her husband looked at her for a moment without answering. She did seem very much exhausted; she sank down on a convenient and ugly sofa with a listlessness that was very different from her ordinary alert grace of movement. Perhaps his alarm—and hers—about Jack, hadn't been so much exaggerated, after all. Poor girl! No doubt she had put through some very bad days; and possibly she had minded the separation from him more than she had anticipated. He felt sorry for her, particularly as she had herself to blame for all the trouble. He himself had been suffering horribly; and he was worn out with it, as she had been quick to see.

"I've no desire to scold you," he went on, beginning to walk about the room nervously. He was more moved by the devastated state of the family as a whole—including himself—than he cared to acknowledge. At the same time, he couldn't get over the notion that she was more loyal to the memory of Bob Haskins than to him. Otherwise, why should she have run away as she had done? "I've only this to say," he proceeded. "You're a free agent—and Heaven knows you can be as independent of me as you like—unless you happen to count marriage vows as binding. If you wish to desert me, I can't prevent your doing so. I do think, though, that it would have been better manners to leave an address."

"I would, again, if you'd be better satisfied." Edith Lloyd's lurking smile




*Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.*

"But what about that money?" Lloyd asked, straightening up.—Page 36.

became more pronounced, in spite of the weariness that was expressed by every line of her inert figure. "Above everything, one must be careful of one's manners."

Lloyd turned in his nervous stride and glanced at her suspiciously. It would be absurd of them to drift into a discussion of manners when there was nothing ahead but divorce. Their eyes met for an instant, then his were turned away. "It isn't a question of manners, but of something more important," he declared severely. "You run away with the children, and hide; then, just as soon as you get into a hole, you send for me in hot haste. What do you call that?"

"Very naughty, I'm afraid. But I only did it for your good, David. You said you were sick of me. I ought to have told you where I'd gone; I acknowledge that."

"I didn't say I was sick of you. How can you, Edith? I may have said I was sick of the situation, and I was."

"So was I. You were working yourself to death, and all the time bothering because I took it for granted that we might just as well live on Jack's money as Agatha's. Isn't that true? I've thought it all out since I came down here."

"I suppose it has some truth," said Lloyd reluctantly. He was unwilling to admit the complete accuracy of the diagnosis, but he couldn't deny the logic of the statement.

"Well, it isn't quite true that I came away altogether for your good, David dear," she went on. "I was angry, and I didn't understand. I've learned a lot of things since, and I've missed you—oh, most dreadfully. I couldn't do it again, even for you. I telegraphed partly because Jack had frightened me—poor boy!—and partly because I couldn't stand it without you any longer. And I was penniless besides," she ended ruefully. "I couldn't go home."

David Lloyd stood before her, perplexed. His mistrust and soreness of heart had suddenly vanished. He couldn't remain suspicious of poor dead Bob Haskins in the presence of a living Edith; but he did not quite know what to say. Then their eyes met again. The alchemy of contact had accomplished its work. Without a word, he dropped to her side and clasped her in his arms.

"Will you really forgive me?" she asked after a moment.

"Forgive you! Will you forgive me, dearest? I've been a fool and a beast, and I've been well paid for it."

"And will you take me home as soon as Jack is well?"

"No, I won't—not till all of us have had a good holiday. I've changed my mind about several matters. Besides, I've got the mills where they can run on their own impetus for a bit. I'll telegraph this afternoon."

"It's rather funny. I mean, don't you think it's rather funny—all of it together?" Edith ventured.

Still clasped in one another's arms, they shook with laughter.

"But what about that money?" Lloyd asked, straightening up. "That's the absurdest thing that has happened."

"I can't imagine. But it isn't a joke, David. I ought to have money doled out to me, dollar by dollar. I'm not to be trusted with a bank-account." Mrs. Lloyd was very penitent. "There wouldn't be any way for me to lose it, would there?"

"Let me think," he answered her. "If the money isn't really in the bank, you must somehow have failed to put it in. Are you sure you deposited your quarterly cheque from the mills? You had one, you know, about a month ago."

"Oh, David!" Edith Lloyd hid her face on his shoulder in confusion. "I believe that must be the trouble. I remember now. I was intending to deposit it, and I must have left it in my desk when I came away. I entered it in my chequebook, and then forgot. Wasn't it dreadful of me!"

"The cheque won't spoil." Lloyd laughed again. It was singularly easy to laugh. "Don't bother about it. I'll straighten things out. When am I to see the children, do you suppose?"

"Oh, my dear, I didn't think to tell you. Agatha is out with Jane, but she'll be in soon now. Jane has been very good about poor Jack. I think he'll wake before long, and he'll be uproariously glad to see you, even if he is rather weak."

There was a gentle knock on the door of the adjoining room. Lloyd went to open it. The trained nurse had come to say that Jack was calling insistently for his father.



St. Stephen's Church and Hospital, Fort Yukon.

# THE ARCTIC HOSPITAL

By Hudson Stuck, D.D., F.R.G.S.

Archdeacon of the Yukon; Author of "Voyages on the Yukon," "Ten Thousand Miles with a Dog-Sled," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

I WISH very heartily that I were not at liberty to use the title set at the head of this paper; that I were compelled to say "An Arctic Hospital" instead of "The Arctic Hospital"; but so far as I know (and I think I know all the way), there is not on the American continent north of the arctic circle any institution for the care of the sick save St. Stephen's Hospital at Fort Yukon. So far as America is concerned it is "The Arctic Hospital."

There is an unfinished building at the village of Kotzebue, on the sound of that name, intended for a hospital, but no physician and no nurse. There is a physician at Point Barrow, the most northerly point of Alaska, 500 miles north of Kotzebue, but he has no place in which to take care of his sick and no nurse. I went his rounds with him one day last winter and saw a number of patients who should have been in a hospital, and I am glad to learn that there is a probability that this sore need will be supplied next summer by the Presbyterian Church, which maintains the mission and the physician there. There is, I am told, sometimes a physician at the Northwest Mounted Police post at Herschel Island, on the Canadian arctic coast, 400 or 500 miles to the east of Point Barrow, but there was none last winter, nor had been since the war began, and there is no building on the island for the care of the sick.

To-day St. Stephen's Hospital at Fort Yukon is the only place where medical and nursing care may be had in all the "arctic sixth" of North America.

The Yukon River, pursuing a remarkable course through the very midst of the great peninsula of Alaska, reaches its most northerly point at Fort Yukon, a mile or two within the arctic circle, and immediately thereafter makes the great bend by which its hitherto main northwesterly direction is changed to a main southwesterly direction for the 1,200 miles it has yet to flow to Bering Sea. At this point it receives, from the northeast, its

important tributary, the Porcupine, with 500 miles of navigable length, and a little lower down the Chandalár comes in from the northwest. Many other streams, each with its complement of native inhabitants, join with the Yukon or with one of these large tributaries in this neighborhood, so that Fort Yukon has long been a centre for mission and for trading purposes, and may be described as the native metropolis of these parts—of the great central basin of the interior known as the "Yukon Flats."

On the Yukon River itself, 350 miles up-stream from Fort Yukon, is Dawson, the capital of the Yukon Territory, with a hospital; and 350 miles down-stream is Fort Gibbon, with its post surgeon and hospital; but the former is in Canada and will not receive Alaskan Indians, and the latter is a military hospital and will not receive Indians at all.

St. Stephen's Hospital is primarily a part of a plan to provide medical care for the natives of interior Alaska, long neglected in this respect by the government of the United States, and owes its establishment to the efforts of Bishop Rowe and his clergy, and its support to the missionary society of the Episcopal Church.

Ever since the Territory came under American rule the medical needs of the natives have been urged upon the government. The reports of the earliest governors of Alaska beg for prompt consideration of the matter; the report of the last governor returns energetically to the charge. Says Governor Strong (Report of 1917): "Without medical relief all other plans for the natives are necessarily futile. While the service now rendered in the few places mentioned is efficient and valuable, the total results are meagre when compared with the total native population."

The recent reading of a long file of governors' reports and educational reports and special agents' reports leads to a question whether the government printers are not those chiefly benefited by the preparation and publication of such documents. For all the effect produced by them they might as well have been corked up in bottles and year by year cast solemnly into the sea; they would have had as much influence in the bellies of sharks and whales as in their respective pigeonholes at Washington. Thirty years ago the same needs were urged, the same glaring faults and incongruities of administration were pointed out, the same suggestions for improvement were made, "most earnestly and respectfully," as appear in the reports to-day.

The few places referred to by Governor Strong where medical aid to the natives is furnished by the government are mostly on the coasts; for the whole of the interior a makeshift hospital at Nulato is the only government provision, unless the supplying of some drugs and bandages and liniments to school-teachers without any medical training be counted; and Nulato is upward of 500 miles from Fort Yukon. What has been gained from Congress for the care of the natives has been gained by the ceaseless importunities of the Bureau of Education. Last year the bureau succeeded in securing an appropriation of $50,000, instead of the $25,000 previously appropriated for medical relief, but the present appropriation would have to be multiplied a number of times to enable the bureau to cope with the conditions.

So the hospital at Fort Yukon, which itself cost $25,000, and has a maximum accommodation of 20 beds, is part of a plan to supply the deficiencies of the government. It receives and cares for sick or injured natives regardless of any consideration except the needs of the individual case; it even sends for them and brings them in by a dog team in the winter and a launch in the summer, if there be no other ready means of their coming. It does not care whether they be Alaskan or Canadian Indians (an often impossible distinction amongst people some of whom shift their residence back and forth across the international boundary as freely as they did before that line was drawn). If they be in need of medical attention, they are welcome to the best we can give, without any charge whatever.

But while primarily a native hospital, it does not refuse white patients—how could it when there is nowhere else to go? It reserves a room for them, and in the three years in which it has been in operation has received a number from far and near. The first patient of any kind, be-

fore the hospital was really open, was an old-timer of the Yukon who had frozen both his feet severely, a case that called for long detention and much tedious, careful surgery. The second white patient that I recall was a very striking case, a woman whose head was nearly cut off by falling against a revolving saw; fortunately, despite the fearful lacerations of



The professional staff.

her neck, the great blood-vessels were not severed, and, to the astonishment of every one, she recovered. I shall never forget the ghastly sight as she was borne to the hospital on a door; she looked as Mary Queen of Scots might have looked had the executioner fumbled his blow and a reprieve arrived before another could be given—her gray hair all dabbled in her blood. Early last spring an explorer, suffering from complications following a long siege of typhoid fever, was hauled 400 miles or so by a dog-sled from the arctic coast, and when he was entirely recovered he told me that he believed he would have died had he not come here; though I think his restoration to health was due as much to the long journey in the open air as to the treatment at the hospital. Last summer a woman taken suddenly ill on a steamboat was brought ashore on a stretcher, and the captain said: "Thank God for this hospital; I thought she would have died on my boat."

Nine-tenths of the work done by the hospital is, however, native work; and just as soon as one begins to talk about native hospital work, tuberculosis thrusts up its ugly head, above all accidents, above all diseases whatever, for it is the scourge of Alaska just as it is the scourge of our great cities. Of the 90 deaths recorded since our resident physician, Doctor Grafton Burke, came to Fort Yukon, 46 are set down as due to tuberculosis in some form or other, with suspicion of the same in other cases, so that we may say that there are more deaths from tuberculosis than from all other causes put together.

Whether or not this disease were known



The water-wagon, St. Stephen's Hospital, Fort Yukon.

before the white man came to the country seems uncertain, physicians with experience amongst the natives, and even the oldest natives themselves, holding contrary opinions; but it is certain that if the disease be indigenous its ravages have greatly increased since the white man's coming; for which there is sufficient explanation in the change of habits which intercourse with the whites has brought about.

Tuberculosis in the arctic regions is fostered and is checked by the same causes that foster or check it elsewhere; and a people of wandering tent-dwellers changed by the introduction of edge-tools into a people of more stationary log-cabin dwellers, a people of fur-wearers changed by the constantly increasing market for pelts and the introduction of manufactured clothing into a people, in the main, of cotton-wearers, present as favorable conditions for the growth and dissemination of this disease as do those who have migrated from the sunny vineyards of Sicily to the slums of New York.

Resumption of the primitive Indian conditions of life, however desirable it might be from an exclusively hygienic point of view, is out of the question; the influences against it are entirely too strong. The remedy must be sought in improving the new conditions rather than in a return to the old. That improvement goes on, slowly but surely; the cabins become more commodious and better ventilated; personal habits more cleanly; the rules of health more generally known and observed. If there be any way in which such improvement may come other than slowly and gradually, those who are working for the Yukon Indians have not discovered it. It is only in theory, I think, that such things are done out of hand.

Meanwhile the hospital performs a function of very great value to the upbuilding of the general health in receiving cases of incipient tuberculosis and subjecting them to a régime of recuperation such as cannot be carried out save in an institution of this sort. Children who give early warning of pulmonary lesion, children with broken-down and suppurating neck-glands—that common and offensive evidence amongst Indians of tuberculous invasion—improve often into perfect health; and there are already a number whose lives have thus been saved. One of our two wards is set aside for such cases, and at the present writing has five children in it.

There are great and special difficulties in conducting a hospital in the arctic regions. It is, of course, well understood by those read in geography, though not

yet, I think, in general, that the extremes of the world's cold are to be found in continental interiors such as Alaska and Siberia, and not in the marine climates of the shores of the most northerly lands. A greater degree of cold is recorded every winter at Fort Yukon than any that Admiral Peary encountered on his journey to the north pole. The lowest temperature I can find in the account of that journey is −59 F., while at Fort Yukon a temperature of −68 is not uncommon, and I have myself recorded a temperature of −72 in the Yukon Flats. Temperatures fluctuating between −50 and −60 sometimes last for weeks at a time. A plus temperature in December or January is a very rare thing, and is sometimes entirely lacking in the months of November and February also.

The difficulty, obvious enough, of the proper steady heating of a large building under such climatic conditions, with wood as the only fuel, is not the greatest one; the water-supply is more onerous and painful. Hospitals require much water, and the supply cannot be stinted without detriment. Moreover, this hospital is lit by an acetylene-gas plant, which, in the dead of winter, consumes 250 gallons a week. Where every drop of water must be obtained by breaking open afresh a hole in the river ice (which attains a thickness of from 4 to 6 feet during the winter), dipping it out into a tank on a sled drawn by dogs, hauling it up a steep bank and to the hospital door, and then carrying it in buckets to the various receptacles throughout the building, the provision of this prime necessary becomes the heaviest daily task in the conduct of the institution, and has no counterpart at all in hospitals "outside."

So onerous and painful did it become that almost any expense that could be compassed seemed justified in an attempt to remove it, doubtful of success though the attempt might be.

At first we tried for a well. With a prospecting boiler and steam-points we sank 130 feet through frozen sand and gravel without any success. That is, I think, the deepest hole ever sunk in the Yukon Flats (which is not a mining region), though elsewhere in Alaska holes have been sunk more than 300 feet without getting through the frozen ground, and since we struck no "thawed streak" and therefore no water, it seemed useless going any farther. Then we tried another plan. From a level in this shaft below the lowest water in the river we drove a tunnel, by the same means, right out to the river, tapping its bed, a dis-



Tuberculous children exposed to sunshine.



Christmas in the Children's Ward, St. Stephen's Hospital.

tance of 170 feet. The first tunnel was too small and froze up; so we thawed it out with the steam-points and enlarged it. Now we have plenty of water in our shaft, and since it has stood nearly through one winter without freezing up, we begin to be reasonably sure of its permanence. But, strange to say, though the free connection of the water in our shaft with its source of supply is proved by its rising and falling as the river rises and falls, the water is so heavily impregnated with alkaline salts as to be of little general use.

One would hardly believe that the soft, excellent water of the river could be so changed in character by passing through a short tunnel, and one can only suppose a layer of some very soluble mineral salts to lie along its walls or under the bed of the river.

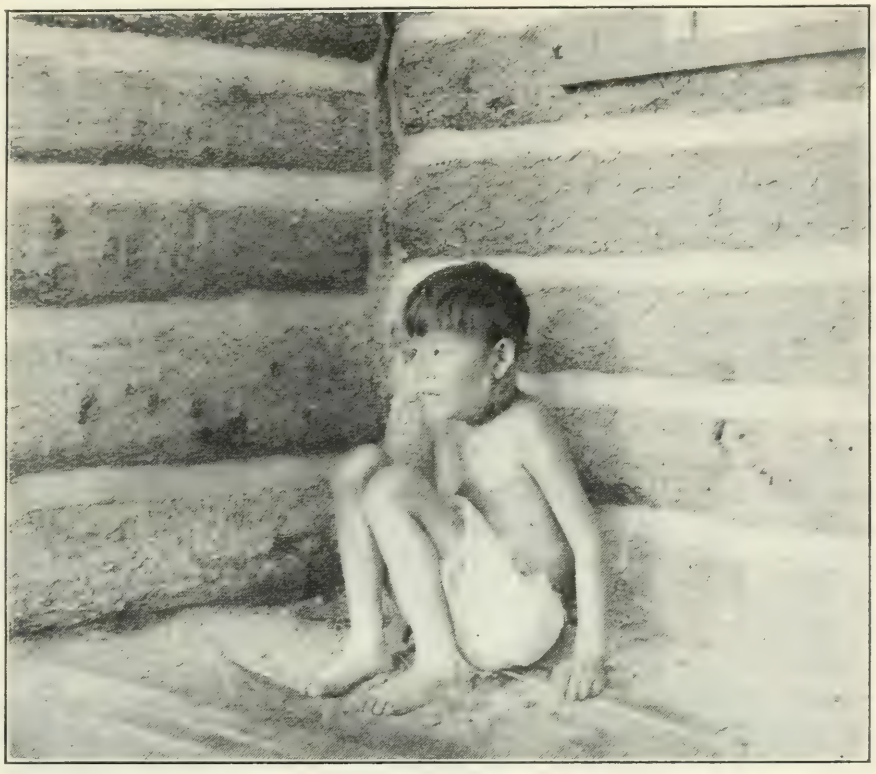
So the dog-sled with its galvanized-iron tank still goes down to the river and brings up water from beneath the ice for cooking and drinking and laundry, and there seems little prospect that our winter supply of portable water can be secured in any other way, though the tunnel may scour out and its water improve in course of time. The well is worth what it has cost, for bathing and scrubbing and acetylene water, but it is a great disappointment that it falls so far short of the relief it was expected to provide.

Fairly well equipped in a general way though St. Stephen's Hospital is, further provision must be made if it is to work most efficiently for its tuberculous patients. The treatment by fresh air and sunshine which yields such good results elsewhere is equally valuable here, but again the climate interposes special difficulties. In the summer there is continuous sunshine, but there is also such a plague of mosquitoes and flies that much of the time it is impossible to expose any part of the body outdoors without nets and veils; in the spring and fall there are many bright days, but they are commonly attended by a keen wind that equally forbids exposure.

What is needed is a "solarium," a chamber of glass sashes completely screened from insects, in which advantage may be taken of all the sun of the year; in which children may be exposed naked

to its germ-destroying and invigorating rays. Such an addition would be of great help in the most hopeful part of our medical work, the abortion of incipient consumption and the restoration of invaded glands. In these last-mentioned cases it is sometimes wonderful to see the contracting and closing of open neck-sores, the gradual overspreading of the places with new, healthy flesh and skin, under no other treatment than prolonged exposure to direct sunshine.

The cementing of the basement, now merely an excavation in the earth, so that it may be utilized for laundry purposes, is also much needed, proper hospital economy in these parts demanding that all possible activities be gathered under the one roof. And the problem of drainage is only temporarily solved by a cesspool which it is very difficult to keep open in winter.



It is rarely that we are able to expose children thus even in summer; the mosquitoes accompany the perpetual sunshine. The hospital needs a glass chamber where such exposures may be made.

As it stands, however, St. Stephen's Hospital has already brought new hope to those who are laboring for the survival of the Yukon Indians, and now that the cessation of the war will allow the staffing with physician and nurses of the sister institution already built and equipped at Tanana, 350 miles farther down the river, that has awaited its staff these three years past, we shall attack the problem of disease amongst the natives of the middle river with some prospect of coping with it.

Here is an immense country, inhabited from immemorial times by a vigorous, self-supporting native people; a country that is never likely, *me judice*, so far as much the greater part of its whole area is concerned, to have any other inhabitants. There is no doubt that it once supported a much larger population than it does to-day, and there is no doubt that it could support to-day a much larger Indian population than it does. It is still a fine Indian country and it shows no sign of even a tendency to become anything else. If any notion has been entertained of white men pressing upon the Indian lands of Alaska as they pressed upon the Indian lands of our Western States, let it be dismissed at once as utterly without foundation.

Of late years there has been much extravagant stuff written about Alaska. Fifty years ago the country was laughed at as "Seward's Folly," and a general impression obtained that it was a land of permanent ice and snow. Now it is glowingly described as "the world's treasure-house of mineral wealth and agricultural possibility"; and there is as much truth in the one extreme as in the other. The favorite term for its mineral wealth to-day is "incalculable," and I have no quarrel with the term; where there are no figures there can be no calculation, and save as regards gold, the mineral resources of the interior are virtually unknown. Its swamps and scrubby

woodlands and tundra are spoken of as "millions of acres waiting for the plough," and I do not take exception to that phrase either; they are undeniably waiting.

Setting aside the mineral wealth which is doubtless great (though probably entirely non-existent in the region of the Yukon Flats), the agricultural possibilities of the interior are in reality very slight compared with its vast area, and those who are really familiar with the interior know that its main resources are never likely to be other than they are now—fur and game and fish. But fur and game and fish are precisely the resources that make a fine Indian country.

Is there any sense in permitting a country to be deprived of the only inhabitants it is ever likely to have? In all the wide region north of the Yukon, and in much else of its interior area, a prolonged winter of rigorous inclement weather, an intractable soil, forbid to any sober eye the settlement of the country with farms and ranches, forbid its occupation by white men unless they are willing to live as Indians live,. to become, economically, Indians. Speaking broadly, all the white men who live north of the Yukon, save a handful here and there engaged in the temporary occupation of placer-gold mining, are married to Indian women; and the number is very small.

I can see no economic threat to the survival of the natives of the interior unless the iniquity of salmon canneries be permitted at the mouth of the Yukon, for the fish that annually come up this great river constitute the staff of life of man and of man's indispensable servant, the dog. In the course of generations it might be possible that our icthyophagous, carnivorous Indians could be trained to live upon turnips, as the fish-canners and their friends so considerately suggest they should do, but I have grave doubts about the dog. And certainly, to-day, to intercept and capture the migrating salmon will bring starvation to man and beast, just as surely as intercepting and capturing the railway-trains that carry flour to New York would bring starvation to the metropolis.

Last summer a beginning was made; a cannery was permitted at Andreafsky, just above the junction of most of the delta mouths, and almost all the king-salmon caught here in the Yukon Flats bore marks of the nets from which they had managed to escape a thousand miles away. Another season the nets will be stouter or of finer mesh, and should this wicked thing still be tolerated, despite all our protests, a race of self-supporting and inoffensive people, scattered over some hundreds of thousands of square miles, will be sacrificed.

I was struck last summer by the spectacle of our Indian people contributing to the relief of the starving Armenians, themselves dismayed at the meagre catch of net-marked salmon, and at the threat of starvation which those net-marks told them, plainly enough, hung over their own heads.

The only other threat to the survival of the race, now that intoxicating liquor is excluded from the Territory, is the threat of disease—of the white man's diseases, smallpox and diphtheria and measles, and now influenza—and, above all, tuberculosis. The influenza epidemic has not yet reached the interior, thank God, but we are not without apprehension of what next summer's navigation may bring. The tuberculosis threat we believe we can avert; and are actively engaged in that aversion, and desire only more power to our hands along the lines we are pursuing. Already we have reason to believe that the corner is turned.

I may, perhaps, hardly call our Indians a "bold peasantry," and certainly they are not "their country's pride"; their country is quite indifferent to them; their country will spend $50,000,000 on a railway, but cuts down every year the modest sums asked by the Bureau of Education for their medical care. Such as they are, however, a docile, gentle, industrious, intelligent, and, along their own lines, enterprising folk, I am convinced that "once destroyed" their place "can never be supplied"; and surely an inhabited wilderness is better worth any country's while than an uninhabited one. Goldsmith's hackneyed lines apply just as cogently to the Alaskan Indians to-day as they did to his Munster crofters of nearly two centuries ago.

# WITH THE RAINBOW DIVISION ON THE OURCQ




Portrait in a gas-mask.



Gassed artilleryman.




"The last long mile."

## LEAVES FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK OF LIEUTENANT CHARLES BASKERVILLE, JR.

Of the 166th Infantry, 42d Division

IN these random impressions of a member of a combat organization we observe the ungarnished drudgery and lack of war-glamour in the infantry. The battle on the slopes by the River Ourcq when the 42d Division defeated the picked troops of the Prussian Guard is an historic event of the American participation in the war.

These sketches of the fighting during this engagement were done by Lieutenant Baskerville while in the base hospital suffering from the wounds he had received on this occasion.



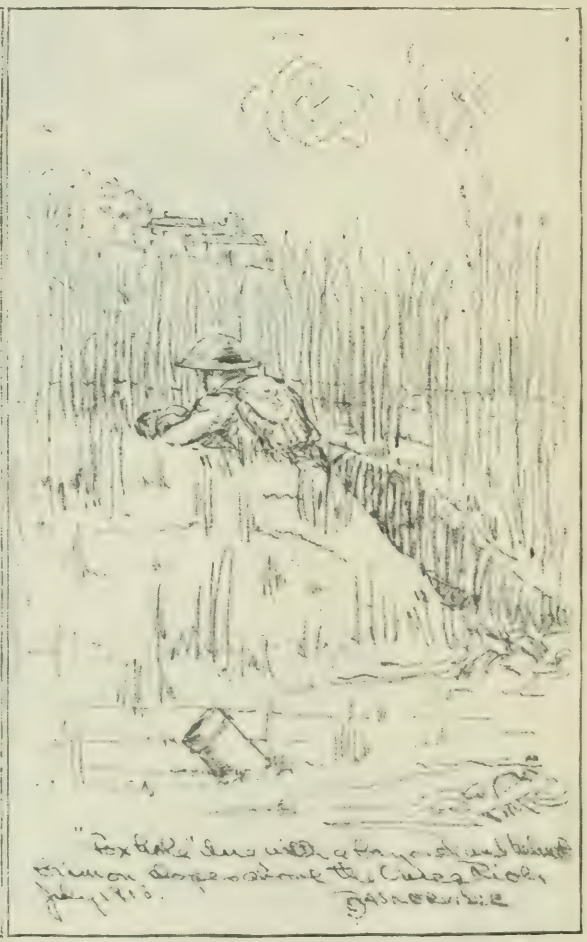
The enemy artillery-fire did damage to the troops waiting to attack in the Forêt de Fère.




Dragging the wounded in through an area filled with gas thrown over in shells.




Sitting on the muddy banks of the Ourcq some protection from the "straffing" by low-flying enemy planes was gained by the over-all mud color of the troops.



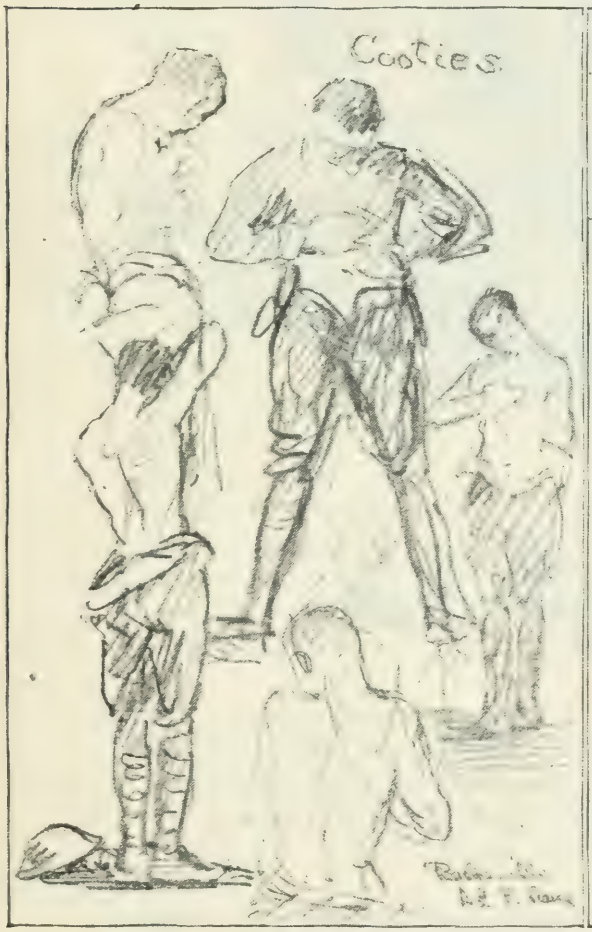
Whenever the attack was held up, it became necessary to "dig in" with bayonets and helmet brims, as shovels were not carried by all the men.



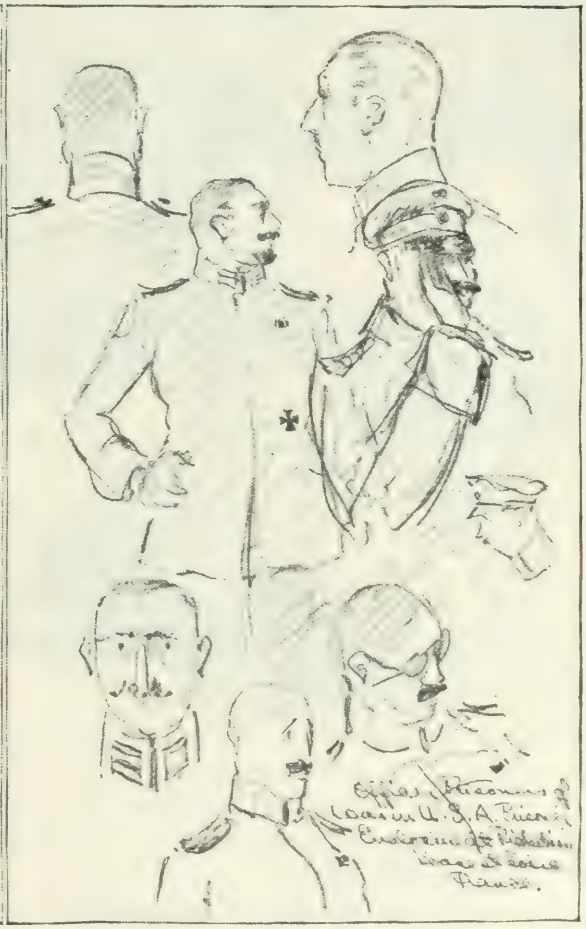

Boche machine-gunners.




"Mopping up" is done by the second assault line and consists of capturing or killing all the enemy passed over in the haste of the attack.




Cootie-hunts take place every time the doughboys halt on a hike to rest.



Prussian officer prisoners at the American Prisoner of War Enclosure at Richelieu.



*Drawn by Frank Tenney Johnson.*

"And say, far as that goes, you had me guessing too. I was wondering—"—Page 52.

# THE HUNTING OF BUD HOWLAND

## By Calvin H. Luther

Illustration by Frank Tenney Johnson

THE train for Seven Palms had come and gone, five sombreros waving farewell to me from the windows. It had roared out upon us, a fuming dragon, from the shimmer of a mirage, and now already had become a creeping lizard, black against the sage slopes of Stark Mountain—a thing worth seeing, especially to one who had been for weeks away from the miracles of civilization. I would wait for the north-bound train, soon due to pass; wait to see the lizard become a dragon, and the dragon plunge ravening into the mirage. Then for my horse, now drooping in the barred shadows of the cattle-pens, and the long trail westward.

There had been a raven to watch; there had been pillars and palls of smoke—but now there was nothing but sand, sage, cactus, and the pallid sky. The roar and echo of the train had long since fallen to a rustle, and finally to a special kind of silence. . . . Odd, to be so suddenly alone; odd, but not yet unpleasant.

I sat down in the sand and looked at the sand, thinking over that hunting trip. There had been game enough, good fellowship of a sort, and a pleasant tang of adventure—to visit an unmapped region with unknown companions. But, after all, it had been tame and profitless. There had been no thrills, no flashes of fear or moments of exaltation; I had learned nothing new about nature or the thing called human nature. For me hereafter, I resolved, the hammer and fossil-bag. A new crinoid, now; or a *phacops elegans!*

Just then a shadow moved out from behind the cattle-pens, and jolting along after it a bow-legged, sand-colored man, with a long nose and drooping mustache.

"Hank!" I cried. "What in the name of thunder?"

"Thought I wouldn't bother you, at first," he explained, calmly seating himself. "Reckoned you'd be going right soon." He turned his mild blue eyes upon me. "What are you-all waiting for?" he asked.

"Just to see the up-train go by," I answered, still in a maze. "But— But say— You were with the others on the train; I saw you! How in the world——"

"Changed my mind, sort of," he answered, his lean hand waving aside the topic as of no importance. "I've got a little hoss over to Pedro's, nine miles from here. Thought maybe you'd edge over there with me—let me canter along on foot; and then we could go up-country together. That is, if you ain't particular."

"Fine!" I cried. "We'll start now."

"Might as well," he said, rubbing his square jaw; but he made no move to rise. "Sure you ain't particular?"

"Oh, come along!" I shouted, already half-way to the horse. "I'm pleased to death!"

"Well, I can stand considerable more of you, on a pinch," he returned, following along. "But the rest of that outfit—" He spat.

"Where's your pack? I'll carry it."

"Pack's on the train; I'm foot-loose, I am," he smiled up at me. "Nothing to tote but this 'ere," and he touched the holster of his forty-five. "I'll keep hold of that, if you ain't particular."

So men still carried revolvers, the holsters unbuckled and in reach of the hand!

That two-hour walk to Pedro's was hot and hard enough. It should have been measured by degrees, with a thermometer, as I suggested to Hank; or in shovelsful, as he said, ploughing along by my stirrup. He would not change with me, though, but jolted steadily, patiently forward, his red face glistening with perspiration, dust marking out the wrinkles of his neck and jaw, hat tilted against the sun. Once or twice he nodded significantly at my canteen; but he would not drink. We weren't there yet, he cautioned; and you never could tell. . . . So, mile upon mile we fought it out, saying little and thinking less. Then—a leafless cotton-

wood, the green of pepper-trees and palmettos, a rude corral, and as we rounded the shoulder of a hillock, the cool gray of an adobe ranch-house with a piratical figure in the doorway. We were at Pedro's.

"But why didn't you go on with the others?" I demanded an hour afterward as we lay at ease in the shade. "It's no use telling me you changed your mind. That's—that's——"

"That's bunk, says you." Hank was refilling his pipe. "Well, you're right. I didn't change my mind, leastways not then. Had it changed all the time, you might say. I felt the same as you did, only I judged it would be right wise to keep along with 'em for a ways—anyhow until they'd got started for Seven Palms. And they're started, all right; plumb tired out, lying all over that smoking-car. I just made as if I was going to wave to you from the platform, and the rest was easy. Swung off on the far side and got behind that runway. They ain't missed me yet, probably." He paused, a faint, sheepish grin on his face. "You had me locoed, though. I'd figured on getting away by myself; but it was too gosh-awful hot to wait on you. I had to come out."

"You might just as well be talking Navajo, for all I can make of it," I broke out, impatiently. "They were your friends, weren't they? Well, then, why did you——"

"My friends?" he echoed, with a queer combination of scowl and grin. "I never see 'em afore, not till we-all met at the hotel in Seven Palms. I just fell in with the rest of you when that big Morris wanted to go hunting. I hadn't no special plans."

"But what do you mean by saying you felt the same as I did?" I insisted. "I didn't care about seeing any of them again—that is, except you; but that's all I felt."

"Sure, that's all," he assented, nodding placidly. "We ain't neither of us much on the talk, you and me," he added, with a shrewd look.

I sat up, facing him.

"See here, Hank, talk straight. What's wrong with those fellows?"

"They're all right, I guess, according to their lights. Live and let live," he answered with utmost contentment, eyes on the curling smoke from his pipe. "Only, I'm telling you I don't want to be mixed up in it any more than you do."

"Mixed up in what?" I cried. I had left off smoking and was giving my whole attention to this enigma.

"In the trial," he said calmly. "I don't aim to be no witness."

"Trial—witness!" I could only stare at him, my thoughts going in circles.

There had been five of us on the porch of the Eagle Hotel in Seven Palms. All were ordinary men, with no hint of melodrama in manner, dress, or character. The landlord had proposed a hunting trip—to get us out of his wife's way during the house-cleaning, he admitted; and we had all jumped at the chance. On the third day out we had overtaken another man, a lone hunter, who had remained with us to the end, going on to Seven Palms with the landlord and the two cowboys. We had killed some deer; there had been some fancy target-shooting—the best I ever saw—and that was all. No accidents, no quarrels, nothing. The trip had been so uneventful that I had felt disappointed and a little aggrieved. Yet it was now becoming clear to me, clearer with every moment, that the fault had not been with the country or my companions, but with myself. Something worth while had been going on—only I had been too dull to know it.

But how was I to get at the truth? Direct questioning would not carry me far with the placid, cautious man stretched out beside me. I must use a lighter touch than that.

So I chuckled as if to myself.

"A mighty queer business," I murmured.

"Yes?" Hank returned, half opening his eyes.

"I didn't suppose you had caught on at all," I said easily. "I wasn't wise at first, myself."

"So you wasn't," he observed, watching me narrowly. "I seen you wasn't."

"How do you suppose it will come out?" I asked, with a meditative air.

"Holy snakes!" cursed Hank softly, almost in sorrow.

"Glad I wasn't mixed up in it myself," I concluded airily.

"Snakes!" he shouted, pounding his knee with his sombrero. "He's aiming to pump me, the perfessor is!" He ad-

dressed the universe at large. "Ain't he a young wonder, now, aiming to rope and brand me like that, so easy and natural? Makes a fellow want to cry, that does!" And suddenly he roared with laughter.

There was nothing to do but laugh with him, and the noise we made was enough to bring Pedro to the doorway, his white teeth showing in a sympathetic grin. But I gave up: nothing was to be gotten out of this man against his will. So we idled away the early afternoon, smoking, drinking from the capacious olla, dozing and waking under the pepper-berries. Once I heard him mutter sadly:

"Never sensed a thing—and he calls himself a perfessor!"

Toward sunset, when we were half-way up the pass, his pinto leading, he turned in the saddle.

"Might as well have it out now, if you ain't particular. We've got shut of Pedro, and it's nice and quiet up here."

So I drew up beside him and we travelled slowly upward together.

"That there Hyatt now, for instance," he commenced. "What for a man would you say he was?"

I admitted that I hadn't liked his looks, nor the way he had attached himself to our party.

"Caught up with him, didn't we? Sure we did." Hank grunted. "Only I'd seen him before that, 'way behind us. Don't you remember how I had your spy-glasses out, looking for sheep? Yes, I'd seen him the afternoon before, 'way back by the ford on Whetstone Creek. He was hustling some, I'm telling you; working up and down the creek, looking for our trail. And next day we caught up with him, all right and proper, natural as life!" Hank smiled at me. "Some climbing—to work round in front of us like that, there in the canyons! And what for did he do it, I ask you?"

I could only shake my head.

"Then, first off, he baptized himself with this 'ere Hyatt-name. I didn't say nothing. It was a nice enough name and nobody else was wanting to use it. But shucks!" Hank tugged at his great mustache.

"He was pretty friendly, too, he was," he continued. "Told us about everything and his aunt's relations. Real confiding. And wasn't he terrible interested in us boys, though, specially in them two cow-punchers and me—our names, and where we come from! Maybe you noticed: we three was about of a height, same color, same gen'l style. Made this Hyatt-man kind of thoughtful, that did; set him on edge, you may say. He put in a good deal of time studying the three of us, specially when he thought nobody was watching him. . . . Didn't see none of it, I suppose?" he questioned, shifting in the saddle.

"Now that you speak of it—" I began; but he went on without pause.

"So there he was, looking things over. And what was he doing it for? says you. What had he pushed clear over into the Limping Injun country for, right in the hot weather? says you. Why, he was looking for Bud Howland."

"Howland!" I was amazed.

Hank gave a quick glance at the chaparral about us.

"There ain't no call to speak loud," he remarked with calmness. "Don't neither of us aim to get mixed up in it."

I nodded, anxious only to have him proceed. But when he spoke again it was with a change of tone, a change of glance, and without the trace of a smile.

"I didn't have to be cute, though, to catch on like that. I'd seen the cuss once, at a rodeo in San Blas; a man pointed him out to me acrost the ring. Name was Belden, deputy sheriff; chuck-walla kind of man, a lizard. And I'd heard—one of the boys was telling me—that Belden was out looking for Bud Howland." He nodded, now genial as ever. "So there you are. I'd suspicioned him on several counts—and knowed all about him, anyway. Makes you think of the way Billy Memphis knowed that old man Vogel wouldn't drive off and leave him, time he wanted to stop off at the store. 'I know you won't whip up and leave me to hoof it all them miles. I trust you,' he says. 'And, besides, I've just took the lynch-pin out of your wagon!'"

I laughed, but not too loudly. I found myself, for some reason, very anxious not to set in motion the echoes of the pass.

"Made it sort of onconvenient," Hank resumed, "three of us looking so much alike. So what does he do, the second night, but get out his little newspaper.

Wanted you to read it out loud, didn't he, because the rest of us hadn't much schooling? Well, I guess! And that paper—I could see the heading all the time—told about how Twisty Simmons was killed and they was looking all through the desert for Bud Howland—everything. Belden was aiming to watch our faces while you was reading. But you missed fire on him, darned if you didn't! Read most everything else in the paper, but not that piece. You ought to have seen him look you over later along!"

I hadn't noticed it.

"He wasn't loving you much," Hank murmured with enjoyment. "He wasn't quite clear why you done it, either. And say, far as that goes, you had me guessing too. I was wondering—" He checked himself, glancing sideways at me. "Anyhow, a little after that, you notice, I opens up the paper and reads the little piece myself—out good and loud, so's to give him his fair chance. That took his mind off me to some extent, though he wasn't full satisfied yet, of course.

"Well, says you, what other cards did this 'ere coyote have? Why, that little trick about the shooting-match. Howland, he can shoot some; maybe you've heard that." I nodded. "So Belden starts for to brag. Claims he can outshoot any man west of the Missoury with a rifle; and when it comes to a little gun—oh, my! He reckoned that Bud Howland, whichever one of us was him, couldn't stand for that line of talk. He'd have to set in to the game. It wasn't no use, though; nobody chipped in, not at first. But that fellow as called himself Bob Thrall, he got stirred up after a while, and they drew us all into the muss before it was over. You remember?"

"What a jackass I was," I burst out, "not to have seen through it!"

"You was thinking about your rocks, I guess," Hank rejoined tolerantly, getting out his pipe.

"Go on!" I urged, forgetting to keep my voice down.

"No call to yell," he cautioned. "We ain't so far apart." He surveyed the chaparral and the dimpled hillsides with some thoroughness, then took up the reins and went on with the tale.

"So we put out some deer-meat and waited for the coyotes. And next morning we tried it out: one hundred yards, standing shot at the heart, and the coyotes running. We picked out our animiles, you give the yell, and when they was fair travelling we all fired to onct. Mine was the middle one: I lamed it. Belden got his in the back-bone. And that Thrall man, he missed."

"That didn't help much, did it?" I observed.

"Belden thought it did," said Hank, with a wider smile than usual. "The way he figgered, Howland—if he was there—would either make a centre shot or a clean miss, according to whether he'd tumbled to what was going on or not. Now, I was out of it: just a fair hit, not good or bad. That put it up to Thrall. See?"

I nodded. That was plain enough.

"But Belden wasn't quite satisfied, though he stuck to Thrall from then on like mountain-fever. So he got up that trick about the canteen." Hank smote the saddle-horn. "Darned if it wasn't cute, that little scheme. I almost liked him for it! Come down the cliff leaving his canteen hung on a piñon-tree 'way up to the top. Just breaking camp, we was; no time to go round, and too steep to climb straight up. Got to shoot her down, says Belden; got to cut that there limb, he says. But he dassent try it himself, not hardly—not if there's any one can shoot better'n he can. Might plug the canteen instead of the limb, and then where'd he be for water the rest of the trip? Darned fancy scheme, when you get down to it!"

Hank turned about, an impressive forefinger in the air.

"And wasn't it pretty? Thrall up and shoots off the limb comfortable as you please! Belden gives a kind of sigh, mops his face—and that's all there was to that!"

"But he didn't—" I could hardly sit my horse for amazement. "But why didn't Belden do anything, then; arrest the man?"

"Wrong side of the State line," he explained patiently. "Had to get his man up beyond Seven Palms. And, besides, he knew by the way Thrall shot that he wasn't suspecting anything; and it was a good sight easier to travel back with him free like that than to lug him through forty miles of chaparral, with a lot of strangers to interfere."

"Of course," I muttered.

"So there you are"—and Hank Lane closed the story with a wide fling of the hand. He looked searchingly ahead, rising in the stirrups. "Good place to camp just over the ridge, if you ain't particular."

I nodded assent, though I had one more question.

"Is Thrall the man he's after? Is he Bud Howland?"

"Not any," said Hank with disgust. "That Thrall, he sticks out his chin and squints sideways at you like a regular devil, but that's as far as he goes. They'll give him a night's lodging at San Blas, and then pay his fare home again. He ain't nobody special."

"That's what I thought," I rejoined as our horses carefully worked their way toward a cluster of pines. "Thrall isn't man enough to pass for Howland, if what the papers say is true."

Hank eyed me for a moment without speaking; eyed me up and down quite thoroughly, though it was too dark for me to be sure of his expression. He dismounted, however, without making any further remark.

We camped that night in the shelter of great trees, with cool winds blowing and the sound of running water for company. Such bacon and coffee; such stars! Why must hours like those so rarely come, so quickly pass? All that was good in me—that had been shrivelled by the sun and overlaid by the dust of the desert—came pulsing to my heart, came warm to my lips.

"Hank," I said, and reached over to touch him. "Hank, I wish we didn't have to part."

He stirred.

"I've been thinking the same for quite a while back," he said. "I guyed you some at first, though; you've got funny ways—kind of funny." He laid his hand on my knee and we sat there quietly for a time. Then, abruptly, he asked:

"How did you come to dodge that piece in the paper about Howland and Twisty Simmons?"

"I don't know," was my answer. "Guess I'd heard enough about it."

"Struck you kind of onpleasant, maybe."

"That's it." I sat up. "They tell me, Hank, that Twisty Simmons was the kind of man that ought to have been killed, anyway, on general principles. A bully or a sneak—whichever promised the best returns—and crooked as a ram's horn; that's the reputation he had. But Howland, he was a real man, hard-working and peaceable. No one has a word to say against him. He shot Simmons, they tell me, for jumping his claim, or something like that."

"It was this way, I understand," said Hank slowly. "Simmons was aiming to sell his little claim up by Mile-and-a-Half to old Miss Parrish. She sent a man up to look it over. Well, Simmons he packed gold-dust into his tobacco, and kept a-rolling cigareets and flicking the ashes into the pan while the man was washing up the samples. So they got color every time, no matter where they washed. And old Miss Parrish, she bought Twisty out—took all the money she had." Hank drew a long breath. "She's awful homely, Miss Parrish is, but— Well, Howland, you see, he punched cattle a good many years for her father, in the old days.

"Twisty got drunk," he continued after a pause, "and bragged about what he'd done. Then Miss Parrish heard about it and sent word up in the mountains that Bud was to come down and get her money back for her. So he done it. He's like you said, a peaceable man; but he knowed Twisty Simmons, and so he brought his gun along."

Suddenly Hank rose to his feet and fell to pacing up and down.

"Don't you think for a minute that Howland would act any different if he had to do it over. Twisty wouldn't come through—just wouldn't. Flung a knife, he did, like a half-breed. Then Howland— Well, they mixed up; and afterward Howland took the money, what was left of it, over to Miss Parrish. Since then he's herded with the coyotes—everybody out after him."

"Simmons was a fool, then, besides all the rest!" I cried. "Why, they say Bud Howland is a wonder with any kind of gun. A sure shot!"

"They say so," muttered Hank, sitting down once more.

"If Howland had been with us he'd have shot down that canteen with a revolver, like as not!" I felt a kind of ex-

citement as I saw more and more clearly how near I had come to having a part in living drama.

"He could have done it with a revolver, easy," said Hank, looking up at the stars.

"And if he had been there to shoot at the coyote, he would have dropped it in its tracks; he would have blown the heart out of it!"

"Not much he wouldn't!" Hank protested, rising upon his elbow. "He would have—he would have——"

He lay down again.

"What would he have done?" I persisted, eager to thrash out the topic.

No answer.

Suddenly my breath left me. Things whirled. I could only sit there in the half-light, gaping, one hand outstretched in a gesture that would never be finished.

"I know what Bud Howland would have done," I said at length, trying to control my voice.

"What would he have done?" I could hardly hear him.

"He would have made only a fair shot, not good or bad, just as you did." I waited. "Wouldn't he?"

There was a long silence; then—

"It's been kind of lonesome for me lately," he muttered, "till I met up with you."

I leaned toward him.

"What are you reaching out for, perfessor?"

"For your hand, Bud Howland," I cried. "For your hand!"

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# MR. BOYLE

## By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

Illustration (frontispiece) by Alonzo Kimball

IN a big room in the basement of a big building a handful of grave-faced lads worked. They worked with a vigor, an intensity, a whole-heartedness which, summed up and stood on end and rammed into a cannon or converted into water-power or concentrated on the White House, would have driven a South American revolution or run large factories or handled the nation tidily for a month. There was no lack of earnestness or responsibility in the office of the *Law Record* on this night or on any night.

No more was there lack of brains. These were the picked men of the law school of a great university, the board of editors of a review whose large reputation it was theirs to guard and to enlarge. They guarded it and tried to enlarge it every night of their young lives, till about one of the morning, with all their might and main. An informed observer looking into the pleasant, spacious office at such a time would have been seized, likely, with a prophetic interest in the faces bent, in the light of electric "rubbernecks," over ponderous volumes, over sheets upon sheets of big, thin paper. That sallow lad with the square jaw and the burning, dark eyes, around whose swivel chair were piled up calfskin tomes—was one regarding a future chief justice of the Supreme Court, inspecting his rather unattractive countenance? The boy with the thin, carved features and sandy hair and historic name—would he come to be as celebrated, perhaps, as his grandfather? And the roly-poly youth, beaming and dimpling even as he dived into "Wigmore on Evidence"—was Fate keeping the dignity of a judge's gown in reserve for his easy curves?

The observer of hypothesis would have reflected that all of these had proved themselves, as far as twenty-three years may be proved, to have brains and character, before they reached this holy of holies of the *Record* office, the most envied honor of the course. All of them had surrendered eagerly society and diverse

diversions to slave at this job for the spare time of their days and for half of their nights. Only fresh strength in its prime could stand the strain on top of the necessary law-school work, and to stand it even thus one must cut out sternly dinners and dances and the pleasure of one's kind.

Such a company it was who sat working, scattered at desks about the large room, absorbed, responsible, yet each alive boy under it all, at twelve-thirty of a night in May. The room was quiet. A storm of wind and rain and thunder had raged earlier and died down and left the earth steeped in a sullen hush. The boys bent each over his desk, rustled papers, at intervals dropped law-books or turned leaves; a hum of low voices arose from a corner where one editor read proof to another. Except for such small sounds, there was no sound at all. Into this midnight monotone came then an interruption which made the busy workers stir and lift their heads as one man. It was the shuffling of feet down the tiled floor of the dark corridor outside the office—feet shuffling not listlessly, but as of mirth intent, in the rhythm of a jig. The older editors smiled and went on with their work; the new board, beginning work today, peered.

"What the dickens?" asked Cass Emory.

And with that there was another sound, a man's voice singing in an undertone, tentative yet clear enough for every word to be understood, as the sliding, dancing feet progressed down the hall.

> "Two little maids in blue!
> O-oh—two little maids in blue!
> Two little, two little, two little maids!
> O-o-oh! two little maids in blue!"

The brogue rolled like an anthem; one listened for every syllable. As one looked through the open door a lantern, coincident with voice and shuffling, cast fantastic lights in unreasonable leaps up and down the wall. The old board, seven of them, were grinning at the astonishment of the new men. This apparition was not unknown to the elder lords of the *Law Record*.

"It's Mr. Boyle, the night-watchman," Holloway Byrd, editor in chief, explained to whom it might concern.

The apparition was present. He stood in the doorway, a robust Irishman of fifty, fresh-colored, blue-eyed, grizzled and curly of hair, bursting with good-will to men.

"Good evenin', me distinguished fri'nds," he greeted the roomful in deep, sweet tones. And immediately there was a yell in chorus which proved these wise young Daniels to be, as stated above, alive boys.

"Good evening, Mr. Boyle," they shouted, slamming down law-books, shoving away papers, glad, like boys, of an interruption in the grind. The new men joined in the diapason—"Good evening, Mr. Boyle."

Mr. Boyle beamed. "An' how are th' young shtatesmen to-noight?" he inquired cordially, and at once was scrutinizing heavy law-books on the desk nearest. He selected one, the largest in size, and, opening it reverently, gazed into its depths. "Th' law is a fear-rful shtudy. Th' law is an exthry-ardin'ry shtudy," said Mr. Boyle. "An' don't yez iver git toird of shtudyin' th' law?"

"You bet your life we do," responded Bob Esterbrook with a mighty yawn and a stretching of arms. "I'm dead tired now. Seems about three-thirty. I think that clock's stopped, Mr. Boyle. Why don't you keep your clocks going?"

"Me distinguished fri'nd," answered Mr. Boyle with dignity, "'tis twelve years Oi've wor-rked in me prisint profishin, an' in all thim years not wan clock of the for-rty-sivin in the b'ildin's in me charge is oncest shtopped. Thot's what."

"I was joking, Mr. Boyle," explained Esterbrook hurriedly and went on: "We have some new friends on the board tonight, you see. Allow me to present them." With a hand on the shoulder of Cass Emory, small and round and rosy, "This is Mr. Abraham Lincoln, Jr.," he stated.

"Is thot so?" Mr. Boyle answered with courtesy, with readiness. "Shure an' I see th' family loikeness, sor-r."

"And that gentleman is Mr. Theodore Roosevelt," Esterbrook continued. "The tall, handsome one is Prince Oon Kakon, of Greece."

Mr. Boyle was not abashed. He looked the strangers in the eye with friendliness.

"'Tis foine names yez have," he answered politely, and finished unexpectedly with: "But fer all thot yez are no better thin any other min." And a vague question which had more than once suggested itself to the board of the *Law Record* rose in their minds again—were they "kidding" Mr. Boyle or was he "kidding" them? They were never quite sure.

However, he was returning now to his law-book, and they dropped back one after another to desks and work. He stood in the centre of the room, a humble figure, yet quite assured, quite dignified in his simplicity, and read aloud to himself in an undertone. "Um-um-umity-um-um"—it was a manner of humming and buzzing in the rich voice with now and then a word distinct. It did not annoy anybody in that room; Mr. Boyle was the child of the *Law Record* and this was one of his games. Suddenly the book was laid—bang—on the nearest desk.

"'Tis not so," announced Mr. Boyle.

"What's up?" asked Alan Huntington.

"Th' book says," answered Mr. Boyle, "thot mon and woife is wan per-rson."

"That's so in law," announced Huntington. Huntington loved argument like cake. "The law says they are one person. And you know, *lex non curat de minimis*," he added with solemnity.

Mr. Boyle was staggered. "Th' law is a fear-rful shtudy; th' law is an exthry-ardin'ry shtudy," he muttered, and returned to the charge. "But mon and woife is two per-rsons; if th' law says they're not"—he brought down his fist on Huntington's desk—"thin, dom ut, th' law's unconstitooshional."

The echoes of the *Record* office waked then to attend to such shouts and squeals and howls and thumps of joy as even they had seldom experienced. Dick Battle, book-review editor, caught the editor in chief by the waist, and a dance flowed across the open spaces which the Castles could not duplicate. Mr. Boyle regarded the two intently as they whirled and waved long legs; he regarded Dick as, after Byrd shook loose, he went on a moment with a *pas seul*. Dick Battle had been described by a young woman of his own Georgia city as "Phœbus Apollo with his eyes strictly on the horses." He was six feet two, and the glory and dream of a divinity were in his eyes even when they regarded beefsteak. Also he carried, apparently, the responsibility of him who "drives the horses of the sun." Discouragingly impersonal to admiring young women he was. Yet human, the present *pas seul* showed him to be human.

"A foine young mon," pronounced Mr. Boyle, "a very foine young mon, but—" He tapped his head pityingly.

Which once more raised the roof. Mr. Boyle was making hits to-night. Dick threw his big shout of laughter into the chorus at his own expense with joyful whole-heartedness.

Then, "What about your history, Mr. Boyle?" he demanded, harking back in self-defense; "don't you find that you and your wife are one person?"

A sheepish grin dawned over the expanse of the Irishman's face and he shook his head slowly. "No, *sor-r*," said Mr. Boyle, and there was a quality in the two syllables which once more set laughter ringing.

"Does she bullyrag you? Tell us about it?" suggested Dick, glad to distract attention from his own late conspicuousness.

"Tell it short," Holloway Byrd added, glancing at his pile of papers. "We ought to get to work."

"'Tis a foine old gyurl, me woife," stated Mr. Boyle; and then, impersonally, shaking a solemn finger at the group listening to him, watching him; shaking the knotty finger slowly, pausing to prepare an atmosphere for his climax, he bent to them and hissed in a thrilling whisper: "Th' old gyurl's a soofragette."

"Good for her," Holloway Byrd responded, but the board was divided.

"Too bad, old man," and "Don't you stand for it, Mr. Boyle," some of them said, and Dick Battle, the late joyful dancer, stood with hands in his pockets, frowning.

"Ther-r's wor-rse," the Irishman went on, and the irresistible smile of him had them all smiling, even Battle, the Georgian. "Oi'm a soofragette meself," announced Mr. Boyle.

A running fire of laughter and cheers burst at that. "Oh, come now," Huntington adjured him. "You don't really believe in that stuff? Why, women

haven't the brains to vote, have they, now?"

"Yez know Timmy Slaggin, what sells shoe-shtrings?" Huntington admitted that he knew Timmy. "Him wid th' rid nose? He's dhrunk whin things go well—he's wake in the upper shtory whin he ain't dhrunk. You know him?"

"Yes, I know him," said Huntington. "What about him?" And the others listened, expecting an anecdote of Timmy. "What about him?" Huntington asked.

"He votes," said Mr. Boyle.

There was a moment's silence as the simple argument sank in. Then Dick Battle spoke. "It's not that the women aren't good enough," he shot out in the impulsive manner that was characteristic and winning. "It's that they're too good. We don't want them messing in the mud of politics. It's bromide, but woman's sphere *is* home—by George, it is! Isn't it, Mr. Boyle?" He put it to the root of the argument.

Mr. Boyle scratched his curly head. "Be jabers, they're foine on th' home job," he acknowledged. "Oi've an idee they'd shtick to their homes and families aven if they got th' vote," he added, and hesitated, and the group of clever lads waited, attentive. "Th' law is an exthryardin'ry shtudy," Mr. Boyle went on. "An' doos th' law provide thot all wimmin widout homes can git thim by applyin' to the anti-soofragette association?" he demanded.

"You antis go back to work," Holloway Byrd advised. "You're getting the worst of it. And we had all better pitch in now," he spoke. One after another the boys dropped into the swinging seats before their desks and bent their heads over books and papers, and Dick Battle, looking up as he faced the open door, saw the light and shadow of a lantern spring high and low, bright and dark across the ceiling and walls of the long corridor, and heard the rich burring of Mr. Boyle's voice as he sang in an undertone till he turned the corner something cheerful and indefinite about

"'Two little maids in blue
Tra-la-la—Tra-la-la.'"

Next evening Battle left the *Record* office for an hour or two, early. As he hurried across the campus under starlight he brought up suddenly. "Me distinguished fri'nd," spoke a voice.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Boyle," smiled Dick. "Good evening."

"Good evenin', me distinguished fri'nd," answered Mr. Boyle, and went on promptly, evidently laboring under some excitement: "Yez see thim shtars up there?" he demanded.

"I do," acknowledged Dick.

"Do yez know," stated Mr. Boyle heatedly, "they've the owdacity to tell me they kin measure the distince to thim shtars."

"No?" Dick considered. After the reflections of the night before on his mental balance he hesitated to indorse mad astronomers; with a useful platitude he hurried on.

For he wanted to get somewhere. He had managed an hour off, and he did not wish to waste any of it. Though he had not known the girl long, he faced already the fact that he would rather be with her anywhere than with any one else anywhere else. There was something about her, there was a charm, there was an intangible, thrilling interest, there was—which is always, without exception, the case. If half the race had been through the experience the other half would be forever ignorant of it, for there is no way of telling that adventure. It is likely that all adventures which involve depths of living are similarly inarticulate. Dick Battle, swinging across the campus to the dean's house, did not generalize; his inner vision was concentrated. He saw a picture of a lighted room, of books and firelight, of a girl in white—and he walked faster.

"Do you want to hear Mr. Boyle's latest?" he asked when the dream had come true and he sat there and saw her, her dress a blue of rosy white, the fair head a manner of halo against long lines of friendly volumes, while the fire crackled in an undertone and the voice which seemed to be so exactly the sweetest voice in the world tossed words at him which rippled like running water. Extraordinary how everything about this girl was the most attractive of its kind! "Do you want to hear?" Dick inquired, talking surface talk while his heart burned within him.

She did, and he told the tale of his encounter a few minutes back and of the "owdacity" of people who thought they could measure the stars. "He was in great form last night," Dick went on. "He attacked the law as 'unconstitooshional' and announced himself a suffragette. He's a keen old bird," Dick acknowledged. "He got in one or two pretty clever hits at antisuffrage."

"That's not so hard," stated the perfect person in the white dress.

"What?" Dick was not sure he had heard aright.

"Why, of course, half my friends are antis; it's right to be an anti if you see it that way, but—the arguments are mostly on our side, aren't they?"

"Our side?" repeated Dick.

The girl went on serenely, not noticing that she scattered bombs as she went. "It's hard for the antis. They believe in their creed—at least some of them do—lots of them simply take to cover behind make-believe consciences. Either way it's not soul-stirring to have for a war-cry 'Don't let's!' Is it? No cause rouses enthusiasm that way—do you think? It's a negative suggestion, and that's psychologically weak, by the text-books. I've been reading William James and such, you see."

Dick was speechless. The years of his life, the inheritance of his forefathers, the traditions of his caste rose and formed half of a mixture which would not combine. The other half was this girl, the girl without a fault. He was Southern of the South; he had met few people in the North; his bred-in-the-bone feeling as to women had not been modified; never for a moment did he allow that such had a right to walk about on our earth, much less to climb mountains if they saw fit, instead of standing on pedestals. His mental skeleton had grown to fit an ideal; he had found the ideal, the one woman; he had learned rather promptly to worship at her feet, and behold, as he knelt before the pedestal of the goddess, the goddess hopped down and proceeded happily about the common or garden ground. The mental skeleton of the knight was wrenched. He sat dumb in his suffering. The violet eyes widened.

"Why, you didn't know I was a suffragist," she discovered. "You're—the other side—" She hesitated to call him an "anti." "You're — displeased with me?"

That gentle manner of putting it thrilled Dick. That he should be "displeased" with The Only Girl in the World! That she should state it so meekly, so adorably! Come! He had misunderstood. This was a joke. He laughed. "You gave me a beastly jolt," he said. "I thought you were in earnest. For one awful moment I believed you were—a suffragette."

"I like the other word better," the girl said gravely. "I am that—a suffragist."

Once more the world went wrong altogether. The order of things was off the track and bumped hideously; the bumps were painful. Again Dick pulled himself together. One must steer goddesses at times. It is not a woman's business to think clearly, to reason. A man must sometimes sweep away, even for a goddess, cobwebs of the mind. This time he did not laugh. "You see," he began, "I don't believe you've quite thought this thing out. To begin with, do you really, in your heart, want to vote?"

The girl considered him; there was no shrinking from his masculine judgments visible; there was no offended pride either; simply she considered him. "Why, no," she spoke at length. "I don't care about it."

"Ah!" The universe was on the track again. "I knew you weren't that sort."

"But I am," she asserted with an alluring fashion of assertion, with eyebrows lifted and a laugh in her eyes and the music voice trailing into a rising inflection as if one should say: "Didn't you know it?" It was the prettiest statement of a position in the world, and yet, Dick knew, it was firm. The everlasting hills not firmer.

"But you said you didn't want to vote."

"Why, no. I don't. Not for myself. I have everything I want—all the good things that heart can desire. But it isn't only I. It's all the women in the world. It's justice. It isn't just the vote—that's a trifling matter, in a way. But Sir Oliver Lodge says that to withhold it arbitrarily is an insult and galls out of proportion. It does. It's that, don't you see. It's why

should one set of people set limits to another set of people. It's taking my life, my education, and freedom as a privilege, not as a common right. It's being kept in a lower class, with inevitable hardships—" The girl stopped for breath.

"Hardships!" repeated Dick. "What hardships in this country, I'd like to know?"

"Plenty." The girl caught his words. "Isn't a woman's opinion on any serious question discounted before she speaks? Isn't 'womanish' a term of reproach? Isn't a man insulted to be told his intellect or his character or his style of writing is like a woman's? Isn't a woman supposed to be flattered, on the contrary, to be told that her brain or manner of doing things is like a man's? Aren't women treated by their men, generally speaking, with affectionate contempt? Do women get equal pay for equal work in the callings where they have pegged their way into recognition—teaching, stenography, clerkships? No, they don't. You know it. Also, if any man—any voter—wants a place, other things being equal, that vote settles his preferment for it over a woman. The woman stands aside, sometimes gives up her livelihood, because a person who can vote, and who's therefore more important, wants it."

Dick was distressed. All this seemed empiric. He had seen such statements in print; he had even read them and put them down to one-sided reasoning. Doubtless, if one went into it, there were facts which more than balanced apparent injustice. Besides, this applied to working women—not to goddesses. Why should a tall girl in a white gown, with golden hair and a voice like running water—why should she care about or know sordidness? Was not every man on earth ready to stand between her and hardship? It was unfitting, it revolted him to hear this talk in those tones. Suddenly he caught the note of laughter in the tones which his soul adored. "A lecture on suffrage!" she spoke. "I never did it before, did I?"

"Never," said Dick; and then, thoughtfully: "There's a thing I'd like to say. We think a lot of the family in the South. I've grown up to consider the family a unit. Father and mother and children parts of one institution, all with different functions. The mother's affair is the most beautiful: to keep the home, the hearth fire, the heart of life to them all. The rough jobs like voting and breadwinning—those are the man's. What about that?"

The girl's eyes flashed to his. "You're nice," she said. "You don't try to pooh-pooh things—but, then, few people do nowadays. Suffrage has fought its way to serious consideration. I'll tell you what I think about the family as a unit, Mr. Battle. It isn't a unit and never can be again; also, it is so much a unit that no changes can shake its oneness. It can't be a unit again because history won't go backward. A married woman has individual interests now—charities, clubs, studies, amusements. Often they're identical with her husband's, often not. That just happens. She has opinions, too. The husband doesn't play golf to cover the amusements of the family, so why should he vote to cover the opinions of the family? The missis may agree with him about the next President or not; they should be able to differ peaceably, as they would about tennis and golf or church or the books they read. Shouldn't they?" asked the girl. "Anyhow, it's so. A woman is a person these days and not only a fender for the fire—sacred fire though it is—of course it is."

"Oh!" murmured Dick.

"And the other way around; the family is forever a unit. Do you know any woman who isn't crazy about her house and her children? If you do, isn't she a freak? Don't worry, Mr. Battle, the eternal feminine is on the planet to stay, and knowing a bit isn't going to unsettle her. It doesn't take you more than three hours a year to do your voting, does it? Well, three hours a year won't spoil the housekeeping of any family. And don't be afraid we'll talk about the legislature and stocks all the time. We'll frivol the better for a little ballast in our heads."

She tossed up a hand. "There's something else to the family-unit point—what about the thousands of old maids?" With that she threw back her fair head. "I'm ashamed," she cried, "to deliver a lecture to a helpless guest. And a Southerner, tied and bound by chivalry!"

Thoughtfully, half an hour later, Dick Battle swung through wind and rain across the campus and in among the big buildings. He considered several things, among them his mother, that typical woman of the South, made of charm, of gentleness, of spirit. He could imagine her doing difficult things as Southern women of one more generation back did them: defending house and children with firearms, riding battle-fields with messages, putting through men's jobs on deserted plantations. But he could not imagine her voting. A vision rose of her, slender and young still, and a *grande dame* to her finger-tips——

"Vote—you, dear? Never," Dick muttered to himself as he turned into Brent Hall, to the *Record* office.

He took his place among the rest, already silent and busy in the large room, and he tried to throw off a preoccupation of two personalities which met and clashed in his upset mind, his mother and the girl. What would his mother, born and bred in a country of strong prejudices, say when she knew that he had given his heart to—a suffragist? Would she ever be reconciled? What would life be if he must give up one of the two, his mother or——?

He shook off the thought and turned to his work. And with that, down the long, still corridor outside progressed a rhythm of shuffling feet; a flash of Mr. Boyle's lantern shot a gleam ahead in the darkness and the burr of his voice, like honey and locusts, followed.

> "'Oi've seen th' weddin' an' th' wake,
> Th' patron an' th' fair,'"

sang Mr. Boyle, approaching with heavy weight dancing down the tiles, and the *Law Record* board lifted heads and smiled in unison at the advent of their nightly intermission. The mellow bass rose unhurriedly:

> "'Oi've seen th' weddin' an' th' wake,
> Th' patron an' th' fair;
> Th' shtuff they take,
> Th' fun they make,
> Th' heads they break
> Down there.
> Wid a loud haloo
> An' a whirlabaloo
> An' a thunderin' clear th' way
> Fer dear ol' Ireland, gay ol' Ireland,
> Ireland, byes, hooray.'"

The last three lines were across the threshold and the end was swamped in applause mixed with the slamming of lawbooks.

"Good evenin', me distinguished fri'nds," Mr. Boyle saluted the board as the noise quieted. "An' how are the young shtatesmen this evenin'?" Mr. Boyle's greetings were not varied.

"First class, Mr. Boyle." Holloway Byrd spoke for his team. "How are you? What sort of a night are you providing for us to go out into when we get through?"

Mr. Boyle shook his head. "'Tis not what Oi'd wish for the loikes of yez," he grieved. "'Tis sich a noight as wud make two noights if noights was scarce," he stated. "But, there now, shure we can't ordher an' disordher th' firmamint as we plazes," and a shout of joy at two *bons mots* in one breath encouraged him to further words. "An' how's th' law doin' the noight?" he inquired. "Are yez holdin' it down shtrong?"

"Otherwise. The law's got us by the neck this evening," the recent-decisions editor contributed, and the board agreed.

"Shure 'tis a feerful shtudy th' law —'tis an exthry-ardin'ry shtudy," Mr. Boyle proffered with sympathy if not originality. "An' have yez rid all thim books this evenin'?" he inquired, gazing at perhaps thirty fat blond tomes littering the place. "An' now"—he picked up a calf volume, "Cook on Corporations"— "does this be th' law— 'Blanks and Late — Late — um-m — Ambi — ambibigar-rters,'" read Mr. Boyle sonorously. "A dockymint—yis, sor-r. Thot's thrue. A dockymint. Oi've seen thim—dockymints!—may be void f'r intrins-sick indefin-um-m-m—of ter-rms—ter-rums" —landing hard on an easy word—"or-r it may be, though defineite, impossible—impossible, take notice, yez—t' enforce exthra-tin-sickly — eh? — because there ar-re no objects existing upon which its ter-rms may operate? T—tt," grieved Mr. Boyle.

The boys waited, hoping for a comment.

"There, there," spoke Mr. Boyle soothingly as if to quiet the bad temper of "Cook on Corporations." "'Tis a pity, onnyhow, 'tis fearful, th' law. An' to

think 'tis thot sort yez have to be makin' your livin' out of, glory be to God," Mr. Boyle concluded reverently. Whether the reverence accrued to deity or the law did not appear. "An' the fakes yez do have to be supportin'!" he went on reflectively. "Poor byes! To be trainin' in a coorse of false shtatemints."

"Now, what's this attack for?" Alan Huntington demanded. "Law is to uphold light and truth, not falsehood; don't you know that? And, '*Lex non curat de minimis*,' anyhow," he flung out magnificently.

Mr. Boyle clucked. "Whisht! 'Tis a pity to shpake black curses to wan thot wishes yez well. An' a foine young man like yez. I mishdoubt 'tis not thrue, onnyhow," he decided with his twinkling smile.

"Not true—'*Lex non curat*'? It's the truest thing in history. '*Lex non curat unum damnum*' is even truer. What's stricken your confidence in the majesty of the law to-night, Mr. Boyle?"

"Me confidence, is ut? Well, thin, 'tis a thing, and Oi've been considerin' ut. 'Tis what I was afther readin' last noight in wan of thim books itself—thot man an' woife is wan per-rson. Domn! 'Tis not th' fact," and Mr. Boyle's powerful fist came whack on "Thomas on Negligence," lying on Alan Huntington's desk.

"Oh, that riled you, didn't it?" spoke Huntington. "But you don't really believe in women's rights and hysterics at the polls and ladies in the legislature, do you?"

Mr. Boyle bent earnestly toward the young man and shook a threatening finger. "What's thot—th' legislachure?" he demanded.

"The legislature?" Huntington was startled by the sudden conundrum. But he was quick-witted and his answer was prompt. "The legislature is a representative body elected by the people of the State."

"An' be th' wimmin people?" came back.

Huntington smiled a sarcastic smile which narrowed his black, brilliant eyes and made his slightly hard young mouth look older. "Well, no. In law, criminals, lunatics, and women are not people," he admitted, and watched the janitor's intense face.

"Uh!" Mr. Boyle considered, laboring with his untaught brain against these young princes of intellect. And then: "Thim legislachures, do they be legislatin' for pure love of their fellow min?"

"No, no." Everybody was listening to the dialogue, wondering what Mr. Boyle was getting at. "No," said young Huntington. "They're paid salaries, of course?"

"An' by whom?"

"Why, by the people." Huntington was bored—one wasted time talking to this old duffer too long.

"An' be the wimmin people, thin?" brought out Mr. Boyle, and shook a big finger triumphantly. "'Tis no need to ask, whin there's payin' or wor-rk to do. Wimmin are the people for thim things. 'Tis the droll wurrold," commented Mr. Boyle, and the board vigorously upheld the victory of the pickaxe against the forty-two-centimetre gun.

"He's got you, Huntington, he's got you fair," Cass Emory shouted. Flushed with success, Mr. Boyle went on.

"'Tis droll, argifyin'. Oi've heard two ways about ut, an' Oi've read two ways about ut on more than siveral p'ints, an', however you go at ut, 'tis proved thot wimmin won't do. 'Tis said they're too foine an' honor-rable to be p'luted wid th' votin'; 'tis also said they've no sinse of honor whativer and couldn't be thrusted wid a vote. 'Tis said they'd all vote whot way their min voted; 'tis also said they'd vote against their min an' make roits into families; 'tis said they'd not take any intris' in votin'; 'tis fear-red thot all th' day long they'd be votin' and votin' an' interruptin' their homes. Niver in me loife have I hear-rd so many reasons on so many sides of a thrubble, an' all ag'inst it. Yez can't be sint to jail f'r ut—'tis no crime exactly, bein' a woman, but 'tis a dishgrace," finished Mr. Boyle, and flashed a blue glance over the roomful of lads and plunged it like a sword into the black look of Alan Huntington.

"Bless your soul, Mr. Boyle," Byrd, editor in chief, spoke, "they'd have you on the stump at a large salary if they heard you talk down at the Woman's National Suffrage Headquarters. What's

set you on the trail so hot-footed? It's as if you had personal reasons for seeing the cause through."

Mr. Boyle's face of sunshine set into grimness. "'Tis reason Oi have, and 'tis personal reason, sor-r. An' Oi'm hopin' t' see th' cause through, as yez said. Shure Oi am 'twill be in your day an' moine. An' whot Michael Boyle is able t' do t' help—'twill be done."

There was stillness a moment in the big room; one felt the power of a personality in earnest. Then Huntington the scoffer spoke casually.

"I suppose you're going to march in the parade Saturday?" he asked, smiling.

Mr. Boyle did not smile. "Oi am," he answered seriously. "An' me woife. An'—an' maybe—me gyur-rl." He was aware suddenly that the note was pitched in a minor key; instantly he was restless; instantly his Irish tact shifted the tone. "'Tis a ralief t' me," he stated cheerfully, "thot yez niver gits toird shtudyin' th' law. F'r shure," said Mr. Boyle, "there's a lot of ut to shtudy, an' 'tis a fear-rful shtudy—an' exthry-ardin'ry shtudy—an' I must now be windin' me clocks." With a shuffle of light feet he broke into music.

"'Oi've seen th' weddin' and th' wake,
Th' patron an' th' fair,'"

sang Mr. Boyle, and passed out singing it; far down the corridor, as he turned a corner, they heard him change merrily to the perfect inconsequence of

"'Two little maids in blue
Tra-la-la—Tra-la-la!'"

And the *Law Record* board lifted up its heart to a rarefied atmosphere of pure reason through a stratum of atmosphere left clear and pleasant by Mr. Boyle's amiable exit.

All but Richard Battle. Do what he would, he could not sustain himself on accustomed heights. He could not shake off a sense that incompatible facts were his affair to adjust. The girl whom he had loved that first day only a month ago, whom he had loved more, with all that was in him, including his judgment, each time he had seen her since that day; the girl who seemed to him everything which he had dreamed of a girl one day being; the girl whom he had thought, with a deep-going joy, was the sort whom his mother would love, too—this girl was one fact. The other fact which he tried to adjust with her and could not was that she was a suffragist. A suffragette he had called it, because that word carries a man's contempt better than the simpler one. A suffragette! He knew his mother's prejudices. He knew the sentiment in the old Southern city. He knew his own dislike of the sort of woman that word had always described to him. Yet he was a lawyer. What was that which Alan had said a few minutes back: "The law is made to uphold light and truth." If he were mistaken, if this cause which was flooding the country should be carrying those things, light and truth? What then? How might he honestly stand on a foundation of prejudice if that ocean—light and truth—swept over him? But was it truth and light—the cause? He had not found answers ready to the rushing sentences of the girl that evening; but he was not convinced; he could not yet believe that women—most women—objected to being held in tutelage, kindly tutelage. Was it true that to vote—three or four times a year, as the girl had said—would not automatically change the gracious womenfolk whom he loved into strange masculine monsters? Had the time arrived in civilization when a woman who was a graduate of a serious university course, like the girl, should be considered as competent to know about governments as a stable-boy?

Playing havoc with the rule against perpetuities, these upheaving questions split in varying cleavages through the virgin soil of Richard Battle's mind. Virgin soil, for never before had that mind given an inch of room to anything but whole-souled repugnance toward the entire business. And forever the image of his mother, of her surprise, her high-bred amazement at his doubts, came like a refrain. Whatever might happen, there was that finished personality, eternally on the side of conservatism, to be reckoned with. Yet one might not be dishonest. If this thing was so, if by some unbelievable logic this creed which revolted him meant justice, might one resist? Must not one follow justice if the skies fell? Could one, possibly, help to do

wrong as the girl had said wrong was done toward women working against odds, working for lower pay than men for equal work with men? Could that be so? The thought hurt the chivalrous boy like a toothache.

"I've got to stop. I'll get in an extra hour to-morrow," he confided to Holloway Byrd, and took his hat and swung out.

He veered to a room lying beyond the corridor on his way. It was dark; something stirred. Dick had an electric flashlight. Mr. Boyle. Mr. Boyle, in one of the row of chairs set against the wall, drooped in lax lines, lifting a face of dreary hopelessness to the sudden glare.

"You!" Dick spoke. And the Irishman made an instant effort to be as he was expected to be.

"Shure an' 'tis me distinguished fri'nd. Av coorse," he stated. "'Tis airly yez be leavin'. Oi wasn't expictin' yez. Maybe Oi was dhrappin' aff to shlape a wink whilst I was waitin' to shut oop th' place after yez."

"I'm going early, yes," Dick agreed. He looked at the man's face in the concentrated little circle of light. As he looked a tear rolled off Mr. Boyle's cheek and dropped into darkness. "Good Lord!" Dick said. Then: "Mr. Boyle—you're in trouble. Can I do anything?"

The Irishman's upper lip, stiff and dark with many years' shaving, twisted in vain effort at control; a throb of sympathy caught the boy. Poor old chap! Poor old Mr. Boyle! So full of deviltry five minutes back for their benefit, and all the time some wolf gnawing! He dropped into a chair and put his hand on a heaving shoulder.

"Mr. Boyle! I'm sorry. I am, for a fact. Can't I do something? You're a mighty good friend of all of us. If it's anything I can tackle I'll see it through with a whoop. I don't want to—butt in, but do let a fellow help."

Mr. Boyle slewed about an elderly, lined face marked with tears. "'Tis not pickled Oi am," he explained. And then: "'Tis none of me business wor-ritin' th' yoong shtatesman," he brought out brokenly, and tried to pull himself together. But the touch of the lad's hand had perhaps been too much for his self-control. He dropped his grizzled head into his hands and gulped sobs which mastered him.

The boy patted his shoulder and spoke futile words: "There, old chap," and "We'll fix 'em—don't you worry," and "It'll come all right."

The man got his voice, an uncertain voice but yet speech. "Oi beg y'r pardon, sor-r. 'Tis mortal shamed Oi am—but yez come on me suddin loike." A heavy sob shook him. "'Tis me gyur-rl," spoke Mr. Boyle waveringly, and gazed at Dick through bleared eyes.

"Your girl? Your daughter?" inquired Dick.

"Uh-huh!" Mr. Boyle nodded. "Just. 'Tis her thot was th' pride av us and the shmart wan av us all, an' 'tis a good eddication f'r common people we do be givin' her, an' her so quick at her books an' wor-rkin' hard an' doin' well. 'Twas th' bright face av her in th' house an' her singin' and crackin' jokes th' minit she'd be home from wor-rk that was joy t' her mother and me. An' now—" The voice broke again.

"Did—did something happen to her?" stammered Dick, afraid to ask.

Mr. Boyle jerked straight and his face was angry as the little cold light flashed across it. "Thim divils bounced her," he announced sternly.

Dick was bewildered. "Bounced her?" he repeated.

"She was head shtenographer to the dishtrict attorney's office," explained Mr. Boyle. "She'd wor-rked oop t' ut in three years, an' thot's quick. An' they'd promised her a big raise t' her sal'ry, thot good at takin' ut down she was. An' along cum a mon—wan o' these here voters," Mr. Boyle explained in detail with scorn, "an' he tuk a shoine to me gyur-rl's job, an' th' dishtrict attorney, he was comin' oop f'r eliction ag'in, an' th' feller was a politician and conthrolled the war-rd, an' so he giv me gyur-rl th' go-by jist loike thot. All her wor-rk for three years gonn f'r nothin'. All her c'reer thot she did be hopin' f'r—gonn," stated Mr. Boyle in a voice of tragedy.

"It was a beastly shame. But she'll get another job just as good, of course." Dick was conscious of a hotness as he said it.

"'Tis not all," went on Mr. Boyle. "Th' gyur-rl's health was dishtroyed. 'Twas down sick in bed she was f'r wakes, and whilst she was so she lost a chanst av two jobs, an' thot smashed her entoirly. So she tuk th' brownchitis of a bad wet day goin' afther wor-rk, an' 'tis gonn t' her lungs, an' we don't know now if we'll save her at all at all."

Dick, silent, thought rapidly. He put his arm about the man's shoulder as the shaking sentences ended. "Mr. Boyle," he said then, "I see now why you're strong for woman's suffrage, and I don't wonder a bit. But, look here, you keep up your courage; we'll save your girl. I've thought of somebody who—who'll know how. What she needs is hope, I reckon. And—there's somebody I know who—who could put hope into a boiled fish," Dick finished eloquently. "Will you brace up till I can see about it?" he adjured.

And Mr. Boyle, the flash being turned on his tear-stained face, was seen to be smiling tremulously. "I will. 'Tis a good young shtatesman yez are," said Mr. Boyle. "Ye've put hope into me. Good night, sor-r."

Under the doorway of Dick's room lay a letter—his mother's writing. He switched on the lamp on his big oak table and sat down under the green-shaded light to read it.

"My laddie," the letter began, "I have a confession to make which I'm nervous about. You're going to be horribly shocked. Please put down this letter, and walk twice around your big oak table, and think of all the bad things I could possibly do and resign yourself to the worst, and then—have you done it?"

Dick got up, smiling, and marched twice around the table. He dropped into the chair, curious but amused; he read on:

"Dick—I've turned suffragist. SUFFRAGIST! ME. Your conventional, conservative, not so high-brow, not so badly dressed closest relation. I'm afraid of what my clever lad may say, but, Dicky—you can't shake me, whatever you say, for I came to it sorely against my will and, as you know, against my traditions, and I believe in it because I can't help it. I can't see any way around it if I wish to be sincere. I'm not intelligent, like you, boy, and I had only the education which was thought good enough for girls, but Mrs. Elliott Dane has been talking to me, and she's clever. You know she is a clever person. I think that she convinced me by her simplest argument. She said artificial and arbitrary disqualifications were to be distrusted and that a woman's disqualifications were that sort—that no one knows if she's fitted for the franchise or not—simply, men have decided it. That's all. She said every living creature should have an equal chance, a fair share in education, an open entrance to professions, an opportunity for service. The vote, Mrs. Dane says, is a trivial point, but that one class of people should be able to say whether another class shall have it and shall say no is a gratuitous insult; it galls out of proportion to its importance."

"Ah!" Dick spoke aloud. The girl's very words; Mrs. Dane had also been reading Sir Oliver Lodge.

"There are miles of argument, Dicky, but I won't make you read my rehash. When you come home you can talk to Mrs. Dane—and you will like to. You remember how pretty she is? She has been in Paris and wears clothes to make one's mouth water. To see her in her big car with her four radiant boys and her beaming husband—that is rather a suffrage argument in itself. Well, I'm terrified at the thought of your displeasure—terrified but firm. Yes, in my shaking way, absolutely firm. But, Dicky, I hate to think of our disagreeing. Couldn't you look into it and see if you can't consistently be a suffragist, too? I would cry with joy if you could. Emily Bristed's boy told me the other day that if women got the ballot he would never again give his seat in the street-car to a woman. And I said: 'Maybe not, Tommy, but your son will.'

"In any case, I shall be sitting on the front door-step waiting for the postman till I hear from you, so write me a quick letter."

A telephone message in the morning made an engagement for the afternoon with the Only Girl in the World.

"It's a shame to bother you," Dick said when the miracle of being in her

presence had once more occurred. "But poor old Mr. Boyle—you know Mr. Boyle?"

Certainly she did, the dean's daughter. "He's a dear, and as good as a play," she stated further.

Dick set forth the situation. The violet eyes were misty when he had done.

"I've seen his gyur-rl," she said, "and she's all that he says, winning like her father, and capable, and a pretty thing besides. I think there's a young man in the story," the girl ruminated. "I can't quite remember, but—I think he got hurt and is slowly getting well, and she's working and saving so that they may be married in time. I think that's it, but, however, anyhow," the soft, alive tones went on, "we must look after Mr. Boyle's gyur-rl. Of course. Why, he's the best employee in the college—father said so. Everybody likes him. Why didn't he come to father? There's a place—yes—I know. That's the thing. The secretary of the dean of the School of Mines is going to New York to live—that's the very thing." The girl was on her feet with excitement. "I'll see father in an hour—I'll make him put it through. Call me up—let's see—at eight to-night. I'll know then, and you can tell Mr. Boyle this evening. I'll go and see the girl to-day—now. She won't have brownchitis when I've talked to her. For, as you said, it's just hope she needs."

Dick, radiant, nodded. "I knew you'd be wonderful," and he held out his hand. "I've got to rush to the office and work now," he said. "I sidestepped last night." He stood stock-still and held the little hand. "I must go." He held her hand. Then, a bit nervously, snatching at words to break that heavy-laden pause: "You know—my mother has turned suffragist. And I'm wavering. I'm wondering—" He stopped.

"What?" the girl gasped. "Not you? You Southerner; you mediævalist?"

"Well," the boy deliberated, "I've been shaken up in about three ways. I'm on the fence. Almost I'm persuaded——"

She interrupted: "You mustn't until you are persuaded quite, not almost. There's one real argument against us, you know—expediency. Be sure what you think about that. Suffrage will let in a lot of votes, and the majority won't be intelligent any more than the majority of men's. It will increase the ignorant vote. There's no question. It may muddle politics a bit."

Dick laughed. "How do you answer that?"

"I don't answer it," said the girl. "It's the only unanswerable point the antis have—and they make so little of it. The ethical stuff is so much—punk. They know it is. They don't believe it themselves—unsexing women—neglecting the home—burdening us with responsibility—nobody believes all that; they try to put it across, but it doesn't go. It goes less and less. Expediency—that's the real argument. And to me"—she searched for words—"to me it's the argument of short vision and timid minds. Whenever did progress mean certainty? If you climb mountains don't you risk holes? But you climb. Humanity climbs—and risks. Living in feather beds isn't profitable for nations or individuals. Right is bigger than expediency; society has quickened its step to sharper changes in the music than this. Also"—she smiled—"also statistics show that women *en masse* are better educated than men. More conservative, too, and rather more moral. I don't believe there will be any howling mob rushing to the polls. But even if"—she repeated—"even anyhow, it's fair. A great step isn't made without taking some chances in the footing—You *must* go to the office," she threw at him vehemently. Then: "To-morrow afternoon's the parade. Will you be somewhere to see me march?"

"Suppose you'd let me march with you," suggested the boy.

"*No*. Don't be impulsive. Take time."

"Time!" Dick nodded at the clock. "Look at the time. No, don't look. It doesn't matter. I'm going." And he went.

Long before the hour of the suffrage parade crowds gathered up the avenue. Dick placed himself early on a desirable curbstone by a notable lamp-post. She might see him; it was worth while to stand two hours for one violet glance. He pictured how the lashes would lift, how a welcome would flash from under; was it

not worth while to stand for two hours by a lamp-post?

After a while far down the highway lifted intermittent music; there came the rise and fall of marching figures, figures in white, a slow-flowing white river with banners. After the band a troop of riders led the parade, and among these, Dick knew, rode the girl. There she was. As luck would have it she was on the near edge of the line; she was about to pass within six feet. Young Phœbus Apollo, unconscious of his height and his beauty, oblivious to smiling strangers who regarded him, pressed forward. She was coming; she was here; she was past. Sitting her horse squarely, looking neither to right nor left, gazing out forward as if into a future, she rode past and did not see him. A pang of disappointment, and then the boy realized that this was as it should be. Just so rapt, so concentrated he would have her. "I like it that way," he murmured and fell back against his lamp-post.

The crowds filled every inch of sidewalk for miles up and down the great street; the procession swept on. There was something in the sight which caught at the boy's pulse. No aggressive, pseudo-masculine mob this, no assemblage of flightiness seeking for sensation. Line after line swam forward rhythmically, ordered waves of a sea, rising and falling with the lift and tread of marching feet—women's feet. Company after company of grave, bright faces, looking forward as the girl's, each with the significance of no uncertain purpose, they came on. Sections carried banners, and the warm breeze of the May day fluttered the gold of some of the banners and the white and green and purple of others over the white-clad host; bands came up at intervals and played triumphantly, and the music passed as the first notes of the next band floated from the distance. There was about it all an atmosphere of sober jubilancy, the assured joy of a multitude of people who were paying a price for an object. All sorts and conditions of women passed. There were ladies of easy carriage whose plain white gowns were cut by expensive tailors; next such an one many a time trudged a woman whose coarse white blouse and skirt had probably been washed and ironed by her own hands for the day. And the two smiled at each other sisterly as they fell into step together.

"The colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under the skin."

Nothing brings out that fundamental fact more than suffrage. Next Dick on the sidewalk stood an elderly woman in poor clothes whose face was carved by life into a mask of tragedy. Her bonnet, with a bunch of worn violets, was tied under her chin after a fashion which women of sixty or seventy do not follow in America. There was an air of England about the woman, and suddenly she spoke in unmistakable British tones, so agitated at the sight of the marching thousands that speak she must.

"To think that I should live to see it!" she said, and clinched a hand to her heart.

Dick smiled down at her; a thickset man wheeled about. He lifted his hat, noting the poverty and the ladyhood of her.

"Madam," the man said, "you'll live, I think, to see more than this."

"Do you believe it?" the woman gasped. Then: "I've gone through—much. I'm English. They took my children from me—my husband. He had the legal right. I had done no wrong, but we quarrelled—over this." She tossed her hand toward the ranks. "Men are harder in England. It killed me. I have been—dead ever since." Then eagerly: "You think women here will get the vote?"

"Ah, madam," the man smiled, "look for yourself. Will American men resist this—dignity of appeal? This is no hysterics. Our women must have what they judge right. Look at the faces of the crowd—see how sympathy is with the marchers."

Dick looked then, as the two talked. The women in the dense mass on the sidewalk bent forward, eager, as if learning a thrilling lesson; the men regarded equally intently, with varying expressions. Some were wide-eyed and some were sympathetic, some set and disapproving; here and there one saw a thoughtful man's face drawn together and keen eyes watch-

ing, weighing; often a man looked bewildered, dizzy with the mental impetus, perhaps, of this swinging multitude.

And suddenly Dick seemed to see, through the ordered, flowing ocean, a host of other women, the unhappy ones of the centuries, uncounted millions who had lived and died since ever the world began without the thing these were marching for—freedom. His mind flashed back and back: there were girls of Oriental countries bought and sold like cattle for their beauty, said to have no souls; there were Indian women, drudges and slaves to savages; there were little souls drowned at birth for the sin of being born women; there were women of mediæval Europe spending their lives sewing tapestry; there were women of to-day, slaves as much as any, pampered and jewel-laden and tied by conventions, and women of to-day kicked and beaten and degraded; his mind conjured an army of ghosts seeping noiselessly up through the ranks of these Americans who marched always past him, their silent appeal, full of hope, overflowing the sunny May air.

With that the parade was halted to allow accumulated trolley-cars to cross it at the street above. And behold here were the "Martyrs," the men who had thrown their weight to help womankind in its battle. Here was the contingent of his own university, capped and gowned and stately, the president at the head, the dean—her father—at his side. And there was Holloway Byrd, leading the law students, and Cass Emory, and Jerome Lewis—Dick was aware of a pang that he, too, was not of that company. For he knew now—he knew. He believed, and his faith had made him whole. And at the thought a voice called his name, a voice with a rich burr.

"Misther Battle — me distinguished fri'nd," the voice called. The halt had brought Mr. Boyle to a standstill exactly in front of Dick's lamp-post. "Come along in," Mr. Boyle adjured him. "Arrah, dhrap in and do y'r shtep f'r freedom whilst th' shteppin's good. Shure, 'tis sorry y'll be later whin th' scrimmige is wan and y're not in ut. Come in, thin, me son," adjured Mr. Boyle.

Phœbus Apollo sprang forward as if his horses had bolted; he dropped into line beside Mr. Boyle just as the column started on.

"'Two little maids in blue,
Tra-la-la,
Two little maids in blue—'

'Tis glad Oi am yez come in, me young shtatesman," chanted Mr. Boyle happily under his breath as they kept time across the car-tracks. "Th' lady gineral sint wor-rd along we was t' remimber we're mar-rchin' f'r a cause an' t' look naither t' th' roight nor naither t' th' lift," Mr. Boyle set forth further through his teeth, his eyes straight ahead, his lips spitting out the commandment with as small movement as possible. Somewhere back, near, a band struck up "Onward Christian Soldiers."

"Marching for a cause," Dick whispered.

That was the meaning of the earnest, straight-gazing eyes, from Her eyes all the way back through the thousands on thousands of swinging women. Suddenly the boy seemed to feel his mother's hand slip into his—a proud and honest and sweet spirit was beside him. And far ahead, up the great avenue, he knew that the Only Girl in the World, on her horse, between the lines of packed, still faces, rode in the van, starry-eyed, marching for a cause.

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# POETRY

## By Grace Denio Litchfield

An olden Harp, to rarest music strung,
Midway betwixt our world and Heaven is hung,
Beyond the reach of Earth's short-statured men.
But the gods, descending, touch it now and then.



Village near Aleppo with conical huts.

# THE BERLIN TO BAGDAD LINE

## IN THE PATHS OF CYRUS'S "TEN THOUSAND," ST. PAUL, AND THE CRUSADERS

BY JOHN H. FINLEY

Red Cross Commissioner to Palestine

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

WHEN Virgil in his First Eclogue made Tityrus, reclining in plenteous prosperity beneath his beech-wood-tree, remark to Melibœus (who had been driven like a Belgian by war into exile) that certain impossible things—such as the grazing of stags in the skies—would come to pass before he would forget the face of his patron who had kept him out of war's disasters, he included among these impossibilities the reaching of the river Tigris by the Germans. That poetical illustration of the inconceivable came near in the year 1918 to discrediting Virgil's profession of allegiance to the dust of his patron Cæsar Augustus. How near, one may discover who travels in 1919 by the "Bagdad Road" out beyond the Euphrates toward ancient Nineveh; for this road, since the beginning of the war, had burrowed its way through the Taurus Mountains, crept farther along the edge of the Syrian desert, and awaited only a favoring lull in the Western battle or a Teuton victory to leap to that farthest of the four rivers into which the stream divided that ran through the Garden of Eden.

As it is, Virgil's figure of speech, used two thousand years ago, is as happily pertinent to-day for illustrating an impossibility of forgetting as ever it was in the time of Cæsar Augustus.

I first saw this iron path (of one who aspired to be William the Great) at Aleppo, the ancient Berea, the place where the empire-paths of Cyrus the Great and Alexander the Great crossed each other, though a half century apart. It was there, said Xenophon in that immortal text-book (which an infinitesimal per cent of the boys and girls now read in high school —Xenophon's *Anabasis*), that Cyrus's

"Ten Thousand" came to a river "a hundred feet broad, stocked with tame fish which the Syrians regard as gods and will not suffer to be injured—and so, too, the pigeons of the place." (I was told that there are still "innumerable carp" in that vicinity, to this day held sacred.) The villages thereabout in the time of the Anabasis belonged to Parysatis, the mother of Cyrus, "as part of her girdle money." And the villages thereabout today, with their conical huts, such as I saw nowhere else, look at a distance like the ornaments on a girdle, though of course Xenophon used the illustration with another import.

From this place I travelled one gray February morning to the Euphrates, a few more parasangs by the Bagdad train, slow as it was, than Cyrus's men marched thence (*enteuthen exelaunei*) in "five stages." But instead of taking Cyrus's short course to the river (and that of Alexander the Great), the road, to avoid the desert beyond, since it could not follow the Euphrates, turns northward and crosses the river some fifty miles higher up than Cyrus's famous fording (where "no man was wetted above the chest"—the river "manifestly retiring before the face of Cyrus like a courtier bowing to this future king"). The iron bridge of the iron path asks no obeisance. It is indifferent to the floods of this turbid stream, and permanently holds the fords where Nebuchadnezzar stopped the advance of Pharaoh Necho.

But Nebuchadnezzar and Necho are now names only. East Indians, picturesque, dignified, and detached, even in khaki, guard both sides of the Euphrates. Turks, who have exchanged their flowing robes for shabby European working clothes, drive the wheezy engines, made in Magdeburg or Essen, which crawl across the bridge and back two or three times a week, leaking at every pore. And young, lithe, quiet English officers, who know both the West and the East, try to keep things in order until the Peace Congress around a remote table decides what is to be done with the territory for which mankind has fought off and on for about six thousand years.

What with the steel bridge, the water-tank, and the "round house," the Bagdad station at Jerablus (or Carchemish, if you prefer its most ancient-known name,) might, except for the figure of the East Indian soldier against the flat landscape, be a Chicago and Rock Island station along some low-banked stretch of the Illinois River. I well remember how that Middle Western stream seemed in my boyhood to run out of or through Paradise. It required some effort of the imagination, however, as well as faith in the infallibility of the Scriptures, to think of the Euphrates as having any memory of the Garden of Eden. (Yet I know that many an Appalachian or Rocky Mountain American has to make the same effort touching the Illinois River.)

. . . . . .

Certain it is, at any rate, that Abraham lived in this region. Indeed, the city toward which I was journeying called itself his birthplace, though its name was Urfa and not Ur (and known as Edessa, in the Middle Ages, the farthest city held by the Crusaders under the lordship of Baldwin). Whatever archæological doubt there may be as to Abraham's having been born there, Haran, where he lived for many years with his father Terah, was not farther away from where I was than Poughkeepsie is from Albany. So, I was in the country that was Abraham's home, before his migration, at the age of seventy-five and in the year 1921 B. C. (according to Ussher), into the Land of Promise. By a singular and unplanned coincidence it was Abraham Lincoln's birthday, the 12th of February, in the year 1919 A. D.

I had intended to walk about thirty miles beyond the station Arab-Punar at which the train stopped, there being no troops as yet to guard the stations farther east. (The track is laid, however, to and perhaps beyond Nisibin.) But I was advised that my going to give the proposed relief (in the city where over twenty years ago a thousand Armenians who had taken refuge in a church "were suffocated by the smoke of burning carpets and mats previously soaked in petroleum," and where new sufferings were being inflicted) would probably invite the further persecution of those I wished to help, and so, sending by stealth to them

the gold I was carrying, I awaited the turning about and departure of my train, whose passengers on this return trip were largely demobilized Turkish soldiers to be distributed along the way between this point and Constantinople, nearly a thousand miles away—and with no prospect of a Fifth Avenue reception when they reached their several desolate destinations.

I had an hour or two of leisure to celebrate the birthday of my country's turned eastward, as the unblinking eyes of the Sphinx which had never beheld a Western sky. Yet even there, one could not safely generalize. It was not far from there that I saw a woman caring for twenty or thirty of her young sister Armenians rescued from a worse slavery than that from which Lincoln had emancipated millions. I found that she could speak English—of the American accent—and that she had been taught (and not




The projected line of the Bagdad Railroad from Constantinople to Bagdad, part of which is already in operation.

"Abraham" at this farthermost post of the army of Allenby, the Deliverer of Palestine, and in sight of Saruj which Baldwin had captured and then taken to himself an Armenian wife. Except for the "confusion of tongues" which had come upon the race somewhere out between those rivers, where the unfinished Tower of Babel must have stood crumbling for centuries, I should undoubtedly have tried to assemble the natives and tell them about Lincoln, such was my habit in the States. It was inconceivable to me at home in America that there was any part of the world that had not heard of him. But there, I was ready to believe, they had not. Their faces were only our tongue but our ideals) by a young American woman whose father must have heard the Lincoln-Douglas debate by the side of the old prairie college buildings where I was her classmate. So perhaps some of the miserably clad, emaciated, weary soldiers whom I saw scrambling into the open trucks (where they were to ride unprotected during the cold nights) had after all heard of another Abraham than theirs. Certainly there was a dim fame among the cities (based on the unselfish lives of American teachers, missionaries, doctors, and nurses) of a people who had a disinterested interest in other peoples, strange as that might seem. Their Grand Mufti, who had studied in



Engine of train, Bagdad Road, in Taurus Mountains. (The America Near East Commission Special.)

Egypt, had even given expression to this rumor in a letter of Calvinistic flavor, which I have elsewhere quoted:

"No one can dispute the fact known of God and confirmed by your noble history, O citizens of America, that out of compassion and charity He created you to do good to humanity."

And so, perhaps, the faces of some of these men would have lighted if I had spoken the name of Abraham Lincoln's land.

As it was, I looked off toward the "Old Homeland" of the race, along the steel rails, and especially toward Haran, one of the stations just beyond (where Abraham would have taken the train if there had been a railroad there in his day) with a gratitude that Abraham had in 1921 B. C. migrated from that country, had given the world to the westward, after twenty centuries, the Great Teacher, and after as many generations more, lacking one, had given his name to the great exemplar of the democracy which the Great Teacher taught.

But with this thought went always at even pace another, whether I walked toward Haran or Eden or Ararat—and once I thought I saw that mountain which stands farthest back in history, but I afterward learned that it was still far beyond the snow-covered peaks which I saw spanned for nearly an hour by such a rainbow as Noah must have seen, over those same mountains, if his had been in the morning. The Almighty has kept his rainbow covenant with the nations of men that "seed-time and harvest, winter and summer, cold and heat, day and night shall not cease." But the thought that walked with my grateful one was, that since these sequences have brought little but misery, or at most only the most primitive satisfactions, to those who stayed at home, or became its tenants, we who have benefited by what has come out of that old abandoned farm ought, with the other nations of the civilization which it has started on its way, to see that the mortgage of misery is lifted and the place restored. For it has, in spots at any rate, all its pristine potentialities. (Lord Harcourt said to me a year ago that he had a million acres under cultivation in wheat, farther down the valleys toward the Gulf.)

It is eight or nine hundred miles, as I estimate, from the Euphrates to Constantinople, if one follows the course of



Fuel for the engine. Bagdad Road.

the Bagdad Railroad, whose track is laid a part of the way where the feet of the "Ten Thousand" had marched, where St. Paul had tramped in his first and second missionary journeys, and where Godfrey of Bouillon, Tancred, Baldwin, Raymond, and Bohemond had passed, and Frederick the First had perished.

In my anabasis (if I may give my lonely expedition a name so ambitious and yet so contemned by many a youth) from the Euphrates toward Constantinople I had to make a circuitous journey, as did St. Paul from Damascus. I went first from Aleppo to Damascus, then to Jerusalem, then to Haifa (near old Cæsarea where St. Paul took ship), and then by sea to Beirut and Mersina, on the coast of Asia Minor, a few miles from St. Paul's "home town" Tarsus, which was also the same town as that toward which Jonah sailed from Jaffa, when evading the call to Nineveh. But the reader would, I fear, find this an uncomfortable and perhaps a tiresome trip, even to read of, for I travelled most of the way in freight-cars (of the type known to our soldiers in France, accommodating "45 *hommes* or 8 *chevaux*") on a trawler (which was absolutely the most uncomfortable means of transportation that I have ever endured) and on a British "destroyer" which might very fitly have borne St. Paul's name before he changed it, in the days when he was "breathing out threatenings and slaughter."

There is a shorter and less indirect way, for, speaking generally, there is no direct way from one place to another in that part of the world. (This is possibly the reason why the street in Damascus called "Straight" got its distinguishing name. The railroad track, even on what seemed to be a plain, seldom advanced far in a straight line.) The shorter way leads off to the northwest from Aleppo, over or through the Amanus Mountains, and then down to Adana, a few miles farther inland than Tarsus from Mersina. It was at Adana—after coming in this long circuitous way from over toward Nineveh, after spending a good part of a day on the "destroyer" just off Mersina, unable to land on account of the heavy sea, which, as in the days of Jonah, did



Armenian refugees returning to their homes.

not "cease from her raging," and, after passing through Tarsus at twilight, that I again found myself on this path of hoplite, missionary, and crusader, and late the iron path of boasted empire, the "Bagdad-bahn."

According to Xenophon, when Cyrus descended into this plain, "shut in on all sides by a steep and lofty wall of mountains [now snow-covered] from sea to sea," it produced "sesame plentifully and also panic and millet and barley and wheat." And it still has, if I may infer from the green patches that I saw along the way, that richness of promise. This inference is further supported by the report of a military officer in Adana, that there were thousands and thousands of bushels of wheat in Adana beyond local needs, for which no means of transport could be found. On my return trip (my *katabasis*) from Adana to Aleppo, which was made by a train, temporarily under my care, of trucks (box-cars and flat cars) carrying relief stores for the American Red Cross and the American Commission for Relief in the Near East, there were seven of these small trucks, with a coach attached for a general who was inspecting the signal service. The worn-out engine, fed by wood (and I took my turn in feeding it), could carry no more than these eight small cars; and there is such a train from Adana to Aleppo only three times a week. There is a good road-bed and a track of standard gauge, though I suppose it would not carry as heavy cars and trains as we are accustomed to in America. My conclusion, from observations made during the nineteen days of my anabasis and katabasis, is that the well-intentioned part of the world cannot help that "old home" part of it more effectually than by sending into it locomotives and cars for transport —once the peasants can safely venture into the fields again to sow and reap.



"The Cilician Gates"—closed by a landslide. (Wagon coming from Harsus being let down by hand to lower level.)

And up in a valley of the Taurus Moun-



Turkish peasant with his boy and girl, beginning to plough and sow in a valley of the Taurus Mountains, a few yards from the Bagdad Road.

tains, but a day's journey from Adana, and at the upper entrance to the famous "Cilician Gates" temporarily closed by a great landslide, I saw the peasants coming out into their fields again, down along the river, near the railroad track, from their huts on the mountainside. Delayed for some hours by a wreck ahead of us, I wandered out into one of these fields, where I saw in the distance three figures. As I came near I found a father and two children; the boy with a plough of a type several thousand years old; the girl assisting the father in filling the sack from which he was sowing millet. This bucolic scene, beautiful beyond any description, the snow-white peaks looking down upon the now peaceful valley in which were the wrecks of many abandoned or captured German cars (I counted a hundred in that very valley) needs only what Turkey did not give, perhaps could not give, to make it one of human happiness and contentment, as well as of physical beauty. It needs only security of life and freedom from rapine and pillage to make it a paradise. Golden eagles were flying in its skies above the black double-headed eagles on the deserted cars.

Even after the way was clear of the wreck, there was not sufficient "personnel" to run the train, and there was further delay which permitted these meditations which I find in my diary, written as I sat on a hilltop with the golden eagles flying over my head, the peaceful valley at my feet, the snow-covered peaks shutting us all away from the rest of the earth:

"Here are men and women on the same earth with me—men and women and especially children, who, born and reared in this rich and historic valley, have not the slightest opportunity to see and enjoy the things which we count most beautiful and precious in life, who are nearer to the animals in their daily living than they are to human beings of the highest order. Should not the world which traces its faith and its democratic ideals through these very valleys, organize its forces of mercy and education to establish here a *world order* for the good, especially of the children? The Red Cross has been an experiment in that universal sharing of the best things. It had its opportunity through the extreme misery of many. Let the Red Cross spirit persuade a world order in which there shall be:

"1. Centres in all the backward lands, where the fundamental elements of a civilized life shall be taught: self-government, science, art and particularly the things of social value (such centres as the colleges at Constantinople, Beirut, Tarsus, Aintab, *et al.*, and the groups of missionaries and doctors, as at Adana, Mersina, and scores of other places).

"2. A world order language to be everyman's second language—call it everyman's language—language of the world league.

"3. World order men and women, administrators, demonstrators, doctors, in every centre, without nationality.

"I do not know what nation is to have the political mandatory for that land and those lands beyond, back to the Garden of Eden. I hope America will not have to take any *political* mandatory, but that she will continue and extend her *moral* mandatory there where she has already sent her first messengers of the democracy of mercy and human brotherhood."



The same peasant and his daughter, as shown on opposite page.

In the region beyond the Taurus Mountains the Hellenes, the Apostles, and the Crusaders passed to and fro, penetrating one another as the images of thoughts in the philosophy of Lucretius. Here, too, passed the dwellers in Cappadocia and Asia and Phrygia and Pamphylia, on their way to the Pentecostal meeting in Jerusalem, where the cloven tongues descended. And just over the hills, to the south and west, one could easily imagine the Apocalyptical angels still hovering over the sites of the churches of Laodicæa the "luke-warm" and Philadelphia of the "open door" and Sardis of the "few in white raiment." In the long interstices of travel, when the engine was getting up steam to go on, one could hear the mediæval Pilgrims-of-the-Day singing as they reached these kindly valleys after the rugged table-lands: "Fair are the meadows, fairer still the woodlands"; and the Pilgrims-of-the-Night carrying on the melody, "Fair is the sunshine, fairer still the moonlight, and all the twinkling, starry host"; or could hear the sound of the rush of Cyrus's Greek warriors (with helmets of brass instead of steel) in review before the Cilician queen who fled in fear. But above all others (save the miserable refugees in the flesh before one's eyes) one was conscious of the presence of St. Paul, who "in weariness and painfulness, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness," moved where had lived those who invited his immortal Epistle to the Galatians.

I saw one of his spiritual descendants among the living who had been driven from Galatian homes because of the faith of St. Paul to which they clung. I found this frail but indomitable pastor of Iconium returning to his flock, which he was gathering again from their wanderings, crowded with two score of men, women, and children in a box-car, making no complaint of discomfort but concerned only that he should reach his city in time for his Sunday service. (And he arrived at midnight.)

Before another day's and another



Looking across the Euphrates.

night's intermittent travel, covering less than two hundred miles, I lost the companionship of St. Paul (who went straight on to Troas, and then, following the call of the Macedonian, into Greece) and the voices of Cyrus's men clamoring for their pay. Save that once I crossed the path of the army of Alexander the Great, only the Crusaders were left of the old-time travellers on this world highway upon whose control the fate of the Near East depends.

I had in the autumn of 1918 the good fortune to be where I could see something of the last struggle between the Turk and the Allies of Europe and Asia in the recovery of the Holy Land. Here in the predawn darkness of a March morning of 1919 I came into the city Dorylæum or Eskishehir, where the Crusaders and the Turks had their first pitched battle in 1097—where "two knights of wonderful appearance and clad in shining armor" were seen to "come forth from the mountains on white horses" and deal deadly blows upon the enemy; so that "victory was snatched out of the very jaws of defeat."

Eskishehir had, however, no suggestion of such a romantic and picturesque past as we made our way through a labyrinth of freight-cars in the midst of which I was later flung from my own car against a stand-pipe and came near joining the Crusaders who had perished there nearly a thousand years ago. As it was, I escaped with bruises and was given for my further journey an abandoned German Red Cross "Lazarette" car that had not had a passenger since the armistice.

But with the dawn a sudden storm of snow came upon the place to transfigure it, came as the knights came forth on their white horses from the mountains. And with that memory I made my way toward the straits through which Jason had passed in search of the Golden Fleece.

And with no such perilous adventure beyond, as Jason's, I found it; for in old Byzantium, that is Constantinople, I met Dr. Barton, chairman of the American Commission for Relief in the Near East, who had brought from America that which was as the Golden Fleece, to clothe and feed and heal the exiled, in whose interests, and on behalf of the American Red Cross, I had made this lone expedition. With him and his relief train I traversed eastward the same path (which is another story) and reached Aleppo again after nineteen days and nights of as continuous travel as that part of the world permits.

The Bagdad-bahn! Let it have a new name and a new equipment! "The East and West Road," for here ever "the twain shall meet." Or "The Homeland Road," for over it the nations of Christendom shall carry back to Asia, their old home, what they have traced from its tents and its altars!




# THE MAKING OF WILLIAM SIMMS

By Dana Burnet

Illustrations by C. D. Williams

HIS mother said fondly that he saw everything through colored glasses, and professed to find the marks of them upon his nose. This was a fiction dating from William's early youth, when, to his own intense satisfaction, he had discovered goblins in the clothes-press. At the age of twenty-seven he discovered a princess in a tower, and was moved to amazing adventures.

William should have been a poet, a painter, a singer, a strolling minstrel, or a tramp. He was a clerk in the banking-house of John Parr & Co., Wall Street, New York.

His fellow clerks thought William slightly queer; they did not see the marks of the glasses on his nose. His immediate superiors found him scrupulously industrious, and agreed among themselves that he would go far, if he ever received the impulse to go at all. What William lacked, they said, was ambition.

His mother frequently alluded to this same weakness in his character.

"You're bright enough," she would say, "but you don't seem to get along very fast. I suppose it's because you're so moony. Haven't you any ambition, Will?"

"Plenty of it, mommie. My ambition is to ride to the end of every street-car line, and climb to the top of every sky-scraper in New York——"

"There!" mommie would exclaim, in mild exasperation; "you've been wearing your colored glasses again."

And William, catching her about the waist, would reply:

"Buy *you* a pair, mommie. They're good for the eyes!"

Mother Simms invariably refused this offer. She had not time to be fitted, she said, what with cooking William's supper and darning William's socks. It was her wont to add gently that such occupations composed her happiness.

William said that happiness was expecting the impossible.

The Simms apartment consisted of four rooms and bath. It was located upon the fifth floor of a converted dwelling-house in West Ninth Street. There was no elevator; but as William often remarked with unjustifiable levity, there was an elevated. The tracks of the Sixth Avenue super-

structure lay just beyond the dining-room windows. This was bad for the plaster; also, fortunately, for the rental. At first the rumble of wheels had interfered with William's sleep, but after some exercise of fancy he had managed to convert the sound into the distant murmur of a waterfall.

"As for the noise," he would say, "I have imagination and mommie has a deaf ear. So we do very nicely."

On Saturday nights he escorted his mother to one of the small Italian restaurants that infested the neighborhood; preferably the kind that lurked behind iron gratings and required some manner of identifying signal to penetrate. Mommie was not overfond of these dinings out. She would have preferred steak and onions at home; but William said it took him travelling.

"I can get a trip to Europe out of this!" said William, sniffing the romantic atmosphere of cigarette-smoke and garlic. So mommie smiled bravely, and surreptitiously swallowed digestive tablets to counteract the cooking. For all that she did not entirely understand him, mommie's world was exclusively William.

At the conclusion of these gastronomical dissipations, William would sally forth upon further adventures. His particular delight was to rove the Avenue upon the upper deck of an omnibus.

He called it "taking passage." In his queer, half-joking, half-serious way he converted the whole affair into the likeness of a sea voyage. "Come on," he would say, grasping mommie's arm. "We'll go cruising the Gold Coast!" Mommie went dutifully enough until the winds of William's ocean began to accentuate her rheumatism. After that she begged off, and while William cruised the Gold Coast, mommie sat playing two-handed whist with a neighborly widow from the floor below.

It was a night in October when William's romance began—a night made wonderful by the fact that to-morrow would be Sunday, and that he need not concern himself with intrusive realities for thirty-six long and golden hours. As he mounted the steps of his swaying galleon, William thrilled with the sheer wonder of his youth and freedom. The work of the office lay hidden beyond the horizon. He was at liberty to pursue the greater work of living, of moulding life to a perfection of enjoyment. He settled down into a front seat, turned up his coat-collar, stuffed his hands into his pockets, and regarded the world through those fictitious glasses which were forever upon his nose. The fact that the chill air had driven his fellow passengers below decks served largely to increase his satisfaction.

The 'bus lumbered hugely along the smooth pavement, through the recurring glamour of the street-lamps, whose beams fell upon the glistening asphalt like moonlight upon water. Under the blunt bows of William's craft, occasional pedestrians dived and darted to safety.

"Porpoises!" said William.

The tall spire of the cathedral loomed up to starboard. A great hotel, shining like a house of stars, passed to port. Beyond it lay the park, like an island in the sea, its naked branches etched against the sky. But William turned his eyes to the Coast of Gold, to the castles of the inconceivably rich, and in particular to one castle that marked the architectural climax of the whole.

This was an enormous house of white stone that occupied, at what cost only Providence and the Sunday newspapers knew, an entire block in that priceless dominion. It combined the aspects of a mediæval ruin with the rambling proclivities of a Florida hotel. Its two wings, surmounted by square towers, were thrust forward to meet the sidewalk line. From tower to tower stretched a Roman arch, beneath which a concrete driveway wandered into the dramatic vista of a formal garden. Massive gates of iron guarded the entrance. As a spectacle the great house was tremendous, overwhelming.

It was the residence of John Parr, the banker.

To William Simms, banker's clerk, the huge edifice seemed a veritable palace of illusion. Unconsciously it had come to stand in the background of his mind, as those painted castles stand upon the stage, casting their charm over the players who adventure in their shadow. William asked no more of it than to provide a setting for his dreams. He never passed

it but he glanced hopefully at its rosy windows, thinking to see the face of the princess gazing down.

To-night he looked as usual. The 'bus had stopped at the corner, directly beneath a street-lamp, and William had a sense of peering up through dazzling mists of light. Suddenly he rubbed his eyes and stared again. Fortunately, his fellow passengers still remained below decks, else upon its prosaic course, and the picture faded abruptly from view.

That night, for the first time, William Simms failed in his effort to translate the rumble of the elevated into the distant murmur of a waterfall. He lay wide-eyed, beholding a face in the shadow, and trying to reconcile it with a vague smell of boiled onions that permeated the apartment.



"I—I have made a little money recently, and I would like to ask your advice as to the investment of it."—Page 83.

his actions might have caused some suspicion, not to say alarm. He gripped the 'bus rail and leaned far out across it, seeking to pierce the radiant mists that enveloped him.

At an illumined window in the square tower a young woman's face appeared, wistful and alluring. William's hand jerked upward in an involuntary gesture. The young woman's eyes seemed to turn in his direction; seemed almost to meet his gaze. For a moment he sat spellbound.

Then the 'bus lurched heavily forward

Every evening now, at a certain hour, William went cruising the Gold Coast, much to mommie's secret relief. But it was not until the next Saturday night that he saw his princess again. She stood at the window as before, looking down, and William's heart leaped at the sight of her. The third Saturday he thought that she recognized him. There was a certain consciousness in her pose. The fourth Saturday, stirred by a desperate adventurous spirit, he deliberately removed his hat. That left him tingling for a week. The fifth Saturday the princess smiled!



"Every Saturday night I waited for you to go by. I even thought you might find a way—"—Page 85.

William locked that smile into the secret chamber of his soul, and began to study the banking business from the ground up.

"I do believe William is growing ambitious," said mommie to the friendly widow. "I hope so," she added, longingly. "It would be the making of him."

The making of William proceeded apace. In a few months' time he worked his way from the anonymous clerical herd to a position upon the outskirts of John Parr's private office. Occasionally he was summoned into the shrine itself, and spoke indelible words to the deity thereof, so that his purpose flamed within him. Nor was the subconscious mind of John Parr wholly oblivious to the quiet, efficient young clerk who daily brought him letters to sign. The subconscious mind

of a banker may be unsuspectingly human.

The summer of 1915 was a most remarkable summer. The great war had been in progress for a year, and in that time the world had adjusted itself to the gigantic business of murder. By a mere whim of geography, America found herself in a position to profit materially by the catastrophe. From a state of financial demoralization, the stock-market rose spasmodically to the heights of the million-share day. All through the country manufacturers were consecrating their establishments overnight to the service of Mars. There was much talk about prosperity, and the logical expansion of trade; but below and beneath it all was that desperately built scaffolding of war. Soon the infection spread to stocks of all sorts and conditions. Wall Street plunged into an orgy of legitimatized gambling, and there was a great shearing of lambs, and some fattening of the flock.

William Simms was one of those who fattened.

He began in a small way, with fear and trembling, putting such money as mommie had saved from his meagre salary into stocks that he thought would appreciate. In his innocence he bought outright, and so was saved from disaster when the stocks slumped, as they did. But the epidemic of prosperity raged on, and the golden bubble grew in proportions. William's stocks were dragged upward with the rising market, and William experienced the peculiar intoxication of riches won by chance. Before the 1st of September he had made ten thousand dollars!

The changes wrought within his bank-book were no more startling than the changes wrought within his soul. No longer had mommie cause to complain about the colored glasses. He had brushed the dreams from his eyes, and had set out to win a princess by the only method that seemed practicable, the method that his world invariably employed to gain the objects of its heart's desire.

William Simms was an American, and a modern. He was therefore heir to the tradition that money is the key to happiness. This tradition he had rejected with the somewhat unthinking but splendid defiance of the young man who holds happiness to be a matter of adventure and not of purchase. He had been quite confident of his ability to succeed without success, to live without giving hostages to fortune. But now, suddenly, there had arisen upon the horizons of his universe a definite goal to which he would attain. Had he remained true to his first youthful defiance, he would have ridden straight against those towers of stone, and possibly would have made himself ridiculous in the process. But there is not one man in ten thousand who can resist the moulding power of his age. For the most part, we are the creatures of our centuries, caught and shaped from our environments as those strange figures of the desert are shaped by the blowing wind.

Yet the acquisition of his new-found wealth did not blind William to his original purpose regarding it. Every Saturday night, through all weathers, he took passage upon his 'bus. Nor did the princess fail him in a single instance, though the heat lay heavy upon the land, and the thermometer rose to plebeian altitudes. Her presence at the window grew more strange, more inexplicable as time went on. William knew of his own knowledge that John Parr's domestic establishment had been transferred to the banker's country estate in Long Island. Each week he expected to find the princess flown, but, though the rest of the huge house slept in darkness, there was always a light at that one window. Gradually the realization was forced upon William Simms that she waited there for him! He clasped his thought to his heart, and was filled with a new exaltation. The mere lifting of his hat as he passed her tower became a religious rite, and her answering smile a sacred reward. He had his hours of madness, usually in the dead of night, when he planned impossible sallies against her stronghold; but with morning would come the sanity that mocks at dreams, the governing sobriety that leads a man to don the garments of his kind, knot his cravat in imitation of his fellows, and forget romance for the morning paper. He who pauses to shave his beard will not go adventuring that day.

Curiously enough, it was William's innocence of finance, rather than any genius

for it, that was responsible for his ultimate achievement. One September morning he entered the banker's office upon a routine errand. He had been there but a moment when Mr. Parr was called to the telephone. Instead of dismissing the clerk, the great man directed the operator to transfer the call to his private wire, and, rising, went into the adjoining chamber —a small, sound-proof vault profanely known as the holy of holies. As he got up from his chair, the tail of his coat swept a letter from the desk.

William stooped to recover it. Mr. Parr's back was turned; hence he did not observe the action of his clerk. Nor, indeed, was there anything unusual in that action. William replaced the letter as he would have replaced any other, but in so doing his eye fell upon certain brief sentences which impressed themselves quite automatically upon his brain. In proof of William's innocence it must be said that these sentences held no particular significance for him at the time.

But that night, as he sat reading his evening paper, William came upon a paragraph which shed considerable light upon the letter. The paragraph was as follows: "Wall Street is greatly interested in rumors of a big steel merger which is said to involve several of the largest plants in the country. The Amalgamated people are reported to be backing the deal, but no confirmation of the rumor could be obtained this afternoon. John Parr, of Parr & Co., who in case of a merger would probably be called upon to float the bonds, refused to discuss the story. The rumor reached the Stock Exchange too late to affect prices——"

William put down his paper and, leaving mommie to the conversational clutches of the widow from below stairs, retired to his own room to think. He sat down upon the edge of the bed, took his head in his hands, and strove to visualize the sentences he had seen that afternoon. Slowly and in precious fragments they came back to him:

*Plans—completed. The merger—an accomplished fact. Need not impress upon you the necessity for absolute secrecy—present time. Deny all rumors.*

Even then William did not realize the full value of this chance information. As has been said, he had no genius for finance. His mind worked laboriously, almost painfully in matters of that nature. But though his thoughts in the present crisis were not brilliant, they were logical.

After an hour of concentrated effort, William arrived at the simple conclusion that if Amalgamated Steel were to absorb its competitors in order to control trade, the stock of the Amalgamated company would be greatly enhanced in value. He decided to buy steel—on a margin.

The events of the next two weeks are a matter of financial history. The great steel merger was announced on a Tuesday. Amalgamated was then selling around ninety-eight. Before closing time on Saturday it had gone to two hundred and fifty. The following week it touched six hundred dollars a share, and William Simms directed his broker to sell.

In twelve days he had made approximately half a million dollars.

Mommie was in the kitchen preparing a frugal supper of steak and onions when William burst in upon her with the news. He had run all the distance from the subway and up five flights of stairs, so that his breath was only sufficient for the main fact of the matter.

"We're rich, mommie! We're rich!"

"Oh, Will, what has happened?"

"The market," gasped William. "Six hundred a share—may go higher—but I sold. Couldn't stand the strain. Steel, you know, mommie. *Steel!*"

"Steal!" faltered mommie. "Oh, Will, how could you——"

"No, no, mommie! You don't understand. It's all—honest enough. Gad! If I could only—get my breath—to tell you——"

"Take a glass of water, Will. And do try to collect yourself. You've frightened me out of a year's growth."

"Never mind, mommie. You'll get it back again. Seashore—Hot Springs—Florida—anything you like. We're rich, I tell you."

Some moments later, his breath restored, William told mommie in detail of his astounding success. Mommie listened in a daze, her gentle eyes fixed adoringly upon William's animated countenance.

"What are you going to do with it all?" she asked finally, in a tone of awe.

"I don't know. Invest it, I suppose."

"Why don't you go to Mr. Parr, William, and ask his advice? I'm sure he'd be pleased."

"Yes," said William, with a droll wink. "He'd probably take me into partnership. Why—what's the matter, mommie?"

"The steak!" cried mommie. "It'll be burned to a crisp."

William waved his hand.

"We can afford it," said he.

The next morning, despite the fact that he had scoffed at mommie's suggestion, William actually did present his case to Mr. Parr. He had gone into the banker's office with a sheaf of letters requiring the latter's signature. When this small business was concluded, William said:

"I would like to speak to you for a moment, sir, if you will permit me."

"Well?" snapped the banker.

"I—I have made a little money recently, and I would like to ask your advice as to the investment of it."

The great man glanced up impatiently. His gray eyes, peering out beneath their shaggy white brows, held a choleric gleam. But something in William's ingenuous smile aroused his curiosity.

"How much have you made?"

"About half a million dollars," said William.

"The devil you have!"

"Yes, sir."

"Young man! Have you been playing the market?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did you buy?"

"Steel," said William.

"Steel!"

"Yes, sir."

"What made you do that?"

"I saw an article in a newspaper that said there was to be a merger——"

"That was only a rumor!"

"Yes, sir. But it seemed logical."

"Logical!"

"Yes, sir."

"Good God!" said the banker. "Logical!"

He studied William for a moment in silence, his small eyes as bright as flame. Then he said abruptly:

"Your name is Simms, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come back in half an hour," said the banker, "and I'll talk to you. In the meantime, young man, don't buy any more stocks. Above all, don't buy any more newspapers."

"No, sir," said William.

"Logical!" muttered the banker, as the door closed behind William's youthful form. "God bless my soul!"

It must not be supposed that William was made junior partner of the firm that afternoon. The most that he received, in fact, was a caustic lecture upon the folly of buying stocks that seemed logical. But the lecture occupied one hour of John Parr's time, which in itself was highly significant. William went home in a mood almost hilarious. Not only had the banker promised to assist him with his investments, but also to keep an eye upon him in the future. Vaguely he felt that he was drawing nearer to his goal.

"You have made a lot of money, by a lucky fluke," the great man had said. "You can do one of two things. In the first place, you can stop working and live on your income. Or you can stay here, at forty dollars a week, and learn the banking business. There is room in this office for a young man with brains."

"Thank you, sir," said William. "I'll stay."

Three months later he received an invitation to dine at the Parr residence. It was an informal invitation, extemporaneously delivered; but it marked an epoch in William's life.

"Young man," said the banker, "I have taken a fancy to you. I'm getting old. I want some one to bear a part of my burden, some one whom I can trust. I'm not sure that you're the man, but if you are I want to know it. Suppose you come to dinner to-morrow night, and we'll get acquainted."

It required the whole of William's mental powers to stammer an acceptance.

A man in livery opened the door of the castle to William. Another man took his hat, coat, and stick. Still another escorted him, in dignified silence, to a great room that stretched indefinitely into dull golden shadows. It was like walking in the house of a dream.

William seated himself upon a royal-

looking chair, and sought in vain to quiet the throbbing of his pulses. He had scarcely dared hope that he would meet the princess; but now that he was actually within her palace walls, their meeting seemed almost inevitable. What would she say when she saw him in her father's house? Would she recognize him as the intrepid voyager of the four-wheeled galleon? Would she start and turn pale, thereby forcing him to embarrassing explanations? William recalled, with a sinking heart, that the princesses of fiction invariably started and turned pale.

He was still weighing the possibilities of the situation when Mr. Parr entered the room. The banker greeted him with a degree of cordiality that served partially to restore William's confidence in himself and his destiny. The next moment this confidence was completely destroyed.

"My daughter, Mr. Simms."

William turned to see a young woman advancing from the doorway. She was dressed in a dark evening-gown that made marvel of her loveliness. Her throat and arms were white as ivory. In her hair were lights of gold.

It was the princess.

When she saw William she stopped short. One hand went to her breast. Her eyes studied his face with an incredulous wonder, a surpassing unbelief. And it was William who turned pale.

Then the princess smiled, and became once more her regal self, calm, poised, and a little cold. So perfect had been the transition that William half doubted he had seen recognition in her glance.

A servant entered and announced in sacred formula that dinner was served.

What food passed his lips that night William never knew. Once or twice, recalling mommie's fond injunction to "remember what they have," he sought to concentrate upon the substance of the feast; but the dishes came and went with bewildering frequency, and his mind was entirely occupied with the vision of a princess.

It ended at last, as the material things of this world are wont to do. Then ensued an ordeal of coffee and cigars, during which William and his host sat alone in a room obviously dedicated to the banker's domestic solitudes. For upward of an hour Mr. Parr talked of stocks, investments, business conditions, Federal reserve, and the prospects of the coming presidential campaign. William listened attentively, and by so doing created the most favorable impression possible. Mr. Parr concluded that William was a young man of discretion and discernment, who did not presume to question the wisdom of his elders.

"I am glad to find you a conservative," said the banker. "So many young men are carried away by the wild notions of the day. You agree with me, do you not, that a high tariff is essential to the protection of our trade after the war?"

"Perfectly, sir," said William, whose mind at the moment was directed to the thought that dark evening-gowns were essential to young women with white arms.

Finally the banker rose and led the way to the music-room. There the princess joined them, and William's hopes, which had been at ebb-tide for the past hour, mounted again. Mr. Parr settled himself in an armchair at one end of the vast chamber and the princess took her place at the grand piano. William stood near by, ostensibly to turn the leaves of the music. The fact that there were no leaves to turn did not deter him. There might well have been leaves.

"Father is very fond of music," said Miss Parr, glancing up at William with a faint smile. "It invariably puts him to sleep."

William thought this a most charming characteristic; but the banker vigorously denied the accusation.

"Nonsense, my dear! You know I listen to every note."

Miss Parr, still faintly smiling, played the opening measures of a Chopin nocturne. Soon the banker's head drooped forward upon his breast, his eyes closed, and his enjoyment of music began. The princess played on, softly and more softly, until the gentle air was lost in a friendly silence. Then she turned and looked at William Simms.

"We can talk now," said the princess simply.

The great moment of William's life had come. All the months of scheming, all the desperate risk of his financial ventures had culminated in this crowning instant.

He had won his way to the castle, and was now face to face with his princess.

"I am glad that we have met," said the girl, without embarrassment, "though naturally it seems very strange to me. I do not quite understand—how it happened."

"It happened," said William, "because I wanted it to happen—and because the fates were kind. When I saw you that first night I was not a creature of your world. I was exactly what I seemed. I belonged to the people who ride upon omnibuses, and who pay their fares with ten-cent pieces. It is not an easy matter," he continued earnestly, "to bridge the gap between that world and—this. I was lucky—far more lucky than clever—and your father helped me——"

"Why did you want to bridge the gap?" she asked quickly. "Weren't you happy in that other world of yours?"

"Quite happy," said William, "until I looked up at your window. After that I began to dream of a princess in a castle——"

"And you thought that the only way to reach her was to make a great deal of money?"

William nodded.

"This is the twentieth century," he said. "What other way exists?"

"I don't know," she answered softly. For a brief moment she regarded him in silence. Then she said: "I only know that I, too, have bridged the gap between the worlds."

"You!"

"Does it seem so strange that a woman should grow tired of being a princess? This is the twentieth century, as you have said; the century of opportunity and freedom—even for princesses. I was happy in my world for a while, but I grew tired. It did not seem real to me, it did not seem human. I felt that I was missing the most precious things of life. I wanted to brush elbows with the crowd, to belong to the great outside world, to work with others and for others. Then you rode by on your 'bus. You looked up at my window. I could almost hear you say: 'Poor prisoner! Come down and be one of us!' Every Saturday night I waited for you to go by. I even thought you might find a way——"

She paused, and the color heightened in her cheek; but she went on quietly:

"Of course I did not know what was happening in your mind. If I had guessed that you were planning to corner the stock-market, I would have been disillusioned forever! But I did not guess. I thought of you as a knight errant, and made up romances about your weekly adventures——"

She smiled slowly, a smile that struck William to the heart.

"I would not tell you this," she said, "if it could make any possible difference. You know that I stayed in town this summer?"

"Yes," said William breathlessly.

"I stayed," said the princess, "to take a position in an East Side settlement. It is in one of the most interesting parts of the slums. Dr. Blaine, who is in charge of the work, has offered me a residence instructorship—and I have accepted."

William stared at her in utter amazement. The whole towering edifice of his dreams had come crashing down about his ears, and, stunned as he was, he strove desperately to deny the ruin:

"But you can't live in such a place!" he cried roughly. "You! Buried in the slums! It's impossible! It's absurd! Why, your father is one of the wealthiest men in America! Your place is as fixed as the stars! You'll grow tired of dirt and filth and disease. I know what it is to live in an atmosphere of poverty. It will drag you down, soil your hands. You'll find there's a rough side to charity, a horrible, unclean side that will sicken you, make you long for the world that is yours by right. You are moved now, perhaps, by a deceptive altruism——"

"It isn't altogether altruism," said the princess slowly. "You see—I am going to marry Dr. Blaine."

The following spring William Simms married the daughter of a gentleman who had made a fortune in safety-razors. Shortly thereafter he was made junior partner of John Parr & Co.

Any fine Sunday now he may be seen by the socially curious rolling to St. Thomas's in his limousine, a high silk hat upon his head, his neatly gloved hands

resting precisely upon the top of his stick. On his right sits a small, rather pretty woman, whose distinguishing feature is an absolute perfection of attire. That is William's wife.

On his left sits a little old lady, with gray hair confined beneath a bonnet of unalterable style. Her face is calm and divinely contented. Her eyes are fixed upon William with the pride that passeth all understanding.

That is mommie.

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# A THEATRICAL BOARDING-HOUSE IN SYDNEY

## By Isobel Field

[NOTE.—Mrs. Salisbury Field, who was Mrs. Strong at the time described in these memoirs, is the daughter of the late Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson. She is referred to frequently in the Vailima Letters as "Belle," and by her native name of "Teuila." She acted as amanuensis to R. L. S. during the last years of his life in Samoa, writing all of his voluminous correspondence, besides the two novels "St. Ives" and "Hermiston."]

EVERY member of my family was leaving on the schooner *Equator* for the South Seas, to be gone indefinitely. If I went with them, it would mean leaving my little boy at a boarding-school in Honolulu. He was too young to take on a long, hazardous voyage in such a tiny craft. I knew if I left without him it would spoil any pleasure the trip could give me; yet to have stayed on in Honolulu, much as I loved the place, would have meant all the dreariness of being "left behind." Suddenly Mr. Stevenson hit upon the grand idea that I should go by steamer to Sydney, and wait there for the arrival of the *Equator*. It would give me a new interest, I would see strange lands and people, and could take Austin with me.

I had never travelled on my own responsibility before. So far I had been "personally conducted" through life. The idea of starting off for the antipodes (I liked the sound of the word) had all the novelty and excitement of a daring adventure. Mr. Stevenson made all the arrangements for me. A sum of money was to be sent to a certain bank in Sydney, from which I was to draw a stated sum monthly. The address of a boarding-house where I was to stay was written down, as well as the name of the hotel where I should go immediately on landing. My ticket was bought, stateroom engaged, and a fat little purse handed me for expenses on the way, and each member of the family gave me advice. I was cautioned against undesirable strangers who made overtures of friendship, and it was suggested that I choose among the passengers a quiet married couple and put myself under their protection.

Now that such agreeable plans were arranged for me, it was easier to watch the preparations for the departure of the *Equator*. Even a real hurdy-gurdy (the talking-machines were not in popular use then) which we tried out in the evenings and a magic lantern with religious slides lent by a missionary did not stir my heart to envy. I helped my mother string beads and make wreaths of artificial flowers, for presents to give to the islanders on their travels, without a pang. While the family talked of native villages, atolls, lagoons, and the Line Islands, my thoughts were busy with parrots, cherries that grow with stones outside, kangaroos, and boomerangs.

The schooner *Equator* looked a tiny cockle-shell as she sailed out of the harbor among all the huge steamers and men-of-

war. I watched it sink beneath the horizon with an anxious heart. It wasn't as though my family were going to some place where there was a post-office or telegraph-station. I was to depend on passing ships for news of them. As a matter of fact, they were gone seven months and the letters they gave to various ships for me did not reach Sydney till after the family arrived there.

Austin and I left on the *Mariposa* a week later on a lovely tropical night. Many friends came to see us off, bringing *leis* in the island fashion, so that we were almost hidden in masses of ferns and fragrant flowers as we leaned on the rail of the steamer-deck taking our last look at Honolulu. The town, embowered in green, lay in a flood of moonlight against a background of purple mountains topped by puffs of white clouds. From Diamond Head, that lies like a warrior under a shroud, to the shimmering mauve of distant Waianae the city never looked more beautiful.

The band does not play for the through steamers, so I thought regretfully that I was to leave without hearing the Hawaiian farewell song, "Aloha Oe," but I was mistaken. The ship was delayed for some reason. It grew late; all the shore people had left and the wharf was deserted when two carriages drove in and stopped at the gang-plank. It was King Kalakaua come to bid us good-by. He brought his own band of singers, explaining that he could not let me leave his land without a proper farewell.

We talked long that night, for I had lived several years in Hawaii, and the King had shown me many kindnesses. I had been able to bring him a message at a time of political trouble, for which he had given me the Royal Order of Oceania. He spoke of that, and of my services in designing the Hawaiian coat of arms and the star of the Order, and said he looked upon me as a Hawaiian, and if ever I needed help or advice while in Australia to call upon his *chargé d'affaires* to the Court of Hawaii, who was to be found in the city of Sydney. With hearty good wishes for a pleasant voyage he took his leave. When the great ship slipped away from the dock it was to the music of "Aloha Oe," the little group of garlanded Hawaiians singing on till the islands faded into the shimmer of the moonlight, and only the ghost of a melody whispered across the water.

I found my quiet couple the first day out. She was a little fair woman with masses of yellow hair and an hour-glass figure; he was a drab sort of man, very quiet and devoted to his wife. I don't remember their name, but we will call them "Watson." They had my steamer-chair placed alongside of theirs, and we three grew to be very friendly.

We would sit out in the evenings on the upper deck, looking at the moonlight on the sea, saying little, for they were a quiet couple; but sometimes Mr. Watson would prevail upon his wife to sing, begging for his favorite, a particularly dreary ballad called "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower," which brought tears to his eyes. I noticed that he was very attentive to his wife, liking to hold her hand, to touch her hair tenderly, and give her little affectionate pats. To my surprise she seemed strangely unresponsive. She drew away from him as far as possible, giving him only the tips of her fingers to hold, and would dodge aside if he bent over her. Truth to tell, they were a dull couple, but I felt that I was following advice and doing my duty, so I stuck by them.

Fortunately, I am a good sailor, but poor Austin was a limp rag. I had brought a little wicker chair on board and carried him in it out on the deck in the morning. One evening as I started to carry him back to the cabin a young man stepped forward and took him out of my arms.

"He is too heavy for you," he said.

Of course I thanked him and explained that Austin was not a very good sailor, but that I was sure he would be all right in a few days.

The young man appeared bright and early the next morning to ask after "the little lad," and carried him out on deck for me. Then, as Austin grew better, he brought a checker-board and played with him.

"Surely," I thought to myself, "*he's* all right. He isn't making up to *me*."

When Austin was able to run about, the man took him into his cabin and taught him exercises. He made him walk so

many times around the ship before breakfast, ran races with him, and at Auckland, where we stopped for several hours, he took the little boy ashore and bought him a small pair of boxing-gloves.

Just before we reached New Zealand some one asked me to tell fortunes. I have a pack of cards that I invented and painted myself, and I carry them with me wherever I go—they never fail to amuse somebody. I told all sorts and kinds of fortunes, and finally Mr. Watson came for his turn. Among a number of things I remember saying, "You have women's tears on your conscience," and added, "You are a gay Lothario," expecting him to smile. Instead of that he turned very pale.

"Are you seasick?" I asked. He shook his head and went away.

That night Mrs. Watson came to my cabin and told a story that filled me with horror and dismay. She began, I remember, most dramatically by asking:

"Are you the kind of a woman to take a woman's part?"

I faltered doubtfully that perhaps I was. Then, sitting on the cabin floor at my feet, the tears streaming down her face, she confessed that she was not married to Mr. Watson. She had left her husband to elope with him, and he had deserted a wife and five children for her. She showed me a crumpled telegram she had received from her husband in San Francisco telling her never to return. She excused and blamed herself in a breath, and wound up by declaring that she had grown to hate the man she was with.

To me it all sounded like a page out of Ouida, and my eyes must have been as round as saucers. She thought I had known the truth about them when I told Mr. Watson's fortune, and said he had "women's tears on his conscience." I was so aghast that I could only shake my head vehemently when she asked if I had said it on purpose. When she found that I was innocent of any design, she evidently regretted her confession, and begged me not to let Mr. Watson suspect that she had told me anything. She would say that my cards had hit upon the truth by accident. She pleaded with me to behave as usual, so the passengers would notice no change in us. I felt that I was called upon to say "Avaunt, woman!" or something equally reproving, and was surprised to find myself sorry for the poor creature and agreeing to keep my seat with them for the next two days. They left then at Auckland and I never saw them again. Though, under the circumstances, I was glad they went, I missed their company, for I had made no other friends on board except the nice Mr. James, the young man who was so kind to Austin.

He drew up his chair alongside of mine, and I didn't see why I shouldn't be friendly with him. In travelling across America he had been caught in the Johnstown flood, and his thrilling experiences during that terrible time made an interesting story. He had an agreeable tenor voice and sang old-fashioned Irish ballads, "Willie in the Rushes O" and "The Cruiskeen Laun," as our ship sped over the waters under the lovely tropical stars.

One evening, when he had ordered "squashes," as they call lemonade in Australia, I happened to notice how he signed the check. I glanced at it and said innocently: "You write that as though it were not your real name." He looked startled and asked what I meant. "Well," I explained, "people have a peculiar way of signing their own names—some little flourish or quirk. You write it out as though it were a pound of flour." I was to remember that incident later.

We reached Sydney on a beautiful, clear, sunny day, steaming in through the lovely harbor on water as smooth as silk. We drew in so close to the public gardens that border the water-front that I could have thrown a ball to the children playing on the esplanade.

It was a strange sensation to arrive absolutely unknown in a foreign land. Every other passenger was eagerly hailing some one on shore, and all went their different ways in little groups of excited friends. But I was not daunted. It was in a spirit of high adventure that I led my little son by the hand and stepped foot upon the "antipodes."

We went at once, according to instructions, to the Oxford Inn on George Street, and it was there our fellow passenger, Mr. James, found us when he came to call. He, Austin, and I spent a very pleasant

afternoon at the Botanical Gardens, and that evening he left for Melbourne. We went to the train to see him off, shaking hands with real friendliness and hoping that we would all meet again. We never did. He was arrested in Melbourne and put into jail for swindling. He and a young man with him, both travelling under *aliases*, were well-known English crooks. They had followed a wealthy lord across America to Australia and were caught by bank officials in a confidence trick. He and the Watsons were the only friends I made on the *Mariposa*.

One afternoon Austin and I went to look at the boarding-house that had been selected for us. It was an expensive, respectable, perfectly awful place. I looked at the stuffy red-velvet chairs, the heavy hangings, the landlady with a false front, false teeth, and false manners, and fled back to the hotel to put off the evil day of moving as long as I could.

When my money was almost gone I called at Towne & Co., the bankers, to draw my allowance, walking in with aplomb, and giving my name and the sum I wished to draw.

The clerk looked at me with a blank face and referred me to some one else, who sent me to still some one else, till I found myself in a little glass office with the coldest, hardest man I had ever met. He had never heard the name of Robert Louis Stevenson; he had no money for me nor any advice to give me.

"But Mr. Stevenson told me that he had arranged it all, and that I only had to come here and draw my money every week."

The man said he was sorry, but looked as though he didn't believe a word I said.

"But what shall I do?" I asked. He didn't know and intimated that he didn't care.

"But what if your wife or your sister found herself in a strange land without any money or friends," I went on desperately; "what would you advise her to do?"

"See her consul," he snapped, turning to his papers.

With my heart beating so that it choked me, I went to the office of the American consul though I don't remember how I found the place.

Our representative was a large fat man. I recognized him as a fellow passenger on the *Mariposa*, who had annoyed me by his way of speaking of the "Yeu-nited States Senate," and what he had said to the "Yeu-nited States Senate." He was a type of the old-fashioned politician, with a huge black mustache and a big cigar. He remained seated, I remember, during our interview. He seemed to think that I had come to get money out of him, for he repeated several times that he had no funds at his disposal for destitute Americans.

I must say my story must have sounded very flimsy, "Every member of my family gone off in a little boat with no address but the South Seas," but finally I waked him to some trepidation by saying: "This is American soil; we are under the American flag! If I can't find a place to go I will bring my child and stay here." I left him babbling that he had no accommodations for ladies at the consulate.

It was still early in the day. Fortunately, I had paid my bill at the hotel, but I had very little left. Barely two pounds, a sum that would not pay for one week at the red-plush boarding-house.

Evidently the first thing to do was to find cheap lodgings at once. We started out with a little list I had cut from the newspaper.

I had never known before that human beings existed in such awful places. Dark rooms, smelly hallways, slatternly servants, obsequious inquisitive landladies, each more impossible than the other. Fortunately, I had to pretend to be brave so as not to frighten Austin. He was looking very anxious and a boy of eight understands more than one imagines. I talked cheerfully to keep him from suspecting how worried I felt. It was growing late as we crossed the Domain—a well-laid-out park full of beautiful trees—mysterious and shadowy in the gathering darkness. I was tired, discouraged, and more frightened than I had ever been in my life before. It was then that the good Lord led me straight to Miss Leaney's theatrical boarding-house.

She charged me one pound ten a week for the two of us, including board and a large clean room on the top floor front

overlooking the great shade-trees of the Domain. The window-curtains were of cheap muslin, and the floor-covering Chinese matting; but they were fresh and clean, and if the bed was hard I never knew it. It seemed to me then the most beautiful room I had ever seen. No sailor beating in before the gale could have appreciated the shelter of a snug harbor any more than I did the safety and comfort of Miss Leaney's top floor front.

We had been there several days before I remembered what King Kalakaua had said to me about having a Hawaiian *chargé d'affaires* in Sydney. After my experience with the bank officials and the American consul I was timid about calling on a perfect stranger on whom I had no claim whatever. It was only sheer desperation that nerved me to go and see him. I had paid our first week in advance at the boarding-house, and it took my last shilling to bring our luggage from the hotel.

Miss Leaney found his name and address for me—Abraham Hoffnung, a well-known banker and business man. I never knew how he came to be *chargé d'affaires* to the Court of Hawaii unless he thought it looked well on his cards, for there could not have been very much business of a diplomatic nature between the two countries. I think now that I must have been the sole and only person who ever claimed his attention in his official capacity.

I left Austin at Miss Leaney's and went alone, for I did not want him to see me ignominiously thrown out if my errand was unsuccessful. Mr. Hoffnung was at the head of several business houses in Sydney, and I cannot remember now whether I went to his big department-store or to his bank. I sent in my card, and he came out to meet me—a brisk, smiling gentleman, clean-shaven, at a time when men disfigured their faces with every variety of beard and whisker. He looked very dapper and wholesome and polished, and when I said I had come to see him as *chargé d'affaires* for Hawaii, he fairly beamed, ushered me into his office and rolled up a chair. I felt like an adventuress. By this time I hardly believed my own story myself. "My remittances haven't come" is the oldest and stalest confidence yarn in Australia. I got through my explanations somehow and only remember Mr. Hoffnung's generous kindness. "You were right to come to me. Don't worry at all. Consider me your banker and draw on me for all you need."

"But I don't know how long my family will be away. They said I was just to wait here till they came."

"It doesn't matter if they never come back," said Mr. Hoffnung cheerfully. "I'll take care of you. That's what I'm here for. I look upon you as a Hawaiian, and they are my special charge." Then, in the goodness of his heart, he pretended that he remembered having met me at one of the royal balls in Honolulu. He may have known something about me, or perhaps I told him that I painted a little, for he insisted that I was to devote myself to "Art" and not trouble my head about business matters. He wanted to give me a handful of money, but I would only take enough to pay our next week's board-bill.

The following day Mr. Hoffnung came to see me, with an outfit of paints and a large *papier-mâché* plaque. He was worried because I would not accept more money from him, and tried to get round it delicately by giving me a commission to paint a bunch of flannel flowers on a black background. He produced the flowers from the inside of his shiny silk hat. It is true that I had painted dinner-cards and had even spoiled the lovely surface of pearl shells with little landscapes and "Souvenir of Hawaii" scrolls, but I had never perpetrated a "plaque," a form of art much in vogue in those days, especially among amateurs. Mr. Hoffnung, however, was so kind and so anxious that I finally consented.

Several days later, as I was daubing somewhat despondently on the plaque, Miss Leaney came in to tell us that the American steamer *Alameda* was in port.

"It stops at Honolulu on the way down," she said, "and I thought you might have some friends on board."

We knew all the officers of the Oceanic Line steamers that touched at Honolulu on their monthly trips between Australia and "the coast," so Austin and I went down to the docks in great excitement.

We found our old friend Purser Smith in his little office smothered in papers. He dropped everything when he saw us, hailed us in, gave us all the latest news from Honolulu, and then asked how we liked "the antipodes." It was such a relief to meet some one who knew us, that I poured out the whole story of our adventures. Purser Smith looked at his watch, and said:

"You have just time enough to reach the bank before closing hours."

"What do you mean?" I said; "they were horrid to me there."

"I understand the whole thing," he said. "What actually happened was that the letters and papers Mr. Stevenson arranged for you were left with the bank officials in Honolulu to post, and—they missed the boat. What then? Why, they would be sent on the next steamer—this one. The mail went ashore early this morning. Hurry, and please send Austin down to tell me if everything is all right."

It was as he had said. The papers had all arrived that morning on the *Alameda*. When I reached the bank my reception was very different, though I never saw the cold hard man again.

With a light heart and a purse full of money, I went to see Mr. Hoffnung to explain about the arrival of the papers and pay back the money he had so generously given me. On the way I made up a speech beginning, "I was a stranger in a strange land—" and ending with "though my thanks are inadequate, they are none the less sincere." It was a beautiful speech, and I said it over to myself a dozen times. When I waited in the office for Mr. Hoffnung, I had it letter-perfect. He came in hurriedly, his kindly face a little anxious.

"Oh, Mr. Hoffnung," I cried, "it's all right," and burst into tears on his black-and-white-checked shoulder, while the dear man patted me on the back. I don't think I ever did tell him in words how grateful I was.

When I came home I met Miss Leaney in the hall, and told my story all over again, for now it had a happy ending.

"You little knew," I said, "what a slim chance you had of getting your rent-money this week."

"My poor child," she said, "why didn't you tell me? You could have stayed on here till your people came. I would have taken care of you." And I really believe she would.

St. Mary's Terrace was on a quiet street, a sort of oasis in the midst of evil surroundings; for, in spite of every kind of safeguard and advice, I had landed in the very worst quarter of Sydney, the notorious Wooloomooloo. But the terrace, which for all its fine name, was only a row of boarding-houses, turned its back upon the slums and faced the iron railings and beautiful trees of the Domain. The only passers-by were occasional tourists from the incoming or outgoing steamers, and late and early a few laborers on their way to and from the docks. To be sure, we sometimes heard the horrible shrieks of women being dragged to the police-station, and were once startled by the crack of pistol-shots from the shadows of the Domain, and saw next day a morbid crowd surrounding a dark stain upon the grass. But these were exceptions that only served to accentuate the calm of ordinary days.

Some years before we arrived at Miss Leaney's a well-known comedian, Teddy Royce, came to Sydney and put up with his wife at a small hotel. They had only been there a few days when Mrs. Royce was taken ill and a doctor, called in hurriedly, pronounced her sickness to be typhoid fever. The hotel proprietor promptly ordered them to leave. There was an epidemic raging and the hospitals were all full. Mr. Royce rushed madly about trying to find lodgings, but every door shut at the word typhoid. He had to go to the theatre for the evening performance to play his comedy part. It was after eleven o'clock when he took his few belongings, and his wife, sick and delirious, in a hired hack, to search the city for a refuge. He found Miss Leaney, who took them in, helped to nurse Mrs. Royce back to health, and not only won their gratitude but that of the profession as well, and from that moment Miss Leaney's became a theatrical boarding-house.

A good story gains a lot when told by an actor, and though I came to know that tale by heart, I never failed to weep on

hearing it. I was not only a good listener —I was an eager, ardent one. The older actors at Miss Leaney's found me most appreciative of their tales of former successes—"when the house rose" at them—"when the theatre rocked with applause." To the younger ones and their dreams of fame, I listened with awe and respect. I was a willing and conscientious reader of press notices, and so long as a story was well told, I did not care how many times I heard it. I had always from earliest childhood taken a great interest in the theatre, and these people were not ordinary folks to me—they had about them the glamour of the footlights.

To return the compliment, they were all more or less interested in me, the first American, strange to say, that any of them had met; and Austin was a constant source of entertainment. They were quite frank in noting our peculiarities of speech and manner—not critically or scornfully, but as we would discuss the Wild Man of Borneo in the circus.

"You most scared me to death," Austin exclaimed one morning at a turn in the stairs when he ran into an actor coming up to breakfast. The man stopped abruptly. "Say that again," he said. Austin repeated his remark. "Strange," said the man, "I can't understand a word of your lingo."

"Mush" for porridge amused them very much, and when I said I had left my room "every which way," and had crossed the street "catty-corner," and said "coal-oil," "elevator," "drug-store," "dry-goods store," and "conductor," for kerosene, lift, pharmacy, drapers, and guard, besides many other expressions that were natural to me, I realized that I was speaking a foreign language to them.

The only help Miss Leaney had in running the house was a very pretty younger sister named Flossie, who never did anything that I could see but bang on the piano and cause an occasional sensation by fainting from tight lacing. There was a cook in the dark lower premises who occasionally broke loose like a wild animal and had to be overpowered by the police —and Annie. Annie was a little maid of all work, exactly like the "slavey" in popular English comedies. She called Mr. Osbourne "Mr. Hospin"; she said that a neighbor was going to "Owbart to die" (to Hobart to-day), and when Austin asked the name of a little nut she told him it was a "high-corn." She was young, and might have been pretty if she hadn't always a smut on her face and her hair screwed up in a tight wad on the top of her head. She was so "true to form," that she wore huge feathers in her Sunday hat. With the kitchen on the first floor back, and the dining-room on the second floor front—up a very long flight of stairs —Annie would have had enough to do waiting on the table, but she swept, brought up breakfast-trays, ran errands, carried heavy loads of coal, and yet found time to answer brightly and cheerfully the constant calls for "Anne*e*" over the bannisters.

Mrs. Magee was the first friend I made at Miss Leaney's. Though she was a young woman, she was the oldest boarder, and she made me a stately little call as "doyenne." She was the adoring wife of a big handsome Irishman she called "Hammy," who was manager of the Criterion Theatre. They were both from Belfast, and returned there shortly after we left Miss Leaney's, on "Hammy's" falling heir to a fortune. It pleased me when I heard that they gave a grand dinner on the eve of their departure for Ireland to all the guests at Miss Leaney's, and presented that dear soul with a diamond brooch.

I have been grateful all my life since to the Magees for their kindness to me—for it was Hammy who gave me a pass to the Criterion Theatre.

It did not have to be renewed with every performance. I was introduced to Mr. Grant at the box-office, and to the man who took the tickets. Only first nights, Saturdays, and holidays were barred—on all other occasions I was free to walk in, provided I wore evening dress.

To the good Magees I owe some of the happiest hours I have ever spent in a theatre; I grew to know the actors at the Criterion almost intimately; I learned their peculiarities, their mannerisms, and the very tones of their voices, so that to this day their names thrill me as those of old and loved friends: George Titheridge,

who heads my list as the greatest actor I have ever seen; Dion Boucicault, whose every movement was a joy, the enchanting Mrs. Brough—George Anson, Pattie Brown, Emma Romer, Jenny Watt-Tanner, Cecil Ward—all and every one of that incomparable stock company!

There were no great names among Miss Leaney's boarders. Those who came to her were of the rank and file of the profession, hard-working, ambitious, deeply interested in the theatre and in very little else. I can't remember that we ever talked of current events; no books were read, except perhaps a trashy novel to pass the time on a rainy Sunday. The stage, the actors, and the plays were discussed morning, noon, and night.

The only drone in that busy hive was Miss Tracy, who had the big back room on the top floor. She had once been a leader of the chorus, but had to retire as she grew too stout for the part. She was a very tall woman, fair as a Swede, with straw-colored hair and an enormous bust. She had never had a speaking part on the stage, but was far more theatrical in her gestures and allusions than the real actresses. She had a way of touching her forehead with the tips of her fingers, rolling her eyes, and waving her hand in the air when she said "I remember" that was tremendously effective.

Miss Tracy evidently had a private income, for she dressed well, did no work, and had plenty of time which she spent in making calls. There were always women trailing up the two long flights of stairs to see Miss Tracy.

Her room was a large, light corner one. The first things that caught your eye on entering were the photographs. They were tacked all over the walls close together in a mass that reached the ceiling. They were mostly autographed pictures of theatrical friends, but many were of herself in the great days of her youth and beauty. She pointed them out with pride. They showed a tall, buxom girl in tights, a satin bodice laced into painful proportions, trunks, and very high-heeled boots, a fashion that hideously distorted the human frame, but Miss Tracy looked at the photographs fondly, tapped her forehead, rolled her eyes, and "remembered, ah me!" some more.

She told me the story of her life several times, with tremendous dramatic intensity and great variety. In one version she had been very wealthy, the spoiled, petted wife of an indulgent husband. She had much "carriage company" (it was the first time I had heard the expression and it stuck in my mind), but a dark cloud was approaching. Her dearest friend, a woman of rank and fashion, crept into her life like a snake in the grass, inveigled her husband, and eloped with him. Miss Tracy, with agonized tappings of the forehead and waving of white fingers, recalled, ah me! that terrible night when the truth burst upon her. Throwing her ermine cloak about her shoulders, she drove in her carriage and pair to the theatre, where she fell fainting in her opera-box!

Teddy Royce and his wife (the real founders of Miss Leaney's theatrical boarding-house) had met in their youth many years before in London, as Columbine and Harlequin in a Christmas pantomime. They had fallen in love with each other dancing their fairy dances to lovely music, were married at the end of the run, and I saw in real life a couple who "lived happy ever after." They had nine children, all living, the older boys supporting themselves, the girls married, and there were two of the youngest still at school in England. Only one cloud had crossed their blue horizon—a terrible misfortune—but it had only served to draw them closer together. A few years before they came to Australia, Teddy, who was what he called "an operatic dancer," had missed his step in leaping through a trap-door. He fell, was picked up insensible, and lay on his back paralyzed for a year. He could not move or speak, though he could see and hear all that went on about him. It was the passionate, unwearying devotion of his wife that saved him. She understood the quiver of an eyelash, and never lost hope or allowed him to despair. She rigged up a tray in front of him, so arranged that he could watch her put picture-puzzles together. She chatted to him gayly, telling all the pleasant gossip of the theatre—sometimes, as she confessed to him afterward, with a catch at her heart for fear he did not understand. And in

the end she fairly loved him to complete recovery.

He was then given a benefit performance, where he took the same jump through the trap-door, and was received with tremendous applause. Mrs. Royce always had the press notices to show, describing this great occasion. But the vogue of the male dancer had passed and Teddy Royce turned to comedy. When I met them he was a small, slender man with the light, graceful step of the dancer, and though his hair was gray he had a youthful, almost boyish, face. Mrs. Royce was a sweet, matronly-looking woman who filled in her spare time embroidering flannel petticoats in floss silk. Her clothes were plain and neat, but sadly dowdy in style, and she wore her black hair severely smooth. I noticed casually that she always left the house promptly at three o'clock every afternoon, and asked Miss Leaney about it.

"She is ballet-mistress at the Majestic," she explained, "and is training her young ladies for the Christmas pantomime."

I looked my astonishment as Miss Leaney went on: "She not only teaches dancing—she dances herself. You'll see her in the pantomime. She runs about on the tips of her toes something wonderful."

It is the regret of my life that I didn't see Mrs. Royce on the stage, but I was ill during the holidays and missed that wonderful performance and Teddy Royce's song that became so famous that it was called "The Australian Anthem." I remember the heated discussions that went on about it at our little suppers after the theatre. It was a convict song about Botany Bay. I only recall one verse:

> "Now all you young dookes and duchesses,
> Take warning by what I now say—
> Be sure all's your own what you toucheses
> Or you'll join us in Botany Bay."

There was a dance that went with this, suggesting the lock-step. Teddy's friends were afraid to have him sing that particular song in the city of Sydney, saying that many people in the audience would take it as a personal affront to their ancestors. But Teddy's argument was, "The ones who are *not* descended from convicts will applaud loudly to prove the fact before the world—and the ones who *are* descended from convicts will applaud louder still for fear people will guess it, and between the two the song will make a hit"—and it did.

Mr. H. was a good-looking young man who played the lead in melodrama. On the stage his entrance was always preceded by bursts of praise and "Ah, here comes the dear lad now." He wore soft white shirts open at the neck; the village children clustered about him, and he was always good to his mother. That was the heyday of melodrama, and oh, what perils surrounded Mr. H.! I have seen him climb up the very wabbly side of a prison-cell, pull out the iron bars of his window, and let himself out over—he was careful to inform us—a frightful precipice. I have seen him chased by bloodhounds—at *least* chased off stage, coming on breathless and gasping, to tell us about it in beautiful language. I have seen him under London Bridge among cutthroats and thieves, and welcomed in red-velvet salons among dukes and earls, always the centre of tragedy, love, and romance. In private life he was a wholesome, friendly soul whose heart was wrapped up in a little son. He always had one of his letters to read aloud, and every chance he got he paid him a visit at a boarding-school near Sydney.

Mr. Diver was a thin, earnest youth, pale and hollow-eyed, with long black hair that tossed off his forehead like a mane. He was playing the part of the brother in "La Tosca" in the Mrs. Brown-Potter and Kyrle Bellew Company. Through him I learned for the first time how cruel great actresses could be. Mrs. Potter was annoyed with Mr. Diver because he asked her for his cue before the company, and after that made it a point to change it continually. For instance, if he had learned these words for his entrance, "More of this anon," she would say: "We will speak of this to-morrow." Poor Mr. Diver grew thinner and paler every day during the engagement of Mrs. Potter and Kyrle Bellew, for, strangely enough, though the lady badgered him nearly to death, she kept him in the company during the whole season.

Mr. Royce had been engaged as stage-

manager to put on one of the plays—it was while he was disengaged, so he was very glad to get the job. When Mr. Diver would come in after the performance he would tear his hair, appeal to high heaven, and tell us of more tricks and tortures that he had endured. Mr. Royce gave him fatherly advice—to remember that a great actress like Mrs. James Brown-Potter was more highly strung than ordinary women. He should help her, show her in every way in his power that he was working for the good of the play, in fact, turn the other cheek. We were all at supper a few nights later when Teddy Royce burst in boiling with rage. He had arranged a "set" with velvet chairs and sofa, and the colors did not harmonize with Mrs. Potter's dress. Instead of telling Mr. Royce, who would have changed them, she ripped and slashed the velvet with a sharp knife. The furniture was hired, and Mr. Royce was responsible for it. I don't know how it ended or what happened next, only that for once Mr. Diver laughed aloud, and for once Teddy Royce damned a woman.

Mr. and Mrs. X. were always together —they were inseparable, which wouldn't have seemed strange if they had been a devoted couple; but they weren't. They quarrelled all the time. Of the two, Mrs. X. did the talking, to which her husband kept up a rumble—a sort of running accompaniment of abuse. She would say: "Ah, that was a great play—'Forget-Me-Not.' I am particularly fond of it, as I originated the part of Miss Foley."

Rumble from Mr. X.: "You did NOT."

"How can you sit there contradicting me when I tell you I was the original Miss Foley?"

"Everybody here knows Mrs. Harry Wood originated that part in London."

"Oh," said Mrs. X., "I meant, of course, in Australia." (Sardonic laughter from her husband.)

He caught her out another time in a way that was positively cruel, for it was before us all. She had a sixpence either on her chain or in her purse, and she said it had brought her luck for twenty years. They bickered over this until Mr. X. snatched the coin and read the date aloud to the company. It was that of two years previous. The scene made such a deep impression upon me because I was so mortified for Mrs. X., but I don't think the incident made any impression on her.

The X.s had two large trunks, or "hampers," they called them, full of theatrical clothes. I remember a most exciting afternoon when they unpacked them for me, and I revelled in crowns and sceptres, cotton-velvet draperies, gilt shoes, and boots with wonderful tops to them. It seemed strange that two grown, middle-aged people should be so serious about such a lot of make-believe, but the costumes were done up in tissue-paper, and the jewels as reverently handled as though they had been real. Of course the X.s quarrelled over every article, and differed about when it was worn and which one of them had made a great success in it.

Once when Mr. X. was playing and his wife was out of town, Annie forgot to wake him at a quarter past eight when he was taking a nap after dinner. He was a big, red-cheeked Englishman, and we heard him bounding down the stairs, yelling curses as he went. When he came home he told us that he had run all the way to the theatre and only just missed the unpardonable sin of "keeping the stage waiting." A couple of nights later it suddenly occurred to me that I hadn't heard Mr. X. leave. His room was just below mine and it was nearly nine o'clock. I ran down and tapped at his door. No answer. I opened it and looked in. There he was lying on the bed fast asleep. It took a little courage, but I felt it to be my duty to go in and shake him. Heavens, what a rage he was in! After a string of very uncomplimentary remarks, he said he wasn't on that night and I was the third person who had waked him. After that I refrained from interfering in the X.s' affairs.

Not long ago I was looking over some old boxes, and came upon the photograph of a pleasant-faced woman; underneath was written: "Don't forget me." I have forgotten her name, but I have never forgotten a story she told me of her early days on the stage. She had been a ballet-girl, and worked very hard for very little money. Once she and another girl had a room together in the cheap part of town,

and found it pretty hard to make both ends meet. A girl they knew in the theatre, who lived in Sydney, invited them both to a Sunday dinner. The two girls were delighted. As they were going to feast the next day, they went without their supper on Saturday night, and worked till nearly morning ironing out their white muslin dresses—cleaning and mending their gloves, and preparing to make a good impression. They found that the girl who had invited them lived out in the suburbs of Sydney, so they left early and walked to save bus-fare. It was a very hot day and when the two girls arrived at the house they were faint with fatigue and hunger. The door was opened by an indignant woman who shouted, "Go away! I don't allow my daughter to associate with the likes of you!" and slammed the door in their faces.

There was only one love-affair going on at Miss Leaney's—at least only one that was generally known and certainly approved by the whole of St. Mary's Terrace. A little girl named Poppy Jennings lived in the boarding-house next door. She was a slim, fairylike little creature with amber-colored hair, mild blue eyes, and a heart full of devotion to Austin. She was older than he by a year, but what he lacked in age he made up in experience, for he had travelled in ships and was something of a man of the world. They were inseparable. Austin had a box full of books we had brought with us from Honolulu and loved nothing so much as to sit on a door-step listening to Poppy read aloud to him. Once I found him very much dejected and asked him where Poppy was. "I don't know," he said sadly. "I'm disappointed about Poppy. She doesn't like 'Pilgrim's Progress.'" However, she liked "Tom Sawyer," and the course of true love ran smooth.

It was against every English tradition for a boy of Austin's age to pay attentions to a girl, but he was so oblivious to sarcasm and so invulnerable to ridicule that he finally won out, and he and Poppy were accepted by the terrace as sweethearts. Indeed, Hammy, the big, handsome Irishman, confided to Austin in a heart-to-heart talk that he had fallen in love with his wife when she was six years old.

I was once so ill-advised as to interfere between Austin and Poppy. She had a very marked Australian accent and said "arkyde" and "lydy." I suggested that Austin should mention to her that arcade and lady were the correct pronunciations of those words. He came in that afternoon and reproved me for interfering.

"Why did you tell me to correct Poppy?" he said. "She won't speak to me now. She says she speaks 'prop-ley and will take no me-rarks from nobody'!"

Once he came in and said the street boys called him "Yankee," and asked what he should call them. I proposed "Sydney ducks," and had to put some beefsteak on Austin's black eye in consequence.

As he was one against a gang, the whole terrace was in arms in his defense. I have seen Miss Leaney leave a prospective tenant unceremoniously to dash out and join in the fray. Once Poppy rushed in and said Austin was being killed in the alley. I flew to the rescue, accompanied by Miss Tracy, little Annie hopping down the stairs three steps at a time to join us. We found Austin backed up against a wall, warding off blows and scratches from a number of enraged little girls. It seems that he had told Poppy not to associate with them, and they were proving to him that they were perfect ladies. Miss Tracy and I were too much overcome with suppressed laughter to be much help, but Annie did some hair-pulling and scratching on her own account and soon routed the foe.

"Why didn't ye 'it 'em?" she asked Austin as we were binding up his wounds, and he replied that he couldn't fight girls.

"They're not girls, they're larrikins," said Annie contemptuously.

Miss Leaney was always busy, and the only times I remember seeing her was at the head of her table when she served the coffee or the roast, a slender figure of a woman with Irish-blue eyes and black crinkly hair. She was looked upon as a sort of little mother by her theatrical family, who all treated her with the greatest deference.

I asked her once if she ever had any trouble collecting her rent, and she said that her boarders always paid her, even if she occasionally had to wait some time

for the money. Only one couple ever caused her any trouble and they came while I was there. They were from Java. The man was a tall, handsome, dissipated-looking Englishman, evidently the black sheep of a good family. The woman was a faded, dyed, painted creature who put on an air of bravado and then cringed if you noticed her. They had a child with them, a very dirty little boy about four years old. For some extraordinary reason he took a fancy to me, and would knock at my door and say, "Tan I tum in?" in such a sweet voice I could never resist him. I surprised him with a bath and a much-needed shampoo, but even those indignities didn't cool his ardor, for he was back again with his "Tan I tum in?" One morning when I had given the little chap a scrubbing, I ran over to his mother's room to get some clean underclothes for him. As I pushed open the door in answer to a languid "Come in," I got an impression of an interior that is engraved on my mind. The room was untidy, a breakfast-tray with disarranged dishes tilted perilously on a chair, the wash-bowl was full of soapy water; the woman, dressed in a dirty pink-silk wrapper trimmed with torn lace, reclined on a tousled, unmade bed, reading a yellow-covered novel, the title showing in large type "The Road to Ruin."

It was here at Miss Leaney's that the family found us after their long cruise on the *Equator;* and it was here we stayed, very comfortable and happy when they left for still another voyage, on the *Janet Nicholl.* When they returned at last it was with the exciting news that Louis had bought three hundred acres on the island of Upolu, and intended to gather his family about him and live on his estate at Vailima for the rest of his life.

In the months that followed there was much coming and going, by each and every member of the family, but they all at one time or another put up at Miss Leaney's theatrical boarding-house.

It was Louis's mother, Mrs. Thomas Stevenson, who made the greatest impression upon the boarders. Tall, slender, gracious, in trailing black, with her snowy widow's cap, the long streamers floating down her back, she was a very distinguished-looking woman. One glance of well-bred surprise from her reduced the X.s to something like harmony, though Mr. X. had great difficulty in repressing his scorn at the excessive gentility of his wife. Miss Tracy came out with a new and revised story of her life with many references to "county families" and "the clergy." My mother and my brother were too deeply immersed in lists and plans for Vailima to be "good company," but the boarders were one and all enchanted with Mr. Stevenson. R. L. S. has often been described as a good talker. He was, indeed, but he was also a very good listener; and his genuine personal interest in people drew out even the shyest. I doubt if any of the boarders had ever read any of his books. They knew, of course, that he was a popular author, but they promptly forgot the prestige of the writer in the unaffected charm of the man.

It was "between times" with R. L. S. at Miss Leaney's, and he did no writing there. If he wanted to catch up on his correspondence he went to the Union Club, where he had rooms. At the boarding-house he gave himself over to his favorite author, Lynch, talking with the actors, and playing on his flageolet.

Austin and I were the last of the family to leave Miss Leaney's. We waited on till the house at Vailima was finished and the mountain road that Louis described as "a Highland burn without the trout" was made navigable. We left on the little inter-island packet *Lubeck,* an exact duplicate in miniature of the big North German Lloyd liners.

It was not till the day before we left that I saw a cherry with the stone outside. Mr. Diver found it for me with some difficulty, I imagine, and, though it was not much to look at after all, it helped me to bear the disappointing fact that I had not seen a kangaroo or a boomerang, and the only parrots I'd met were in captivity.

Our friends at the boarding-house prepared a farewell supper for us, each one contributing a dish cooked by themselves. Miss Tracy's was chicken with noodles—a memorable affair. Mrs. X. made a boiled beefsteak pudding by a recipe that had been in her family for genera-

tions. I won't repeat the comments Mr. X. made on this statement, though I noticed that he had three helpings. Mrs. Magee contributed a "shape," as she called a quivering creation of the blanc-mange order. Mrs. Royce, with help from Teddy, concocted a grand vegetable salad with beets and cold boiled eggs cut into fancy shapes. The men joined together and made a white-wine punch.

It was a great night on St. Mary's Terrace; there were complimentary speeches, special songs, and verses written for the occasion. Mr. Diver, with an idea, no doubt, of paying us a compliment as Americans, recited a poem by Bret Harte. His choice was "The Pit's Mouth," and with a tea-cloth over his head for a shawl he impersonated an agonized wife beseeching news of her husband after an accident at the mine. It was harrowing. Mr. H. recited a sad little poem about a child who, saying she was going to write a letter to her father in heaven, put a postage-stamp on her forehead and was run over by a wagon and killed. There were more recitations all more or less lugubrious which might have affected the spirits of the party if Teddy Royce hadn't started the "Australian Anthem," and got us all to join in the chorus. There were more speeches, and one poor lady was so overcome with emotion at our departure that she had screaming hysterics and had to be carried to her room. She was a newcomer and hardly knew us, but she had an artistic temperament.

As the *Lubeck* was to leave at daybreak, our party kept up till late. It was after two o'clock when we said our final goodbys. Willing hands helped us into the old two-horse cab that had been waiting outside, and the last picture I have of Miss Leaney's is the open doorway flooded with light, a group of friendly, smiling faces, waving handkerchiefs, and Poppy dissolved in tears, sobbing in kind little Annie's arms.

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# THE VESTMENT MAKER

## By Theda Kenyon

Into the sanctuary, work of my hands,
Go, and be worthy!
There, in the very Presence of God,
Before the Most Holy,
Gleam fairer, thou, than the lights
On the pale altar.

Under the sun and the stars and the rain,
Grew, for thy weaving,
Flax, glowing slender and tall in the morn and the eve,
Proudly upraising
Lightly poised head, ready-crowned for the glory approaching;
But I, who have made thee—
These hands that have shaped thee, and fashioned the cross of redemption
On thy fair linen,
Red must they be in God's sight—yet—go, thou, and be worthy.

Up to the very altar, work of my heart,
Go—be thy message,
Mute on the ears of man, heard of God:
Plead there for forgiveness. . . .
Shine purer, thou, than the flowers
Strewn on the altar!

# GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP AND INDIVIDUAL ENTERPRISE

## THE VIEWS OF CHARLES M. SCHWAB

By Donald Wilhelm

EARLY in November, last year, when he was Director-General of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, Mr. Schwab told me:

"The sense of competition is the very spirit of America. I am in favor of individual enterprise in everything. I don't object to such governmental supervision as is necessary, but I am not in favor of anything direct. I think the development of this country has come, and for many years is likely to come, from individual initiative. One characteristic of the typical American is his love of the contest of proper competition.

"It is not money-making alone that is the mark of the successful American. It is in large part what may be called the sense of accomplishment—the sense of the successful doing of things.

"We have reached the stage when we know the value of each member of society. We know that the aristocrat is more than merely the man of wealth or power. We know the desire to achieve works of service or of economic size and importance, and to be associated with an organization that plans for American development and reflects credit upon America, is the true mark, after all, of American enthusiasm and manhood.

"It is my opinion that the best and most economical results in American business are not, and will not be, obtained by government ownership but by individual enterprise and control. It seems to me everybody knows that."

These thoughts, uttered quietly and conclusively by Mr. Schwab, who, without question, has demonstrated the rarest powers in the world for calling out the most from men, seemed singular, during the war, to one who accepted the war as being in all directions of the consolidating kind, and of a nature certain to bring about the final unification, under government operation, at least of the wires, the railroads, and the ships. The wires, indeed, seemed then to have fared no worse under governmental control. The railroads had already achieved under governmental control what they had failed to achieve under private control. And there was public promise that the merchant marine of the United States would once more ride the Seven Seas.

To be sure, before Mr. Schwab granted the first interview to me, in the offices of the Emergency Fleet Corporation in Philadelphia, it was assumed in many quarters that government ownership or direct control of wires, railroads, and ships would fail, or would suffer from handicaps, largely economic, laid on it, in the very nature of government operation.

There was, in many quarters, the patent disposition to regard the Capital City—the City of Procedure, which is disassociated from the creative interests of the nation as is no other capital city in the world—as inadequate for the vast and complicated task of being the clearing-house and the "home offices" of the hugest corporation ever conceived, the unification of many of our major corporations. Then too, "wire-experts" were early disturbed by Mr. Burleson's handling of wire matters; were emphatic in apprehending the failure of governmental control, and are now of one voice about their early contentions. In relation to the railroads Mr. McAdoo told me, casually—prophetically, if one now read between the lines—"the war-time railroad problem is one thing, the peace-time problem will be another thing."

And Mr. Charles Piez, recently Director-General of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, an engineer who by nature of his profession is largely concerned with

cost accounting, a business man on whom the sternest problems of our ship construction have fallen from the start, but one who yet felt assured that the United States could build and operate its ships successfully and continuously, expressed, in an interview, his concern at the failure of our national labor policies during the war, and of course the failure of a labor plan is always an indictment of a whole organization. "There should be priority boards as to labor," he said, "as they are what every construction programme should start with. There are such boards, but they are headed up nowhere . . . our experience makes me reluctant to believe in the existing method of determining wages in any manner except in terms of production. When an employer sits down to work out production costs he thinks in terms of production, but our national boards determine wages on the basis of cost of living, which results in uncertain factors, a dangerous circle, and confusion and waste."

Considering the apparent failure of government operation, evidenced notably, at last, by the selling of the ships to private interests and the assertions made by Mr. Schwab five months before, I recently sought out Mr. Schwab again, to ascertain, if I could, why, in his mind, the apprehensions he entertained seemed in large part already demonstrated.

"It is unfortunate," he said, "that the test of government operation had to be made in time of war.

"During the war we were all encouraged to the greatest possible effort by the almost universal approval and encouragement of all Americans, under which circumstances every man must do his best. There could have been no mainspring stronger than the patriotic wish in all to serve the country that we love. To that circumstance I attribute all such success as we achieved during the war.

"Now, one of the things I feared when the great corporations came into existence was the loss of individual initiative and enterprise. In my own earlier years, when I was younger and full of more energy and enthusiasm, I was associated with Mr. Carnegie, one of the greatest of all industrial leaders. He created a bond of interest between himself and his men which resulted in a large success. While he owned practically all his works, he gave to his younger managers practically half of his income, and with such stimulus and such inspiration the results were sure to be successful, as indeed they were. At Bethlehem, without even believing that there was any chance of my taking Mr. Carnegie's place in the industrial world, I did, with reference to my relations with the managers in my works, as Mr. Carnegie has done. It was on that account that I developed a profit-sharing scheme by which every one in our business was concerned in its success, with the result that, as you know, our managers and men earn unprecedented rewards.

"It is my thought that the best effort from men is obtained by such personal approval and encouragement, which our government, for reasons which we can all apprehend, could not entertain.

"In business it is essential, I am sure, personally to inspire every one about you. I do not think direct government control can ever be successful, because with government operation in a democracy that is impossible. For there is much more in business than simple direction. A business must have soul, spirit, and enthusiasm, or it will fail.

"What is true of a business or a great corporation is to a greater extent true of government enterprises, because you can never get the government to profit-share or to pay for the best results by the ablest men; and I contend, to go no further, to that extent at least it will fail to achieve in industry the results that have been achieved by the men whose pictures you see on the walls of my office—Mr. Carnegie, for instance, James J. Hill, E. H. Harriman, George Westinghouse, Senator Clark, and all those others.

"Such men had not the financial advantages for large enterprises that, of course, the government has, but, on the other hand, one of the things that men who do best in business learn they learn from the cruel necessities of private capital.

"Such men learn by experience that capital must be used with wisdom and care. They learn that any enduring business must be founded on the best economic principles, and they know, from



Mr. Schwab addressing shipyard workers.

bitter experience, perhaps, that the one way to make such principles enduring is by the continuous exercise of individual initiative and enterprise.

"Such men learn that success is measured, in some direction, by reasonable return for initiative, and that in American business life we never achieve any real industrial development except in terms of economic development

"The pre-eminent trait of the American people is the desire to succeed, in the opinion of our countrymen. That is the mainspring that has brought about the greatest development and enterprises that this country has known. We are a virile nation, filled out with the passion of self-determined success. In that passion is born our love of achievement and our inventiveness.

"We have heard much of German efficiency, but, to go no further than the industry with which I am most familiar, it is clear that though the Germans were the second largest producers of iron and steel, there is not a single iron or steel process or invention or development that came out of Germany. The essential reason for German efficiency lay in the fact that they got a full day's work from their working men by means of legislation, government control, and in other ways not American.

"We cannot, here in America, employ the methods of obtaining efficiency by which the Germans excelled. We cannot, on the other hand, to my mind, achieve in governmental enterprises the essential appeal to initiative and enterprise that has built up the great industries of this country.

"The men who achieved these enterprises were not impelled solely by the motive of making money. They were the simplest, most whole-hearted men in the world. But they had what every great American has had, the American passion in their souls of successful development, of achievement of things worth while.

"To my mind this essential character of all great Americans is the touchstone on which our national progress has made, and will, if at all, always make its mark.

"And that is to say that the best and most economic results will not be obtained in America by government ownership or direct control; that there should be national supervision of all great enterprises, supervision such as will prevent destruction, but will preserve in business, as elsewhere, our priceless gift of national freedom. Of that I am sure."

# FOUR DOG PICTURES

## By George Ford Morris



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Blighty.



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The Poor Little Rich.




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"He Should Worry."

# SWORDFISHING

## By Horace Winston Stokes

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

IT was dusk when we left New Bedford to its dreams of whale-oil. No other craft was stirring in that meditative harbor, save one of Uncle Sam's destroyers that followed us silently. Wharfs, barges, and rows of trim, brick factories glided by, and down the bay we passed an old square rigger, with her spars in silhouette against the last faint flare of the sunset.

The patch of light in the west was a windy crimson, and already we were bucking a choppy sea. The destroyer paused for an instant, coughed up a few reflective puffs of smoke, then tore across the bay like a hound from the leash, leaving us to wallow in an enormous swell. We passed into Vineyard Sound. Gay Head was soon abeam. The regular rays of the lighthouse were marching over the waters. The wind blew fresh in our faces as we rounded the end of No Man's Land and laid our course for the open sea.

Along the outer edge of the Nantucket Shoals the swordfish were said to be lying, and to the shoals the fishing-vessels were bound. There was no riding at anchor on the first night of that cruise, and shortly after dawn the skipper of an inward-bound swordfisherman hailed us and told of a big catch on the previous day. Harpoons were made ready, ropes were coiled, kegs and lances laid at hand. Our two sea dories were overhauled and calked, and the crew climbed to the masthead to send over the sea a sustained and keen regard, hunting for the sickle-shaped fin or the blur of violet that shows where the swordfish is lying.

In spite of the indications of the previous night the sun came up a crimson ball, that promised a hot, still day. The wind died down until we seemed to move on an ocean of glass. The horizon line was so indistinct that it took no flight of fancy to believe that we were floating in midair. An admirable day, an "eminent" day, as one of the crew expressed it; we could have seen the fins of a fish at the distance of half a mile. But our harpoon remained roped to the pulpit. Numerous hammerhead sharks appeared sculling on top of the water, but no swordfish. We cruised in great loops and circles, cut colossal triangles, and inscribed enormous patterns on the deep, burning our good gasolene to no avail.

On the horizon were the sails of other fishing-boats. Far more than the whaling-bark the swordfishing sloop or schooner embodies the bird of prey. The men aloft are its eyes. Its bowsprit, from which the fish are harpooned, is its beak. Its sails are its wings. It is, moreover, the companion of the birds. The sea-goose, the hag, and the Mother Carey's chicken love to accompany it.

On the hot deck I sat aimlessly. I was in some measure salted, having been swordfishing before, and had taken this cruise for the single purpose of photography. This entailed many monotonous hours at the wheel, camera ready at hand. The cook, who was the official helmsman, had taken advantage of a visitor's presence to remain below a large portion of the time preparing marvellous meals.

He was the skipper's brother, and saw to it that his work was performed with the touches of a true artist. In a baseball shirt with a pink initial for some New Bedford team on which he had played, he boiled and he baked, he stewed and he fried, always to music, for he sang constantly. When dinner was ready he poked his head out of the hatch and shouted the magic word. And, as though responding to an electric connection, all the men save one detached themselves from the crosstrees and came sliding or climbing down and went below.

A shrill hail came from aloft, and the men looked up and laughed.

"Jim's at it again," said the skipper.



The swordfishing sloop or schooner embodies the bird of prey.—Page 106.

"He's done nothing but raise sharks all the morning."

Nevertheless, he went on deck and climbed part way into the rigging to assure himself.

"That?" we heard him shout scornfully. "That's not even a shark. It's a dogfish. If you bother me again, I'll wring your neck."

We squared our shoulders and pitched in. Bean soup, boiled beef and potatoes, cake, pie, tea, coffee, and sauces, all of

the best, would have tempted men who were far less hungry than we. Fishermen live well. Moreover, as the cook said, food is important in the day that is dully spent. And to him, as to all except myself, swordfishing was sheer monotony.

With cigars and corn-cobs we went on deck, and relieved the lookout and helmsman. I took the wheel and the crew climbed back aloft. Near the horizon was the dark line of an approaching breeze. I watched it, wondering how long it would take for the cool air to reach the vessel. Suddenly I started and swung the wheel to port as a cry from aloft reached me. A mile away, in the midst of the darkened water where the breeze was advancing, a cloud of spray suddenly appeared, and a mighty, glittering body hurled itself into the air.

The men aloft abandoned their careless attitudes. Standing on the crosstree the skipper pointed to the spot. The cook, summoned from his batch of dough by the sudden lurch of the vessel, came on deck for a breath of air, slapping the flour from his hands. Smoke poured from the stovepipe, and his red, jolly face was beaded with sweat.

"It's kind of dry pickings," he observed dolefully, seating himself on the wheel-box. "It's late in the season. June and July are generally the best times. I'll bet you a good cigar that we don't make enough to pay our gasolene bill."

"A fish just breached," I said encouragingly. "We're close to the spot now."

"That's a bad sign," said the cook. "When they breach they're getting ready to clear out, no one knows where. And it shows they are lying deep. Like as not when we pass over that fellow he'll be ten fathoms beneath us. I'd rather see no fins at all than to see breachers."

And it seemed that he was right. We crossed our wake and doubled backward, swung widely to starboard and port, widened our circles from a two-hundred-yard diameter to one of over a mile, and scoured the sea with our eyes to no purpose whatever.

"Well, I guess I'll go back to my baking," said the cook. "'Call me if anything's up. I'm in charge of the deck when they've got a fish in sight. I take the wheel, for I know the ways. It's a hard job, too."

I knew that only too well. Of all positions, not excepting that of the harpooner, the helmsman's task is the most arduous. It is bad enough with a quadrant wheel and a small catboat or sloop. With a screw-wheel and a heavy vessel propelled by sail and power, with shouts of "port!" and "starboard!" coming from aloft like firecrackers, the man at the wheel has to exert strength, quickness, and skill, with no thanks if he succeeds, but bitter recriminations if the fish escapes.

The cook turned to go below, but, as the hot air rolled up from the hatchway, he remained for an instant to enjoy the new breeze before making the plunge.

"Hard a starboard!" came from aloft.

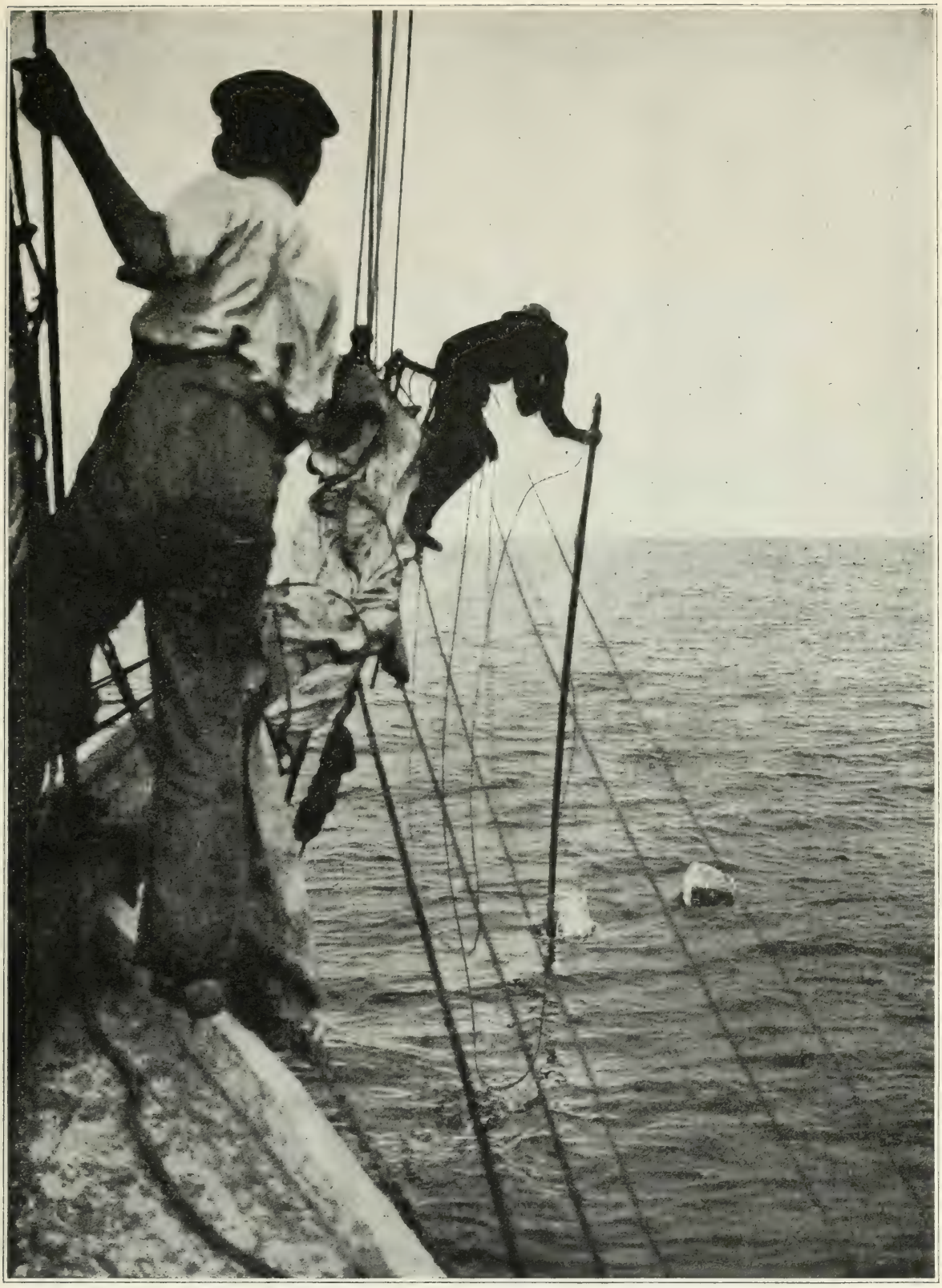
The cook bounded aft. "Close that hatch so's I can hear," he shouted, throwing his whole strength on the wheel. "They've raised one!"

The sloop turned sharply and the boom swung over her deck. Like a spider on a strand of web, the skipper detached himself from the masthead and came sliding down the forestay into the pulpit. The pulpit, by the way, is the place where the harpooner stands when he directs the blow that may mean forty or fifty dollars to his vessel. An iron support comes up to his thighs. With his heavy weapon poised, he waits until the bowsprit swings over the fish. Leaning outward he looks like a preacher exhorting his flock, but his language is apt to be different.

"Port!" came from aloft, and the writer sprang to the bows. Georgie, the impromptu cabin-boy, was ahead of him. The skipper was ready to strike, his harpoon was poised a foot above the water. Down shot his arm, and the camera clicked as the harpoon, with a grating noise, tore its way through flesh and bone.

"Hard over! Do you want to foul the line?" the skipper screamed.

The cook leaned on the wheel and the vessel responded. Seizing the keg on which the harpoon rope was wound, he tossed it into the sea. In the meanwhile the shank and pole of the harpoon were jerked from the fish's body, leaving the barb embedded in the wound. Astern, the keg, which was attached to the barb by a rope, commenced to spin and threw



Down shot his arm, and the . . . harpoon . . . tore its way through flesh and bone.—Page 108.

a cloud of spray ten feet into the air. Suddenly the keg was pulled under water. When it reappeared it was surging ahead at the rate of eight knots an hour. It stopped and lay idly floating on the sea. Then it jumped on top of the water. The fish had charged it.

Tom, an old, experienced fisherman, was pulling on his oilskins. Others were launching a dory.

"Want to come along?" said Tom.

"Yes," I said. "I want to get some portraits at close range."

"You'll get a chance, all right," he replied with a grin. "Look out you don't spoil your kodak."

We rowed toward the keg, which had resumed its journey and was passing our bow at a lively rate. Tom swung the dory alongside and picked it up. We were fast to the swordfish, and our dory commenced to move over the waves propelled by an unseen power.

"Kind of like the whaler's sleigh-ride," said Tom. "Swordfishing's like whaling in many ways. You harpoon them. You haul them from a small boat, and there's a chance that you'll get yours before you see the last of them."

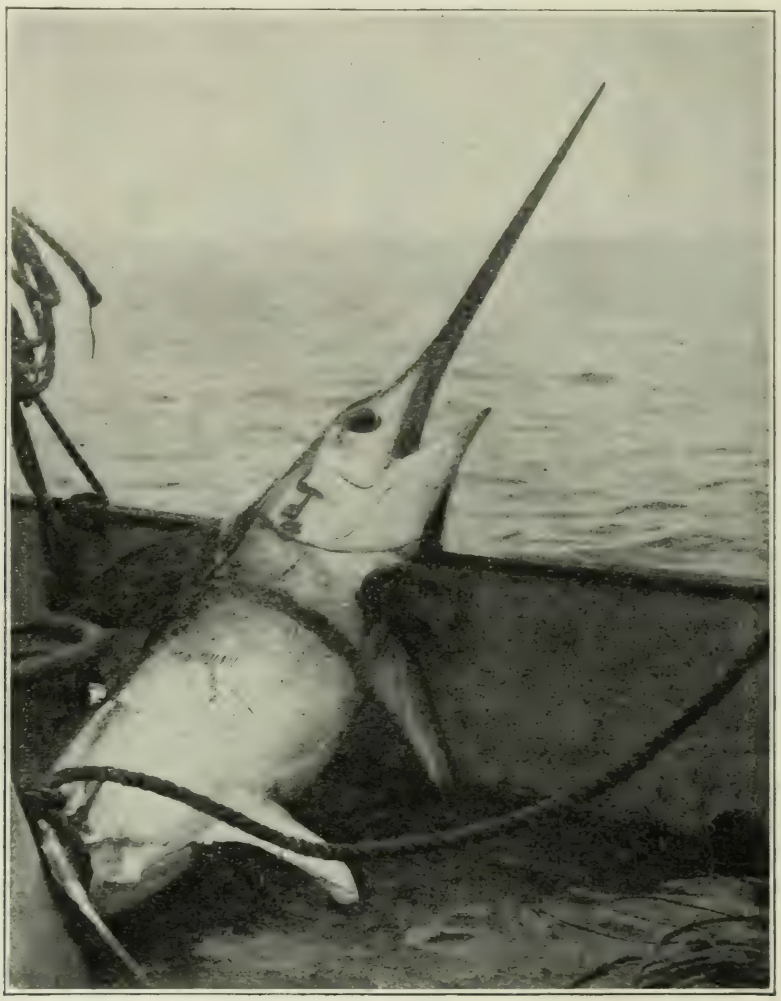
"I've hauled a few fish myself and never seen anything happen," I said.

"It isn't likely," he replied. "But *you'd* get into trouble quicker than I would. A green hand makes harder work. The fish seems to get on to him. I've only been plugged twice, and I've been swordfishing all my life—slow down there, you devil!"

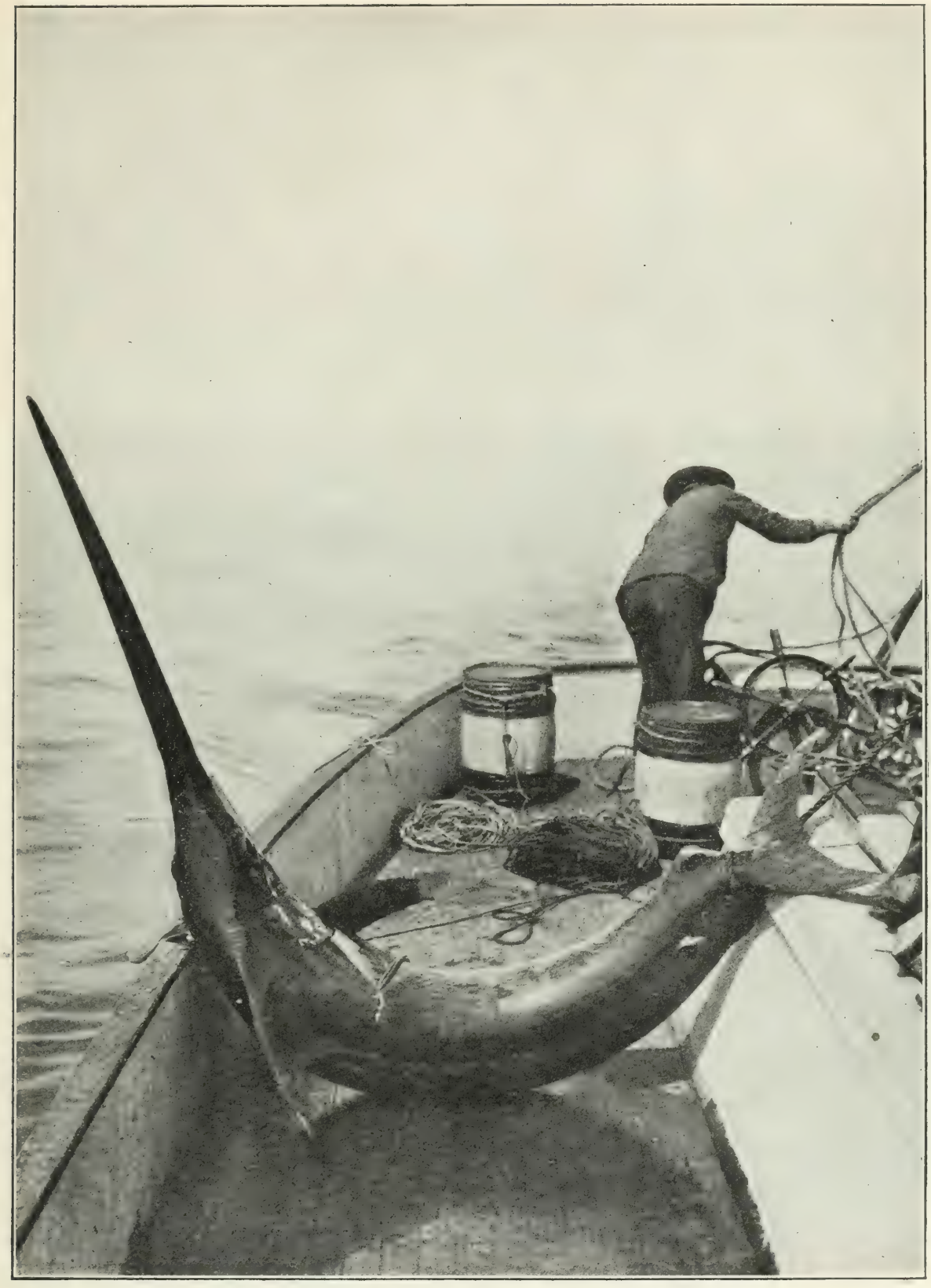
The last was to the fish, which was taking over the side the hard-earned pile of line that Tom had coiled in the dory. He held the rope against the thwart and gave it out grudgingly by the yard. It groaned against the gunwale, and the dory skipped through the sea.

"The iron went right through him," said Tom. "No danger of his getting away. Keep your feet clear of those coils! If you should get a turn around your leg, it would be all off—for you and the fish both. There he comes! It will soon be over now."

"Did you ever hear of any one being hurt?" I asked him.



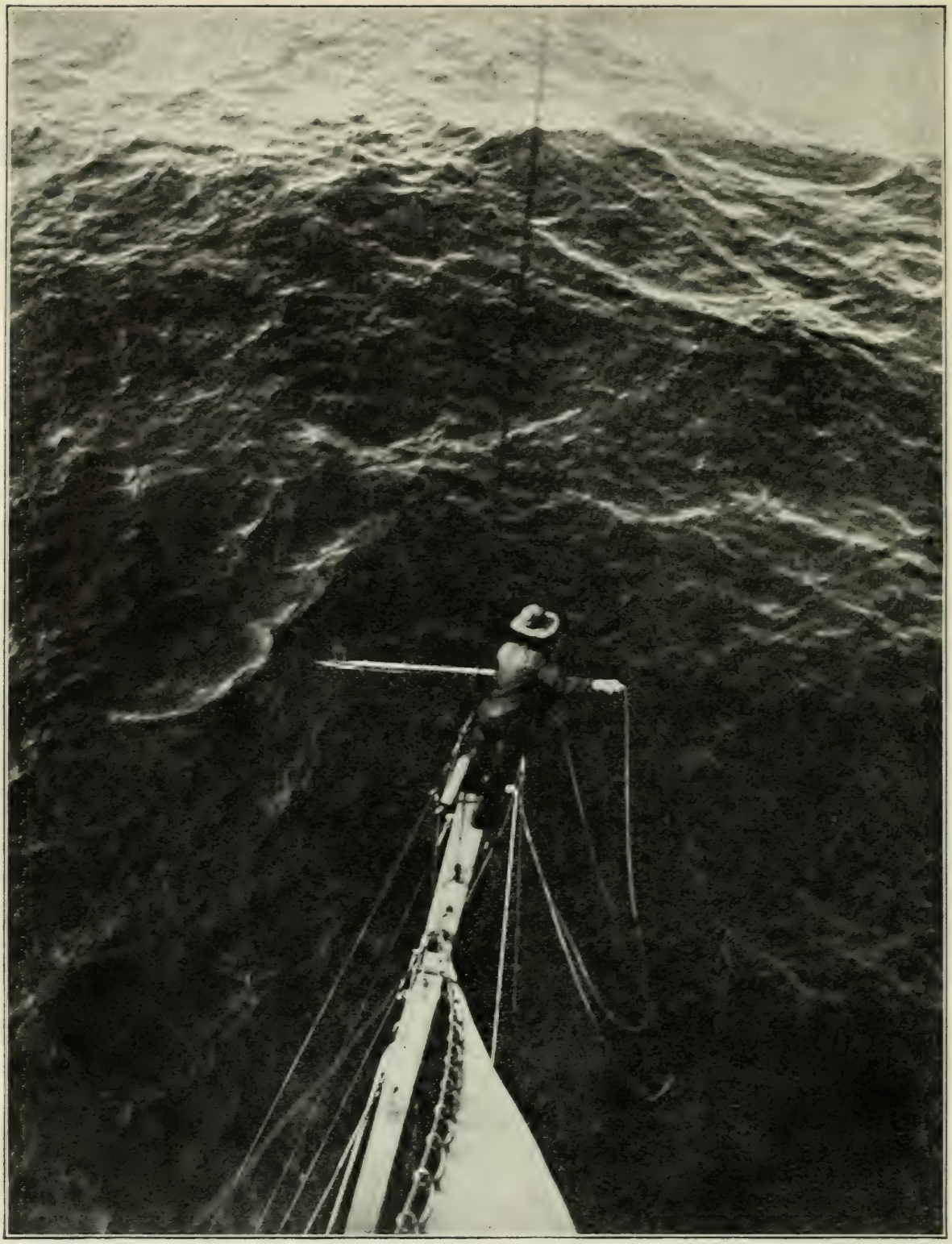
The swordfish at close range.



It lay between the engine-house and the bulwark, with its sword pointing skyward.—Page 113.

"Not many. I know of two. Saw one of them. Got the sword right between his legs and died in forty-eight hours. But what's two? Take men working ashore, along steel beams and among cables, there's much more danger in that. There's some danger in everything."

He leaned over the side and rapidly drew in the line.



The pulpit, by the way, is the place where the harpooner stands.—Page 108.
(Photographed from aloft.)

"He's pretty nearly all in," he said. "Tired to death."

He lied. I can vouch that he lied. The camera was just focussed when the fish came to his senses. With a blow of his fluke he nearly stove the gunwale and deluged us with spray.

Zip! went the line as it surged over the side.

"I'm going to stop the son of a gun if he pulls us under," said Tom between clinched teeth.

He took a turn around the thwart and the bow of the boat was slowly drawn

downward. Gradually the strain slackened.

"In this time, hand over fist," said Tom. "Now get your camera ready. Shoot him full of holes!"

He seized a short, sharp lance, snubbed the harpoon-rope around a thole-pin, and plunged the lance to the hilt in the fish's gills. Again and again he stabbed as the swordfish writhed in the water. The dory floated in a scarlet sea. Not twenty feet away the fin of a shark appeared.

Tom threw down the lance and seized the gaff. With a sudden lunge he hooked up the fluke, threw a slip-noose around it, and made the rope fast to a thwart. In the green water alongside the glittering giant lay dying, his life-blood ebbing away in a copious stream.

The sloop was several miles away, and we signalled to her by up-ending one of our oars. Soon the beat of her exhaust was clearly heard, and the water was white at her bows. The swordfish was hoisted to the deck. It lay between the engine-house and the bulwark, with its sword pointing skyward. With certain other creatures of the sea it showed the reflected radiance of the sky, combining the plum-blue of a summer night with a silver like that of the moon. Its gills were coppery gold in occasional flashes. Along its back ran glimmers of burning bronze. Its eye, as large as an apple, was a baleful jewel.

"Ever see a fight like that before?" asked Tom triumphantly.

"No, I never did," I said. "That was a record-breaker."

"We don't usually have any trouble. I'm about done up."

"To-night," said the cook, brandishing a cleaver with the most good-natured smile in the world, "we'll have a party for the sharks."

The sword was lopped off, and the head was preserved for this purpose. Tail and entrails were thrown over the side. A flock of Mother Carey's chickens at once gathered about them, only to be dispelled when a greedy hag chased them away with threatening cries, reserving the tempting viands for itself.

With a plunge we came to anchor. As soon as our sail was furled the swordfish head was fastened to a rope and thrown overboard. Almost at once a large shark rolled up from the deep and commenced to browse upon the gills, burying his nose in the floating head. The camera clicked again, and the next instant a lance was thrust through the intruder's body. With a tremendous thrashing he disappeared.

Although a swordfishing vessel will often cruise for days without sighting a sail, other boats had been visible all day long, and as night fell a diminutive fleet convened. The breeze had freshened, a heavy swell was rolling in, and the riding lights tossed high in the midst of vacancy, for we were far at sea. Dories were interchanged, pipes were lit, decks of cards were shuffled. Astern the sooty petrels danced on the water, seeking crumbs from the fisherman's table.

Fog and a high wind greeted us in the morning. We lay at anchor all day, tossed like a cork. Walking the deck was an acrobatic feat. Sharks were frequent enough to make a dip over the side a doubtful pleasure. The fish head was lowered over once more, and the skipper lanced several. One old veteran made little of his wounds, but returned to the attack until his gills were cut to ribbons. A wide variety of life was seen in that empty ocean. Whales rolled by, porpoises plunged through the water. The hag, that swift bird that resembles a small albatross, was constantly to be seen. With its long, pointed wings it swept through the air without effort, balancing this way and that to avoid the crests of the combers.

Early the next morning a semicircular blur of white light that the fishermen call a "fog-eater" appeared on the horizon. In a short time the driving mist that coated our garments with infinitesimal beads of moisture became thinner, then broke away in a mass. The swell was running high, but not too high for fishing. The windlass was broken, and our backs ached under the strain of weighing anchor by hand.

As soon as we were under weigh I went aloft to try some snap-shots from the crosstrees. For the average landsman who only cruises once a year the crosstrees seem high on the first visit. Moreover, in a heavy sea the mast takes upon itself, by mathematical necessity, several

feet of motion for every one on deck. You feel like a ripe apple on a shaken bough.

The second time up, however, you realize that your supports are sound, and begin to take pleasure in the heaving blue floor beneath, stretched to a wider horizon, and open to the cold, salt winds, whose breath quickens the blood.

That night we were in the steamship lane and the blanket of fog returned.

Lying in the path of ocean steamers in a fog at night, with nothing but a horn to announce your presence, is little thought of by the fishermen, but is an experience for the landlubber. When the hoarse note of a great liner draws near, all hands are called on deck. Perhaps a rusty shotgun is fired, or blue fire is burned. With a flicker of light from her port-holes the great bulk roars past, and once more the waters are left to emptiness and silence. Nothing is heard except the mysterious moaning of the swells. The crew goes below, leaving a solitary watchman on deck. Phosphorescent gleams appear. A school of small fish laces the water with fire and a skipjack darts among them with a trail like a flaming snake.

The croak of some startled ocean bird is borne to your ears from the darkness and the rustle of wings is heard in the rigging. On either hand the racing whitecaps are swallowed in the night.

It is then that the ocean draws on her cloak of unfathomable mystery, that nothing seems too mighty or too strange for the sea to perpetrate—that no monster would be too uncouth to thrust its shadowy and dripping head above the bulwarks.

Intimate acquaintance with the sea is only to be had by vessels of small size furnished with sails. The fisherman dares all kinds of weather; he remains for weeks at a time in the wilderness of the waters. Yachtsmen, sportsmen, and lovers of the sea in general would do well to follow his example and pursue the swordfish during the summer months. Its habits, as well as its appearance, are as strange as those of the great ocean devil-fish. It is an enemy to the whale, a foe to the shark, a creature to be avoided by its fellows, an antagonist to be reckoned with by man. There are shown pieces of copper-sheathed ship's planking with broken swords embedded in them to a depth of eleven inches. Sloops of considerable size have been damaged by its attacks. But accidents in capturing it are rare.

The swordfish is a game fish, though one that is little known. In the West it is caught on rod and reel, but the Western variety is different. Moreover, it is good to eat—an essential quality. We may not wish to consume what we kill; the reward of the chase ashore and afloat is often disproportionate—but the fact that our prey can appear upon our table does away with wantonness and gives the salt of purpose to hunting and fishing.

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# CONQUEST

## By Margaret Sherwood

Up, for the march has begun!
Forward and onward the press!
Swift move the hurrying ranks,
Emerald file after file,
Grasses and reeds of the marsh,
Grasses of meadow and hill,
Clover and buttercup blooms
Led by the dominant wind.
Many-voiced the acclaim
From myriad, murmuring leaves
Of poplar and maple astir.
Loud is the drum of the bee;
Strong is the music and sweet
Pouring from jubilant throats
Of sparrow and glad bob-o-link.
Bright are the pennons that wave
Far in the radiant air,
Gold of the brave fleur-de-lis
Set in long banners of green,
On to the conquest we move,
An irresistible host,
Thrilled by a single desire—
The kingdom of beauty is won!

# A RECRUIT FOR LAW AND ORDER

## AN INCIDENT OF THE CHILDREN'S COURT

By Franklin Chase Hoyt

Presiding Justice of the Children's Court of New York City

THERE are two reasons for this story. The first is, it is true, every line and every word of it (save that the names of those concerned have been disguised for obvious reasons). In the second place, it would seem to be of some value at the present moment, for it tells how the mind of a boy was turned from bitterness and false doctrine to a clearer vision and a truer understanding of American liberty.

As a matter of fact, it is probably a mistake to call this a story at all, for it has no plot, and follows no conventional line of dramatic action. It is simply a little narrative of a recent incident in the Children's Court, differing only in human interest from thousands of others because of the fact that the record in this case is based almost wholly upon three letters of no ordinary sort.

This is the way these letters happened to be written:

A few months ago in New York City a certain Mrs. Samuels had the misfortune to be arrested for exposing fish for sale on a push-cart without having them properly covered to protect them from flies and dust. Mrs. Samuels had no intention of doing wrong, and was only striving to make a little money for the support of her five young children. But there was no gainsaying the fact that she had glaringly violated the provisions of our "Sanitary Code," and it became incumbent on the officers of the law to bring her to book for her offense. Accordingly she was haled to the nearest police court, and was duly arraigned before Judge A., one of the magistrates of our great city. Now there is no judge upon our bench more conscientious and humane than Judge A., but in a case of this kind he had no alternative save to impose a small fine upon Mrs. Samuels. Unfortunately she didn't have two dollars to pay, and so, according to the provisions of law, was forced to expiate her debt by remaining in our city prison, the Tombs, for a day and a night. Of course, had Mrs. Samuels told the judge of her predicament and had she explained to him that she had five children waiting for her at home, I feel very sure he would have seen to it that she did not go to jail, but either through her own ignorance, or possibly through some error in the interpretation, she failed to make these things clear and the judge was left in entire ignorance that a two-dollar fine was just about as impossible for her to meet at that particular moment as one of two thousand dollars.

Some day, dear reader, such "mistakes" as these will not occur so often, and the overworked magistrates will be given greater opportunities than exist at present to delve down deep into the humanities of each case and to decide their problems with less consideration for the forms of criminal procedure and with more time and thought for common sense and social justice. But in this particular instance the judge was in no way at fault. He undoubtedly had to uphold the enforcement of a wise sanitary provision, and in fining Mrs. Samuels the small sum of two dollars he had every reason to believe that she could pay it easily and without embarrassment. The fault, if fault there be, lies with a system which permits a woman ignorant of our laws and our ways to be led off to jail without a more careful study of her circumstances and without affording her an opportunity to meet her fine in some other way than by remaining a night in prison.

So Mrs. Samuels spent twenty-four hours as "a guest of the city," and then returned to the bosom of her family. The case was marked "closed" on the dockets of the police court, and closed it would have been for all of us, but for Mrs. Samuels's son, Harry.

Of his feeling and concern over his mother's arrest, I must let him speak in his own words, for a few days later Judge A. was both amazed and concerned to receive the following letter:

New York City,
October 30th.

Dear Judge A.:

Before I begin my tale, I want to tell you who I am, so that you will understand me better. I am the son of a woman named Sarah Samuels, whom you sentenced, on Monday, Oct. 29th, to one day in the Tombs for trying to make an honest living nowadays, and help support 5 children, the oldest of which am I, 15 years of age, who quit high school last year in 4th term in order to go to work and support myself. I have been traveling from one job to another and have struck something respectable at present. I am earning 7 hard dollars a week which can hardly support myself at the present rate of life's necessities. You sentenced my mother yesterday at about 10 A. M. to 24 hrs. in prison, for what? Couldn't she have made more use of her time attending to her little bit of business and to her beloved children, and not have them suffer for 24 hrs., crying and suffering from the lack of food? Why,—is it not bad enough that they don't get enough nourishing food when their mother is at home? No! you don't realize the present needs and the situation of the East Side! You don't know and don't care what is happening in the *Bloody East Side!*, for if you would know, you would not have sentenced a poor woman who does everything in her power to make an *Honest Living* and not commit any crime, to help support her starving children, just because she has no $2 to give not only you, but her children. Her life and her children's lives is a miserable one. Do you know that? No, you don't, —you are made of iron. You have no feelings about you. You have no sense of humanity. You are a deadly enemy to your own friends and countrymen. You want the East Side to help in this war by treating them so good as you do. Ah! if I were only old enough to come near you people, you who live in luxury, in beautiful castles built by us, I would make you look like 2¢ in an ash can, but I am too young and also have too much worry of my future. I have too much to struggle for: But I *will* avenge this crime, which you bestowed on my poor mother. I *will* make revenge ring free; and if you live until I get old enough, I am going to make you suffer for putting my mother in such a thing as a cell, a horrible cell, a shameful cell—in a place she never has been in or seen before. I *will* avenge this crime of yours, this inhuman crime. I *will* make you suffer for this, for my heart is full of grief and pains. What has she done to be put there. I ask you for humanity's sake? You dare call yourself a Judge of the people when a wild cur can be a good substitute! You arrested her for selling fish in the disgraceful markets of the East Side, and you claim with the proof of a profound policeman, who is worse than a Bowery Bum that she had her fish uncovered. What then, in the name of God Almighty could she have done in order to sell her fish and make a little profit for her family. She has to give her children food. By God, its a disgrace, an uncomely disgrace to herself and her family. You and lots of other rich dogs are the cause of these events. Why don't you go to the Rockfellers, the Morgans, the Murphys and all the others and tell them to give the poor a decent living wage so that they should not have to sell fish and the like. Why don't you go to Wall St., and tell those *Blood Suckers* of the poor to sell food at a reasonable price so that the poor should have a chance to live? No, you don't and won't do that because you are getting *petty graft* for it. You would rather put a woman, a mother of children, in jail for trying to make an *honest living*, than to prosecute the people who are the cause of the present crisis. But let me tell you, as I said before, I am young, only 15 yrs. of age, but when I grow older, I am going to pronounce Humanity in the name of God after I am avenged for my mother, and help this country be free. Oh! if I only had the time I would tell you a whole lot more, but this is my lunch hour and my time is up. But before I close, I want to advise you to try to mend these circumstances and dealings you give the peddlers, for remember every dog has his day.

You won't live in luxury all the time. There is a God above who is running this earth and he is watching you patiently. I never wrote a letter to any of your kind, for committing such a crime as you have committed last Monday, but now I am beginning to feel the pain. I am beginning to learn in this supposed to be *free country*, and if anything similar occurs in my family once more, I am going to advertise it not only thru the press but will write to the Governor, the President and others in Society. I am going to teach the people and the guilty ones what and how a common human being should be treated. My life has just begun, but it seems to me I know too much from the start. If you wish to die a peaceful death, don't commit such a crime again, don't forget that there is a God in Heaven. Give the Poor a chance, a living chance, let them live while they do and I can assure you of a high appreciation, a clean country, and Government Respectful. Take this advice from a youngster who did a great deal of suffering.

From a Heartbroken Mother's Son
Whose Name is HARRY.
Long Live Liberty
and
Freedom.

Over this letter Judge A. pondered long and seriously. His first impulse, I think, was to disregard it altogether, but after considering the matter from every point of view he finally concluded that for the sake of the boy himself, as well as the community at large, action of some sort should be taken. But Judge A.'s own hands were tied, for in his letter Harry had given his age as 15 and consequently the only tribunal which had the power or right to discipline him for his offense in sending such a letter was the Children's Court.

So it was that the problem of Harry Samuels's heartburnings and resentments, letters, documents, and all, was handed over to me for such solution as I might be able to find, and to mend or mar according to the treatment which I might apply. Judge A., in transmitting the matter to me, said that he did not want to suggest any particular course of action, and that he would be satisfied with whatever I saw fit to do in the case. He emphasized the fact that he did not wish to prosecute the boy, and that his whole idea in pressing the matter was for the purpose of endeavoring to bring the boy, as he put it, "into a more enlightened and harmonious relation with society."

In the Children's Court of New York City we are confronted daily with problems of every sort and description, so we are more or less used to dealing with the unusual and unexpected, but I must confess the case of Harry Samuels presented a novel and perplexing situation. I thoroughly agreed with Judge A. that any one sending such an abusive letter should be disciplined, yet I realized that by arresting the boy and dragging him through the courts, as his mother had been, I should be defeating the very end which he had in view.

What I finally did was to issue a summons directing Harry to come to the Children's Court and explain his conduct. A summons is simply a notice in legal form telling a person that the judge would like to see him in regard to some complaint, and does not in any way affect the record of the person to whom it is sent. In response to that summons Harry came to the court, and so we met for the first time.

I don't think either Harry or I will forget that meeting for some time to come. I happened to be sitting that morning in the smaller of our two court-rooms, where I am in the habit of hearing our continued and probation cases. It is a room of singular beauty and of quiet dignity, but small enough to carry an air of friendliness and of intimacy. It contains no bench but, instead, a table and some comfortable chairs grouped around informally.

When Harry entered there were only two others present, the clerk and the stenographer. The boy glanced at me and then around the room. A look akin to amazement came over him, and it was easy to see that his preconceived ideas as to courts and court-rooms were receiving somewhat of a shock.

I waited for an instant to let the impression sink in, and then began:

"Harry Samuels, I have a good deal to talk to you about this morning, and I am

afraid I have not got nearly as much time to do it in as I should like. But there are two things I want you to understand clearly in the beginning. In the first place, in writing that letter to Judge A., you committed two offenses, for either of which you might have been arrested. To send a threatening and abusive letter to any one is a violation of the law, but to send one to a judge about a case which he has tried, makes you liable for contempt of court as well. In that letter you accused Judge A. several times of committing a crime; you threatened him more than once, and you said that he took petty graft for deciding his cases. Those were not fair or decent things to write, and you must realize the seriousness of what you have done. But neither Judge A. nor myself wanted to have you arrested without giving you an opportunity of coming here and talking the thing over. That is why I merely sent for you on a summons, which will in no way count against you in the future, instead of issuing a warrant for your arrest by the police. The second thing which I want to say to you is, that I think I understand your feeling of sorrow and grief over your mother's imprisonment. Any boy with a spark of spirit and affection would have felt terribly about it. Only, your sentiment, which up to a certain point did you credit, was no justification for writing such a letter as that and for saying such false and foolish things. By the way, Judge A. wanted me to tell you that he never had any idea that your mother could not pay the two dollars, and that had he known about your family he probably would have remitted the fine altogether.

"Now, Harry, as I said, there is a lot I want to talk and ask you about," and I motioned him to an adjoining chair. "What do you think of the law requiring fish to be covered on the push-cart? Do you think it a good or a poor rule?"

It would take a long time to describe in detail all of our conversation that morning. We debated the fish law from every point of view, and Harry conceded that his own East Side was heartily in favor of its enforcement to protect themselves from ptomaines and disease. We discussed the fairness of many of the points which he had mentioned in his famous letter, and even Harry had to smile when I asked him to show me those "castles of luxury" in which he alleged we judges lived. Then we talked of the respect and loyalty due to those who had been chosen as representatives of the people, and I told him some stories of the struggles which certain men in great positions had passed through on their way to success. At my request Harry told me something of his own hardships and of his efforts to gain an education. "Just to think, Judge," he said, "I had to leave high school in the fourth term. I don't know why I should have had the bad luck to be cheated out of graduation."

"That must have been mighty hard," I replied, "but a good many men have succeeded without ever having seen a high school. How about Abraham Lincoln?"

"That's right," he reflected; "I guess I haven't been so unlucky after all."

We discussed his future plans and what it meant to become a loyal, useful, and service-giving citizen of this great republic, our common country.

But, as we talked, I could notice all the time a look of wonder in his face. The question evidently kept constantly recurring to him: "Is this a court? Is this the way an offender is handled? Why have I been told that people like me have no chance for fair treatment or justice?" Never during our interview did he falter or break down. Never did he hesitate to express his own views nor, on the other hand, to acknowledge his mistakes whenever he saw that his conclusions were wrong, but more than once great tears stole down his cheeks, and I was glad, for they were not symbols of grief but rather tokens of appreciation for the sympathy and understanding which had been given him.

Finally, I told him that I had but one more suggestion to offer, and that was that he should write a letter of apology, or of explanation at least, to Judge A. "Harry," I said, "I don't want you to write such a letter under a threat or because of fear of what I might do. No letter sent under those conditions would be worth the paper it was written on. As far as I am concerned, I am finished with

this case, and you are going free the minute you leave this room. You have my solemn promise that I shall not punish you even if you tell me now to my face that you won't write the letter. But if you are the boy I think you are, your own self-respect and sense of honor and fair play will make you do it."

Harry got up from his chair and came toward me. "Judge," he said, "I've simply got to write that letter. Even if you tried to, you couldn't stop me. Here's my hand on it."

And with that pledge we parted.

Harry's word was as good as his bond, for a few days later he made his apology to Judge A. in the following form:

New York City,
Nov. 10th.

Hon. Judge A.,
Magistrate's Court,
New York City.
*My dear Judge:*

I am asking you to forgive me for writing that insulting letter to you about two weeks ago, which caused you much annoyance. But you can picture yourself in my place on Monday, two weeks ago. In order that you know whom I am, I will tell you something of my life. In the first place I have suffered all my life, thru want of good, descent clothes and a respectable living home. During my course in Public School I suffered immensely because I was small and did not know much about life. But I did my work efficiently, although I felt ashamed of myself on seeing so many boys dressed nice, and had to wear torn old clothes. They used to carry 25c pieces in their pockets, while I scarcely had a penny and sometimes made a job here and there for 5c. I loved school then and still do now. After graduating, I went to High School where I felt disgraced entirely. I could not have gone to work, for I was only 12½ years of age. For one year I advanced courageously and successfully in that school, but my third term I was a downcast. I thought that times would be better, but in vain. At the end of the first month of my third term, I decided to leave which I did. I went out for a job without any working papers, and was overjoyed to strike one in a printing house for $5 a week, pulling a push cart overloaded with printed matter, for 15 and 20 blocks. I was merely a kid then. I used to come home overworked and used to lie to my mother that it was a fine job. After 2 months work, I was forced to return to school for I was not 14 years of age yet. When my 14th birthday dawned I felt I was the happiest fello on earth. That day was in August a year ago. I lost no time in getting my working papers. From that day I managed to get along a trifle better with the aid of $6 or $7 a week, but still I was in hard luck, for the high cost of living came along, and there I went. Last May I decided to enter school for the study of Civil Engineering, my greatest ambition. I received information from the same, that one must be 16 years of age in order to take the entrance examinations. Well I have to go to some school to prepare for the examinations, therefore, I am attending a Prep School and am paying fifty hard earned dollars for 1 year. I expect to take the examinations for my engineering course in September. In the meantime I have been doing a great deal of suffering but no one knows it. I try to shine up with a nice shirt, etc., but I am just like a red apple with a worm inside. Since lately, I have been going to work without breakfast, and with scarcely much dinner, for you know how much good a restaurant can give nowadays for $.15. The day my mother was arrested happened to be one of those non-breakfast days, and when I arrived home with an empty stomach to find my mother arrested, and not a bit of supper for me, and my little sisters and brothers crying for mama, you can just imagine how I felt.

I could not help writing that letter, for my heart was too full of grief to say nothing. But after I wrote it, the realization first came to me that I had made a great mistake. Therefore, I ask you to excuse me for the wrong I have done you. You can have my friendship now and ever, and at the same time I want to have yours. I wish to thank you for the good means which you used in bringing me to Court. I also would like you to send me the name of the judge who took up my case for I must thank him more than any-

one else for the good he has this day done to me. I am sending you my best wishes and beloved friendship.

Hoping that you will accept my apology with great amity, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
(*SDG*) HARRY SAMUELS.

Judge A. was not to be outdone by Harry in courtesy, and he answered him in a spirit of generous friendship:

CITY OF NEW YORK
CITY MAGISTRATES' COURTS.

Nov. 14th.

MY DEAR HARRY:

I was overjoyed to receive your letter of a few days ago. It has given me as much pleasure as your first one caused me distress and bewilderment. Moreover, what is especially gratifying to me is that I can plainly see from the tone of your letter that it is written in full and free sincerity.

I had hoped all along that your first letter to me had not been written wickedly and from a bad heart, but rather from misunderstanding and it was because of this hope as much as from any desire to punish that I sent the letter to Judge Hoyt.

Your recital of your struggles and disappointment makes it all quite clear to me, but if you had given yourself up to bitterness and hatred it could hardly be called a victory for you. As it is, I am sure you are destined to succeed and to make a good citizen.

I am still regretful for the imprisonment I forced your mother to undergo, and for the pain it brought to her family. As stated by Judge Hoyt, had it been brought to my attention that she had little children at home I should have tried to be lenient as I almost invariably am in such cases.

It is not always an easy thing to be a magistrate and to promote public welfare through enforcing the laws when so doing falls harshly upon some unfortunate offender. Your mother's offense may in one way seem to be trifling, and it is not always that we can get at the real truth. Most of us try to do our best and with thousands of cases to try yearly and sometimes more than a hundred in a day we must sometimes make mistakes, seem harsh or otherwise unjust.

I am going to show Judge Hoyt your letter and talk to him about you, and express to him my pleasure at what he has done in your case.

In the meantime rest assured that you have my entire forgiveness and it goes without saying that I hope I have yours. With best wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,
(*Signed*) —— A.

To Mr. Harry Samuels,
New York City.

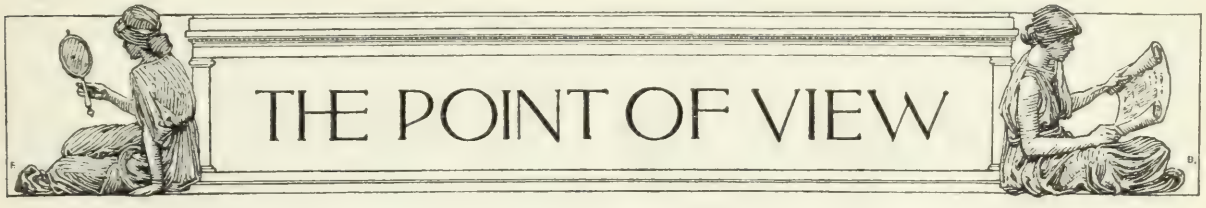
P. S. Come to see me at the 7th District Magistrates' Court one week from Sunday, say, about ten thirty in the morning, sending in your name to the Court Attendant.

This last letter closes the official record of the case. I might go on and tell how Harry and his mother have been succeeding in their struggles, of his plans for obtaining the technical education for which he has been striving, and of the friendly confidence with which he seeks advice and counsel from Judge A. and myself, but such matters are of personal interest only and form no part of our court proceedings.

I do not think that Mrs. Samuels now regrets that one night in prison, even though it entailed upon her a certain amount of unnecessary suffering. For, after all, it led through devious and unexpected circumstances to a happy consummation. We all have gained something in consequence: Mrs. Samuels, through the acquisition of new-found friends; Judge A. and myself, through the deeper knowledge and broader understanding which this experience has given us, and Harry, through a clearer conception of his duties and responsibilities as a unit of society and as a prospective citizen.

Harry and I both think it would be a good thing to tell this story to the public. The boy believes sincerely, and I heartily agree with him, that his experience may teach something to those who fail to grasp the purpose of our law and who are accustomed to rail against its enforcement in a shallow and blatant fashion.

Harry often smiles, though in a shamefaced way, when he thinks of that first letter of his, and he wonders where he picked up those thoughts and phrases which he tossed off so readily. It is not difficult, however, to know where he found them, for the world just now is full of such things. In these days of social upheaval and of readjustment of the old order, there are many who believe as Harry did once, that our established institutions are but forms of slavery, and that vice and greed and inhumanity control their administration. But Harry now knows better than this. He has learnt for himself that kindliness, common sense, and humane justice can exist side by side with the enforcement of law and order. He has rediscovered in his own way that fundamental and eternal truth which it has taken the world so many years to learn, through bitter experience and much tribulation: that human society, to exist and progress, must be governed by certain settled rules of conduct, and that while such laws may be constantly altered and improved, to disobey them and raise the flag of anarchy would remove every protection for the individual and hurl the whole world back into a state of lawlessness and utter chaos.




HAVING said my say, with the heat that I considered proper to the subject, I looked at my friend for her assent. We were talking, I think, about the way in which pianos are sold on the instalment plan to the poor. Certainly it was something vital, and I had a right to feel deeply. My friend was bending upon me a glance which I found baffling until she remarked, as her only answer to my eloquence: "Oh, my dear! I do hope you will get a good sleep to-night. You have seemed so tired all the time lately!" The remark hit my spirit much as a bath of hydrogen peroxide might attack a noisome pestilence; I seethed and boiled inwardly, unable to trust myself to words in the face of my friend's kind solicitude.

The Retort Prophylactic

The reader will see at once that my friend is a broad-minded person, thoroughly modern in her point of view. She would have made as gentle a retort if I had been angry with her personally, rather than with a commercial abuse. Indeed, once after I had commented upon a perfectly absurd piece of self-sacrifice that she had indulged in, she did advise me to consult a physician. She is too broad-minded by half. She is viewing me as dispassionately as if I were a collection of frogs retained by a laboratory to furnish muscular twitchings for the world of science, and in that case, as in this, she would safeguard the experiment by using the most humane methods.

But in seeing only a physical reason for my explosion, my friend disposed of my soul as entirely irrelevant. If I really misbehaved, my sense of guilt would seem to me, even in my lowest moments, a richer contribution to human progress than a thousand jerks of a strictly unprejudiced frog. No indignation that is morally neligible is equal to the demands of a situation that, in its nature, is either righteous or unrighteous. How would the perversities of life get their dues if no one ever flew out upon them with anything more emphatic than a laboratory reaction?

One can admit in a general way that one seldom gets angry or depressed except when tired; but the particular instance is always special. For every actual case of moodiness or temper, I find myself provided with the best and most irresistible of motives. My anger is invariably a righteous indignation; my depression is the only dignified way of meeting a cosmic evil. I can bear to be blamed and told that I have no right to inflict my feelings on other people; what I cannot endure is the gentle pin-prick which reduces my moral principles to the flatness

of a broken bubble. The friend who, whenever I appear out of sorts, wishes to sweep my temperament into the hospital, who sends me a box of flowers, or suggests that I take a vacation, deserves no more affection than a thermometer.

If my ill-temper is to be credited to fatigue-toxins, what shall we say of my usual sweetness of disposition? Is that also to be subtracted from the sum of virtues that I habitually regard as my true self? In novels as well as in real life I find some indications that wives are accustomed to analyze their husbands according to such a mechanistic theory. They present their milliners' bills, we understand, after an uncommonly good dinner; and they show a disposition to wrap an irritable spouse in sublimated liniment, or to send him off for a game of golf. But the clever wife undoubtedly disguises her prophylactic measures, and suppresses the retort that would reduce a husband's soul to the level of an unlubricated motor.

My broad-minded friend calls herself sympathetic. But her sympathy, which she defines as "an understanding of the conditions from which difficulties arise," always seems a little insulting. Like phylacteries and other amulets, which must sometimes have been more troublesome than the evil eye itself, this so-called "understanding" may become the most obnoxious of safeguards. What we want from our earthly companions is fellow-feeling, with all traces of omniscience left out.

Even this fellow-feeling has its dangers. The woman who spilled half her coffee in one nervous jerk, at breakfast, when her husband dropped an egg which he was holding aloft by way of explaining an opinion, illustrated only too well the evils of the sympathetic strike. This time, it was the coffee, not the deftly rescued egg, which spoiled the appearance of the breakfast-table. Another kind of sympathy has the efficacy of soothing syrup, and has also its dangerous narcotic power. But sympathy of an unsophisticated kind may claim, after all, its chance to maintain the dignity of human nature.

It remains as true now as it has always been in the past, that the dignity of human nature must be buttressed from without if its inner vaulting is to hold itself intact. We must be believed in; we demand both of God and of our fellow men the respect that is accorded to a soul as distinguished from a machine. Most of all we demand from ourselves some saving grace of deference toward the personality that moves within us.

The superstition with which people once knelt before the shrine of a saint remains alive, although the fashion of our beliefs has advanced, as Bernard Shaw reminds us, from the idea of seven deadly sins and seven champions of Christendom, to a preoccupation with nothing less numerous than a million of microbes. "Sevens and angels are out of fashion, and billions and streptococci are all the rage." If nowadays our superstitions carry us to the sanitarium, we may fail there to learn various truths about life that were entirely familiar to the saint of the elder day. They are indefinite matters, perhaps, and not easily scheduled; but they tend to simplify the personal problem by giving it more meaning rather than less. There is such a thing as killing human aspirations with a germicide.

And so, while I meekly follow the advice of my strong-minded friend, and betake myself to a rest-cure, I do still maintain that the man or the woman who accepts the retort prophylactic as an ultimatum, is securing peace without honor.

Conscience and the Subconscious

SOMETIMES I think that the subconscious was discovered just at the moment when the human spirit revolted against the modern habit of explaining all its reactions by reference to a manual of hygiene. But the subconscious self is no longer a dark and unexplored cave of the winds. We have already reached the point of introducing publicity into its recesses, as a cure for half its dangers; and if it still has more the manner of a munition-factory than of the safe-deposit vault for which it has always been used by reticent people, the psychiatrists are working hard to equip it with the most effective safety appliances that can be provided for explosive situations.

The dentist tells me that his patients are divided into two classes: those who howl and those who wince. He prefers those who howl. The wincing people are probably those who are inclined to tuck unpleasant experiences away into subconsciousness; they are old-fashioned enough to regard

their souls as their own. Publicity is the great modern substitute for conscience. It undoubtedly has its uses within the individual mind, and we ignore them at our peril. A terrifying incident of one's childhood, resolutely forgotten by what would seem a commendable effort of self-control, may work its revenge in some strange and compromising performance of an over-tired brain years afterward, or in lifelong stammering, or some other inability to adjust oneself to the difficulties of ordinary existence. All that is needed is publicity, the howl in place of the wince. The psychiatrist devotes all his powers to finding that lost but potent experience, and to putting it back among our every-day conscious thoughts, so that it may be handled as a simple matter of fact.

Simple matter of fact is, however, the very last guise in which we wish to see our emotions exhibiting themselves. Even complex matter of fact will not content us. A six-year old friend of mine, possessor of a fine mechanical doll, flew into a fit of passion one day, and in answer to her mother's pacifying admonitions, sobbed contemptuously: "*I'm* not a clockwork toy." She was voicing the protest that arises from the inner layer of mysticism in every one of us. Even as children we suffer from the indignity of seeing the cause of our unhappiness ignored, while our vehemence is treated as pathological.

If our vices and our virtues are taken out of us, and treated as interesting manifestations of our diet and our rest and exercise, where are *we*, when all is said and done? We have heard altogether too much about the physical basis of the higher life. Our dreams have long since been tethered by the scientists to our bodily functions. We are now hoping against hope that we may retain some shreds of the visions and revelations that have, in our happy and uninstructed past, set our spirits free from the limitations of the flesh.

We demand a personal conscience. No deposit of the racial conscience which is tucked away in our subconscious natures can suffice for the needs of the man who feels himself to be an individual sinner and who looks hopefully forward to a day when he may become righteous on his own account.

The truly modern person perhaps ought to admit that instead of acting as the Captain of his Soul, he sees that the office is being filled by a coalition of his nerves and his digestion and a few other bodily arrangements. But in the moment of the admission he must rebel, or that soul of his will never advance toward any victory.

The Amateur Chessman

I USED to envy chess-players. Now I play. My method of learning the game was unprincipled. I learned the moves from the encyclopædia, the traditions from "Morphy, On Chess," and the practice from playing with another novice as audacious as I. Later, finding some people who could really play, I clove to them until they taught me all that I could grasp. My ultimate ambition is, I suppose, the masterly playing of the game. Its austere antiquity rebukes the mildest amateur into admiration. I therefore strive, and wistfully aspire. Meanwhile, however, I am enjoying the gay excitement of the unskilled player.

There is nobody like the hardy apprentice for getting pleasure out of chess. We find certain delights which no past master can know; pleasures exclusively for the novice. Give me an opponent not too haughty for my unworthy steel, one who may perhaps forget to capture an exposed bishop of mine, an opponent who, like me, will know the early poetry of mad adventure and the quiet fatalism of unexpected defeat. With this opponent I will engage to enjoy three things which, to Mr. Morphy, immortality itself shall not restore—three things: a fresh delight in the whimsical personality of the various chessmen; the recklessness of uncertainty and of unforeseen adventure; the unprecedented thrill of checkmating my opponent by accident.

Mr. Morphy, I admit, may perhaps have retained through life a personal appreciation of the characters of the pieces: the conservative habits of the king; the politic, sidelong bishop; the stout little roundhead pawns. But since his forgotten apprenticeship he has not known their many-sided natures. To Mr. Morphy they long since became subject—invariably calculable. With a novice, the men and women of the chess-board regain their individuality and their Old World caprices, their mediæval greatness of heart. Like Aragon and the Plantagenets, they have magnificent

leisure for the purposeless and aimless quest. The stiff, kind, circular eyes of my simple boxwood knight stare casually about him as he goes. Irresponsibly he twists among his enemies, now drawing rein in the cross-country path of an angry bishop, now blowing his horn at the very drawbridge of the king. And it is no cheap impunity that he faces in his errant hardihood. My opponent seldom lapses. My knights often die in harness, all unshriven. That risk lends unfailing zest. Most of all, I love my gentle horsemen.

My opponent, too, has her loyalties, quixotic and unshaken. Blindly, one evening, I imperilled my queen. Only the opposing bishop needed to be sacrificed to capture her. The spectators were breathless at her certain fate. But my opponent sets high value upon her stately bishop. Rather this man saved for defense than risked for such a captive, feminist though she be, and queen. With ecclesiastical dignity the bishop withdrew, and my queen went on her tranquil way.

Of all the men, the king reveals himself least readily. A non-committal monarch at best. At times imperial and menacing, my king may conquer, with goodly backing from his yeomen and his chivalry. Sometimes, again, like Lear, he is no longer terrible in arms, his royal guard cut down. And at his death he loves always to send urgently for his bishop, who is solacing, though powerless to save.

All this is typical of our second pleasure, the exhilaration of incautious and unpremeditated moves. Inexplicable, for example, this pious return of the outbound bishop at the last battle-cry of the king. At times, however, a move may well be wasted to the end that all may happen decently and in order. My opponent shares with me this respect for ceremony. Together we lament the ruins when a lordly castle falls. Our atrocities are never heartless; we never recriminate.

My opening moves, in general, are characterized by no mean regard for consequences. Let my men rush forth to the edge of the hostile country. Once there, there will be time enough to peer about and reconnoitre and see what we shall see. Meanwhile, the enemy is battering gloriously at my postern-gate, but at least the fight is on! Part of our recklessness in these opening moves consists in our confidential revelations to each other of all our plans and disquieting problems.

"This needn't worry you at present," I remark, planting my castle on an irrational crag. "I'm only putting it there in *case*."

That saves much time. My opponent might otherwise have found it necessary to waste long minutes in trying to fathom the unknowable of my scheme. Without this companionable interchange chess is the most lonely of human experiences. There you sit, a being solitary and unsignalled—a point of thought, a mere centre of calculation. You have no partner. All the world is cancelled for the time, except, perched opposite you, another hermit intellect implacably estranged and sinister. Oh, no! As yet we discuss our plots.

Poor journeymen players of the royal game! Strange clews to character appear around the friendly chess-board. There is the supposedly neutral observer of the game, who must murmur warnings or lament the ill-judged moves; without him, how would life and chess be simplified? There is the stout-hearted player who refuses to resign though his defeat is demonstrably certain, but continues to jog about the board, eluding actual capture; in life, would he resign? There is the player who gives little shrieks at unexpected attacks; the player who explains his mistakes and what he had intended to do instead; the player who makes no sign whether of gloating or of despair. Most striking of all is the behavior of all these when they face the necessity of playing against the handicap of past mistakes; a wrong move may never be retracted by the thoroughbred. No apology, no retracing of the path; we must go on as if the consequences were part of our plan. It lures to allegory, this checkered board, these jousts and far crusades.

Then, on to checkmate, the most perfect type of utter finality, clear-cut and absolute. Shah-mat! Checkmate! The king is dead. In most conclusions there is something left ragged; something still in abeyance, in reserve. Here, however, is no shading, no balancing of the scales. We win, not by majority, as in cards; success or failure is unanimous. There was one ballot, and that is cast. No matter how ragged the playing that went before, the end of a game of chess is always perfect. It satisfies the spirit. Always at last comes contentment of soul, though it be our king that dies.

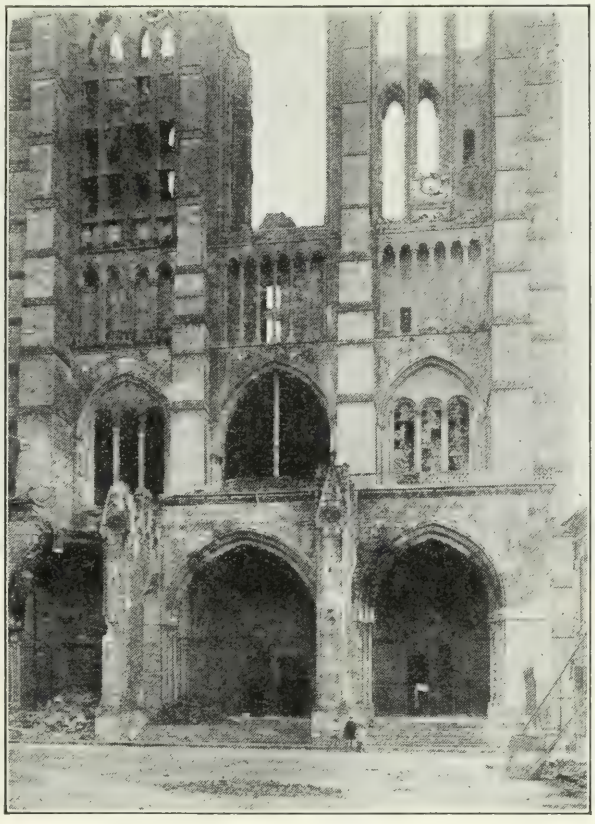
# THE FIELD OF ART

## *THE DEVASTATED ART OF FRANCE*

BY A. KINGSLEY PORTER
Special Commissioner of the French Government and the Commission des Monuments Historiques

I

MY first impression of the mediæval art of France, I think, and I am quite certain the one that subsequently stamped itself most indelibly upon my mind, was a feeling of delight (not, however, I confess, entirely untinged with bewilderment and even fatigue) at its inexhaustibility. Inexhaustibility, I mean, not only in the thought hidden beneath thought artistic, mystic and poetic in every created thing, but in the sheer quantity of the masterworks that, having defied the sacrilegious hands of blind iconoclasm and even blinder restoration, still, until yesterday, preserved to us essentially unaltered the mediæval vision in its serenity and in its exaltation.



Noyon Cathedral.

Noyon has been consecrated with fire. But the soul of the cathedral still lives.

Indeed, the Middle Ages showered upon France artistic creativeness with a prodigality the twentieth century in its dulness would scorn as wasteful; for in those days men perceived, what we do not, that the lamp of sacrifice in art is not lighted in vain. And it was precisely upon just those portions of the Soissonnais and neighboring regions now laid waste that Gothic art struck deepest and most prolific root. Its blossoms, it is true, were often seen by few appreciative eyes, at least in modern, more degenerate, days; yet their sweetness was not lost. And even from their smoking ruins, as from the funeral-pyre of the phœnix, there arises an incense which shall, I like to think, one day renew the youth of architecture. For a sin-stained world and a sin-stained art, redeemed by the holocaust of what was loveliest and what was best, may now, it seems, and if they will—but the tragedy of that *if!*—exchange their shackles of materialism for wings of imagination.

Even Italy, in her moments and provinces of most intense artistic production, has hardly flowed over with superabounding joy in creation as did mediæval France. Aside from the great abbeys and cathedrals, known to every one, each village and each hamlet of northern France possessed a church, and this church was commonly of real artistic value. It was, moreover, very rare that it did not contain some object of art of striking beauty—an altarpiece or a painting or a statue or stained-glass or a tombstone or a bit of wood-carving or a bell or wrought ironwork. I have often sympathized with Didron, who was one of the first to attempt to explore the mediæval art of the country districts. He was commissioned by the government in the first half of the nineteenth century to compile the monumental statistics for the département of the Marne. He returned at the end of the time allotted to him in comic despair, obliged to report to his superiors that despite the most assiduous efforts he had been able to

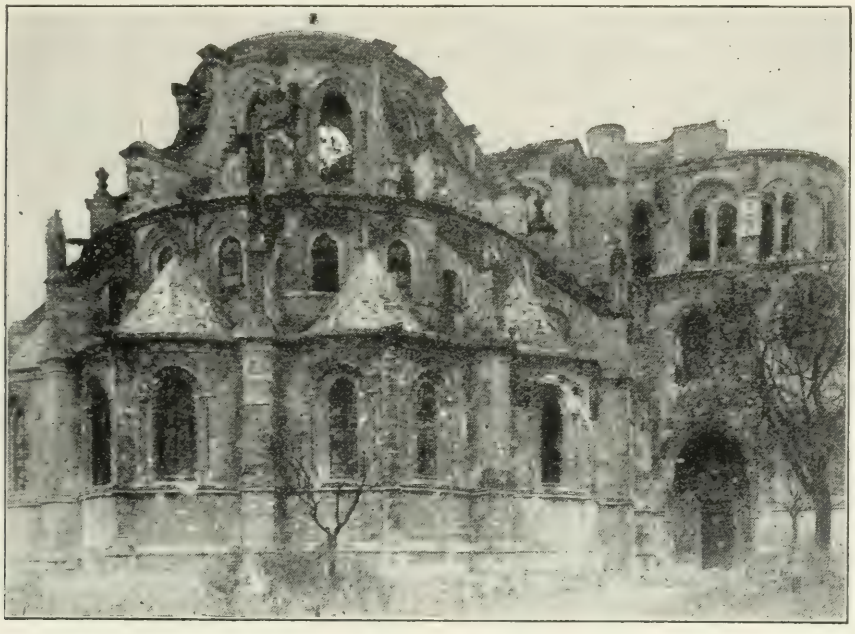
cover only the arrondissement of Reims, or about one-third of the district assigned to him. He visited one hundred and eighty communes; of these he found only twenty which were without monuments of artistic interest. He counted eight hundred statues of which he considered two hundred remarkable from the standpoint of art, and four or five hundred of historical interest. When it is remembered that in this catalogue the cathedral of Reims, which alone is said to have contained some two thousand statues, is excluded; that no account is taken of paintings and stained-glass; nor of the minor arts; nor of objects in private possession; that the département of the Marne contains two other arrondissements, both nearly as rich as that of Reims; and that the German invasion affected in all fourteen départements, some idea can be formed of the amount of art destroyed in France. Didron was obliged to relinquish the project he had formed of compiling a catalogue of the works of art in the arrondissement of Reims. It was too long a task for an individual. The labor was undertaken some years later by the Academy of Reims. Four of the best scholars of Champagne devoted themselves for thirty years to compiling a list of the monuments of the Marne. At the outbreak of the war their work was less than half finished. Obviously the preparation of an itemized bill to present to Germany through the Peace Conference will be no easy task.

The preparation of the bill is further complicated by the happy circumstance that by no means all art in the invaded provinces has been destroyed. Of the movable objects undoubtedly a very considerable number have survived. In the regions occupied by the Germans, the pillaging was characteristically systematic. Government experts picked out objects of superior value, which were carried off apparently to regularly constituted *dépôts*. There will probably be no serious difficulty in obtaining the restitution of this class of objects; but how large it is, or how carefully the works were protected, is up to the present unknown. Many other objects were carried off by individual Germans to their homes, or sold. A distinguished collector of Fère-en-Tardenois returned to his château after the invasion. His paintings were still in position, but in the corner of the frame of each was the visiting card and address of a German officer. The booty had been divided, when an unexpected retreat had prevented the paintings being shipped to their intended destination. In many other cases no such *deus ex machina* intervened, and priceless treasures disappeared over the Rhine. Serious difficulties must be anticipated in such cases, but it is hoped that in at least some instances the stolen objects can be traced and recovered.



Poilly (Marne).
In general it is in the country churches, rather than the great cathedrals, that the loss has been heaviest.

The French, through the activities of the Commission des Monuments Historiques, succeeded in saving much. The invasion of 1914 burst upon them so suddenly that great damage was done before there was time to take protective measures. It was thus, for example, that the sculptures of the portal at Reims were destroyed. As soon, however, as the prime necessities for national defense had been provided for, the colossal work of evacuating and protecting threatened works of art was undertaken. Sculptures which could not be moved were covered with sand-bags. For movable objects *dépôts* were established at Abbeville, Chantilly, Dijon, Bourg, Thenissey, Fontaine Française, and elsewhere. Here were collected and cared for objects belonging not only to churches and museums, but also to individuals. Stained-glass windows were dismounted, packed in boxes and transferred to safety. Thus were saved about one-half of the windows of the cathedral of Reims, which are at present safe in the cellar of the Pantheon at Paris. The ancient windows of St. Denis were removed and so preserved, for the modern glass left in the church was severely shattered by the explosion of a powder-magazine near by. All the stained-glass windows in Paris, including those of the cathedral and Sainte-Chapelle, were taken down, and even the windows of Chartres were dismounted as a precaution. These are now being replaced. The doors of the cathedral of Beauvais were removed to St.-Bénigne of Dijon; the contents of the museum of Chantilly, including the Sassetta, were taken to the dormitory of the Benedictines in the same city; that of Epinal went to Bourg and the furniture of Meaux to Fontaine Française. Many treasures of the Louvre were transported to Toulouse. Thus a great deal of much value was rescued. Unfortunately, the removal of art treasures often tended to excite panic among the population of towns from which they were taken, and for this reason the process of evacuation could not always be carried so far as desired.



Noyon Cathedral.
Noyon is injured, but still stands.

Even objects left *in situ* have not infrequently survived pillage and bombardment. At Montbré, for example, the lovely tabernacle is entirely intact although the church is much damaged: and at Sacy the sculptures are similarly in perfect condition. When the ruins are cleared up many fragments and even intact works of art can certainly be salvaged. Yet when all is told and done the loss will still be appalling.

The architecture itself—and this was the most precious, the most irreplaceable part of the artistic heritage of France—has suffered even more. Obviously a Romanesque church could not be removed for safety from the Soissonnais to Toulouse. It is far easier to ascertain the extent of the damage among churches than among the movable objects, but the magnitude of the

disaster, the number of monuments in the war-zone make precise statements precarious. Besides, the ruins possess so poignant an emotional quality that there is an almost unavoidable tendency to exaggeration. I was told the other day on excellent authority that the Germans had prepared mines to blow up the Abbey of Ourscamp, and that the holes they had drilled in the columns for this purpose were clearly visible. I went at once to Ourscamp, and found the holes in question, which, however, had been drilled over a century ago to receive the choir-rail. Such false reports are unfortunate, since they tend to discredit the authentic instances of atrocities that indubitably exist. I have seen with my own eyes proof that the Germans, at the time of their retreat, did deliberately blow up the churches of Boult-sur-Suippe, Heutrégeville, and Bétheniville, all of artistic importance.

The zones of destruction are singularly uneven. In general it is in the country churches, rather than in the great cathedrals, that the loss has been heaviest. It is clear that, with the exception of the cathedral of Reims, comparatively little irreparable harm was done in 1914. It is along the lines held for a long period between 1914 and 1918 that the damage is most appalling. The bombardment seems to have increased in intensity as the war went on. The armies came to depend ever more upon heavy artillery and to use it more recklessly. East of Reims, where the line was nearly stationary for four years, there remain of the former villages only heaps of masonry. Even the sites of important churches, like Cernay-les-Reims, can hardly be determined. One hunts among formless heaps of stone until one finds a voussoir from a rib or a capital, then one knows one is standing where was once the church. The damage was also heavy during the advance and retreat of the Germans in 1918, as for example in the beautiful little church at Crézancy. In some places, like Dormans, the monuments are as badly damaged as if they had been fought over for four years. But the bands of destruction are more irregular. Occasionally one will find a church, or even a village, miraculously preserved where everything about has gone.

Of the great cathedrals, Soissons is certainly the most damaged. The western bays of the nave are destroyed; the tower is riddled; the destruction of the flying buttresses has gravely compromised the stability of the entire structure. It is a monument every lover of the beautiful will mourn and mourn bitterly to the ending of time. Soissons was the virginal among cathedrals. The architecture of the nave had the flowing lines, the gracious curves, the purity of an ivory madonna of the fourteenth century. It had, too, for all its vast scale, the delicacy of execution one associates with sculpture in miniature. The color, although it had suffered from barbarous modern scraping, was still the rich whiteness of ivory that really is not white at all but much more akin to gold; not the blatant bridal veil of the parvenu, but rare ancient lace, passed down from marriage-chest to marriage-chest through generations. The mouldings were as dainty as the fingers of a girl; the capitals fragrant as orange-blossoms. And Soissons the inimitable, the bride, lies in ruin. Only the fairy-like south transept—perhaps the most exquisite passage in architectural art—has by a miracle escaped unscathed.

Chance, if not the Germans, has been somewhat kinder to Noyon. Noyon the sturdy, about whom the advancing and receding waves of battle ebbed and flowed, Noyon is injured, but still stands. This was the cavalier cathedral, as masculine in character as Soissons was feminine. The exterior had the restraint of a man. Yet it was frank too—not like the sophisticated eighteenth century which loves to mask behind the same well-bred façade, the Ministry of Marine, the Hôtel Crillon, and an automobile garage; not like either those rococo buildings which in the manner of an oyster-shell cover with rugged grayness a pearly and fantastic lining; Noyon externally neither belies nor asserts the inner character. Across the grave dignity of the towers one feels rather than sees not the power of brute weight such as an earlier age exulted in, not the incredible masses of Jumièges, but the power of a light wrestler, with every muscle of the finest quality, trained and developed to the utmost. Noyon has been consecrated with fire; holes have been broken in the vault, and the walls are scarred and torn in a thousand places. But the soul of the cathedral still lives and will always live across the centuries.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 4

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# Scribner's *for* September

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*Beginning*

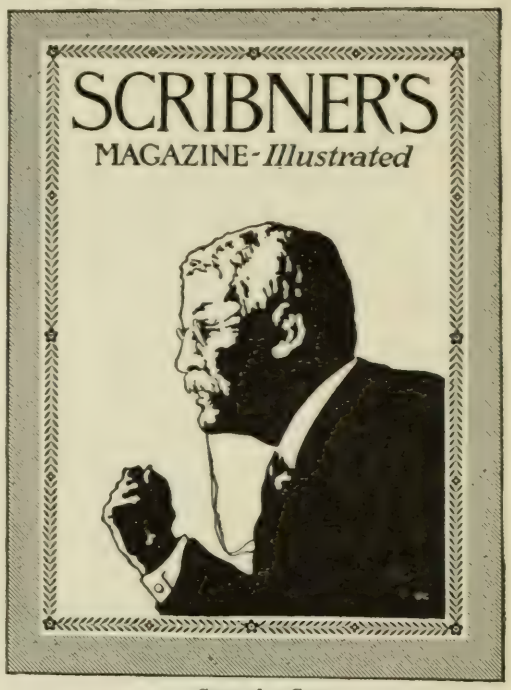
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## and His Time

Shown in

# His Own Letters

▼




*September Cover*

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*In October:* "ROOSEVELT AND TREVELYAN"; *his literary and political correspondence* with Sir George Otto Trevelyan, author of "The American Revolution."

## *Other Articles in September:*

From the Diaries of *George von Lengerke Meyer*, ex-ambassador and cabinet minister: "TALKS WITH FOUR MONARCHS," the Czar, the Emperor of Germany, the King of Italy, and King Edward.

"THE HEAD-HUNTERS OF BORNEO," by *Carl Lumholtz*, who has been for several years in the wilds of Borneo accumulating material and pictures.

"ARMISTICE DAYS IN PARIS," by *Madame Waddington.* A delightful narrative of what the coming of Peace means for France.

MRS. WHARTON, continuing her unusual journey in Morocco, describes the mysterious capital *Fez.*

Lt. Col. RICHARD DERBY, of the medical corps of the Second Division, tells how the casualties were handled — a vivid first-hand picture by the son-in-law of Col. Roosevelt.

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**SHORT STORIES** by *Katharine Holland Brown, Shaw Desmond, Philip Curtiss,* and *Stuart Rivers.*

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION by Alexander Dana Noyes; *The Point of View; The Field of Art; Foreign Trade* article; poems and many illustrations.

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HE TURNED AND PINNED THE THING WHICH MEN DIE FOR ON THE SHABBY COAT OF THE GUIDE.

—"The Swallow," page 164.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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# RESURGAM

By Maxwell Struthers Burt

I

Now is a great and shining company,
Choired like stars before the break of day,
So radiant, their silence is like singing,
Like mist of music down the Milky Way;
And they who wake, hearing the dawn wind bringing
Comfort of voices, are content and stay
A little while their tears; forbear the clinging
Of hands that hinder youth at last made free.

There is no death, nor change, nor any ending,
Only a journey; and so many go,
That we who stay at length discern the blending
Of the two roads, two breaths, two lives, and so
Come to the high and quiet knowledge that the dead
Are but ourselves made beautiful instead.

II

And you, O best belovèd of them all,
How is it with you? Is it well, indeed;
Or is there in the vivid quiet need
Of some familiar task? Yet does the call
Of the warm earth, the rise and fall
Of accents you held dear, when in the night
They talk of you, trouble the winged light?
O foolish words that wisdom should forestall!
Now are you most immediate. So near,
That there is left no thing between us; no,
Nor veil of life. Ah, dear, my very dear,
Only the dead are close, and never apart,
Speaking with lucid silences, and so
Can find their way unhampered to a heart.

III

I would not have you know me as I am,
And all I think, or did, or still may do,

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And yet can it be otherwise, you being you,
And dead, and knowing all things, even the plan
Of this sweet, sorrowful mystery we call life.
How must it seem, the beating of clipped wings;
My blindness, when the multitude of things
Is sharp with beauty as a moonlit knife?

Ah, Love, I should be wonderfully glad!
For here at last is what all men desire:
And with your constant presence am I clad
With the clear flames of an unceasing fire:
Surely there is no gift in death unless
It brings all knowledge and all tenderness.

IV

They told me this was all when we should die,
A sudden end, a silence, and a going;
And even farewell only a fluttered sigh,
And then a secret, far beyond our knowing.
Could this be so, you, who were a bestowing
Of song and light and laughter? Were it true,
What of the subtle difference that was you?
The exquisite mould, under the craftsman growing?
They have not heard: for on that very day
There came a shining presence where I wept,
As if a radiant child had turned away
From some dear, rapt engagement, long unkept:
And see, I have a sign; for I made trial,
And you looked back, and paused a little while.

V

There is a wind that blows from earth when dusk is coming,
Laden with richness of the stored-up day;
The secret warmth of hidden paths; the humming
Of pollened bees; the sweetness of damp hay;
And mist along a shining valley stream;
And green cool reaches where the bending trees,
After the hot noon, listen for the breeze:
All this, I know, is part of your new dream.
And when I wake, and death seems most unfair,
Even then is some new mystery on the air,
Of scent, or sound, or loveliness of hue,
Stirring my heart, and making me aware
I cannot grasp the rapture now of you,
Who were so close to dawn, and trees, and dew.

# IN MOROCCO

## BY EDITH WHARTON

[SECOND PAPER]

## VOLUBILIS, MOULAY IDRISS AND MEKNEZ

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

### I

### VOLUBILIS

ONE day before sunrise we set out from Rabat for the ruins of Roman Volubilis.

From the ferry of the Bou-Regreg we looked backward on a last vision of orange ramparts under a night-blue sky sprinkled with stars; ahead, over gardens still deep in shadow, the walls of Salé were passing from drab to peach-color in the eastern glow. Dawn is the romantic hour in Africa. Dirt and dilapidation disappear under a pearly haze, and a breeze from the sea blows away the memory of fetid markets and sordid heaps of humanity. At that hour the old Moroccan cities look like the ivory citadels in a Persian miniature, and the fat shopkeepers riding out to their vegetable-gardens like Princes sallying forth to rescue captive maidens.

Our way led along the highroad from Rabat to the modern port of Kenitra, near the ruins of the Phenician colony of Mehedyia. Just north of Kenitra we struck the trail, branching off eastward to a European village on the light railway between Rabat and Fez. Beyond the railway-sheds and flat-roofed stores the wilderness began, stretching away into clear distances bounded by the hills of the Rarb,* above which the sun was rising.

Range after range, these translucent hills rose before us; all around the solitude was complete. Village life, and even tent life, naturally gathers about a river-bank or a spring; and the waste we were crossing was of waterless sand bound together by a loose desert growth. Only an abandoned well-curb here and there cast its blue shadow on the yellow *bled*, or a saint's tomb hung like a bubble between sky and sand. The light had the preternatural purity which gives a foretaste of mirage: it was the light in which magic becomes real, and which helps to understand how, to people living in such an atmosphere, the boundary between fact and dream perpetually fluctuates.

The sand was scored with tracks and ruts innumerable, for the road between Rabat and Fez is travelled not only by French government motors but by native caravans and trains of pilgrims to and from the sacred city of Moulay Idriss, the founder of the Idrissite dynasty, whose tomb is in the Zerhoun, the mountain ridge above Volubilis. To untrained eyes it was impossible to guess which of the trails one ought to follow; and without much surprise we suddenly found the motor stopping, while its wheels spun round vainly in loose sand.

The military chauffeur was not surprised either; nor was Captain de M., the French staff-officer who accompanied us.

"It often happens just here," they admitted philosophically. "When the general goes to Meknez he is always followed by a number of motors, so that if his own is stuck he may go on in another."

This was interesting to know, but not particularly helpful, as the general and his motors were not travelling our way that morning. Nor was any one else, apparently. It is curious how quickly the *bled* empties itself to the horizon if one happens to have an accident in it! But we had learned our lesson between Tangier and Rabat, and were able to produce a fair imitation of the fatalistic smile of the country.

*The high plateau-and-hill formation between Tangier and Fez.

The officer remarked cheerfully that somebody might turn up, and we all sat down in the *bled*.

A Berber woman, cropping up from nowhere, came and sat beside us. She had the thin sun-tanned face of her kind, brilliant eyes touched with *khol*, high cheek-bones, and the exceedingly short upper lip which gives such charm to the smile of the young nomad women. Her dress was the usual faded cotton shift, hooked on the shoulders with brass or silver clasps (still the antique *fibulæ*), and wound about with a vague drapery in whose folds a brown baby wriggled.

The coolness of dawn had vanished and the sun beat down from a fierce sky. The village on the railway was too far off to be reached on foot, and there were probably no mules there to spare. Nearer at hand there was no sign of help: not a fortified farm, or even a circle of nomad tents. It was the unadulterated desert—and we waited.

Not in vain; for after an hour or two, from far off in the direction of the hills, there appeared an army with banners. We stared at it unbelievingly. The *mirage*, of course! We were too sophisticated to doubt it, and tales of sun-dazed travellers mocked by such visions rose in our well-stocked memories.

The chauffeur thought otherwise. "Good! That's a pilgrimage from the mountains. They're going to Salé to pray at the tomb of the *marabout:* today is his feast-day."

And so they were! And as we hung on their approach, and speculated as to the chances of their stopping to help, I had time to note the beauty of this long parti-colored train winding toward us under drooping banners. There was something celestial, almost diaphanous, in the hundreds of figures turbaned and draped in white, marching slowly through the hot colorless radiance over the hot colorless sand.

The most part were on foot, or bestriding tiny donkeys, but a stately Caïd rode alone at the end of the line on a horse saddled with crimson velvet; and to him our officer appealed.

The Caïd courteously responded, and twenty or thirty pilgrims were ordered to harness themselves to the motor and haul it back to the trail, while the rest of the procession moved hieratically onward.

I felt scruples at turning from their path even a fraction of this pious company; but they fell to with a saintly readiness, and before long the motor was on the trail. Then rewards were dispensed; and instantly those holy men became a prey to the darkest passions. Even in this land of contrasts the transition from pious serenity to rapacious rage can seldom have been more rapid. The devotees of the *marabout* fought, screamed, tore their garments and rolled over each other with sanguinary gestures in the struggle for our pesetas; then, perceiving our indifference, they suddenly remembered their religious duties, scrambled to their feet, tucked up their flying draperies, and raced after the tail-end of the procession.

Through a golden heat-haze we struggled on to the hills. The country was fallow, and in great part too sandy for agriculture; but here and there we came on one of the deep-set Moroccan rivers, with a reddish-yellow course channelled between perpendicular banks of red earth, and marked by a thin line of verdure that widened to fruit-gardens wherever a village had sprung up. We traversed several of these "sedentary"* villages, *nourwals* of clay houses with thatched conical roofs, in gardens of fig, apricot and pomegranate that must be so many pink and white paradises after the winter rains.

One of these villages seemed to be inhabited entirely by blacks, big friendly creatures who came out to tell us by which trail to reach the bridge over the yellow *oued*. In the *oued* their womenkind were washing the parti-colored family rags. They were handsome blue-bronze creatures, bare to the waist, with tight black astrakhan curls and firmly sculptured legs and ankles; and all around them, like a swarm of gnats, danced countless jolly pickaninnies, naked as lizards, with the spindle legs and globular stomachs of children fed only on cereals.

Half terrified but wholly interested, these infants buzzed about the motor while we stopped to photograph them; and as we watched their antics we won-

*So called to distinguish them from the tent villages of the less settled groups.

dered whether they were the descendants of the little Soudanese boys whom the founder of Meknez, the terrible Sultan Moulay-Ismaël, used to carry off from beyond the Atlas and bring up in his military camps to form the nucleus of the Black Guard which defended his frontiers. We were on the line of travel between Meknez and the sea, and it seemed not unlikely that these *nourwals* were all that remained of scattered outposts of Moulay-Ismaël's legionaries.

After a time we left *oueds* and villages behind us and were in the mountains of the Rarb, toiling across a high sandy plateau. Far off a fringe of vegetation showed promise of shade and water, and at last, against a pale mass of olive-trees, we saw the sight which, at whatever end of the world one comes upon it, wakes the same sense of awe: the ruin of a Roman city.

Volubilis (called by the Arabs the Castle of the Pharaohs) is the only considerable Roman colony so far discovered in Morocco. It stands on the extreme ledge of a high plateau backed by the mountains of the Zerhoun. Below the plateau, the land drops down precipitately to a narrow river-valley green with orchards and gardens, and in the neck of the valley, where the hills meet again, the conical white town of Moulay Idriss, the Sacred City of Morocco, rises sharply against a wooded background.

So the two dominations look at each other across the valley: one, the lifeless Roman ruin, representing a system, an order, a social conception that still run through all our modern ways; the other, the untouched Moslem city, more dead and sucked back into an unintelligible past than any broken architrave of Greece or Rome.

Volubilis seems to have had the extent and wealth of a great military outpost, such as Timgad in Algeria; but in the seventeenth century it was very nearly destroyed by Moulay-Ismaël, the Sultan of the Black Guard, who carried off its monuments piece-meal to build his new capital of Meknez, that Mequinez of contemporary travellers which was held to be one of the wonders of the age.

Little remains to Volubilis in the way of important monuments: only the fragments of a basilica, part of an arch of triumph erected in honour of Caracalla, and the fallen columns and architraves which strew the path of Rome across the world. But its site is magnificent; and as the excavation of the ruins was interrupted by the war it is possible that subsequent search may bring forth other treasures comparable to the beautiful bronze *sloughi* (the African hound) which is now its principal possession.

It was delicious, after seven hours of travel under the African sun, to sit on the shady terrace where the Curator of Volubilis, M. Louis Châtelain, welcomes his visitors. The French Fine Arts have built a charming house with gardens and pergolas for the custodian of the ruins, and have found in M. Châtelain an archæologist so absorbed in his task that, as soon as conditions permit, every inch of soil in the circumference of the city will be made to yield up whatever secrets it hides.

## II

### MOULAY IDRISS

We lingered under the pergolas of Volubilis till the heat grew less intolerable, and then our companions suggested a visit to Moulay Idriss.

Such a possibility had not occurred to us, and even Captain de M. seemed to doubt whether the expedition were advisable. Moulay Idriss was still said to be resentful of Christian intrusion: it was only a year before that the first French officers had entered it.

But M. Châtelain was confident that there would be no opposition to our visit, and with the piled-up terraces and towers of the Sacred City growing golden in the afternoon light across the valley it was impossible to hesitate.

We drove down through an olive-wood as ancient as those of Mitylene and Corfu, and then along the narrowing valley, between gardens luxuriant even in the parched Moroccan autumn. Presently the motor began to climb the steep road to the town, and at a gateway we got out and were met by the native chief of police. Instantly at the high windows of mysterious houses veiled heads appeared and sidelong eyes cautiously inspected us.

But the quarter was deserted, and we walked on without meeting any one to the Street of the Weavers, a silent narrow way between low white-washed niches like the cubicles in a convent. In each niche sat a grave white-robed youth, forming a great amphora-shaped grain-basket out of closely plaited straw. Vine-leaves and tendrils hung through the reed roofing overhead, and grape-clusters cast their classic shadow at our feet. It was like walking on the unrolled frieze of a white Etruscan vase patterned with black vine garlands.

The silence and emptiness of the place began to strike us: there was no sign of the Oriental crowd that usually springs out of the dust at the approach of strangers. But suddenly we heard close by the lament of the *rekka* (a kind of long fife), accompanied by a wild thrum-thrum of earthenware drums and a curious excited chanting of men's voices. I had heard such a chant before, at the other end of North Africa, in Kairouan, one of the other great Sanctuaries of Islam, where the sect of the the Aïssaouas celebrate their sanguinary rites in the *Zaouïa** of their confraternity. Yet it seemed incredible that if the Aïssaouas of Moulay Idriss were performing their ceremonies that day the chief of police should be placidly leading us through the streets in the very direction from which the chant was coming. The Moroccan, though he has no desire to get into trouble with the Christian, prefers to be left alone on feast-days, especially in such a stronghold of the faith as Moulay Idriss.

But "Geschehen ist geschehen" is the sum of Oriental philosophy. For centuries Moulay Idriss had held out fanatically on its holy steep; then, suddenly, in 1917, its chiefs saw that the game was up, and surrendered without a pretense of resistance. Now the whole thing was over, the new conditions were accepted, and the chief of police assured us that with the French uniform at our side we should be safe anywhere.

"The Aïssaouas?" he explained. "No, this is another sect, the Hamadchas, who are performing their ritual dance on the feast-day of their patron, the *marabout* Hamadch, whose tomb is in the Zerhoun. The feast is celebrated publicly in the market-place of Moulay Idriss."

As he spoke we came out into the market-place, and understood why there had been no crowd at the gate. All the population was in the square and on the roofs that mount above it, tier by tier, against the wooded hillside: Moulay Idriss had better to do that day than to gape at a few tourists in dust-coats.

Short of Sfax, and the other coast cities of eastern Tunisia, there is surely not another town in North Africa as white as Moulay Idriss. Some are pale blue and pinky yellow, like the Kasbah of Tangier, or cream and blue like Salé; but Tangier and Salé, for centuries continuously subject to European influences, have probably borrowed their colors from Genoa and the Italian Riviera. In the interior of the country, and especially in Morocco, where the whole color-scheme is much soberer than in Algeria and Tunisia, the color of the native houses is always a penitential shade of mud and ashes.

But Moulay Idriss, that afternoon, was as white as if its arcaded square had been scooped out of a big cream cheese. The late sunlight lay like gold-leaf on one side of the square, the other was in pure blue shade; and above it, the crowded roofs, terraces and balconies packed with women in bright dresses looked like a flower-field on the edge of a marble quarry.

The bright dresses were as unusual a sight as the white walls, for the average Moroccan crowd is the color of its houses. But the occasion was a special one, for these feasts of the Hamadchas occur only twice a year, in spring and autumn, and as the ritual dances take place out of doors, instead of being performed inside the building of the confraternity, the feminine population seizes the opportunity to burst into flower on the housetops.

It is rare, in Morocco, to see in the streets or the bazaars any women except of the humblest classes, household slaves, servants, peasants from the country or small tradesmen's wives; and even they (with the exception of the unveiled Berber women) are wrapped in the prevailing grave-clothes. The *filles de joie* and dancing-girls whose brilliant dresses enliven

* Sacred college.

certain streets of the Algerian and Tunisian towns are invisible, or at least unnoticeable, in Morocco, where life, on the whole, seems so much less gay and brightly-tinted; and the women of the richer classes, mercantile or aristocratic, never leave their harems except to be married or buried. A throng of women dressed in light colors is therefore to be seen in public only when some street festival draws them to the roofs. Even then it is probable that the throng is mostly composed of slaves, household servants, and women of the lower *bourgeoisie;* but as they are all dressed in mauve and rose and pale green, with long earrings and jewelled head-bands flashing through their parted veils, the illusion, from a little distance, is as complete as though they were the ladies in waiting of the Queen of Sheba; and that radiant afternoon at Moulay Idriss, above the vine-garlanded square, and against the background of piled-up terraces, their vivid groups were in such contrast to the usual gray assemblages of the East that the scene seemed like a setting for some extravagantly staged ballet.

For the same reason the spectacle unrolling itself below us took on a blessed air of unreality. Any normal person who has seen a dance of the Aïssaouas and watched them swallow thorns and hot coals, slash themselves with knives, and roll on the floor in epilepsy must have privately longed, after the first excitement was over, to fly from the repulsive scene. The Hamadchas are much more savage than Aïssaouas, and carry much farther their display of cataleptic anæsthesia; and, knowing this, I had wondered how long I should be able to stand the sight of what was going on below our terrace. But the beauty of the setting redeemed the bestial horror. In that unreal golden light the scene became merely symbolical: it was like one of those strange animal masks which the Middle Ages brought down from antiquity by way of the satyr-plays of Greece, and of which the half-human protagonists still grin and contort themselves among the Christian symbols of Gothic cathedrals.

At one end of the square, the musicians stood on a stone platform above the dancers. Like the musicians in a bas-relief they were flattened side by side against a wall, the fife-players with lifted arms and inflated cheeks, the drummers pounding frantically on long earthenware drums shaped like enormous hour-glasses and painted in barbaric patterns; and below, down the length of the market-place, the dance unrolled itself in a frenzied order that would have filled with envy a Paris or London impresario.

In its centre an inspired-looking creature whirled about on his axis, the black ringlets standing out in snaky spirals from his haggard head, his cheek-muscles convulsively twitching. Around him, but a long way off, the dancers rocked and circled with long raucous cries dominated by the sobbing booming music; and in the sunlit space between dancers and holy man, two or three impish children bobbed about with fixed eyes and a grimace of comic frenzy, solemnly parodying his contortions.

Meanwhile a tall grave personage in a doge-like cap, the only calm figure in the tumult, moved gravely here and there, regulating the dance, stimulating the frenzy, or calming some devotee who had broken the ranks and lay tossing and foaming on the stones. There was something far more sinister in this passionless figure, holding his hand on the key that let loose such crazy forces, than in the poor central whirligig who merely set the rhythm of the convulsions.

The dancers were all dressed in white caftans or in the blue shirts of the lowest classes. In the sunlight something that looked like fresh red paint glistened on their shaved black or yellow skulls and made dark blotches on their garments. At first these stripes and stains suggested only a gaudy ritual ornament like the pattern on the drums; then one saw that the paint, or whatever it was, kept dripping down from the whirling caftans and forming fresh pools among the stones; that as one of the pools dried up another formed, redder and more glistening, and that these pools were fed from great gashes which the dancers hacked in their own skulls and breasts with hatchets and sharpened stones. The dance was a blood-rite, a great sacrificial symbol, in which blood flowed so freely that all the rocking feet were splashed with it.

Gradually, however, it became evident that many of the dancers simply rocked and howled, without hacking themselves, and that most of the bleeding skulls and breasts belonged to negroes. Every now and then the circle widened to let in another figure, black or dark yellow, the figure of some humble blue-shirted spectator suddenly "getting religion" and rushing forward to snatch a weapon and baptize himself with his own blood; and as each new recruit joined the dancers the music shrieked louder and the devotees howled more wolfishly. And still, in the centre, the mad *marabout* spun, and the children bobbed and mimicked him and rolled their diamond eyes.

Such is the dance of the Hamadchas, of the confraternity of the *marabout* Hamadch, a powerful saint of the seventeenth century, whose tomb is in the Zerhoun above Moulay Idriss. Hamadch, it appears, had a faithful slave, who, when his master died, killed himself in despair, and the self-inflicted wounds of the brotherhood are supposed to symbolize the slave's suicide; though no doubt the origin of the ceremony might be traced back to the depths of that ensanguined grove where Mr. Fraser plucked the Golden Bough.

The more naïve interpretation, however, has its advantages, since it enables the devotees to divide their ritual duties into two classes, the devotions of the free men being addressed to the saint who died in his bed, while the slaves belong to the slave, and must therefore simulate his horrid end. And this is the reason why most of the white caftans simply rock and writhe, while the humble blue shirts drip with blood.

The sun was setting when we came down from our terrace above the marketplace. To find a lodging for the night we had to press on to Meknez, where we were awaited at the French military post; therefore we were reluctantly obliged to refuse an invitation to take tea with the Caïd, whose high-perched house commands the whole white amphitheatre of the town. It was disappointing to leave Moulay Idriss with the Hamadchas howling their maddest, and so much besides to see; but as we drove away under the long shadows of the olives we counted ourselves lucky to have entered the sacred town, and luckier still to have been there on the day of the dance which, till a year ago, no foreigner had been allowed to see.

A fine French road runs from Moulay Idriss to Meknez, and we flew on through the dusk between wooded hills and open stretches on which the fires of nomad camps put orange splashes in the darkness. Then the moon rose, and by its light we saw a widening valley, and gardens and orchards that stretched up to a great walled city outlined against the stars.

## III

### MEKNEZ

All that evening, from the garden of the Military Subdivision on the opposite height, we sat and looked across at the dark tree-clumps and moonlit walls of Meknez, and listened to its fantastic history.

Meknez was built by the Sultan Moulay-Ismaël, around the nucleus of a small town of which the site happened to please him, at the very moment when Louis XIV was creating Versailles. The coincidence of two contemporary autocrats calling cities out of the wilderness has caused persons with a taste for analogy to describe Meknez as the Versailles of Morocco: an epithet which is about as instructive as it would be to call Phidias the Benvenuto Cellini of Greece.

There is, however, a pretext for the comparison in the fact that the two sovereigns took a lively interest in each other's affairs. Moulay-Ismaël sent several embassies to treat with Louis XIV on the eternal question of piracy and the ransom of Christian captives, and the two rulers were continually exchanging gifts and compliments.

The governor of Tetouan, who was sent to Paris in 1680, having brought as presents to the French King a lion, a lioness, a tigress, and four ostriches, Louis XIV shortly afterward despatched M. de Saint-Amand to Morocco with two dozen watches, twelve pieces of gold brocade, a cannon six feet long and other firearms. After this the relations between the two courts remained friendly till 1693, at



*From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.*

Volubilis.

The western portico of Basilica of Antoninus Pius.

which time they were strained by the refusal of France to return the Moorish captives who were employed on the king's galleys, and who were probably as much needed there as the Sultan's Christian slaves for the building of Moorish palaces.

Six years later the Sultan despatched Abdallah-ben-Aïssa to France to reopen negotiations. The ambassador was as brilliantly received and as eagerly run after as a modern statesman on an official mission, and his candidly expressed admiration for the personal charms of the Princesse de Conti, one of the French monarch's legitimatized children, is sup-

posed to have been mistaken by the court for an offer of marriage from the Emperor of Barbary. But he came back without a treaty.

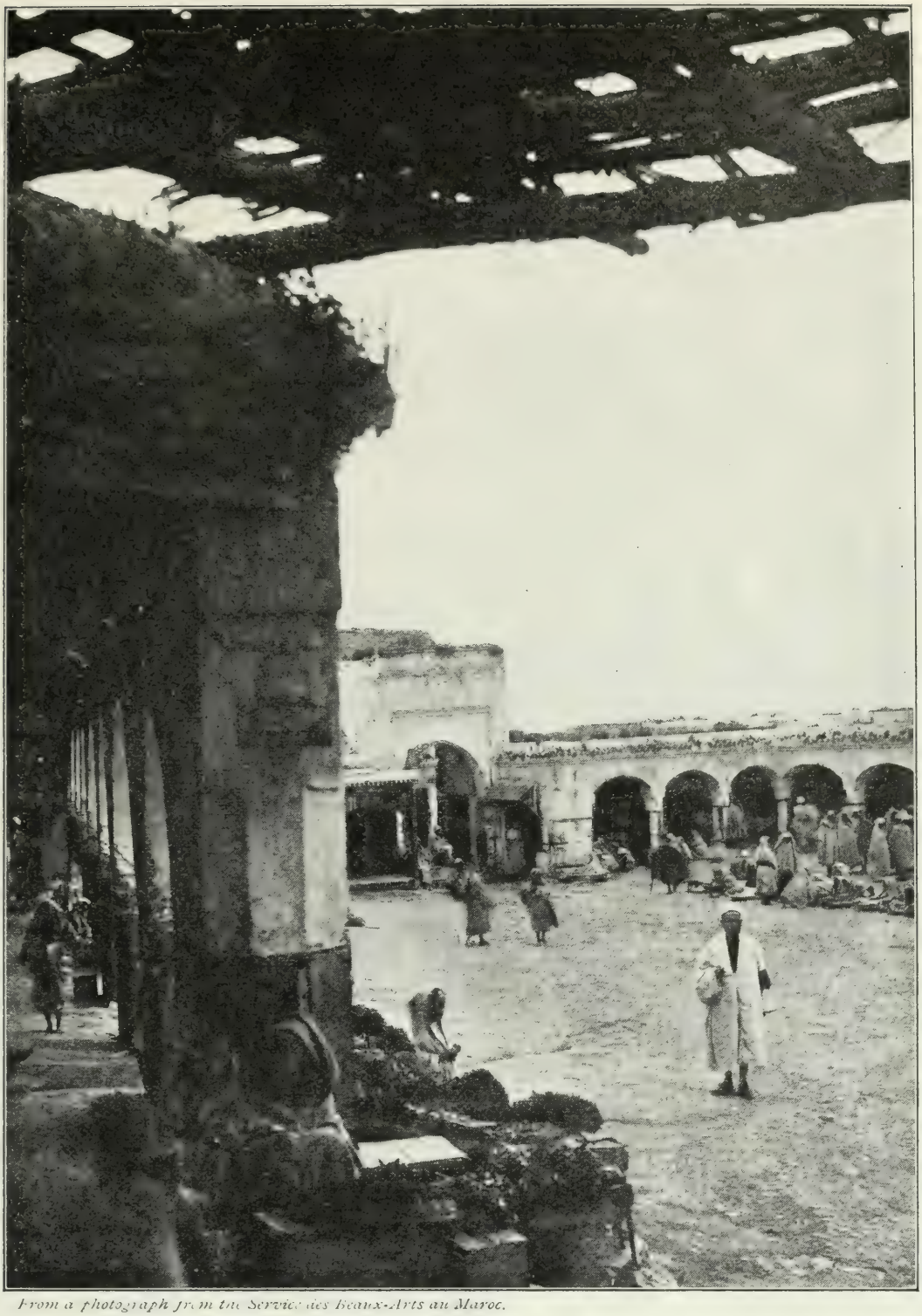
Moulay-Ismaël, whose long reign (1673 to 1727) and extraordinary exploits make him already a legendary figure, conceived, early in his career, a passion for Meknez; and through all his troubled rule, with its alternations of barbaric warfare and far-reaching negotiations, palace intrigue, crazy bloodshed and great administrative reforms, his heart perpetually reverted to the wooded slopes on which he dreamed of building a city more splendid than Fez or Marrakech.

"The Sultan" (writes his chronicler Aboul Kasim-ibn-Ahmad, called "Ez-ziani") "loved Meknez, the climate of which had enchanted him, and he would have liked never to leave it." He left it, indeed, often, left it perpetually, to fight with revolted tribes in the Atlas, to defeat one Berber army after another, to carry his arms across the High Atlas into the Souss, to adorn Fez with the heads of seven hundred vanquished chiefs, to put down his three rebellious brothers, to strip all the cities of his empire of their negroes and transport them to Meknez ("so that not a negro, man, woman or child, slave or free, was left in any part of the country"); to fight and defeat the Christians (1683); to take Tangier, to conduct a campaign on the Moulouya, to lead the holy war against the Spanish (1689), to take Larache, the Spanish commercial post on the west coast (which furnished eighteen hundred captives for Meknez); to lay siege to Ceuta, conduct a campaign against the Turks of Algiers, repress the pillage in his army, subdue more tribes, and build forts for his Black Legionaries from Oudjda to the Oued Noun. But al-



*From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.*

Moulay Idriss (9,000 inhabitants).



*From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.*

Moulay Idriss.
The market-place.

most each year's bloody record ends with the placid phrase: "Then the Sultan returned to Meknez."

In the year 1701, Ezziani writes, the indomitable old man "deprived his rebellious sons of their principalities; after which date he consecrated himself exclusively to the building of his palaces and the planting of his gardens. And in 1720 (nineteen years later in this long reign!) he ordered the destruction of the mausoleum of Moulay Idriss for the purpose of enlarging it. And to gain the necessary space he bought all the adjacent land, and the workmen did not leave these new labors till they were entirely completed."



Moulay Idriss.

Market-place on the day of the ritual dance of the Hamadchas.



Moulay Idriss.

The market-place. Procession of the confraternity of the Hamadchas.

In this same year there was levied on Fez a new tax which was so heavy that the inhabitants were obliged to abandon the city.

Yet it is written of this terrible old monarch, who devastated whole districts, and sacrificed uncounted thousands of lives for his ruthless pleasure, that under his administration of his chaotic and turbulent empire "the country rejoiced in the most complete security. A Jew or a woman might travel alone from Oudjda to the Oued Noun without any one's asking their business. Abundance reigned throughout the land: grain, food, cattle were to be bought for the lowest prices. Nowhere in the whole of Morocco was a highwayman or a robber to be found."

And probably both sides of the picture are true.

What, then, was the marvel across the valley, what were the "lordly pleasure-houses" to whose creation and enlargement Moulay-Ismaël returned again and again amid the throes and violences of a nearly centenarian life?

The chronicler continues: "The Sultan caused all the houses near the Kasbah* to be demolished, *and compelled the inhabitants to carry away the ruins of their dwellings*. All the eastern end of the town was also torn down, and the ramparts were rebuilt. He also built the Great Mosque next to the palace of Nasr. . . . He occupied himself personally with the construction of his palaces, and before one was finished he caused another to be begun. He built the mosque of Elakhdar; the walls of the new town were pierced with twenty fortified gates and surmounted with platforms for cannon. Within the walls he made a great artificial lake where one might row in boats. There was also a granary with immense subterranean reservoirs of water, and a stable *three miles long* for the Sultan's horses and mules; twelve thousand horses could be stabled in it. The flooring rested on vaults in which the grain for the horses was stored. . . . He also built the palace of Elmansour, which had twenty cupolas; from the top of each cupola one could look forth on the plain and the mountains around Meknez. All about the stables the rarest trees were planted. Within the walls were fifty palaces, each with its own mosque and its baths. Never was such a thing known in any country, Arab or foreign, pagan or Moslem. The guarding of the doors of these palaces was intrusted to twelve hundred black eunuchs."

Such were the wonders that seventeenth century travellers toiled across the desert to see, and from which they came back dazzled and almost incredulous, as if half-suspecting that some djinn had deluded them with the vision of a phantom city. But for the soberer European records, and the evidence of the ruins themselves (for the whole of the new Meknez is a ruin), one might indeed be inclined to regard Ezziani's statements as an Oriental fable; but the briefest glimpse of Moulay-Ismaël's Meknez makes it easy to believe all his chronicler tells of it, even to the three miles of stables.

Next morning we drove across the valley and, skirting the old town on the hill, entered, by one of the twenty gates of Moulay-Ismaël, a long empty street lined with half-ruined arcades. Beyond was another street of beaten red earth bordered by high red walls blotched with gray and mauve. Ahead of us this walled road stretched out interminably (Meknez, before Washington, was the "city of magnificent distances"), and down its empty length only one or two draped figures passed mournfully, like shadows on the way to Shadowland. It was clear that the living held no further traffic with the Meknez of Moulay-Ismaël.

Here it was at last. Another great gateway let us, under a resplendently bejewelled arch of turquoise-blue and green, into another walled emptiness of red clay; a third gate opened into still vaster vacancies, and at their farther end rose a colossal red ruin, something like the lower stories of a Roman amphitheatre that should stretch out indefinitely instead of forming a circle, or like a series of Roman aqueducts built side by side and joined into one structure. Below this indescribable ruin the arid ground sloped down to an artificial water which was surely the lake that the Sultan had made for his boating-parties; and beyond it more red earth stretched away to more walls and

*The citadel of old Meknez.

gates, with glimpses of abandoned palaces and huge crumbling angle-towers.

The vastness, the silence, the catastrophic desolation of the place, were all the more impressive because of the relatively recent date of the buildings. As Moulay-Ismaël had dealt with Volubilis, so time had dealt with his own Meknez; and the destruction which it had taken archæologists disagree as to the uses of the crypt of rose-flushed clay whose twenty rows of gigantic arches are so like an alignment of Roman aqueducts. Were these the vaulted granaries, or the subterranean reservoirs under the three miles of stabling which housed the twelve thousand horses? The stables, at any rate, were certainly near this spot, for the



*From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.*

Meknez.

The ruins of the palace of Moulay-Ismaël.

thousands of lash-driven slaves to inflict on the stout walls of the Roman city, neglect and abandonment had here rapidly accomplished. But though the sun-baked clay of which the impatient Sultan built his pleasure-houses will not suffer comparison with the firm stones of Rome, "the high Roman fashion" is visible in the shape and outline of these ruins. What they are no one knows. In spite of Ezziani's text (written when the place was already partly destroyed) lake adjoins the ruins as in the chronicler's description; and between it and old Meknez, behind walls within walls, lie all that remains of the fifty palaces with their cupolas, gardens and mosques and baths.

This inner region is less ruined than the mysterious vaulted structure, and one of the palaces, being still reserved for the present Sultan's use, cannot be visited; but we wandered unchallenged through desert courts, gardens of cypress and olive where dried fountains and painted

summer-houses are falling into dust, and barren spaces enclosed in long empty façades. It was all the work of an eager and imperious old man, who, to realize his dream quickly, built in perishable materials; but the design, the dimensions, the whole conception, show that he had not only heard of Versailles but had looked with his own eyes on Volubilis.

To build on such a scale, and finish the work in a single lifetime, even if the materials be malleable and the life a long one, implies a command of human labor that the other Sultan at Versailles must have envied. The imposition of the *corvée* was of course even simpler in Morocco than in France, since the material to draw on was unlimited, provided one could assert one's power over it; and for that purpose Ismaël had his Black Army, the hundred and fifty thousand disciplined legionaries who enabled him to enforce his rule over all the wild country from Algiers to Agadir.

The methods by which this army were raised and increased are worth recounting in Ezziani's words:

"A *taleb* * of Marrakech having shown the Sultan a register containing the names of the negroes who had formed part of the army of El Mansour, Moulay-Ismaël ordered his agents to collect all that remained of these negroes and their children. . . . He also sent to the tribes of the Beni-Hasen, and into the mountains, to purchase all the negroes to be found there. Thus all that were in the whole of Moghreb were assembled, from the cities and the countryside, till not one was left, slave or free.

"These negroes were armed and clothed, and sent to Mechra Erremel (north of Meknez) where they were ordered to build themselves houses, plant gardens and remain till their children were ten years old. Then the Sultan caused all the children to be brought to him, both boys and girls. The boys were apprenticed to masons, carpenters, and other tradesmen; others were employed to make mortar. The next year they were taught to drive the mules, the third to make *adobe* for building; the fourth year they learned to ride horses bareback, the fifth they were taught to ride in the saddle while using firearms. At the age of sixteen these boys became soldiers. They were then married to the young negresses who had meanwhile been taught cooking and washing in the Sultan's palaces—except those who were pretty, and these were given a musical education, after which each one received a wedding-dress and a marriage settlement, and was handed over to her husband.

"All the children of these couples were in due time destined for the Black Army, or for domestic service in the palaces. Every year the Sultan went to the camp at Mechra Erremel and brought back the children. The Black Army numbered one hundred and fifty thousand men, of whom part were at Erremel, part at Meknez, and the rest in the seventy-six forts which the Sultan built for them throughout his domain. May the Lord be merciful to his memory!"

Such was the army by means of which Ismaël enforced the *corvée* on his undisciplined tribes. Many thousands of lives went to the building of imperial Meknez; but his subjects would scarcely have sufficed if he had not been able to add to them twenty-five thousand Christian captives.

M. Augustin Bernard, in his admirable book on Morocco, says that the seventeenth century was "the golden age of piracy" in Morocco; and the great Ismaël was no doubt one of its chief promoters. One understands his unwillingness to come to an agreement with his great friend and competitor, Louis XIV, on the difficult subject of the ransom of Christian captives when one reads in the admiring Ezziani that it took fifty-five thousand prisoners and captives to execute his architectural conceptions.

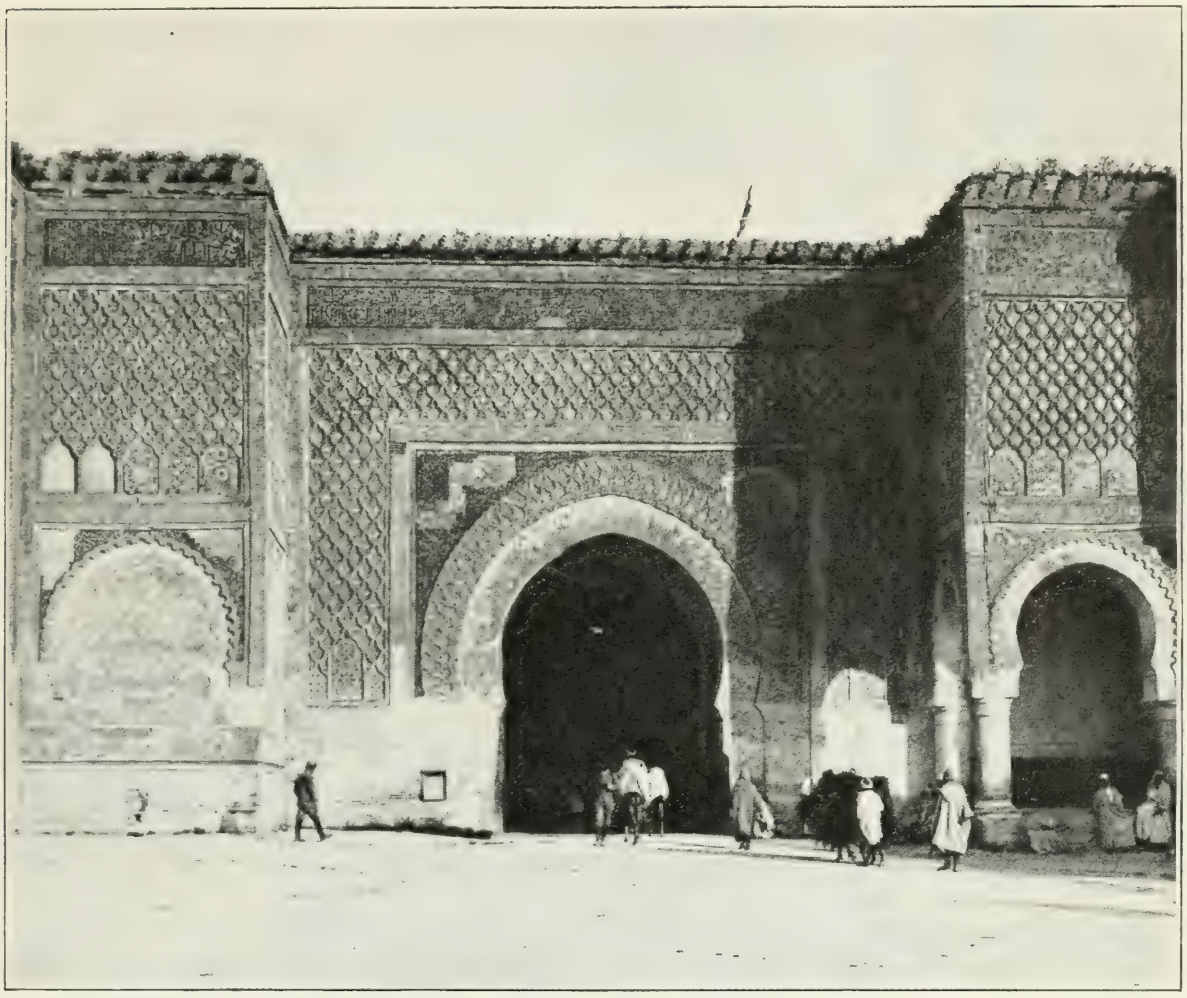
"These prisoners, by day, were occupied on various tasks; at night they were locked into subterranean dungeons. Any prisoner who died at his task was *built into the wall he was building*." (This statement is confirmed by John Windus, the English traveller who visited the court of Moulay-Ismaël in the Sultan's old age.) Many Europeans must have succumbed quickly to the heat and the lash, for the wall-builders were obliged to make each stroke in time with their neighbors, and were bastinadoed mercilessly if they broke

* Learned man.

the rhythm; and there is little doubt that the expert artisans of France, Italy, and Spain were even dearer to the old architectural madman than the friendship of the palace-building despot across the sea.

Ezziani's chronicle dates from the first part of the nineteenth century, and is an Arab's colorless panegyric of a great Arab ruler; but John Windus, the Englishman who accompanied Commodore Stewart's embassy to Meknez in 1721, saw the imperial palaces and their builder with his own eyes, and described them with the vivacity of a foreigner struck by every contrast.

Moulay-Ismaël was then about eighty-seven years old, "a middle-sized man, who has the remains of a good face, with nothing of a negro's features, though his mother was a black. He has a high nose, which is pretty long from the eyebrows downward, and thin. He has lost all his teeth, and breathes short, as if his lungs were bad, coughs and spits pretty often, which never falls to the ground, men being always ready with handkerchiefs to receive it. His beard is thin and very white, his eyes seem to have been sparkling, but their vigor decayed through age, and his cheeks very much sunk in."



*From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.*

Meknez.
Gate: "Bab-Mansour."

Such was the appearance of this extraordinary man, who deceived, tortured, betrayed, assassinated, terrorized and mocked his slaves, his subjects, his women and children and his ministers like any other half-savage Arab despot, but who yet managed through his long reign to maintain a barbarous empire, to police the wilderness, and give at least an appearance of prosperity and security where all had before been chaos.

The English emissaries appear to have

been much struck by the magnificence of his palaces, then in all the splendor of novelty, and gleaming with marbles brought from Volubilis and Salé. Windus extols in particular the sunken gardens of cypress, pomegranate and orange trees, some of them laid out seventy feet below the level of the palace-courts; the exquisite plaster fretwork; the miles of tessellated walls and pavement made in the finely patterned mosaic work of Fez; and the long terrace walk trellised with "vines and other greens" leading from the palace to the famous stables, and over which it was the Sultan's custom to drive in a chariot drawn by women and eunuchs.

Moulay-Ismaël received the English ambassador with every show of pomp and friendship, and immediately "made him a present" of a handful of young English captives; but just as the negotiations were about to be concluded Commodore Stewart was privately advised that the Sultan had no intention of allowing the rest of the English to be ransomed. Luckily a diplomatically composed letter, addressed by the English envoy to one of the favorite wives, resulted in Ismaël's changing his mind, and the captives were finally given up, and departed with their rescuers. As one stands in the fiery sun, among the monstrous ruins of those tragic walls, one pictures the other Christian captives pausing for a second, at the risk of death, in the rhythmic beat of their labor, to watch the little train of their companions winding away across the desert to freedom.

On the way back through the long streets that lead to the ruins we noticed, lying by the roadside, the shafts of fluted columns, blocks of marble, Roman capitals: fragments of the long loot of Salé and Volubilis. We asked how they came there, and were told that, according to a tradition still believed in the country, when the prisoners and captives who were dragging the building materials toward the palace under the blistering sun heard of the old Sultan's death, they dropped their loads with one accord and fled. At the same moment every worker on the walls flung down his trowel or hod, every slave of the palaces stopped grinding or scouring or drawing water or carrying faggots or polishing the miles of tessellated floors; so that, when the tyrant's heart stopped beating, at that very instant life ceased to circulate in the huge house he had built, and in all its members it became a carcass for his carcass.

[Mrs. Wharton's third article, "Fez," will appear in the September number.]



# THE IMAGE

## By Edward H. Sothern

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. M. BERGER

"IT is mankind that is crucified," said my mate; "mankind! in the person of each individual, common man! Take one such from each of the warring nations. There would be twenty of them, would there not? Lay the dead, tortured, mangled bodies in a row and contemplate them, what can one feel but bitter, fierce, rebellious pity for their agony? Pity for friend and foe alike. Close your eyes, can you not see each separate wretch upon his cross? Each has given his life for an ideal, a dream, and each, perchance, has cried out in his anguish: 'Why hast thou forsaken me?'"

We were awaiting the signal to attack. It wanted but five minutes to the hour. The giant guns had been doing their work of preparation for two nights and a day. Behind the lines we had rehearsed our particular business with minute and exhaustive care. Our objective was a wrecked village beyond the enemy's third line. We had studied every street and every building until we knew them by heart. The village church, as we had learned from our airmen, had been transformed into a fortress. We were to take and hold it at all costs. The morning was dark and misty, and as we stood in our trench, knee-deep in the slush, despite the excitement of the anticipated charge, the blood was chilled.

"Yes," said I. "I suppose the bravest sometimes weaken; but in our stronger moments we must feel that the sacrifice is not in vain. Those who come after will remember. If we win, they will have owed the victory, the redemption, to us."

"And if we fail?" said my friend.

"The manner of our going will teach them how to 'follow on.'"

My companion had but recently joined our regiment—a youngster of twenty-two, fresh from a sedentary occupation in the city of London; the toughening process of his training had not yet inured him to the horrors of war. He had been in action only once since coming to the front, and after the fury of the slaughter was past he had sobbed like a child at the thought of what he had called the

"murder" he himself had wrought. During the last four days we had discussed constantly that inevitable law of the universe which demands that all evolution, all progress, shall result only from perpetual conflict. My own reading had made me familiar with the philosophers and the mĕtaphysicians, and our dingy dugout had re-echoed with the valiant blows my new acquaintance had delivered against the stubborn doors of experience, fact, natural law, and the deductions of the sages. "Why? Wherefore? To what end?" The madness of war! The fearful contest of the creeds! The rival gods of stone, and gold, and flesh, and spirit! Wherein were the South Sea Islanders less sane than the Christians, who now raised their blood-stained hands aloft in prayers for victory, spending alternate days in praise and massacre?

"Christianity has failed," sighed the new soldier. "The world has relapsed into barbarism. Civilization will be overwhelmed as it has been before. To what end, then, is perfection won from conflict, if the hard-earned result of all our suffering is still the repeated annihilation of our hope?

" 'What are men that He should heed us?' cried the king of sacred song,

" 'Insects of an hour, that hourly work their brother insects wrong.' "

At this juncture a mutual friend, one McMahon, had entered the dugout. He was followed to the door by a number of other men who grasped his hands and hugged him roughly.

"What's the matter?" we asked.

"Victoria Cross!" said several voices, and the coy hero was hauled off to more commodious quarters across the way.

"That's the other side of the question," said I.

"What is?" said my pessimist.

"What that bit of copper stands for."

"What does it stand for?"

"The God that lives in man."

"The God that is born of war?"

"The God that is born of *conflict.*"

"Did you ever see the Passion Play?" said my friend.

"I saw it once at Oberammergau," said I.

"Yes, I know," said he. "But it seemed to me so much of a business there, so much of a spectacle in a theatre. I saw it many years ago in a more remote Bavarian village—a place visited by very few tourists."

"Do you mean Oberfells?" said I, for I had a vivid recollection of the place, with its vineyards, its cow-bells, its calvaries, and the circle of snow-covered sentinel mountains; its rushing torrent, whose roar, in the gorge below, only emphasized the sleepy quiet of the tiny hamlet. Just now I recalled too a charnel-house in the church, the walls lined with thousands of skulls and a life-size group of the Nativity in the crypt.

"Yes," said he, "Oberfells. You have been there?"

"I passed a night there while on a walking tour when I was studying art in Munich."

"You speak German, then?"

"Yes, fairly well."

"Did you witness 'The Passion' there?"

"No."

"Well," said my friend, "I happened to be there in 1910. I shall not forget it. The Passion Play was performed amid an awful storm. At Oberfells everything is most primitive and the representation is all the more appealing because of its very simplicity. There is no theatre, no stage, a background of everlasting mountains, and a foreground of sombre rocks and solemn pines—an audience composed entirely of villagers and the neighboring peasants. On that occasion I was the only stranger. The thing is not advertised; the guide-books ignore it, very few persons know about it.

"As I say, there was a fearful storm which burst forth soon after the play began and which raged with fury for two days. The performance was abandoned, the people believing the tempest was an evidence of divine wrath. The peasant who should have appeared as Christus, and who was to have impersonated that character for the first time, was overwhelmed with grief, for he felt that God had pronounced him unworthy. He was a simple creature and would not be comforted.

"As you know, these peasants are brought up to play this and the other characters of the sacred tragedy from



*Drawn by W. M. Berger.*

"Each has given his life for an ideal, a dream."—Page 147.

childhood, selected and ordained. To take part in this rite is the crowning ambition of their lives. This poor lad nearly died of mortification, but was upheld by the assurance that he would live to impersonate the Saviour on the next occasion, in 1915. For at Oberfells the Passion Play is given every five years.

"However, fate has again interposed. You have heard, no doubt, that he has been drafted and sent to the front—*Christ in the trenches!* Think of it! What must this gentle spirit think and feel, who from childhood has shaped every thought and hope to train his soul into the likeness of the Prince of Peace? We said just now: 'Mankind is crucified!' Here is one who wept because fortune had kept him from the cross. I wonder if he has had his will? I wonder if, already, he has found his Calvary?"

The uproar of the guns ceased suddenly. I was about to speak when a sharp whistle cut short my reply. In a moment we were over the top of the trench, a young officer, with a little cane in one hand and a pistol in the other, leading us on. We ran low, men dropping here and there, the machine-guns bidding us welcome. Things happen quickly in a charge. The first thing I knew quite clearly we had fought our way past the third line and were in the village. My friend was on the ground, a bayonet in his shoulder, but he had seized his foe's rifle and held onto it desperately. I struck at his opponent with all my strength. My bayonet entered his side. I withdrew it and struck again. As I did so the man released his own weapon and held both hands crossed—the palms outward—before his face. My bayonet pierced both palms, made an ugly gash on his forehead, and glanced upward. He fell like a log. Meanwhile our men had rushed on and the battle had passed into the heart of the village. I lifted my mate to his feet and tried to drag him to some shelter. His gaze was fixed on his fallen enemy.

"Come on!" I cried.

"Did you hear what he said?"

"What did he say? Come!" and I struggled to force him on.

"As he lay there, he said: '*Father, forgive them.*' I must go back. I can't leave him there."

At this moment a crowd of our men swept us forward. The enemy attacked on our flank. My pal forgot his wound and we both fought like madmen. The lust to kill is like a mighty hunger and we fed our fill. The church was defended obstinately, but after about twenty minutes we were in it, a panting, blood-stained, reeking lot of conquerors.

The great guns had created havoc. The place was in ruins. As so often happened in this war, the figures of the saints, although fallen, remained intact, unbroken. In this instance, however, the life-size image of the Christ had been torn loose from the nails which had held it and stood among the scattered masonry upon the ground strangely poised with three other figures, the head bent as though looking down upon the vacant cross, a huge instrument at least ten feet high, made of walnut, which, torn down, reclined at an angle on the steps of the altar.

For half an hour we defended the church from counter-attacks. Then the fight died down and our men began to establish the guns and consolidate our position.

It was toward evening of this winter day when the injured were gathered into the various dilapidated buildings. My mate, hit in the legs as well as in the shoulder, lay near the chancel of the church among the long rows of wounded friends and enemies.

I was busy with some first aid when the stretcher-bearers brought in a German soldier and put him down against the broken column opposite. The man was conscious, but his eyes were wild with fever. A lantern which hung over his head showed a great gash on his brow; blood streamed from his side, and both hands were pierced through. His face was livid and his great dark eyes looked like the eyes of a wounded deer. His hair was wet with blood and his thin auburn beard completed his resemblance to One whose effigy we well knew.

We looked at him spellbound.

"They know not what they do," said the wounded man, and he continued to mutter brokenly in German.

My mate seized my hand in both of his. "It is the Christus!" said he.

Stretcher-bearers were now taking the

disabled back to the ambulances behind our lines. I was unhurt and, after I had done what I could to make my pal comfortable, I went over to my late opponent and tried to help him. It was evident that his mind was wandering. In the shattered, roofless church; the feeble glimmer of some half-dozen lanterns; the three figures of the fallen saints supporting, upright, the image of Christ, which, with bowed head crowned with thorns, arms outstretched, and pierced hands,



"The storm! . . . It is God's anger!"

ghostly light of the lamp his eyes shone with madness.

The dreadful thunder of the guns had begun again—a barrage of terror to keep the enemy from bringing up reserves.

"The storm!" whispered the wounded Christus. "It is God's anger! I am not worthy of the cross."

My mate sat propped against the pillar opposite, gazing pale and fascinated; other wounded men, British and German, leaned toward the strange figure. The looked down upon the overthrown cross as though he saw thereon some vision of as great a sacrifice; the crashes of the distant cannonade; the groans of the dying—I see and hear all this now as clearly as I saw and heard it then.

"Hush!" said one. "He is speaking"; and through the turmoil Christus spoke, while the crowd listened.

Now he was again a boy in his little village, now learning his father's craft as a potter, now the sweet secrets of a child-

ish courtship made men turn away as though they should not hear. Now he is selected to impersonate the Saviour of the world, and is ordained with simple rites and solemn prayer. His voice grows stronger as he speaks broken and detached sentences of the rôle which he studied from boyhood until the great day when the village gathers to see the new Christus. Then the guns burst forth again; and again he cries: "The storm! The storm! I am not worthy of the cross." Now is he taken from his cottage and taught the soldier's trade, and now he cries to God for pity that he too has learned the lust of blood and killed, and killed, and killed. "Not peace!" he cries. "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword!"

A signal-rocket from without sent a flash of weird light through the shattered roof. The delirious man sprang to his feet and in an instant was standing before the group of fallen images. He stood in front of the ruined altar, at the foot of the prostrate cross, his arms upraised. Many of the disabled men staggered to their feet, most of them still bleeding from fearful wounds; others lifted themselves on their elbows or struggled to their knees. Above them upon the elevated platform Christus confronted the saints.

"The graves were opened!" he cried. "The graves were opened! and the saints which slept awoke!" And again he cried: "The sun was darkened and the veil of heaven was rent!"

Even as he spoke a shell fell in front of the chancel, a fearful explosion shook the ruined building. When the smoke cleared away many poor wretches had paid the last tribute of devotion. Those who yet lived looked toward the altar. There, stretched upon the huge cross, every shred of clothing torn from his body by the bursting shell, lay the dead Christus of Oberfells, his arms extended upon the beam, a red flood flowing from his side, the pierced palms near the cruel nails where Christ's had been. The saints stood by unharmed and He still gazed where He, Himself, had hung in agony.

The cries of dying men rent the air, the living clung together on their knees, my mate and I were kneeling side by side. He threw his arms about me, trembling.

"It is mankind!" he cried—and he pointed to the naked figure on the cross—"Mankind! Mankind is crucified!"



# THE SWALLOW

## BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY N. C. WYETH

THE Château Frontenac at Quebec is a turreted pile of masonry wandering down the cliff over the very cellars of the ancient Castle of St. Louis. A twentieth-century hotel, it simulates well a mediæval fortress and lifts against the cold blue northern sky an atmosphere of history. Old voices whisper about its towers and sound above the clanging hoofs in its paved court; deathless names are in the wind which blows from the "fleuve," the great St. Lawrence River far below. Jacques Cartier's voice was heard hereabouts away back in 1539, and after him others, Champlain and Frontenac and Father Jogues and Mother Marie of the Conception and Montcalm—upstanding fighting men and heroic women and hardy discoverers of New France walked about here once, on the "Rock" of Quebec; there is romance here if anywhere on earth. To-day a new knighthood hails that past. Uniforms are thick in steep streets; men are wearing them with empty sleeves, on crutches, or maybe whole of body yet with racked faces which register a hell lived through. Canada guards heroism of many vintages, from four hundred years back through the years to Wolfe's time, and now a new harvest. Centuries from now children will be told, with the story of Cartier, the tale of Vimy Ridge, and while the Rock stands the records of Canadians in France will not die.

Always when I go to the Château I get a table, if I can, in the smaller dining-room. There the illusion of antiquity holds through modern luxury; there they have hung about the walls portraits of the worthies of old Quebec; there Samuel Champlain himself, made into bronze and heroic of size, aloft on his pedestal on the terrace outside, lifts his plumed hat and stares in at the narrow windows, turning his back on the river and the lower city. One disregards waiters in swallow-tails and up-to-date table appointments, and one looks at Champlain and the "fleuve," and the Isle d'Orléans lying long and low, and one thinks of little ships, storm-beaten, creeping up to this grim bigness ignorant of continental events trailing in their wake.

I was on my way to camp in a club a hundred miles north of the gray-walled town when I drifted into the little dining-room for dinner one night in early September in 1918. The head-waiter was an old friend; he came to meet me and piloted me past a tableful of military color, four men in service uniforms.

"Some high officers, sir," spoke the head-waiter. "In conference here, I believe. There's a French officer, and an English, and our Canadian General Sampson, and one of your generals, sir."

I gave my order and sat back to study the group. The waiter had it straight; there was the horizon-blue of France; there was the Englishman tall and lean and ruddy and expressionless and handsome; the Canadian more of our own cut, with a mobile, alert face. The American had his back to me and all I could see was an erect carriage, a brown head going to gray and the one star of a brigadier-general on his shoulders. The beginnings of my dinner went fast, but after soup there was a lull before greater food, and I paid attention again to my neighbors. They were talking in English.

"A Huron of Lorette—does that mean a full-blooded Indian of the Huron tribe, such as one reads of in Parkman?" It was the Englishman who asked, responding to something I had not heard.

"There's no such animal as a full-blooded Huron," stated the Canadian. "They're all French-Indian half-breeds now. Lorette's an interesting scrap of history just the same. You know your Parkman? You remember how the Iro-

quois followed the defeated Hurons as far as the Isle d'Orléans, out there?" He nodded toward where the big island lay in the darkness of the St. Lawrence. "Well, what was left after that chase took refuge fifteen miles north of Quebec, and founded what became and has stayed the village of Indian Lorette. There are now about five or six hundred people, and it's a nation. Under its own laws, dealing by treaty with Canada, not subject to draft, for instance. Queer, isn't it? They guard their identity vigilantly. Every one, man or woman, who marries into the tribe, as they religiously call it, is from then on a Huron. And only those who have Huron blood may own land in Lorette. The Hurons were, as Parkman put it, 'the gentlemen of the savages,' and the tradition lasts. The half-breed of to-day is a good sort, self-respecting and brave, not progressive, but intelligent, with pride in his inheritance, his courage, and woodscraft."

The Canadian, facing me, spoke distinctly and much as Americans speak; I caught every word. But I missed what the French general threw back rapidly. I wondered why the Frenchman should be excited. I myself was interested because my guides, due to meet me at the club station to-morrow, were all half-breed Hurons. But why the French officer? What should a Frenchman of France know about backwaters of Canadian history? And with that he suddenly spoke slowly, and I caught several sentences of incisive if halting English.

"Zey are to astonish, ze Indian Hurong. For ze sort of work special-ment, as like scouting on a stomach. Qu-vick, ver' qu-vick, and ver' quiet. By dark places of danger. One sees zat nozzing at all af-frightens zose Hurongs. Also zey are alike snakes, one cannot catch zem—zey slide; zey are slippy. To me it is to admire zat courage most—personnel—selfeesh—because an Hurong safe my life dere is six mont', when ze Boches make ze drive of ze mont' of March."

At this moment food arrived in a flurry of waiters and I lost what came after. But I had forgotten the Château Frontenac; I had forgotten the group of officers, serious and responsible, who sat on at the next table. I had forgotten even the war. A word had sent my mind roaming. "Huron!" Memory and hope at that repeated word rose and flew away with me. Hope first. To-morrow I was due to drop civilization and its tethers.

"Allah does not count the days spent out of doors." In Walter Pater's story of "Marius the Epicurean" one reads of a Roman country-seat called "Ad Vigilias Albas," "White Nights." A sense of dreamless sleep distils from the name. One remembers such nights, and the fresh world of the awakening in the morning. There are such days. There are days which ripple past as a night of sleep and leave a worn brain at the end with the same satisfaction of renewal; white days. Crystal they are, like the water of streams, as musical and eventless; as elusive of description as the ripple over rocks or brown pools foaming.

The days and months and years of a life race with accelerating pace and youth goes and age comes as the days race, but one is not older for the white days. The clock stops, the blood runs faster, furrows in gray matter smooth out, time forgets to put in tiny crow's-feet and the extra gray hair a day, or to withdraw by the hundredth of an ounce the oxygen from the veins; one grows no older for the days spent out of doors. Allah does not count them.

It was days like these which hope held ahead as I paid earnest attention to the good food set before me. And behold, beside the pleasant vision of hope rose a happy-minded sister called memory. She took the word "Huron," this kindly spirit, and played magic with it, and the walls of the Château rolled into rustling trees and running water.

I was sitting, in my vision, in flannel shirt and knickerbockers, on a log by a little river, putting together fishing-tackle and casting an eye, off and on, where rapids broke cold over rocks and whirled into foam-flecked, shadowy pools. There should be trout in those shadows.

"Take the butt, Rafael, while I string the line."

Rafael slipped across—still in my vision of memory—and was holding my rod as a rod should be held, not too high or too low, or too far or too near—right. He was an old Huron, a chief of Indian

Lorette, and woodscraft was to him as breathing.

"A varry light rod," commented Rafael in his low voice which held no tones out of harmony with water in streams or wind in trees. "A varry light, good rod," paying meanwhile strict attention to his job. "M'sieur go haf a luck to-day. I t'ink m'sieur go catch a beeg feesh on dat river. Water high enough—not too high. And cold." He shivered a little. "Cold last night—varry cold nights begin now. Good hun-ting wedder."

"Have you got a moose ready for me on the little lake, Rafael? It's the 1st of September next week and I expect you to give me a shot before the 3d."

Rafael nodded. "*Oui*, m'sieur. First day." The keen-eyed, aquiline old face was as of a prophet. "We go get moose first day. I show you." With that the laughter-loving Frenchman in him flooded over the Indian hunter; for a second the two inheritances played like colors in shot silk, producing an elusive fabric, Rafael's charm. "If nights get so colder, m'sieur go need moose-skin keep him warm."

I was looking over my flies now, the book open before me, its fascinating pages of color more brilliant than an old missal, and maybe as filled with religion—the peace of God, charity which endureth, love to one's neighbor. I chose a Parmachene Belle for hand-fly, always good in Canadian waters. "A moose-skin hasn't much warmth, has it Rafael?"

The hunter was back, hawk-eyed. "But yes, m'sieur. Moose-skin one time safe me so I don' freeze to death. But it hol' me so tight so I nearly don' get loose in de morning."

"What do you mean?" I was only half listening, for a brown hackle and a Montreal were competing for the middle place on my cast, and it was a vital point. But Rafael liked to tell a story, and had come by now to a confidence in my liking to hear him. He flashed a glance to gather up my attention, and cleared his throat and began: "Dat was one time—I go on de woods—hunt wid my fader-in-law—*mon beau-père.* It was mont' of March—and col'—but ver' col' and wet. So it happen we separate, my fader-in-law and me, to hunt on both side of large enough river. And I kill moose. What, m'sieur? What sort of gun? Yes. It was rifle—what one call flint-lock. Large round bore. I cast dat beeg ball myself, what I kill dat moose. Also it was col'. And so it happen my matches got wet, but yes, ev-very one. So I couldn' buil' fire. I was tired, yes, and much col'. I t'ink in my head to hurry and skin dat moose and wrap myself in dat skin and go sleep on de snow because if not I would die, I was so col' and so tired. I do dat. I skin heem—*je le plumait*—de beeg moose—beeg skin. Skin all warm off moose; I wrap all around me and dig hole and lie down on deep snow and draw skin over head and over feet, and fol' arms, so—" Rafael illustrated— "and I hol' it aroun' wid my hands. And I get warm right away, warm as bread toast. So I been slippy, and heavy wid tired, and I got comfortable in dat moose-skin and I go aslip quick. I wake up early on morning, and dat skin got froze tight, like box made on wood, and I hol' in dat wid my arms fol' so, and my head down so—" illustrations again—"and I can't move, not one inch. No. What, m'sieur? Yes, I was enough warm, me. But I lie lak dat and can't move, and I t'ink somet'ing. I t'ink I got die lak dat, in moose-skin. If no sun come, I did got die. But dat day sun come and be warm, and moose-skin melt lil' bit, slow, and I push lil' bit wid shoulder, and after while I got ice broke, on moose-skin, and I crawl out. Yes. I don' die yet."

Rafael's chuckle was an amen to his saga, and at once, with one of his lightning changes, he was austere.

"M'sieur go need beeg trout to-night; not go need moose-skin till nex' wik. Ze rod is ready take feesh. I see feesh jump by ole log. Not much room to cast, but m'sieur can do it. Shall I carry rod down to river for m'sieur?"

In not so many words as I have written, but in clear pictures which comprehended the words, Memory, that temperamental goddess of moods, had, at the prick of the word "Huron," shaken out this soft-colored tapestry of the forest, and held it before my eyes. And as she withdrew this one, others took its place and at length I was musing profoundly, as I put more of something on my plate and tucked it away into my anatomy. I

mused about Rafael, the guide of sixty, who had begun a life of continued labor at eight years; I considered the undying Indian in him; how with the father who was "French of Picardy"—the white blood being a pride to Rafael—he himself, yes and the father also, for he had married a *sauvagess*, a Huron woman—had belonged to the tribe and were accounted Hurons; I considered Rafael's proud carriage, his good head and well-cut face, his Indian austerity and his French mirth weaving in and out of each other; I considered the fineness and the fearlessness of his spirit, which long hardship had not blunted; I reflected on the tales he had told me of a youth forced to fight the world. "*On a vu de la misère*," Rafael had said: "One has seen trouble"—shaking his head, with lines of old suffering emerging from the reserve of his face like writing in sympathetic ink under heat. And I marvelled that through such fire, out of such neglect, out of lack of opportunity and bitter pressure, the steel of a character should have been tempered to gentleness and bravery and honor.

For it was a very splendid old boy who was cooking for me and greasing my boots and going off with me after moose; putting his keen ancestral instincts of three thousand years at my service for three dollars a day. With my chances would not Rafael have been a bigger man than I? At least never could I have achieved that grand air, that austere repose of manner which he had got with no trouble at all from a line of unwashed but courageous old bucks, thinking highly of themselves for untold generations, and killing everything which thought otherwise. I laughed all but aloud at this spot in my meditations, as a special vision of Rafael rose suddenly, when he had stated, on a day, his views of the great war. He talked plain language about the Germans. He specified why he considered the nation a disgrace to humanity—most people, not German, agree on the thesis and its specifications. Then the fire of his ancient fighting blood blazed through restraint of manner. He drew up his tall figure, slim-waisted, deep-shouldered, every inch sliding muscle. "I am too old to go on first call to army," said Rafael. "Zey will not take me. Yes, and on second call. Maybe zird time. But if time come when army take me—I go. If I may kill four Germans I will be content," stated Rafael concisely. And his warrior forebears would have been proud of him as he stated it.

My reflections were disturbed here by the American general at the next table. He was spoken to by his waiter and shot up and left the room, carrying, however, his napkin in his hand so that I knew he was due to come back. A half sentence suggested a telephone. I watched the soldierly back with plenty of patriotic pride; this was the sort of warrior my country turned out now by tens of thousands. With that he returned and as I looked up into his face, behold it was Fitzhugh.

My chair went banging as I sprang toward him. "Jim!"

And the general's calm dignity suddenly was the radiant grin of the boy who had played and gone to school and stolen apples with me for long bright years—the boy lost sight of these last years of his in the army. "Dave!" he cried out. "Old Davy Cram!" And his arm went around my shoulder regardless of the public. "My word, but I'm glad!" he sputtered. And then: "Come and have dinner—finish having it. Come to our table." He slewed me about and presented me to the three others.

In a minute I was installed, to the pride of my friend the head-waiter, at military headquarters, next to Fitzhugh and the Frenchman. A compact résumé of personal history between Fitzhugh and myself over, I turned to the blue figure on my left hand, Colonel Raffré of the French army. On his broad chest hung thrilling bits of color, not only the bronze war-cross, with its dark-green watered ribbon striped with red, but the blood-red ribbon of the "Great Cross" itself—the cross of the Legion of Honor. I spoke to him in French, which happens to be my second mother tongue, and he met the sound with a beaming welcome.

"I don't do English as one should," he explained in beautiful Parisian. "No gift of tongues in my kit, I fear; also I'm a bit embarrassed at practising on my friends. It's a relief to meet some one who speaks perfectly French, as m'sieur."

M'sieur was gratified not to have lost his facility. "But my ear is getting slower," I said. "For instance, I eavesdropped a while ago when you were talking about your Huron soldiers, and I got most of what you said because you spoke English. I doubt if I could if you'd been speaking French."

The colonel shrugged massive shoulders. "My English is defective but distinct," he explained. "One is forced to speak slowly when one speaks badly. Also the Colonel Chichely"—the Britisher—"it is he at whom I talk carefully. The English ear, it is not imaginative. One must make things clear. You know the Hurons, then?"

I explained.

"Ah!" he breathed out. "The men in my command had been, some of them, what you call guides. They got across to France in charge of troop horses on the ships; then they stayed and enlisted. Fine soldier stuff. Hardy, and of resource and of finesse. Quick and fearless as wildcats. They fit into one niche of the war better than any other material. You heard the story of my rescue?"

I had not. At that point food had interfered, and I asked if it was too much that the colonel should repeat.

"By no means," agreed the polite colonel, ready, moreover, I guessed, for any amount of talk in his native tongue. He launched an epic episode. "I was hit leading, in a charge, two battalions. I need not have done that," another shrug—"but what will you? It was snowing; it was going to be bad work; one could perhaps put courage into the men by being at their head. It is often the duty of an officer to do more than his duty—*n'est-ce-pas?* So that I was hit in the right knee and the left shoulder, *par exemple,* and fell about six yards from the German trenches. A place unhealthy, and one sees I could not run away, being shot on the bias. I shammed dead. An alive French officer would have been too interesting in that scenery. I assure m'sieur that the *entr'actes* are far too long in No Man's Land. I became more and more displeased with the management of that play as I lay, very badly amused with my wounds, and afraid to blink an eye, being a corpse. The Huns demand a high state of immobility in corpses. But I fell happily sidewise, and out of the extreme corner of the left eye I caught a glimpse of our sand-bags. One blessed that twist, though it became enough *ennuyant,* and one would have given a year of good life to turn over. Merely to turn over. Am I fatiguing m'sieur?" the colonel broke in.

I prodded him back eagerly into his tale.

"M'sieur is amiable. The long and short of it is that when it became dark my good lads began to try to rescue my body. Four or five times that one-twentieth of a corner of my eye saw a wriggling form work through sand-bags and start slowly, flat to the earth, toward me. But the ground was snow-covered and the Germans saw too the dark uniform. Each time a fusillade of shots broke out, and the moving figure dropped hastily behind the sand-bags. And each time—" the colonel stopped to light a cigarette, his face ruddy in the glare of the match. "Each time I was—disappointed. I became disgusted with the management of that theatre, till at last the affair seemed beyond hope, and I had about determined to turn over and draw up my bad leg with my good hand for a bit of easement and be shot comfortably, when I was aware that the surface of the ground near by was heaving—the white, snowy ground heaving. I was close enough to madness between cold and pain, and I regarded the phenomenon as a dream. But with that hands came out of the heaving ground, eyes gleamed. A rope was lashed about my middle and I was drawn toward our trenches." The cigarette puffed vigorously at this point. "M'sieur sees?"

I did not.

The colonel laughed. "One of my Hurons had the inspiration to run to a farmhouse not far away and requisition a sheet. He wrapped himself in it, head and all, and, being Indian, it was a bagatelle to him to crawl out on his stomach. They were pleased enough, my good fellows, when they found they had got not only my body but also me in it."

"I can imagine, knowing Hurons, how that Huron enjoyed his success," I said. "It's in their blood to be swift and silent

and adventurous. But they're superstitious; they're afraid of anything supernatural." I hesitated, with a laugh in my mind at a memory. "It's not fitting that I should swap stories with a hero of the Great War, yet—I believe you might be amused with a story of one of my guides." The Frenchman, all civil interest, disclaimed his heroism with hands and shoulders, but smiling too—for he had small chance at disclaiming with those two crosses on his breast.

"I shall be enchanted to hear m'sieur's tale of his guide. For the rest I am myself quite mad over the 'sport.' I love to insanity the out of doors and shooting and fishing. It is a regret that the service has given me no opportunity these four years for a breathing spell in the woods. M'sieur will tell me the tale of his guide's superstition?"

A scheme began to form in my brain at that instant too delightful, it seemed, to come true. I put it aside and went on with my story. "I have one guide, a Huron half-breed," I said, "whom I particularly like. He's an old fellow—sixty—but light and quick and powerful as a boy. More interesting than a boy, because he's full of experiences. Two years ago a bear swam across the lake where my camp is, and I went out in a canoe with this Rafael and got him."

Colonel Raffré made of this fact an event larger than—I am sure—he would have made of his winning of the war-cross.

"You shame me, colonel," I said, and went on hurriedly. "Rafael, the guide, was pleased about the bear. 'When gentlemens kill t'ings, guides is more happy,' he explained to me, and he proceeded to tell an anecdote. He prefaced it by informing me that one time he hunt bear and he see devil. He had been hunting, it seemed, two or three winters before with his brother-in-law at the head-waters of the St. Maurice River, up north there," I elucidated, pointing through the window toward the "long white street of Beauport," across the St. Lawrence. "It's very lonely country, entirely wild, Indian hunting-ground yet. These two Hurons, Rafael and his brother-in-law, were on a two months' trip to hunt and trap, having their meagre belongings and provisions on sleds which they dragged across the snow. They depended for food mostly on what they could trap or shoot—moose, caribou, beaver, and small animals. But they had bad luck. They set many traps but caught nothing, and they saw no game to shoot. So that in a month they were hard pressed. One cold day they went two miles to visit a beaver trap, where they had seen signs. They hoped to find an animal caught and to feast on beaver tail, which is good eating."

Here I had to stop and explain much about beaver tails, and the rest of beavers, to the Frenchman, who was interested like a boy in this new, almost unheard-of beast. At length:

"Rafael and his brother-in-law were disappointed. A beaver had been close and eaten the bark off a birch stick which the men had left, but nothing was in the trap. They turned and began a weary walk through the desolate country back to their little tent. Small comfort waited for them there, as their provisions were low, only flour and bacon left. And they dared not eat much of that. They were downhearted, and to add to it a snow-storm came on and they lost their way. Almost a hopeless situation—an uninhabited country, winter, snow, hunger. And they were lost. '*Egaré. Perdu*,' Rafael said. But the Huron was far from giving up. He peered through the falling snow, not thick yet, and spied a mountain across a valley. He knew that mountain. He had worked near it for two years, logging—the *chantier*, they call it. He knew there was a good camp on a river near the mountain, and he knew there would be a stove in the camp and, as Rafael said, 'Mebbe we haf a luck and somebody done gone and lef' somet'ing to eat.' Rafael prefers to talk English to me. He told me all this in broken English.

"It was three miles to the hypothetical camp, but the two tired, hungry men in their rather wretched clothes started hopefully. And after a hard tramp through unbroken forest they came in sight of a log shanty and their spirits rose. 'Pretty tired work,' Rafael said it was. When they got close to the shanty they heard a noise, something moving inside. They halted and looked at each other. Rafael knew there were no loggers in these parts now, and you'll remember it was absolutely wild country. The men were

startled. Then something came to the window and looked out."

"*Something?*" repeated the Frenchman in italics. His eyes were wide and he was as intent on Rafael's story as heart could desire.

"They couldn't tell what it was," I went on. "A formless apparition, not exactly white or black, and huge and unknown of likeness. The Indians were frightened by a manner of unearthliness about the thing, and the brother-in-law fell on his knees and began to pray. 'It is the devil,' he murmured to Rafael. 'He will eat us, or carry us to hell.' And he prayed more.

"But old Rafael, scared to death, too, because the thing seemed not to be of this world, yet had his courage with him. 'Mebbe it devil,' he said—such was his report to me—'anyhow I'm cold and hungry, me. I want dat camp. I go shoot dat devil.'

"He crept up to the camp alone, the brother still praying in the bush. Rafael was rather convinced, mind you, that he was going to face the powers of darkness, but he had his rifle loaded and was ready for business. The door was open and he stepped inside. Something—'great beeg somet'ing' he put it—rose up and came at him, and he fired. And down fell the devil."

"In the name of a sacred pig, what was it?" demanded my Frenchman.

"That was what I asked. It was a bear. The men who had been logging in the camp two months back had left a keg of maple-syrup and a half barrel of flour, and the bear broke into both—successively—and alternately. He probably thought he was in bear-heaven for a while, but it must have gotten irksome. For his head was eighteen inches wide when they found him, white, with black touches. They soaked him in the river two days, and sold his skin for twenty dollars. 'Pretty good for devil skin,' Rafael said."

The Frenchman stared at me a moment and then leaned back in his chair and shouted with laughter. The greedy bear's finish had hit his funny-bone. And the three others stopped talking and demanded the story told over, which I did, condensing.

"I like zat Hurong for my soldier," Colonel Raffré stated heartily. "Ze man what are not afraid of man *or* of devil—zat is ze man to fight ze Boches." He was talking English now because Colonel Chichely was listening. He went on. "Zere is human devils—oh, but plentee—what we fight in France. I haf not heard of ozzers. But I believe well ze man who pull me out in sheet would be as your guide Rafael—he also would creep up wiz his rifle on real devil out of hell. But yes. I haf not told you how my Indian soldier bring in prisoners—no?"

We all agreed no, and put in a request.

"He brings zem in not one by one always—not always." The colonel grinned. He went on to tell this tale, which I shift into the vernacular from his laborious English.

It appears that he had discerned the aptitude of his Hurons for reconnaissance work. If he needed information out of the dangerous country lying in front, if he needed a prisoner to question, these men were eager to go and get either, get anything. The more hazardous the job the better, and for a long time they came out of it untouched. In the group one man—nicknamed by the poilus, his comrades,—Hirondelle—the Swallow—supposedly because of his lightness and swiftness, was easily chief. He had a fault, however, his dislike to bring in prisoners alive. Four times he had haled a German corpse before the colonel, seeming not rightly to understand that a dead enemy was useless for information.

"The Boches are good killing," he had elucidated to his officer. And finally: "It is well, m'sieur, the colonel. One failed to understand that the colonel prefers a live Boche to a dead one. Me, I am otherwise. It appears a pity to let live such vermin. Has the colonel, by chance, heard the things these savages did in Belgium? Yes? But then— Yet I will bring to m'sieur, the colonel, all there is to be desired of German prisoners alive —*en vie;* fat ones; *en masse.*"

That night Hirondelle was sent out with four of his fellow Hurons to get, if possible, a prisoner. Pretty soon he was separated from the others; all but himself returning empty-handed in a couple of hours. No Germans seemed to be abroad. But Hirondelle did not return.

"He risks too far," grumbled his captain. "He has been captured at last. I always knew they would kill him, one night."

But that was not the night. At one o'clock there was suddenly a sound of lamentation in the front trench of the French on that sector. The soldiers who were sleeping crawled out of their holes in the sides of the trench walls, and crowded around the zigzag, narrow way and rubbed their eyes and listened to the laughter of officers and soldiers on duty. There was Hirondelle, solemn as a church, yet with a dancing light in his eyes. There, around him, crowded as sheep to a shepherd, twenty figures in German uniform stood with hands up and wet tears running down pasty cheeks. And they were fat, it was noticeable that all of them were bulging of figure beyond even the German average. They wailed "Kamerad! Gut Kamerad!" in a chorus that was sickening to the plucky poilu make-up. Hirondelle, interrogated of many, kept his lips shut till the first excitement quieted. Then: "I report to my colonel," he stated, and finally he and his twenty were led back through the winding trench, and the colonel was waked to receive them. This was what had happened: Hirondelle had wandered about, mostly on his stomach, through the darkness and peril of No Man's Land, enjoying himself heartily; when suddenly he missed his companions and realized that he had had no sign of them for some time. That did not trouble him. He explained to the colonel that he felt "more free." Also that if he pulled off a success he would have "more glory." After two hours of this midnight amusement, in deadly danger every second, Hirondelle heard steps. He froze to the earth, as he had learned from wild things in North American forests. The steps came nearer. A star-shell away down the line lighted the scene so that Hirondelle, motionless on the ground, all keen eyes, saw two Germans coming toward him. Instantly he had a scheme. In a subdued growl, yet distinctly, he threw over his shoulder an order that eight men should go to the right and eight to the left. Then, on his feet, he sent into the darkness a stern "Halt!" Instantly there was a sputter, arms thrown up, the inevitable "Kamerad!" and Hirondelle ordered the first German to pass him, then a second. Out of the darkness emerged a third. Hirondelle waved him on, and with that there was a fourth. And a fifth. Behold a sixth. About then Hirondelle judged it wise to give more orders to his imaginary squad of sixteen. But such a panic had seized this German mob that little acting was necessary. Dark figure followed dark figure out of the darker night—arms up. They whimpered as they came, and on and on they came out of shadows. Hirondelle stated that he began to think the Crown Prince's army was surrendering to him. At last, when the procession stopped, he—and his mythical sixteen—marched the entire covey, without any objection from them, only abject obedience, to the French trenches.

The colonel, with this whining crowd weeping about him, with Hirondelle's erect figure confronting him, his black eyes regarding the cowards with scorn as he made his report—the colonel simply could not understand the situation. All these men! "What are you—soldiers?" he flung at the wretched group. And one answered. "No, my officer. We are not soldiers, we are the cooks." At that there was a wail. "Ach! Who, then, will the breakfast cook for my general? He will *schrecklich* angry be for his sausage and his sauerkraut."

By degrees the colonel got the story. A number of cooks had combined to protest against new regulations, and the general, to punish this astounding insubordination, had sent them out unarmed, petrified with terror, into No Man's Land for an hour. They had there encountered Hirondelle. Hirondelle drew the attention of the colonel to the fact that he had promised prisoners, fat ones. "Will my colonel regard the shape of these pigs," suggested Hirondelle. "And also that they are twenty in number. Enough *en masse* for one man to take, is it not, my colonel?"

The little dinner-party at the Frontenac discussed this episode. "Almost too good to be true, colonel," I objected. "You're sure it *is* true? Bring out your Hirondelle. He ought to be home wounded, with a war-cross on his breast, by now."

The colonel smiled and shook his head.

"It is that which I cannot do—show you my Hirondelle. Not here, and not in France, by *malheur*. For he ventured once too often and too far, as the captain prophesied, and he is dead. God rest the brave! Also a Croix de Guerre is indeed his, but no Hirondelle is there to claim it."

The silence of a moment was a salute to the soul of a warrior passed to the happy hunting-grounds. And then I began on another story of Rafael's adventures which something in the colonel's tale suggested.

The colonel, his winning face all a smile, interrupted. "Does one believe, then, in this Rafael of m'sieur who caps me each time my tales of my Huron Hirondelle? It appears to me that m'sieur has the brain of a story-teller and hangs good stories on a figure which he has built and named so—Rafael. Me, I cannot believe there exists this Rafael. I believe there is only one such gallant d'Artagnan of the Hurons, and it is—it was—my Hirondelle. Show me your Rafael, then!" demanded the colonel.

At that challenge the scheme which had flashed into my mind an hour ago gathered shape and power. "I will show him to you, colonel," I took up the challenge, "if you will allow me." I turned to include the others. "Isn't it possible for you all to call a truce and come up tomorrow to my club to be my guests for as long or as short a time as you will? I can't say how much pleasure it would give me, and I believe I could give you something also—great fishing, shooting, a moose, likely, or at least a caribou—and Rafael. I promise Rafael. It's not unlikely, colonel, that he may have known the Hirondelle. The Hurons are few. Do come," I threw at them.

They took it after their kind. The Englishman stared and murmured: "Awfully kind, I'm sure, but quite impossible." The Canadian, our next of kin, smiled, shaking his head like a brother. Fitzhugh put his arm of brawn about me again till that glorious star gleamed almost on my own shoulder, and patted me lovingly as he said: "Old son, I'd give my eyes to go, if I wasn't up to my ears in job."

But the Frenchman's dark face shone, and he lifted a finger that was like a sentence. It spoke reflection and eagerness and suspense. The rest of us gazed at that finger as if it were about to address us. And the colonel spoke. "I t'ink," brought out the colonel emphatically, "I t'ink I damn go."

And I snatched the finger and the hand of steel to which it grew, and wrung both. This was a delightful Frenchman. "Good!" I cried out. "Glorious! I want you all, but I'm mightily pleased to get one. Colonel, you're a sport."

"But, yes," agreed the colonel happily, "I am sport. Why not? I haf four days to wait till my sheep sail. Why not kip—how you say?—kip in my hand for shooting—go kill moose? I may talk immensely of zat moose in France—hein? Much more *chic* as to kill Germans, *n'est-ce-pas?* Everybody kill Germans."

At one o'clock next day the out-of-breath little train which had gasped up mountains for five hours from Quebec uttered a relieved shriek and stopped at a doll-house club station situated by itself in the wilderness. Four or five men in worn but clean clothes—they always start clean—waited on the platform, and there was a rapid fire of "*Bon jour*, m'sieur," as we alighted. Then ten quick eyes took in my colonel in his horizon-blue uniform. I was aware of a throb of interest. At once there was a scurry for luggage because the train must be held till it was off, and the guides ran forward to the baggage-car to help. I bundled the colonel down a sharp, short hill to the river, while smiling, observant Hurons, missing not a line of braid or a glitter of button, passed with bags and *pacquetons* as we descended. The blue and black and gold was loaded into a canoe with an Indian at bow and stern for the three-mile paddle to the club-house. He was already a schoolboy on a holiday with unashamed enthusiasm.

"But it is fun—fun, zis," he shouted to me from his canoe. "And *lequel*, m'sieur, which is Rafael?"

Rafael, in the bow of my boat, missed a beat of his paddle. It seemed to me he looked older than two years back, when I last saw him: His shoulders were bent, and his merry and stately personality was less in evidence. He appeared subdued. He did not turn with a smile or a grave glance of inquiry at the question, as I had expected. I nodded toward him.

"*Mais oui*," cried out the colonel. "One has heard of you, *mon ami*. One will talk to you later of shooting."

Rafael, not lifting his head, answered quietly: "*C'est bien*, m'sieur."

Just then the canoes slipped past a sandy bar decorated with a fresh moose track; the excitement of the colonel set us laughing. This man was certainly a joy! And with that, after the long paddle down the winding river and across two breezy lakes, we were at the club-house. We lunched, and in short order—for we wanted to make camp that night—I dug into my *pacquetons* and transformed my officer into a sportsman, his huge delight in Abernethy & Flitch's creations being a part of the game. Then we were off.

One has small chance for associating with guides while travelling in the woods. One sits in a canoe between two, but if there is a wind and the boat is *chargé* their hands are full with the small craft and its heavy load; when the landing is made and the "messieurs" are *débarqués*, instantly the men are busy lifting canoes on their heads and packs on their backs in bizarre, piled-up masses to be carried from a leather tump-line, a strap of two inches wide going around the forehead. The whole length of the spine helps in the carrying. My colonel watched Delphise, a husky specimen, load. With a grunt he swung up a canvas U. S. mail-bag stuffed with *butin*, which includes clothes and books and shoes and tobacco and cartridges and more. With a half-syllable Delphise indicated to Laurent a bag of potatoes weighing eighty pounds, a box of tinned biscuit, a wooden package of cans of condensed milk, a rod case, and a raincoat. These Laurent added to the spine of Delphise.

"How many pounds?" I asked, as the dark head bent forward to equalize the strain.

Delphise shifted weight with another grunt to gauge the pull. "About a hundred and eighty pounds, m'sieur—quite heavy—*assez pesant*." Off he trotted uphill, head bent forward.

The colonel was entranced. "Hardy fellows—the making of fine soldiers," he commented, tossing his cigarette away to stare.

That night after dinner—but it was called supper—the colonel and I went into the big, airy log kitchen with the lake looking in at three windows and the forest at two doors. We gunned over with the men plans for the next day, for the most must be made of every minute of this precious military holiday. I explained how precious it was, and then I spoke a few words about the honor of having as our guest a soldier who had come from the front, and who was going back to the front. For the life of me I could not resist a sentence more about the two crosses they had seen on his uniform that day. The Cross of War, the Legion of Honor! I could not let my men miss that! Rafael had been quiet and colorless, and I was disappointed in the show qualities of my show guide. But the colonel beamed with satisfaction in everything and everybody, and received my small introduction with a bow and a flourish worthy of Carnegie Hall.

"I am happy to be in this so charming camp, in this forest magnificent, on these ancient mountains," orated the colonel floridly. "I am most pleased of all to have Huron Indians as my guides, because between Hurons and me there are memories." The men were listening spell-bound. "But yes. I had Huron soldiers serving in my regiment, just now at the western front, of whom I thought highly. They were all that there is, those Hurons of mine, of most fearless, most skilful. One among them was pre-eminent. Some of you may have known him. I regret to say that I never knew his real name, but among his comrades he went by the name of l'Hirondelle. From that name one guesses his qualities—swift as a swallow, untamable, gay, brave to a foolishness, moving in dashes not to be followed—such was my Hirondelle. And yet this swift bird was in the end shot down."

At this point in the colonel's speech I happened to look at Rafael, back in the shadows of the half-lighted big room. His eyes glittered out of the dimness like disks of fire, his face was strained, and his figure bent forward. "He must have known this chap, the Swallow," I thought to myself. "Just possibly a son or brother or nephew of his." The colonel was going on, telling in fluent, beautiful French the story of how Hirondelle, wrapped in a sheet, had rescued him. The men drank it in. "When those guides are old, old

fellows, they'll talk about this night and the colonel's speech to their great-grandchildren," I considered, and again the colonel went on.

"Have I m'sieur's permission to *raconter* a short story of the most amusing which was the last escapade of my Hirondelle before he was killed?"

M'sieur gave his permission eagerly, and the low murmur of the voices of the hypnotized guides, standing in a group before the colonel, added to its force and set him smiling.

"It was like this," he stated. "My Hirondelle was out in No Man's Land of a night, strictly charged to behave in a manner *comme il faut*, for he was of a rashness, and we did not wish to lose him. He was valuable to us, and beyond that the regiment had an affection for him. For such reasons his captain tried—but, yes—to keep him within bounds. As I say, on this night he had received particular orders to be *sage*. So that the first thing the fellow does is to lose his comrades, for which he had a *penchant*, one knows. After that he crawls over that accursed country, in and out of shell-holes, rifle in his teeth likely—the good God knows where else, for one need be all hands and feet for such crawling. He crawled in that fashion till at last he lost himself. And then he was concerned to find out where might be our trenches, till in time he heard a sound of snoring and was well content. Home at last. He tumbled into a dark trench, remarking only that it was filled with men since he left, and so tired he was with his adventure that he pushed away the man next, who was at the end, to gain space, and he rolled over to sleep. But that troublesome man next still took too much room. Our Hirondelle planted him a kick in the middle of the back. At which the man half waked and swore at him—in German. And dropped off to sleep again with his leg of a pig slung across Hirondelle's chest. At that second a star-shell lighted up the affair, and Hirondelle, staring with much interest, believe me, saw a trench filled with sleeping Boches. To get out of that as quietly as might be was the game—*n'est-ce-pas, mes amis?* But not for Hirondelle.

"'My colonel has a liking for prisoners,' he reported later. 'My captain's orders were to conduct oneself *très comme il faut*. It is always *comme il faut* to please the colonel. Therefore it seemed *en règle* to take a prisoner. I took him. *Le v'là.*'

"What the fellow did was to wait till the Boche next door was well asleep, then slowly remove his rifle, then fasten on his throat with a grip which Hirondelle understood, and finally to overpower the Boche till he was ready enough to crawl out at the muzzle of Hirondelle's rifle."

There was a stir in the little group of guides, and from the shadows Rafael's voice spoke.

"Mon colonel—pardon!"

The colonel turned sharply. "Who is that?"

"There were two Germans," spoke the voice out of the shadows.

The colonel, too astonished to answer, stared. The voice, trembling, old, went on. "The second man waked and one was obliged to strangle him also. One brought the brace to the captain at the end of the carabine—rifle."

"In heaven's name who are you?" demanded the colonel.

From where old Rafael had been, bowed and limp in his humble, worn clothes, stepped at a stride a soldier, head up, shoulders squared, glittering eyes forward, and stood at attention. It was like magic. One hand snapped up in a smart salute.

"Who are you?" whispered the colonel.

"If the colonel pleases—l'Hirondelle."

I heard the colonel's breath come and go as he peered, leaning forward to the soldierly figure. "*Nom de Ciel,*" he murmured, "I believe it is." Then in sharp sentences: "You were reported killed. Are you a deserter?"

The steady image of a soldier dropped back a step.

"My colonel—no."

"Explain this."

Rafael—l'Hirondelle—explained. He had not been killed, but captured and sent to a German prison-camp.

"You escaped?" the colonel threw in.

"But yes, my colonel."

The colonel laughed. "One would know it. The clumsy Boches could not hold the Swallow."

"But no, my colonel."

"Go on."

"One went to work before light, my

colonel, in that accursed prison-camp. One was out of sight from the guard for a moment, turning a corner, so that on a morning I slipped into some bushes and hid in a dugout—for it was an old camp—all day. That night I walked. I walked for seven nights and lay hid for seven days, eating, my colonel, very little. Then, *v'là*, I was in front of the French lines."

"You ran across to our lines?"

"But not exactly. One sees that I was yet in dirty German prison clothes, and looked like an infantryman of the Boches, so that a poilu rushed at me with a bayonet. I believed, then, that I had come upon a German patrol. Each thought the other a Hun. I managed to wrest from the poilu his rifle with the bayonet, but as we fought another shot me—in the side."

"You were wounded?"

"Yes, my colonel."

"In hospital?"

"Yes, my colonel."

"How long?"

"Three months, my colonel."

"Why are you not again in the army?"

The face of the erect soldier, Hirondelle, the dare-devil, was suddenly the face of a man grown old, ill, and broken-hearted. He stared at the stalwart French officer, gathering himself with an effort. "I—was discharged, my colonel, as—unfit." His head in its old felt hat dropped into his hands suddenly, and he broke beyond control into sobs that shook not only him but every man there.

The colonel stepped forward and put an arm around the bent shoulders. "*Mon héros!*" said the colonel.

With that Rafael found words, never a hard task for him. Yet they came with gasps between.

"To be cast out as an old horse—at the moment of glory! I had dreamed all my life—of fighting. And I had it—oh, my colonel—I had it! The glory came when I was old and knew how to be happy in it. Not as a boy who laughs and takes all as his right. I was old, yes, but I was good to kill the vermin. I avenged the children and the women whom those savages— My people, the savages of the wood, knew no better, yet they have not done things as bad as these vile ones who were educated, who knew. Therefore I killed them. I was old, but I was strong, my colonel knows. Not for nothing have I lived a hard life. *On a vu de la misère*, I have hunted moose and bear and kept my muscles of steel and my eyes of a hawk. It is in my blood to be a fighting man. I fought with pleasure, and I was troubled with no fear. I was old, but I could have killed many devils more. And so I was shot down by my own friend after seven days of hard life. And the young soldier-doctor discharged me as unfit to fight. And so I came home very fast to hide myself, for I am ashamed. I am finished. The fighting and the glory are for me no more."

The colonel stepped back a bit and his face flamed. "Glory!" he whispered. "Glory no more for the Hirondelle? What of the Croix de Guerre?"

Rafael shook his head. "I haf heard my colonel who said they would have given me—me, the Hirondelle—the war-cross. That now is lost too."

"Lost!" The colonel's deep tone was full of the vibration which only a French voice carries. With a quick movement he unfastened the catch that held the green ribbon, red-striped, of his own cross of war. He turned and pinned the thing which men die for on the shabby coat of the guide. Then he kissed him on either cheek. "My comrade," he said, "your glory will never be old."

There was deep silence in the camp kitchen. The crackling of wood that fell apart, the splashing of the waves of the lake on the pebbles by the shore were the only sounds on earth. For a long minute the men stood as if rooted; the colonel, poised and dramatic, and I, stirred to the depths of my soul by this great ceremony which had come out of the skies to its humble setting in the forest—the men and the colonel and I, we all watched Rafael.

And Rafael slowly, yet with the iron tenacity of his race, got back his control. "My colonel," he began, and then failed. The Swallow did not dare trust his broken wings. It could not be done—to speak his thanks. He looked up with black eyes shining through tears which spoke everything.

"To-morrow," he stated brokenly, "if we haf a luck, my colonel and I go kill a moose."

They had a luck.

# THE BRITISH INDUSTRIAL CRISIS

## BY J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN

### I

ONE is startled to see to-day on the Gothic tower of the Hôtel de Ville at Douai a golden figure weakly swinging a lilting palm which ever seems about to fall. In this curious phenomenon there appears some likeness of the way Great Britain is now swinging uneasily in the shifting winds of economic uncertainty. The end of the war with Germany has not been the end of difficult problems for the British. While peace-making was still going on, while over 2,000,000 had been demobilized, while there was serious unemployment, and while foreign trade was badly disorganized, employers and the government were faced with the most extreme demands of organized labor. These demands may or may not be justified. However that may be, just at a time when every nerve was quivering under heavy strain, when in a period of transition industry was anxious and uncertain, Great Britain was called upon to meet a new strain, economic and political, as critical as anything she has faced in a century. What makes the prospect more ominous is that this new and pressing danger is—consciously or unconsciously—aimed directly at the productive power of British industry. Without any regard to their effects on the general prosperity of the nation industrial and political elements have chosen this critical moment to make demands which touch the very nerve-centre of industry and even of social order. The methods of obtaining these extreme demands concern the thinking men of every country, including our own.

### II

THE setting of this new conflict is worth some description. As is obvious, no one of the various economic questions stands by itself. They are all more or less closely related. The matters of industry and production intimately affect the carrying of the huge war debt. In Austin Chamberlain's recent preference budget it was placed at $38,400,000,000. If there be subtracted from this total the loans to allies and to British Dominions, perhaps $8,400,000,000, the annual interest at 5 per cent on the balance of $30,000,000,000 is $1,500,000,000. Not only must Great Britain carry this war debt together with a sinking fund for the ultimate extinction of the principal, but she must meet heavy demands arising from the war, such as heavy pensions, aids to families of dead and maimed soldiers, and all the outlays of demobilization and reconstruction—in addition to the burden of a normal budget for the ordinary expenses of government. This estimate is the very minimum for the future. For 1919–1920, however, the charge for National Debt Service is $1,800,000,000, while the total expenditure is $7,174,550,000. Under all the high pressure of war necessities the total income for the same year is placed at $6,005,500,000. From taxes alone, $4,700,000,000 are counted upon. Thus, in brief, we get a view of the prodigious burden placed by the war on British industry. Can her industry withstand this pressure? The war demands can be met only by taking out of the country's production enormously greater sums than was ever dreamed of in the past. If her productive efficiency can be increased by greater effort on the part of all the factors of production, the task can be performed. But if anything should be introduced into the situation which would lower the output for the same units of labor, capital, and management, then the task may well be regarded as insuperable.

### III

THE power to meet the demands of the most expensive war in all history, therefore, is primarily related to the efficiency of British production. It is on this matter that the eyes of the economic world are

now converging. Here is to be found the chief interest in studying the future of British industry and commerce.

It is to be recalled that Great Britain rose to the highest position in the world of commerce by being the first to change from the limited productivity of handicraft to the amazing productivity and low costs due to the invention and use of labor-saving machinery. By supplying the world with goods more cheaply than any other producers, she had the means by which she could feed and enrich a large manufacturing population. Even with the spread of science and mechanical skill throughout other countries, Great Britain thus far has succeeded in retaining her relative supremacy. Can she, however, continue to hold it?

Before the war, Germany engaged in a fanatical crusade to take away the supremacy from British industry. Fifty years late she also changed from handicraft to machine-made production, making an amazing absolute progress, but still not gaining a relative superiority over Great Britain. Obsessed by her material development, she thought the time had arrived to destroy her commercial rival by the sheer force of military might. As we know, wanton, unjustifiable, brutal force failed. But it is a question whether the tyranny of German military autocracy has been a more dangerous menace to the commercial existence of Great Britain than a new form of tyranny which is now rising to grasp the very throat of industry. It is the essence of tyranny that a group tries to rule by forcing its own opinions down the throats of those who do not agree with them. It makes no difference whether this is a military group led by a Napoleon or a Bismarck, or a group of fanatics who organize under the name of Bolsheviki. To-day in Great Britain industry is faced by an organized tyranny, not of Bolsheviki, but of organized labor. Even though this may be an unconscious outcome of the efforts of labor to improve its conditions, yet it remains, whether fully realized or not, as great a menace as the forces from which she has just been delivered. The total body of labor is but one element, or one part—of course, an essential part—of society, but organized labor is only a part of the whole body of labor. And yet the labor leaders in Great Britain to-day have industry and the government by the throat. They propose to force their views, or that of a minority, on the country as a whole. When an organized minority regulates an unorganized majority we have a form of tyranny, against which the elements of democracy must sooner or later begin to create an organized opposition. Such is the British labor situation.

## IV

In sympathy with the hopes of the labor organization, it must be obviously said that the lives of many working men are passed under conditions so drab and depressing that all fair-minded persons should join in every effort for their improvement. The pigsties and living places where many pass the time when out of the mine or factory are causes for degradation and waste of human lives. However, it is believed by many of them that this war has brought in a new order of thinking, a desire not to go back to old ways of life, old ways of labor, and the old social order. In its essence, the basis of discontent seems to be found in a dissatisfaction with the share of the industrial product going to labor; that is, with the material rewards of labor. So large have been the payments to munitions-workers during the war that they have become accustomed to an expenditure never before known; they have bought unprecedented quantities of jewelry, furs, and cheap luxuries, for which they wish to retain a purchasing power in the future. Although much higher wages without the character to spend them is not the solution of social discontent, yet the ethics of expenditure by the rich cannot be said to be of a sort to set an example to the munitions-workers now looking to the future. Therefore, much is to be said in support of the very natural and justifiable demands by the less-well-paid members of society for higher wages and for more leisure for improvement in mind and health. For a better life and higher conditions of existence to workmen in all industries there can be only a common and hearty Godspeed from all decent persons. The industrial system should be a means to an end resulting in a fuller and freer life. On this we are all agreed.

The only question of doubt and disagreement remains as to the means to bring about the desired end.

## V

THE means chosen to gain more material rewards makes all the difference in the world as to their acceptance. Morals and justice still remain the only foundations for a permanent social structure. Right, not might, is without question the main inheritance from this awful war. The power to take by force from others cannot for a moment be recognized as a means for bringing in a new social order. Every proposal must be justified on grounds of justice and right. Is any form of "direct action" to be accepted as the true remedy for impatient workers who long for a larger consumption? Shall the man who wants take? Or shall there be some test of the relation between a worker's power to consume and his power to produce?

The crisis in British industry brought about by the demands of organized labor is to be studied in the light of the means proposed to gain its end. Fortunately, for our enlightenment we have a clear and recent statement of its purposes.* Are these demands to be had from society for the asking, or is their realization directly related to the productive efficiency of British industry? Can the hopes for a better and fuller life for the worker be reached without regard to the present or future output of the united factors of production?

(1) Labor demands a new share in, if not the whole, control of industry. "With increasing vehemence labor is challenging the whole structure of capitalistic industry as it now exists." That is, the new order is to be socialistic. "Unrest proceeds not only from more immediate and special grievances but also, to an increasing extent, from a desire to substitute a democratic system of public ownership and production for use with an increasing element of control by the organized workers themselves for the existing capitalistic organization of industry." Labor "holds strongly that the development of national resources under public ownership is the most urgent need of industry at the present time." "This extension of public ownership over vital industries should be accompanied by the granting to the organized workers of the greatest practicable amount of control over the conditions and the management of the various industries." In brief, that important factor of production, management—which is a function separate from labor or capital—is to be handed over to labor. The greater share demanded by labor is thus to be obtained by giving the management to labor, on the supposition —as yet unsupported by reason or experience—that industry will thereby become more productive; or, if not, that existing shares will nevertheless be altered in favor of higher wages.

(2) Nationalization, or a socialistic control over industry, is to be had by threats to employers and the government that failure to grant it will be followed by wide-spread unrest which may assume "dangerous forms." Lloyd George has had his rash utterances amusingly thrown in his teeth. "The most prominent spokesmen of the government . . . have constantly told the workers that we should never revert to the old conditions of industry and that an altogether higher standard of life and an altogether superior status for the worker in industry would be secured as soon as the immediate burden of hostilities was removed. . . . The Prime Minister's own words to the Labor Party Deputation are worth quoting. He said:

"I am not afraid of the audacity of these proposals. I believe the settlement after the war will succeed in proportion to its audacity. . . . Therefore, what I should be looking forward to, I am certain, if I could have presumed to have been the adviser of the working classes, would be this: I should say to them audacity is the thing for you. Think out new ways; think out new methods; think out even new ways of dealing with old problems. Don't always be thinking of getting back to where you were before the war; get a really new world."

A new socialistic order is the response of the worker to the Prime Minister. The political value of the labor vote to him seems to be the reason for the following threats:

*Industrial Conference. Report of Provisional Joint Committee. April 4, 1919. Appendix—Trade Union Memorandum.

"It is clear that unless and until the government is prepared to realize the need for comprehensive reconstruction on a democratic basis, and to formulate a constructive policy leading toward economic democracy, there can be at most no more than a temporary diminution of industrial unrest to be followed inevitably by further waves of constantly growing magnitude."

"The changes involved in this reconstruction must, of course, be gradual, but if unrest is to be prevented from assuming *dangerous forms* an adequate assurance must be given immediately to the workers that the whole problem is being taken courageously in hand. It is not enough merely to tinker with particular grievances or to endeavor to reconstruct the old system by slight adjustments to meet the new demands of labor. It is essential to question the whole basis on which our industry has been conducted in the past and to endeavor to find, in substitution for the motive of private gain, some other motive which will serve better as the foundation of a democratic system. That motive can be no other than the motive of public service, which . . . should be the dominant motive throughout the whole industrial system."

These quotations sufficiently illustrate the purpose to gain the industrial ends of organized British labor by political means.

There was a familiar sound in the words of President Wilson's message to the extra session of Congress when he said that a community of interest between capital and labor "can be made operative and manifest only in a new organization of industry" and that "the object of all reform in this essential matter must be a genuine *democratization* of industry." Does this mean nationalization, or a new control of industry?

## VI

Such being the objective of organized labor, and the means being almost entirely political, the real issue before the British public is unmistakably clear. Nowhere in the scheme is there any admission that the possibility of higher industrial rewards should have any relation whatever to increasing productivity of industry. If politics should give a new control over industry, that power would change the present distribution of its output. Take the coal industry as an illustration, and because its operations have been recently given full publicity. There are some questions as to the disposition and rights to certain royalties which involve matters of inheritance and property rights under English law which stand by themselves. These apart, the possibility of increasing wages for a given quality of labor touches directly the cost of producing coal and its price at home and in international markets. High wages can go only with low costs. The United States with low costs was able to pay high wages and yet sell at a low price a unit of product in countries whose wages were low, because the number of units of product put out by labor and capital were large. For Great Britain to act so as to increase the cost of coal is to reduce her export of coal and to raise its price to home producers. To do so is to strike at the very prop of British industry. And yet the miners—in conjunction with the railway and transport workers constituting the Triple Alliance—in March, 1919, held industry by the throat until the most of their demands were granted; the principle of nationalization was insisted upon. Thus the government was driven to create an industrial conference between employers and workers. For the success of the governmental scheme the employers were urged to favor organization of labor in order that labor could be negotiated with in the conferences, even though the political policy of the government generally implied yielding to the demands of labor at the expense of the employers. Those Americans who have been impressed by the British political programme on labor have little basis for recommending to the United States that organization of labor should be encouraged by employers, because not only is the British situation very different from ours, but also the investigator should not be trapped by the purely political view of the problem to the exclusion of its industrial phases. The government scheme is an evident palliative to meet the positive and extreme demands of labor. Labor knows this. It takes all it can get by threats in this critical time of transition

from war to peace. It consolidates its position at every advance only to make a further demand and another advance at the first opportunity toward its ultimate goal of socialistic control. In contrast with the masterly offensive of organized labor, the employers are inarticulate and make a pitiable presentation of their case. Thus the situation grows more and more dangerous for British industry. There seems to be in sight no leader, no body of opinion, capable of stopping this easy descent to Avernus—unless there arises an unconscious resistance from the conservative tendencies of the mass of British workers and the middle classes so soon as the radical character of the labor plans loom up as possible certainties. Already the by-elections show an unwillingness of the voters to follow the startling policies of the government.

## VII

Looking at the crisis from the labor point of view, and with full sympathy for its desire to have a fuller life and a higher standard of living, there is much to be said for its accomplishment. How can the workers obtain this? Obviously, not merely by having more wages to spend. In Wales, where housing conditions among the coal-miners have been pictured as exceptionally bad, it has been shown that war wages have been more than sufficient to obtain decent houses but that adherence to old habits is so strong as to prevent an improvement in the standard of living. A reduction in hours of labor by no means leads inevitably to mental or moral improvement, but only too generally to more hours in the public houses. Improvements in moral standards and in the quality and efficiency of British education is of far more importance than more money to spend.

Granting, however, that higher wages would bring a higher standard of living, can it be obtained by political action, or by merely shifting the forms of control over industry? If nationalization were realized—which, of course, is very doubtful—there would come with it two questionable results: (1) Should higher wages be reached without higher productivity of industry, the increase in costs would mean that the higher wages would be thrown either upon the consumer or the taxpayer. (2) Should a larger share of the management of industry be transferred from the best-trained experts to those who are chosen because of affiliation with organized labor, we are likely to see a reduction in the efficiency of technical and financial management which can have no other outcome than higher costs and a blow at British commercial supremacy. That is, the labor programme, if wages are increased according to its theories, aims directly at a result which must militate against the very maintenance of these higher wages. Anything which works to destroy industry also works to destroy the source of wages. It can hardly be more clear that the labor programme is obstinately directed against the prosperity of the nation as a whole. Its success inevitably means a crisis in British industry.

Yet every friend of the workers must hope that they will gain a higher standard of living. That consummation would be a happy result not only for them but for society as a whole. The really important matter is the decision on the means to obtain that end. It can scarcely be denied that, as advised by their present leaders, they are following a hopeless quest. To take because they want is not a safe guide of action. On the contrary, it can scarcely be denied that a higher standard of living can be had only through changes which will bring in higher ethical standards and a system of education which will create a wide-spread intelligence and skill. There should be progress of a kind that would be effective in controlling conduct and expenditures. Such progress, of course, must be necessarily slow. But with these ethical and educational changes there must be combined a steady industrial progress in all the equipment and in the various devices by which the productivity of the industrial factors—of which the chief is management—should be enlarged. And yet the present labor programme consists mainly of reasons why higher wages should be paid; while the means to obtain them, such as nationalization and an increasing share in management, do not provide for increasing productivity.

If we should be asked to follow the example of Great Britain in her labor experiments, it would be much as if a person filled with emulation at the success of a menagerie should borrow for his private use a lion which would be certain to eat him up. On our official tower of economic authority it can scarcely be wise to set up a symbol of uncertainty like that on the Hôtel de Ville at Douai.

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# MY FRIEND PETE LEBEAUX

By Frank B. Linderman

Hi'm lak de fall—well, spring-tam, too.
An' winter, jist de sam;
But hon de fall, Oh! my; Oh! my,
Dat's sure de busy tam.
Hol beaver's workin' 'ard she can,
De pine-squirrel's ronnin' roun'
Among de leaf de quakin'-asp
Is trowin' hon de groun'.
De white-tail deer, tsst-tsst, tsst-tsst:
She's jist so fat kin be;
An' dock an' goose hupon de marsh,
An' pheasant hon de tree.
Hol Moosh-rat's talkin' to hisself,
A-swimmin' near de shore,
An' touch canoe wid paddle-blade—
Echo! Ba Oui, Encore.
Dat bird—I don't know nam English—
Got very 'ard de face—
She's poun' hon tree, Brrrrrrrrrrrr, dat way,
Den pass hon nodder place.
Wood-pecker, Oui, sure, dat's de boy,
She's look por bog, maybe,
An' mak de noise w'en mornin's bring
De sunlight hon de tree.
Hol Pete, she's comin' for de hont:
She's holler hout "Lenore,
Wat for you stay hon bed Mon Cher.
De daylight's hon de door.
Wak hup! Wak hup! and 'ear de loon
She's cryin' hon de lak,
An' chickadee he's 'appy too
From all de row he's mak."
Of course hi'm laugh; Pete mak believe
Hi'm sleep hon bonk, you know,
An' stop houtside an' play lak dat;
She's good man, Pete LeBeaux.
Hi'm ope de door—hol Pete's is bow;
Bonjure, monsieur Lenore,
Hi'm comin' 'ere as prearrange'
Las' night hon trader's store.
Hi'm tak my gon—maybe some grub,
An' den hol Pete an' me,
We're 'appy jist lak leetle boy;
She's good friend, Pete, por me.



"I interrupted a heart-to-heart talk between a Zulu chief and a Theda Bara vampire."

# THE PARTHENON FREEZE

## By Sarah Redington

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. E. HILL

HE came into the studio whistling, his fuzzy green hat cocked at a rakish angle, and his smile a challenge to a whole army of glooms. "Hello, Sid!" he shouted, with a staggering clap on his friend's shoulder. "How's the boy?"

"Fine and dandy!" The artist thrust out a paint-stained hand, and clapped back with interest. "Have any trouble finding your way to my shop?"

"Believe me, I did!" Matherson mopped a heated forehead and dropped into a big chair with a sigh of exhaustion, real or feigned. "Talk of getting lost in the streets of London; that's nothing to wandering around in the mazes of a movie city! I was from Missouri, all right. Well, at last I interrupted a heart-to-heart talk between a Zulu chief and a Theda Bara vampire, and they put me straight. They took a gloomy view of my finding you in, though—said you might be painting sets in the Belgian village."

"Well, you're here, anyway, and I'm glad to see you, Ed," the artist interrupted. "And you brought the kid—good enough! Say, I don't believe I've seen him since he sat in his go-cart with a bottle. Looks like you a lot." He said this with conviction, knowing it would please, and the proud father smiled fatuously.

"He's some kid, all right," he began. "Listen, Sid, the other day—" The artist interrupted the saga with an alarmed "Here, don't let him touch that scene; it's fresh paint!" He made a grab at the seat of the pink-chambray rompers, and the three-year-old set up a roar and fled to sanctuary. Matherson smiled patronizingly at the bachelor's alarm.

"He'll be all right, Sid, I'll keep tabs on him. Hi, Buster, stop yelling, nobody's going to hurt you." He applied

his crumpled handkerchief to the button of a pink nose, with a whispered "Blow—blow *hard!*" and pulled the soft little body into the cuddling curve of his big arm. "There now, you sit still while dad talks to the gentleman. You got my letter, Sid?"

The artist nodded, and handed his guest a fat cigar. "Have a smoke while you're unloading the Big Idea. You wrote me you wanted to see me on business, but you didn't say what. Taken to writing scenarios and want them placed—is that it?" He looked quizzically at his guest, adding with emphasis: "If it's war stuff, nothing doing. We're just about fed up with heart-interest films about soldiers and Red Cross dames, especially since everybody thinks the U. S. should come into the fight, too."

Matherson shook his head. "Gosh, no," he said. "I couldn't write a scenario if I tried, and a war in Europe don't come my way much. What I want you to help me in is something quite different." He began to beat a tattoo on the table edge, avoiding his host's eye. "Listen, Sid, you don't have to spend *all* your time painting sets for the Mammoth Movies, do you? Could you get around to decorating my ice-cream parlors? Say, I know what you're thinking," with an embarrassed laugh. "And you're right. I sure brought my nerve with me to ask you to take on a job like that. But I'm asking you because I've got to have a real artist to put the thing over. Here, wait a minute." He got up with infinite care, went over to the big divan in the corner, and deposited a little bundle of pink chambray among the cushions. "He's sound asleep; that's good. Now we can talk."

"Play ball, then, Ed," said the artist, hiding a yawn. "You want me to make a noise like Michael Angelo on the ceiling of your ice-cream joint. Is that it?"

"Was Michael Angelo a Greek?"

"No, he hailed from sunny Italy."

Matherson shook his head. "It's Greek stuff, not Dago, I'm looking for. I want you to make a noise like the old fellows who sculped in Athens—B. C. something or other. And it isn't ceiling work, it's a frieze. You know what that is, don't you, all around the top of the wall? Look here." He opened the big book he had brought, and flicked the pages with a strong, square thumb and finger. "Here it is! Rows and rows of Greek girls in draped nighties, carrying things. Bright colors, I guess—I mean, I want my color scheme to be kinder cheerful. Get the idea?"

The artist nodded. "Highbrow stuff for a college town—I'm on. You call your joint the 'Cap and Apron,' don't you?"

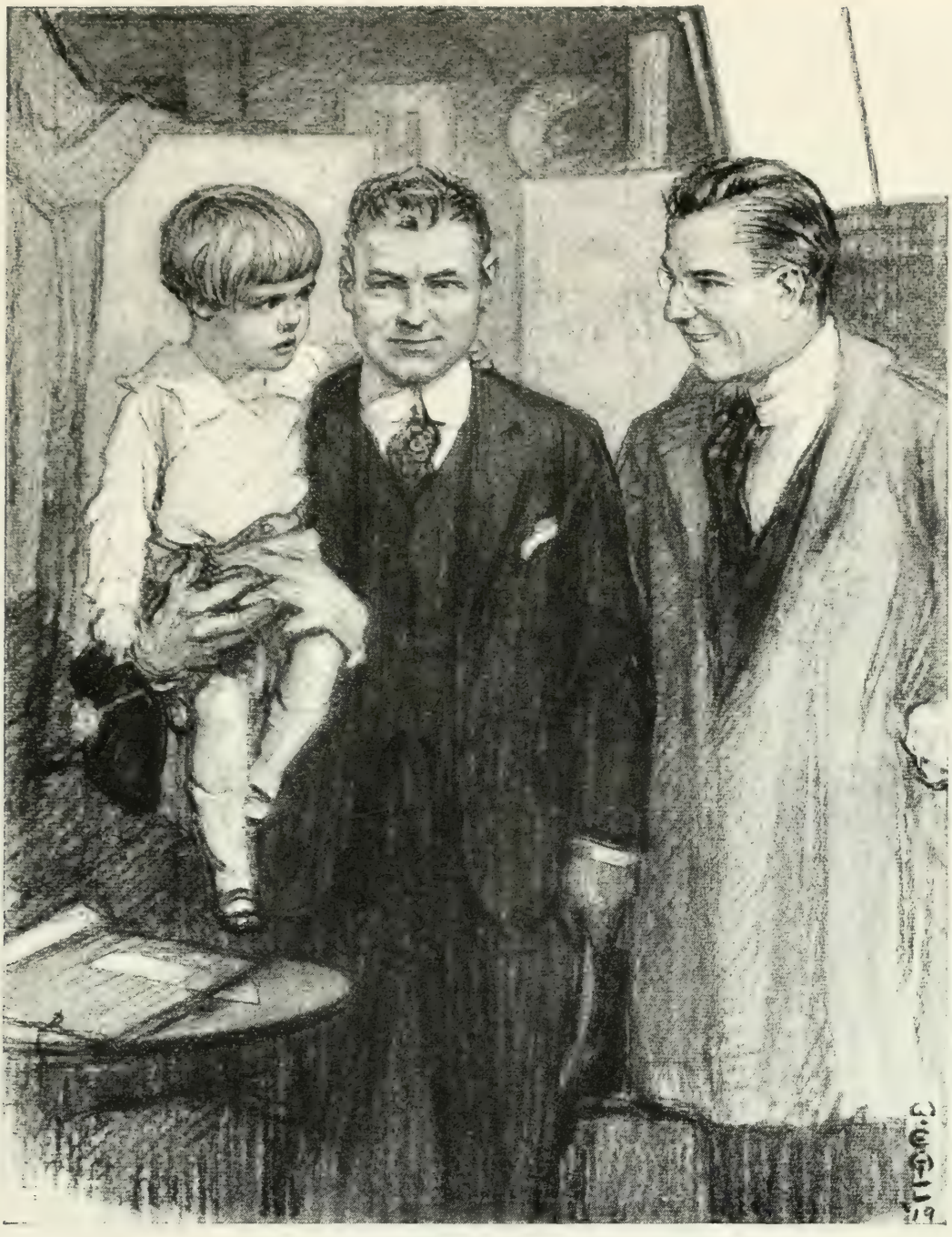
"'Cap and Gown,' you bonehead!" The scorn in Matherson's voice was blasting, but the artist merely grinned. "All right, Ed, don't get sore. I knew it was something that sounded like waitresses. Now, let's see." He looked at the picture proffered him, and nodded understandingly. "An endless chain of Greek waitresses, carrying sundaes and sodas—yes, that's not a bad idea. Might take with the co-eds, anyway. What's this paragraph all pencil-marked for?"

"Wait, I'll read you that later." Matherson shut the book on his half-smoked cigar, and turned to the artist, his eyes dancing. "I want to tell you first why I'm doping out this idea. I'm going to change the name of the store—'Cap and Gown' is old stuff, and it doesn't make a hit with students at an up-to-date, brand-new college like Wharton University. Now that you've seen the picture, can't you guess the name?" His hands fumbled with a folded piece of paper, which, at the artist's lazy "Haven't the slightest," he spread before him with a happy grin. "There! What do you think of that for some little idea?"

It was a masterpiece of careful lettering, artistically done in red and black ink. It read as follows:

AT THE
SIGN OF THE PARTHENON FREEZE
Frozen Dainties
CLASSY DRINKS IN CLASSIC SHADES!

"Well, what do you know about that?" the artist said in frank admiration. "Spelling it 'freeze' for an ice-cream joint, say, that's great! Lemme see the picture again; I've got a big idea. Does that



"Poor Buster, where's his tongue?"—Page 174.

stuff you marked describe the frieze at all?"

"Yep, I'll read it to you. 'In this procession, starting from the southwestern corner'—well, we can cut all that out, and begin with the dope about the figures. Here you are. 'All that was beautiful and excellent in Athens is seen united: The noble bloom of maidenhood, the fresh strength of youths trained in gymnastic exercise, and the solemn dignity of magistrates chosen by the people.'" Matherson slammed the book shut, and grabbed the artist by the shoulder. "Co-eds and football-players, Sid," he shouted. "Won't it be great? Can you do it?" The artist nodded, almost as excited as his client, and began making preliminary sketches on the cover page of a scenario entitled "Hearts and Gas-Masks." "We'll have a highbrow or two for the solemn dignity of magistrates," he chuckled. "Say, Ed, could you get a picture of any of the faculty?"

"The Greek professor, that's the boy you want!" Matherson's voice rose to

a crow of joy. "Some compliment, all right, putting him into the frieze, for he's just written a book about all that sort of thing—that's how I could get a picture for you. The *Purple and Green* had his photo in the last number, on account of the book. He's got a beard and a high forehead; he'll look perfectly dandy all dolled up in drapes."

The artist did an imaginary Greek professor on the scenario cover, and chuckled to himself. "I'm not so sure about the compliment," he said, "but I guess he belongs in the frieze more than any old professor of bug-ology. Hullo, look who's here!" The three-year-old had waked up, and slid down from the divan; now he trotted over to put a fat little fist on his father's hand. At the soft touch Matherson's face became one glow of pride and tenderness. "Buster, old man," he said, "dad's going to make a pile of money, and he's got his plans well doped out for you, all right. Come on now, we'll go home and tell mother what a nice trolley ride we had. Through with those books, Sid? Adele got 'em out of the library, and I've got to take 'em back in a day or so, but if you need the pictures——"

"No, I've got the idea all right." The artist swept his sketch into a portfolio, and became the host again. "Come again," he said heartily, shaking the pudgy hand that Buster, audibly prompted by his father, was thrusting forward. "I'll have some candy for you next time, or an ice-cream cone." Then he added with a grin: "But I don't suppose that would make a hit with him; he probably has ice-cream for breakfast, if daddy's in the business. Is he going to run the Parthenon Freeze twenty years from now, Ed, when you retire?"

"Not much; I've got other plans for him. Tell the gentleman what you're going to be when you grow up, son." But Buster preserved a lofty and dignified silence.

"I guess he's lost his tongue," the artist suggested, his mind throwing back to the painful jocosities of his childhood. "Poor Buster, where's his tongue?" Buster looked unutterable scorn at the pleasantry, and remained obstinately silent. "Well, never mind," Matherson interposed hastily, "he'll tell you next time. We've got to beat it now; it's getting late for his supper. Come on, sonny, dad'll carry you pickaback." He put careful arms under the fat socked legs that straddled his waist, then turned back at the open door to grin appreciatively at the artist. "Sid, you're a good old scout. If you put that thing over for me, I'll be on Easy Street. 'Phone me when you'll come out and start work." He swung down the dusty and spectacular streets of the great film city in a haze of rose-colored dreams.

On the way home, as the trolley rocked and swung through the gold and green of the orange-ranches, he said, half to himself, half to the drowsy child: "Wonder how much it'll cost to put him through college. Well, he'll get a start with art and that sort of thing with the Parthenon Freeze. I bet Sid will make it just as good-looking as the real one!" As he got out at Orangeville and saw the classic lines of the university buildings etched against a glowing sunset, he said aloud, with a loving squeeze of the plump little body cuddled in his arms:

"Say, Buster, we'll dress you up in a tunic thingamajig and sandals, and have you in the shop on opening day. That ought to make a hit, all right!"

It did. In a tunic thingamajig of pink silkaline over his rompers, and a gold fillet around his blond, bobbed head, Buster was an absolutely satisfactory Greek godling. True, he couldn't be kept in the shop more than five minutes at a time, but his passion for roving was good business, his parents decided, for whenever he sauntered out on the sidewalk to suck a stick of striped peppermint under "The Sign of the Parthenon Freeze," the passers-by stopped to admire, exclaim, and enter. They entered a transformed shop; nobody could have recognized the one-time "Cap and Gown" in this up-to-date "Parthenon Freeze." The artist's endless chain of Greek waitresses carrying sundaes and sodas stretched around the four sides of the room, in shades of pink, green, and light brown, happily suggestive of strawberry, pistache, and chocolate. The sacrificial vessels of the Greek temple had turned into the mugs and small glass dishes of the modern ice-cream parlors, and an even more up-to-date touch

was supplied by the tennis-rackets and ukŭleles carried by the "youths trained in gymnastic exercises." Instead of such old stuff as four-horse chariots, there were natty little touring-cars, driven by charioteers who bore a striking resemblance to the popular football eleven. And, crowning touch, the "magistrates chosen by the people" were, to quote the grateful Matherson, enough like the Greek professor to be his long-lost brothers. Sid had put it over, there was no doubt about that.

The hot afternoon of opening day was beginning to be full of long, hazy shadows, and Matherson, here, there, and everywhere at one and the same time, had just hurried to the door to hale Buster in from the sidewalk, when he saw a tall figure in the doorway halt and gaze. A minute later Matherson, the unwilling Greek godling pulling at his restraining hand, was behind the cashier's wire cage, whispering excitedly:



"She can't wear those big round spectacles while she's waiting."

"Adele, pipe who's just come in! Over there at Miss Bascome's table. Watch him look up at the frieze—gosh! I'd like to know what he thinks of it!"

Adele Matherson turned her pleasant young face in the direction pointed, and frowned slightly. "I'll have to tell Miss Bascome she can't wear those big round spectacles while she's waiting," she said dubiously. "They look real funny with the Greek costume. And will you look what that awful little Maisie Jones has done to her skirt—hiked it up at least ten inches from the ground! I knew I'd have trouble with that girl; she was real ugly about the costume; said long, trailing skirts were out of date, and she didn't see why the waitresses had to wear them. I guess my work's cut out for me, all right, keeping all those girls looking like that frieze." She sighed resignedly, then put out an affectionate hand and gave her husband a little reassuring pat. "But that don't mean that I'm throwing cold water on your plan, Ed. I think it's just the greatest ever! What were you saying about the gentleman at Miss Bascome's table?"

"Why, he's the Greek professor, hun—I just wanted you to see him. We've got him in the frieze, you know." Matherson took another look at his distinguished client, and turned to his wife dubiously. "Seems peeved about something, don't he?" he said. "And look at that, Adele, he isn't taking anything; he just read the card, and shook his head when Miss Bascome asked him his order. Now he's going out—that's too bad. I'd hoped the faculty would patronize this place, now we've got such a classy atmos-

phere about it, with the frieze and the new name, and all."

"I wish he'd try the Sappho Special," the little wife rejoined, wiping the Greek godling's sticky paws preparatory to letting him pretend to play the cash-register. "There's been more orders for that than for anything else, Miss Bascome says. Bananas and nuts and whipped cream and hot chocolate sauce—that's a fine combination for a specialty, for we can keep it going all winter when fresh fruits are high. Did you try it, Ed? I saw you eating something."



"Will you look what that awful little Maisie Jones has done to her skirt!"—Page 175.

"No, that was a Delphi Delight; that made a hit, too. And I heard that bunch of co-eds over by the window say the Doric Dazzle was simply great. You certainly doped out some swell names for the drinks, honey." Matherson beamed at his wife with affectionate pride, and gave her hand a little squeeze behind the cash-register. She blushed happily at the compliment. "Oh, that wasn't hard; I got the ideas from that big history of art, and a book called 'Tales of Greek Mythology.' I'm real glad if they've made a hit with the co-eds, for I guess Wharton is going to be mostly women next year, if we go to war the way they say we may. The boys are sure to enlist, like those ambulance fellows did, so we'd better keep our eyes open for what the girls like."

Matherson nodded. "The candy end of the business will keep up all right, sure, with co-eds for customers. Have you thought of anything besides 'Niobe Nibbles' and 'Corinth Caramels'?"

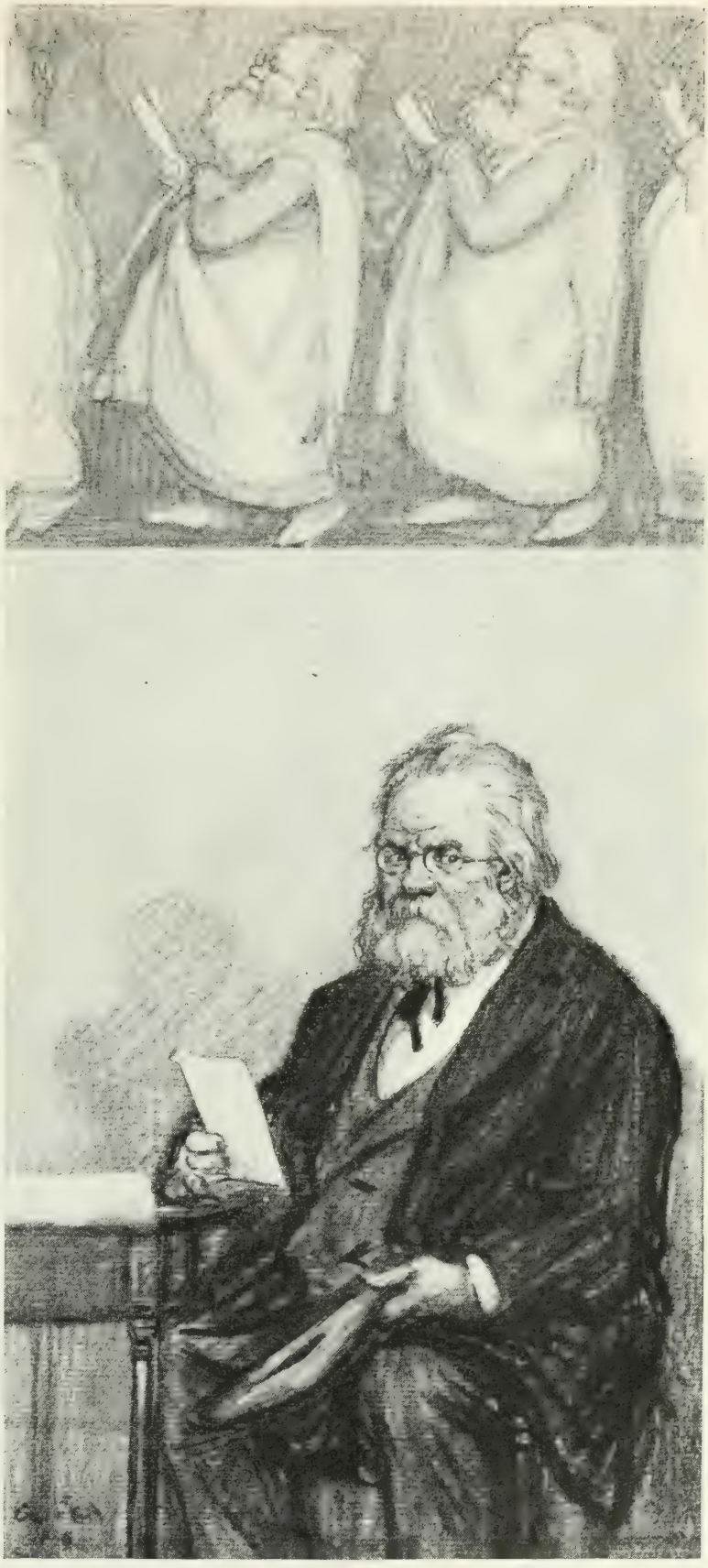
Adele consulted the back of a menu card. "Yes, I wrote it down here: 'Juno Jujubes' and 'Marathon Mints.' And listen, Ed, isn't Sorosis a Greek word?"

"Sure! 'Sorosis Sundae,' that's the idea—that'll do fine for the raspberry-and-melon one you say you're going to try. Here, I'll take Buster home and put him to bed, then I'll come back and spell you a bit." He picked up the chubby Greek godling, then stopped for a last look at the pictorial march of his captured dream. "Gee, Adele, we've put it over all, right!" And Adele, wearily straightening the gold fillet that bound her near-psyche knot, flashed back a proud and affectionate smile.

There was no doubt in Matherson's mind that the Parthenon Freeze was bound to be a colossal success. But he was business man enough to see that the receipts of the first month were gobbled up by the expenses of the alterations, and that the advertising campaign that began

in October cost a lot more than he liked to think about. When November arrived, and it was time to order papier-maché turkey favors for the Thanksgiving trade, he examined his bank-book, and whistled softly. Then he jammed his hat over his eyes and took the trolley out to Film City.

He came home three hours later, whistling ragtime, and one-stepping to his own music. He was boy enough to hold back the new Big Idea as a glorious surprise, only hinting darkly that Adele and Buster had better look all dolled up Monday morning, or they might kick themselves afterward, and catechised her searchingly as to what she considered his most becoming suit and hat. Adele had not lived in a movie country for nothing, so long before Monday came she guessed about the film that was to be "shot" in the Parthenon Freeze, but with her tender tact she pretended to be struck dumb with amazement and delight when the movie people arrived and the camera man began to set up his machine on the sidewalk. It was a marvellous scenario, written by one of the big men of the Mammoth Movies especially for this occasion; that was what it meant to have a good old scout like Sid Hale for a friend. Crowds collected, just as he knew they would, and—oh, joy, oh, bliss!—who should come down the street at the most exciting moment but Charlie Parker, the reporter of Orangeville's livest paper, the *Times-Star*. And Parker sometimes wrote things for the Los Angeles *Globe*. . . . Matherson, obeying the



"He just read the card, and shook his head when Miss Bascome asked him his order."—Page 175.

director's orders to register extreme terror in the doorway (the film was preparedness stuff, and a dangerous German spy was disguised as one of the Greek waitresses), saw the rosy heavens open and rain sweet publicity on him and his wife, his child and his shop, and everything that was his.

The vision came true. The *Times-Star* gave the story a whole column, and the business manager called it "free advertising," and accused Parker of having been bribed by a pass to the soda-fountain. This unjust accusation had the happiest results. Parker had written up the "shooting" only because his sense of humor had clamored for self-expression when he had seen the Greek professor and the professor of ancient history come down the street and unconsciously get into the picture, finding themselves in a wild welter of movie policemen and Greek maidens before they knew what had happened to them. By way of showing the business manager that he didn't care a whoop in Chinatown for what that gentleman thought, Parker wrote it up at even greater length for the Los Angeles *Globe*, and that journal, always glad to keep on the right side of the Mammoth Movies, their very good advertisers, gave the story a prominent place in the Sunday paper, with glaring head-lines. One of the immediate results of this glorious publicity was a sending of tourists from the near-by Junipero Inn, who began to flock to the Parthenon Freeze for sundaes and candies every pleasant afternoon. It was the thing to "have something at that cute little place near the college, the one the *Globe* wrote about, you know." Matherson bought a Victrola on the instalment plan, and took to reading automobile catalogues.

Then suddenly, after serene months of prosperity, the blow fell. Matherson came into the Parthenon Freeze one afternoon and told his wife to come home with him for a little while; Miss Bascome could look after the cash-register while she was gone. No, nothing was the matter with Buster, but there was something they had to talk about together. They hurried back to the bungalow on the unfashionable street, and he made her come into the dining-room and drink a glass of water. Then he put her in the Morris chair they had got as a premium, and he sat down on the edge and put his arm around her. "I'm drafted, Adele," he said with stiff lips.

She went very white, and said piteously and futilely, "Oh, isn't there some mistake?" and then, "Ed, can't you claim exemption?" He didn't answer, just looked at her. Then she began to cry (when had he ever seen Adele cry?) and gasped between her sobs: "No, no, I wouldn't want you to do that. If other women can stand it, I guess I can." He looked at her gravely. "It's up to you," he said.

Then they talked it out, backward and forward. Once he said: "I guess there's lots of fellers like me, who wouldn't think of enlisting, but who kinder feel as if it was decided for them when the draft gets them." And she answered, fumbling at the damp little ball that had once been a handkerchief: "And I guess there's lots of women like me, who cry and make fools of themselves, but who'd never forgive themselves if they held their husbands back." He got up abruptly and walked over to the window. When his shoulders were quite steady again, he turned round and faced his wife and his problem once more.

He got up earlier than usual the next morning, and was at the shop before eight o'clock. It seemed to him as if he could think things out better there than in the little house, and he had to do some tall thinking. He was drafted, and he wouldn't claim exemption; that was all settled. Adele had faced the music, and they were both going to be good sports. But . . . what about the business? Sell out, yes, that was all very well, but who would buy? This was no time to get a good price for a candy and ice-cream proposition, with a sugar shortage, maybe (you never knew in war-time), and people beginning to economize on the non-essentials. His hopeless eyes roving around the tidy little shop, he realized suddenly how he would hate to leave it. He could run it all right, war or no war, and so could Adele, if things were only different, but with a baby coming—no, it was out of the question. He stared up at the parti-colored frieze, as if to get inspiration, and, for the first time in its existence,



*Drawn by W. E. Hill.*

Finding themselves in a wild welter of movie policemen and Greek maidens.—Page 178.

hated it fiercely. He dropped into one of the bent-wood chairs and picked up a menu card, which he read unseeingly over and over again—"Sorosis Sundae, Doric Dazzle," and all the rest. He tore it suddenly and furiously into little bits.

Then the business day began. There were lots of customers, and that was the cruel part of it; it was a good business, and he ought to sell for a handsome price, but—and it was such a big but—who would want to take a chance in war-time? He was sitting in the little office he had fixed for himself behind the parlors, hopelessly working over a column of figures, when the faithful Miss Bascome put her Greek-filleted head cautiously in at the door. "Two gentlemen to see you, Mr. Matherson," she whispered.

"All right, show them in." They might be book-agents, but if they were, he reflected, he could bite a piece out of them, and that would make him feel better. Whoever they were, they made a break in the hideous afternoon. He turned at the sound of creaking footsteps, and stood facing—the Greek professor and old Homer Adams, of Whitney and Adams, the biggest law firm in town. Matherson almost asked, "Gentlemen, to what do I owe the honor of this visit?" like the swell hero in a novel he and Adele had been reading aloud. But he managed to keep his wits about him and say instead: "Have some chairs." They sat down.

What on earth had they come for? Matherson was so busy wondering that he lost the preliminary speech, something about "a possible intrusion," and only waked up to the statement that Mr. Wharton was in town, for the first time in ten months. The lawyer emphasized the "ten months," and Matherson wondered why. He came and went as he pleased, this eccentric old Josiah Wharton, who had spent his millions on the university he had built among the palms and oranges of the little southern Californian town, and if he hadn't been seen on the campus all winter, why get excited about it now? And why come to the Parthenon Freeze with the news? Matherson looked his perplexity, and the lawyer said more briskly, giving his chair a nervous little hitch: "And this—er—establishment of yours came as a surprise to him, Mr. Matherson, and not, I must confess, a very agreeable one."

Matherson stared blankly at his caller. "I don't get you, sir," he blurted out.

The lawyer opened his brief-case and took out a folded newspaper. "Some rather officious person, Mr. Matherson, took it upon himself to show Mr. Wharton yesterday this article in an old Los Angeles paper, describing, in the most extravagant journalese, a scene enacted here last November, when a moving picture was staged in this shop and on the sidewalk outside. I must tell you frankly that Mr. Wharton was excessively annoyed, and that a visit to your establishment yesterday afternoon in nowise lessened his annoyance. He feels——"

"What's he sore about?" Matherson asked impatiently. "It was good advertising for the university, all right, wasn't it?" He glanced meaningly at his watch; he wanted to get to the bank before three o'clock to see about a loan. "Seems to me I've done him a good turn, if anything."

"Publicity of that kind is hardly what this college desires, Mr. Matherson," the lawyer returned. "If you will just glance at the offending article"—he opened the newspaper and laid it on the young man's knee, pointing to the screaming headlines—"you may perhaps better realize our point of view. The implication that the college needs to be advertised either by your—er—oddly named refreshment parlors, or by a moving-picture company, no matter how famous, is an unfortunate one. The trustees and the faculty regretted the incident at the time, regretted it very much, but after some consultation, they decided it would be more dignified to ignore it. Mr. Wharton, however——"

"It got the old man's goat. I see." Matherson tapped the offending article and chuckled. "I suppose this is what you mean: 'It's a good thing, push it along, is what the Parthenon Freeze, E. W. Matherson's popular ice-cream parlors, thinks of Wharton University. The Parthenon Freeze is doing its bit to put the Southland's newest and wealthiest institution of learning into the limelight.' Good stuff, that—Parker sure can write."

He slapped his knee and burst out laughing, his guests watching him with disgusted expressions. "Say, ain't this a peach of a head-line?—'C. stands for Caramels and Culture—Film Drama Staged in Candy Store Will Tell the Southland All About Wharton University.' I'd forgotten what a great old write-up that was! Old man Wharton ought to have the sense to see——"

The lawyer puffed an impatient sigh through his thin lips. "Need we discuss the article at such length, Mr. Matherson?" he interrupted. "Let me come to the point, and inform you that, as Mr. Wharton's legal representative, I am here to ask you to change the name of this establishment and to remove any suggestion of Greek learning and culture from your decorative scheme. Of course, Mr. Wharton will be glad to bear all expense connected with the change of name, and will pay for a reasonable amount of *dignified* advertising." He glanced at his companion and cleared his throat. "Professor Roberts, here, consented to come with me to make the collegiate point of view plain to you. Professor, suppose you take the floor?"

"I confess I would like to ask a question, Mr. Matherson." The professor glanced suavely at his host. "Would you mind telling me how this—er—unique idea happened to come to you? Why a Greek ice-cream establishment? I confess my curiosity is considerably aroused." At this moment the door of the office opened, disclosing that portion of the frieze on which Sid's joyous brush had blithely portrayed "the solemn dignity of the magistrates." The professor gazed at it with an inscrutable expression.



"It's up to you."—Page 178.

Matherson glared at him. "I guess I'll answer the most important question first," he said. Then, wheeling round on the lawyer, he shouted: "Will I make this place over and take all the pep and the punch out of it just because an old sore-head like Wharton asks me to? Not on your life! It's a good-paying business, and I'll be darned if I have anything to

do with your proposition! Here, who left that door open?" He got up and shut it with a slam, then sat down and faced his callers defiantly.

"Daddy, I opened the door because I wanted to come in." Buster, logical and unperturbed, sauntered around from behind his father's chair, staring at the strangers with a child's unwinking gaze. Matherson's face softened at the touch of the sticky little hand on his knee. "Hullo, look who's here!" he said cheerfully, then he pulled out his handkerchief and removed traces of what looked like a pink face-cream from Buster's freckled cheeks. "Say, sonny," he admonished in a stage whisper, "you remember what mother said about too many ice-cream cones. You don't want any more stomachaches, do you?"

The callers looked vaguely embarrassed at this intimate question, and the lawyer took off his eye-glasses and snapped them into their case, as if to change the subject abruptly. "Well, Mr. Matherson," he said, "if you won't consider my proposition, will you sell out? I may offer you this price for the business," and he named a generous sum.

The little room swam before Matherson's eyes, and he gripped Buster's arm so hard that there was a squeal of protest. "I mustn't let those old stiffs think I'm going to jump at it," he thought. "They'll pull it back with a string if I eat it alive." He could see that they were watching him eagerly, and his spirits went up with an inward shout. "Well, gentlemen," he said, putting on a drawl that didn't match the thumping of his heart, "I don't know if you realize you're asking me to give up a mighty good thing. If I sell out now I might be making all kinds of a mistake, and I've got my family to consider." He stopped abruptly, and put his lips to the ruffled thatch of Buster's round head, with a sudden leap of affection for the child he was so soon to leave behind him, then came to himself with a start. "Gosh!" he thought shamefacedly. "They'll think I was doing that just to show off." He straightened up in his chair, and looked defiantly at his visitors.

The old lawyer tapped a dry and legal-sounding tattoo on the table edge, pursing his lips. Matherson stared at him, his heart thumping until he was afraid. Then . . . "Well, Mr. Matherson"—the voice seemed to come from an immense distance—"name your own price. I fancy I can make that all right with my client."

"I'll have to consult my wife, if you'll excuse me a minute." Matherson rose to unsteady feet, and walked slowly and nonchalantly into the store, Buster gambolling at his side like a frolicsome puppy. He went over to the cashier's desk and gripped his wife's hand behind the cash-register. "Honey," he whispered, "pretend you're talking with me, that we're discussing something important, only don't look too glad, or you'll spoil the show. We're going to sell out—big. It'll put you on Easy Street before I leave you."

"Oh, thank God!" said the little wife tremulously.

"Oh, thank God, thank God!" The words rang in Matherson's ears as he walked back to his office; he wondered, half dazed with his good luck, if he would say them to his visitors, instead of naming the price he was going to demand for the Parthenon Freeze. But it was all right; he heard himself talking of figures, big ones, and saw the lawyer pulling out a fountain pen. "Sign this, please"—and there was a paper, he must read it carefully first. Yes, it was all right. Then there was something about "preliminary payments," and he was clutching a check. Could he see Mr. Adams on Monday, at ten, to wind up the matter? Yes, certainly he could. His visitors had got up, and mechanically he was opening the door for them—in another minute they would be gone, and he could show the check to Adele. He ought to shake hands with them, he supposed. The lawyer gave him a tepid bunch of fingers, but the Greek professor returned his clasp with something like an interest, looking at him with a puzzled, searching look. Matherson remembered; the old fellow had wanted to know about what started the Parthenon Freeze scheme.

"Say, professor," he found himself saying impulsively. "You were asking me how I happened to dope out that idea? Well, I thought it would make a hit in a




"We're going to sell out—big."—Page 182.

college town, and I wanted to make money to give the kid a first-class education. That's all. You've got to put some new idea, something with pep and punch, into an ice-cream joint nowadays, if you mean to make a good thing out of it. I'm kinder sorry Mr. Wharton can't see what a dandy idea this was." His eyes lingered lovingly on his captured dream, but his fingers clasped the check tighter, and with the other hand he drew Buster to his side, and tousled his hair affectionately. "You're going to grow up and study hard, the way your dad never had a chance to," he said to the child. Then he turned to the professor with a sudden radiant smile. "I hope you'll be in the university fifteen years from now, sir, when the kid's a freshman. Maybe he'll want to study Greek; you never can tell."

"They said good-by pleasant enough," he confided to his wife five minutes later. "And that old professor, he's not half as much of a stiff as you'd think. Shook my hand good and hard, and said he hoped my son would justify all my expectations—gosh, what a line of talk those highbrows hand out! Say, Adele, put on your hat, and you and me and Buster'll all go down to the bank and deposit that check."



*Drawn by Frank Tenney Johnson.*

"Glennie, it points right at us, like it used to come down this way."—Page 191.

# GOLDEN FRUIT

By Calvin H. Luther
Author of "The Hunting of Bud Howland"

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK TENNEY JOHNSON

MY first glance at Glennie Budlong, there in the lobby of The Palms, at Santa Barbara, told me that what I had heard of him was true. Yet, to tease him a little, I took everything as a matter of course, asking about his health, how long he would be in the neighborhood, whether he had taken up golf, and so on—he growing visibly more restless with every word. Finally he could bear it no longer.

"Didn't expect to find me here, and everything, did you?" he asked, not without complacence, his eye beckoning mine to a survey of his fancy waistcoat, his yellow shoes, his yellowish diamond.

"Oh, yes. Up in the mountains they think you're still fruit-ranching; but I met Jacky Slingerland in Sacramento, and he told me you'd sold out and might be down here along the coast."

He scowled a little.

"Sold out! Was that all he said?"

"Well, you know what Jacky is. He talked a lot, but I put salt in it, of course."

"Put salt in it, did you? Well, say—" But he had caught my eye. "Stung!" he murmured, affectionately, gratefully. "I ought to have known better." And we laughed uproariously.

Then he settled back in his new clothes, in the deep leather chair, in the mission-finished hotel—eying his yellowish diamond—and told me all about it.

It wasn't long after you left (said Glennie, with no preface at all) that Talky-Talk Hance, the freighter, brought word about the new diggings up Telfair way. Funny we should have took stock in anything he had to say, but we did. He wa'n't clear of the wash, hardly, afore all the boys had struck work to talk it over. And the upshot was— Oh, well, you've been all through it yourself.

"You coming, Glennie?" Big Jim Willis hollers out to me. "Ain't I just!" I yells back. Everybody was yelling. "Let me get my mail and lock up the limousine," I says, "and then, if your eyes are good, you'll see a dust-storm and me in the middle of it!"

So I went into the post-office—and there was a letter from the old man!

I turned it over, and turned it over, and held it up to the light; but I didn't open it up for quite some time. Just stood there studying. You see, I kind of sensed trouble. One thing, it had mostly been my luck with the old man to get a jolt about when I didn't want it the most. Another thing, he'd never wrote me before when things was going well; only when there was frost, or the water give out, or a brush fire run down into his peach-trees. And besides, he was getting old—'way past seventy. He was liable to be bad news himself, you might say, any time along.

After a while I read the letter, though, standing inside the post-office, with about twenty-seven thousand men yelling at me all the time; and then I went out and read it in the road. It was short. The old man said the apricots was doing well; he liked the new mule, only the harness was giving out; Bob Gilroy was flattering himself on having a chance for sheriff, and maybe I'd feel like coming home—he hadn't been quite up to the mark lately himself.

"Hurry on, Glennie," the boys was calling.

"You bet you!" I hollers, and went back into the post-office for to get paper and ink.

Not for mine: that's what I wrote the old man. The prospects was good right where I was, with nobody to order me round but myself; and placer-mining was a lot more my style than ranching. Besides, he knew as well as I did that we'd never get along. "You and me is like

oil and water, though no offense meant," I says in the letter. So I stamped it up and dropped it through the hole.

"You fellows wait for me up by Miller's sluice," I told Hecky and the others. Then—I don't know why—I sat down on the steps and read that letter again. It was some blotted and the lines was about fifteen per cent down grade, and everything ragged-looking. He was getting old for sure. Well, it couldn't be helped, and anyway I'd go down and see him before another year, I says to myself, standing up. I didn't walk off, though; I sat down. Sudden! . . . It struck me! . . . I don't hardly know how to tell you.

Get down to that, who was this here Amos Budlong? Who was he, now? Why, my father. Those fellows out there ramping up and down the road, screeching—they wa'n't no kin of mine. Good boys, I'm telling you, but not Budlongs by a whole lot! And here he was, my old man, getting down as far as his knees would bend, asking me a favor. It amounted to that. He'd always been plenty on telling me what I could do, and what I couldn't do; but look how he was putting it this time: "So I thought maybe you'd feel like coming down to see me pretty soon!" That was talking some, for him! . . . There was Hecky, dancing in the dust; and all them hills up along the sky—pines here and there, and the roar of them waterfalls on Little Sister. I groaned inside; I sure did. But then I looked at the end of the letter: "As ever your father, Amos Budlong." . . . I went back into the post-office.

You know old Sol. Why, he fair ground his teeth at me when I asked for my letter back! Allowed it was up to the gov'ment now, in him repersented and affiliated and so forth. So there I was, up against it hard and plenty. I couldn't beat the letter down to Vail's Grade, because the stage was due right then, and I had a heap of things to settle up before I went.

"What you looking so raw about?" says Big Jim to me. "Where you going like that?"

"Reckon I'll have to get out my gun," I tells him. "There's always got to be a first time," I says, "and this looks like it." Then I opens up.

Big Jim walks into the post-office, heavy, first one foot and then the other.

"Sol, my boy," he says, sticking that red head of his into the window, not taking the cigareet out of his face at all, "there's a new rule what Wilson and me has just got up. So you shove out that letter, Sol. Glennie, he's up and seen the light. You can keep the stamp for to send on to Wash'n'ton, but Glennie and me has got use for that letter ourselves." He waited, but Sol didn't say nothing. "Or do you want I should identify myself in the usual manner?" Big Jim says, grinning.

Sol done the only thing he could do.

So the word I really sent was this: I'd clean up and leave in a couple of days. Vail's Grade and fruit-ranching sounded fine to me; and if he was agreeable, him and me would take a whirl at being pardners. Trouble with the mountains was, I tells him, that there wa'n't no Budlongs there. . . . And don't make no mistake, I meant it. The thing had fair tore me apart—but the biggest half was heading for Vail's Grade, you bet you!

All this time, only I didn't know it (Glennie was not quite successful in steadying his voice) the old man was sick, mighty sick. Old Doc Jessup was looking after him right close, coming up every day; and that morning it was him that brought the mail, just to accommodate. The Doc tells me afterward that when the old man had read my letter he held it out, his hand shaking terrible.

"Pardners," he says, all weak.

And when the Doc had read it he looked up—and he could see it was all off. The old man was going fast. . . . Seems like he'd been holding up only for to get word from me.

Glennie paused for a few moments.

"I got there in time to plant two bushes on his grave," he muttered, looking away from me.

It seemed best and kindest to break the silence after a little. So I laid my cigarcase on Glennie's knee, remarking, with a glance at his brown hand:

"That's a fine diamond, old man."

He brightened instantly.

"Ain't it? The old lady got her watch and her black silk, and I got my stone the

same day; and we didn't buy 'em in Sacramento either. Frisco for us, that time! . . . Oh, you didn't know about her, did you? Well, I was just going to tell you."

My mother died so far back I can't rightly remember her, and there wa'n't nobody in the house but the old man and me for a good many years. Then he married again: I couldn't see why, at the time. Name was Simis; her whole family was named Simis, over and over and over. They come from Topeka or Omaha—somewheres out there in the East. When I was growing up it wa'n't safe to mention none of them places to me, I felt so keen about the Simises. (He laughed heartily, pounding his knee.) And I've heard her say that one reason why she didn't take the old man sooner was on account of me. I made her suspicion the whole breed, like. And father couldn't explain me away nohow!

But somehow the old lady and me made out to get along, now that we was alone together in that little house. I never could quarrel with a woman much: it's onhandy, kind of; you don't know rightly how to go at it, like you do with a man. Besides, I reckoned she'd been a good wife to the old man—I knew blame well she had—and so it was straight up to me. She was old, too, and little, and terrible round-shouldered, like she'd been overworked too long. When you looked at her first, it just seemed she'd lived till she was tired of it and wanted a rest. But when she looked back to you, them black eyes a-shining, you knew different right away. She hadn't lived her life out by a good deal; there was a hongry way with her, like she wanted nice clothes and a chance to travel around and see things. And as for resting, that was just exactly what she wa'n't figuring on. . . . And oh, my— To think the old man was able enough to keep himself head of that house all them years! Enough to make you feel proud, that was!

She made a right good start with me all round. Cooked regular man's food; you know what I mean. And neat—I can't tell you! I tried her out on smoking, too; one hand on the door-knob, you might say.

"It's terrible bad for you, Glenwood," she says, "but you ain't my own, and I don't feel responsible. Besides," she says, "smoking does kind of strengthen up a house. The Simises was all smokers."

That letter of mine, too: she wa'n't laying that up against me—not by no means. Said so, snappy as you please, but meaning well, I could see. And she owned up to being lonesome and needing a man around.

"It ain't only the young folks feels so, Glenwood," she says that night. "Take it when a woman has got along in years, without any means and no children of her own—" She stopped rocking and begun to finger a necklace she had, made out of them eucalyptus buds. "Anyhow," she goes on, "here we are, Glenwood, and we ought to get along; we got to get along. We're some older and wiser than we was, and that'll help. Of course, I don't look for no 'ma' business—and don't want it. 'Twould make me feel too settled. And far as that goes, I don't aim to make you over; it's all I can do to handle myself," she says.

"I couldn't be much improved anyhow," I says. You know how it is; I get fresh.

"That's a true word," she snaps, "even if you did mean it to be smart. Nobody can't improve you; you got to do it yourself. But lucky for you, people run true to breed, usually. You take the Simis family, for instance. . . . But what I was going to say, Glenwood, was this: you've got a right to live your own life, and I'm aiming to leave you be—just leave you be. And when you get to be satisfied with yourself—real satisfied, I mean, Glenwood—then you'll find I'm satisfied with you."

I stands up and makes a big bow, but didn't say anything.

"Out with it, Glenwood," she says, kind of half suspicious.

"Do you know what I was thinking—honest?" I answers. "I was thinking it would help some if I was part Simis."

She stares at me, a kind of happy look coming in her eyes. Then she stiffens up—and starts to go out, them buds all clattering.

"Seems to me," she says, keen as a razor, "you couldn't do much better than try to be a genuine Budlong!"

But I didn't tell you. Father's will

left me considerable tied up, like; roped by the forefoot. The place was mine, free and clear, but I'd got to settle down on it and make a good home for his wife—"in return for her many years of devotion," was what the paper says. There was thirty acres, thereabouts: ten in peaches, eight in apricots, plumcots, and plums, with some few grapes and enough alfalfa to keep the mule. So far so good; only I couldn't do anything much but wear myself out on it—couldn't sell or mortgage or rent while the old lady was alive; and besides, when it come to a show-down about things, little things, why, she was boss. What she said was the Ten Commandments and the by-laws, with no back talk. . . . Showed what he thought of me, didn't it? Wouldn't trust me the length of a lariat. I was powerful sore, let me instruct you. But finally I went out to the pump-house and had a little seeance with myself.

"G. Budlong," I says to the gentleman named, "there was some sense to that will. 'Cause you ain't to be trusted—and that's a fact. Foller it all through from the time you run away from home till you got back, and what is there to it? Cow-puncher, shingle-mill hand, freighter, quartz-driller, lost-mine hunter, and gen'l desert rat—you never saved nothing, never helped your father, never made one damn good enemy, even. What do folks call you? I asks myself. Why, Glennie—n-i-e—Glennie: kind of a little-Willie name! . . ." Right then I'd have sold out my equity in myself for two and a half Confederate greenbacks.

She spots me as I come out of the pump-house.

"What you been doing, to look like that?" she wants to know.

"Little argyment between me and myself," I tells her.

"Well, supper won't be ready for an hour yet. What did you stop for?" she says—and, mean as she spoke, I could see she was laughing at me with her eyes.

All's I could do was walk off into the alfalfa along with the mule; and darned if he didn't start braying at me, like I was a blood relation!

(Glennie shook his head in gloom, recalling those first days at home.)

I looked the place over—trying to make up my mind when it was made up all the time—and here's what there was to it, just: a rusty house with two palmettos half alive and some red geraniums half dead, and some white stones to lead you around to the side door on account of the front porch falling sideways; a pump-house for my prayer-meetings, place for chickens, shed for the mule and the different things the poor cuss had to lug around, and a lot of little trees, and a lot more little trees, and some vines. East and north there was Holy Hill, hard, rough and unpretty, cut most in two by Lost Horse Canyon; the other way, in clear weather, you could see the smoke of Sacramento—where you didn't have time or money to go and buy the things you wanted. Furthermore and whatever; what wasn't raw gravel and boulders—like the orchard—was adobe, so sticky I could have got a patent on it. You had to keep peddlers and strangers off, in wet weather, for fear they'd carry away the west half of the property on their feet. And in good, nice, dry weather, when you started to irrigate, the water would strike a crack that would hold the Sacramento River and be thirsty for more. Fact! . . . I put it straight to you. Is it any wonder I dragged around that place like a coyote in a cage, them first few days? But what could G. Budlong do? I didn't want the property, and didn't have no feeling at all for the house, even, I'd been away so long; but the old lady—she was up to me, for them "years of devotion." There was the situation, kind of surrounding me.

Yes, I was a coyote in a cage, as I says; and one morning at breakfast I lifts up my howl.

"Vail's Grade don't handsome any to me," I says, real out loud. "I don't hanker to be handmaiden to a mule and a lot of scraggly fruit-trees, so called, either. I can't breathe in a tight house, either. I never aimed to be staked down in such a little bit of North America, either," I says. "Now what do you suppose I've made up what's left of my mind to do?"

"Pass your cup, Glenwood," she says, calm as that. "Why, I reckon you aim to mend that cultivator after breakfast."

"Bull's-eye!" I says, "only I mended it yesterday."

"How do you like my coffee, Glennie?" she says, fingering them eucalyptus buds.

Made me jump, that did! First time she'd called me so; and say, it didn't sound bad, at that!

So, first thing you know, there I was, full pardner with the mule in the fruit-ranching business—all peeved up with blisters and sore in the back, praying for rain like the neighbors was, only I wanted it so I could take a day off to rest. And not being wise about fruit, as you may say, I didn't have no comfort in it, didn't have no feeling that it was worth doing; no real, inside feeling, I mean. To be any kind of rancher you've got to have hope; got to believe in the ground and sunshine and seasons, and know they'll make good if you do. But me, I hadn't no confidence in anything except my own hard luck, them days. I soon got over telling the old lady about it, though.

"Your father stood for it, many's the year," she'd say, and foller it up with a look from them black eyes that would fetch the blushes out on me like a rash. She had me there. What was good enough for the old man ought to be good enough for me.

But them winter months learned me one thing for sure: they learned me why the old man married again. That snappy way she had—why, it was only ginger, when you come to know her; and that tight look around her mouth wasn't meanness—it come from holding in, from doing without things and doing things she didn't like. And could she wait, and keep still? And say, could she mind her own business? You show me the beat of her, any weight or age! . . . Couple of times I sort of eased up with the boys down at the village, for instance. She wouldn't have said a word if I'd let her be—only I thought she was going to, and my hair was hurting me that morning.

"I suppose the Simises didn't none of 'em flirt with the demon Rum," I says to her.

"There's fools in every family," she says, extra quiet; "some for drinking and some for letting 'em drink. But I'll say to you, Glenwood Budlong," and she pushed back from the table, "I don't belong to either kind!"

There she stood, little and mighty big, her eyes burning.

"I'll drink when I feel like it!" I calls out, mad clear through.

"I expect so," she says, mighty calm, looking at me steady; "and I don't know as I think the worse of you for being a man that can't be run. Yes, you'll drink when you feel like it," she says again, and waited. "But it strikes me, Glenwood," she says, "that you ain't going to feel like it no more."

"Bull's-eye!" I says, "and signed—G. Budlong."

I felt rotten all round. I put my head on the table. She touched my shoulder—just touched it.

"Glennie, you better drink your coffee clear this time. I've heard tell it's a good thing, if took in plenty"—and she went into the kitchen and shut the door.

(Glennie stole a look at me.)

Oh, well, come to that, liquor never meant nothing to me. Couldn't make myself care for it, somehow.

(He stole another look—but did not catch me smiling.)

But it wa'n't long, after all, before the blossoms come—and things went better. They come in the night. Have you ever seen 'em? Acres and acres of plums and peaches and apricots, one after the other, blossoming till it looked like there'd been a colored snow-storm? Bees and birds come a dozen miles to visit you, and a smell in the air? Do you know (his voice fell to the measured, serious utterance of the scientist), do you know, there ain't no rose or lily ever been got up that could stand beside a peach-blossom? Not to my mind. Take it from the road, say, a big field full; or close up, right in your fingers. Smell of 'em. Put 'em under the mikerscope. Where's your rose, now? Take it or leave it—where's your rose or your lily?

"What made you so slow to breakfast?" the old lady wants to know, that morning.

"Just forgot, that's all," I says. "I was down looking at the peach blows."

She looked at me, her face all soft.

"That's your father, right over," she says. "He used to forget his meals, too. Ain't it a pity, Glennie—" and she choked up.

Well, the blossoms give me a start, but new things kept happening right along, after that. Come a wind, and afore you knew it the trees was bare again, only a little greened up; and the ground was so

pretty you couldn't make yourself walk on it, hardly. Then the trees got busy with their leaves: busted right out with leaves, I'm telling you. You could stand in the rows and hear 'em rustling and smell 'em growing. Fact. . . . I was plumb well satisfied; didn't feel to ask anything else. But one day I found out something more: fruit! Yes, sir, danged if there wasn't little green peaches on them trees already! Not some, you understand, but any quantity. It wasn't one tree, neither, but every blasted one of 'em.

Take, for instance, down at the end of the back rows, there was two measly little peach-trees that was always right in the way when I swung the plough. I'd swore at 'em plenty; I was going to take 'em out. Now, I'm telling you, them two trees had specially laid themselves out to make good: little peaches all over 'em, fighting for room like sparrows on a limb. I stood there, all warmed up inside, and I swore they'd get a fair show from then on, if the plough had to be carried around 'em in my arms.

Well, we can't set here all night, and it would sure take that long to tell you about that summer. It was good times for me, and darned if I don't think it was for the mule, too. As for the old lady, honest, now—it's a fact!—she used to come out and watch me; wait for me at the end of the rows, so's to talk a little. And sometimes she'd get excited like, and wave her apron at me from the back steps.

"Plough deep!" she'd call out. Or—"Work the pay-dirt right into the roots, Glennie; that's what gives 'em the color!"—or else she'd stand there quiet, kind of down-looking, and I knowed she was sorry the old man wa'n't there.

Then the peaches began to blush—then they took fire—and first thing you know, I had a check in my fist. Peach money! Talk about pocket-mining and nuggets!

"Going to bank it, Glennie? Or pay it on the debts?" the old lady asks me. But I made out not to hear her, being on my way to the road afore the stage come by.

So I went down to Sacramento and did one thing and another, and it was most morning afore I got home. But the old lady was waiting up. I'd seen her for the last mile, rocking back and forth in front of the lamp.

"Thought you might feel for a cup of coffee," she says.

"Was you worrying about me?" I asks, looking at her straight.

"No, Glennie, never any more; not the way you mean," she says, real gentle. "It was the street-cars and automobiles—and things. There's lots of accidents happen nowadays. And—well, Glennie, I'm a foolish old woman, but you're all I got." She looked down and begun to finger them eucalyptus buds.

"Well, you've got me. We belong to each other—and you can bank on it!" I says—and took a whirl round the room. Then I stepped up to her and forked over a little package.

"That's for you," I says, careless like.

She give me one quick look, and tore the thing wide open. They was beads, real gold ones. Danged if she didn't go to pieces, almost.

"Glennie," she whimpers, "they're wonderful! They ain't gold; you couldn't afford real gold ones, Glennie, and I know it. But, Glennie, I'm going to pertend they be!" She choked up again. "I never did like them buds real well."

So I went off to bed and left her sitting there, pouring her beads from one hand into the other, putting 'em on and taking 'em off, holding 'em up to the light and laying 'em back in the box to look at 'em there.

And when I woke up in the morning things started to happen!

(Glennie had thrown away his cigar and was sitting up, facing me earnestly.)

First thing, when I come in from feeding the mule, I smelled potatoes burning. And there was the old lady, just rocking quiet and looking down the road.

"Set down a minute, Glennie," she says. "I wanted to ask you: do you like fruit-ranching?"

"Maybe you won't believe me," I says, "but I do; I sure do."

"Day after day, along in the winter, I seen you walking up and down, looking at the mountains. It made me feel right sorry. You used to bite your lip, Glennie, and look at the mountains. Was you wishful for to go back?" I never knowed her voice to shake afore.

"I was so," I tells her. "But I ain't no more. It's done with."

"Never going to look up in Lost Horse Canyon, there," she goes on, "and bite your lip and wish you was washing gravel?"

"That's done with." I spoke strong, for I seen she needed it. "As for Lost Horse, they cleaned that all out long afore I was born; scoured the whole wash clear down to Antonio's Gap, I've heard my father tell."

"I've heard him tell," she says. "Glennie, he was an awful good man, your father was."

"I found that out—too late." I had to set down, somehow.

"An onselfish man, he was," she says, not taking her eyes off me, "a sacrificing man."

"That's a true word," I says, miserable, remembering everything I hadn't done to help him.

"He wanted to have nice things and visit around some; we both did." She was half crying now and trembling all over. "And I begged him for years to fix the porch and get a new carpet for the front room. But no, he'd got to clear off the debts; got to square up Lowenstein's mortgage. 'When the place goes to Glennie,' he'd say, 'I want it clear, a clear gift, from man to man.' . . . And it was clear, Glennie, when he went—wa'n't it, boy? Tell me, wa'n't it?"

I couldn't nod, even.

"And your father says, over and over—specially when he was ailing the worst, these last two years—he says: 'You won't be left alone, Sarah. Glennie will stand by you. He's a sure-enough Budlong, sound in wind and limb. Only give him all the rope he wants. Leave him loose and he'll come round about the same age I did.' That's what he used to say, like I'm telling you, Glennie."

By that time I was terrible stirred up. And you know how a man does: tries to think up something common to say, like getting your feet back on the ground. So, after she'd been quiet for a little while—just rocking, fingering her beads, and looking 'way off through the window—I says to her:

"Cup of coffee wouldn't go so bad, would it?"

"Coffee?" she says, calm as can be, but the tears running down her cheeks. "We got something better to do than drink coffee. You come with me, Glennie"—and out she goes to the peach orchard, head up, light on her feet as a girl.

When she got to the lower end, she stopped and pointed to Lost Horse Canyon again.

"I've seen you look up there a thousand times," she says. "But that's all done with, you tell me. You've settled down."

"Don't think no more of it!" I broke out on her. But she stopped me with her hand.

"Lost Horse Canyon was terrible rich dirt, I've heard your father say. And, Glennie, it points right at us, like it used to come down this way. Maybe there's an old wash— Maybe this 'ere gravel we're standing on——"

I was pretty near off my head by then, mostly mad to be stirred up so, after all them fevers had died 'way down.

"Look here," I says, shaking off her hand from my arm, "the wash turns west up on the Milburn place. There never was a time it come down here. It couldn't. There's bed-rock in the way—you can see it from the road."

She laid hold of me again.

"It ain't bed-rock, Glennie," she says, like in a whisper.

"Jiminy!" I says. I knowed what she was driving at.

"Folks think it's bed-rock, but your father found out different, two years back. Glennie, look at me! It's only a big boulder!"

"Jiminy!" I says, sitting down on the ground.

She leaned over me, smiling like she was mighty happy, but shaking, too.

"Oh, Glennie, how bad your father wanted to tell you himself! But he was afraid. 'It might be his ruination,' he says. 'When he's had his fling, then we'll show him!' And he says, laying down the law like he could: 'Wait, Sarah. Let him and you get to understand each other first. He'll be a good son to you; give him a little time to get his bearings.' . . . And, Glennie," she cries out, fooling with my hair, "you been a good son to me; a real good son. It's been hard to wait, Glennie; but when I see them beads— Oh, that was just like a son; I've always wanted beads!"

I patted her hand—but I couldn't talk.

"All summer I've watched you ploughing back and forth over the old wash of Lost Horse Creek—and never suspicioning! Why, Glennie, all them trees with tin tags on 'em, beginning with these two little ones at the end—they ain't really there for the fruit at all: they're what your father called his monyments. It's pay-dirt all over here, three foot down. Glennie, Glennie, we're rich folks!"

"Oh, Lord!" I says.

"Your father said right away—and I always suspicioned he meant it, partly—that the pay-dirt was what give such color to his clingstones and apricots. 'Wait till Glennie sees the yellow in his own fruit—he won't care for no other mining,' he says. 'I've sent up in the mountains for him—and he'll sure come. And once we get him home again, it won't be long.'

"'I can wait,' I says to him, that last day. 'It won't be long. There's good stock in the Budlongs, same as there is in the Simises.'"

Glennie stopped and looked at his watch.

"Nigh ten o'clock!" he exclaimed, rising. "See you first thing in the morning. You see, it ain't right to keep her up. Takes lots of stren'th, this travelling and sightseeing does—and she ain't as young as she might be. But then again, you can stand a heap when you're happy."

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# FRIMAIRE

## By Amy Lowell

DEAREST, we are like two flowers
Blooming last in a yellowing garden,
A purple aster flower and a red one
Standing alone in a withered desolation.

The garden plants are shattered and seeded,
One brittle leaf scrapes against another,
Fiddling echoes of a rush of petals.
Now only you and I nodding together.

Many were with us; they have all faded.
Only we are purple and crimson,
Only we in the dew-clear mornings,
Smarten into color as the sun rises.

When I scarcely see you in the flat moonlight,
And later when my cold roots tighten,
I am anxious for the morning,
I cannot rest in fear of what may happen.

You or I—and I am a coward.
Surely frost should take the crimson.
Purple is a finer color,
Very splendid in isolation.

So we nod above the broken
Stems of flowers almost rotted.
Many mornings there cannot be now
For us both. Ah, Dear, I love you!

# MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE

By Robert Grant

Judge of the Probate Court, Boston; Author of "Woman and Property," etc.

THAT there is urgent need of a uniform divorce law and even more of a uniform marriage law to reconcile the diversities of our several States seems to be generally admitted, and yet nothing dies harder in this country than local custom and prejudice concerning the legal formalities of matrimony and of its dissolution. Those familiar with the subject are virtually in accord that there is little likelihood of securing the passage of a national constitutional amendment, and are resting their hopes on the gradual influence of the commissions on uniform State laws established over twenty years ago. The commissioners appointed from the several States have framed and recommended to the legislatures among other bills affecting all classes in the United States both a uniform marriage and a uniform divorce act, the former divided into two parts, a marriage license act approved by the conference of commissioners, August, 1911, and a marriage evasion act, approved August, 1912. Nevertheless, up to 1918 the marriage license act has been adopted in only two out of fifty-one States and Territories, the marriage evasion act in only five, and the uniform divorce act, approved 1907, in only three. In the summer of 1918 the uniform divorce act was subdivided by the conference of commissioners into two parts, one relating to practice and procedure, the other to annulment of marriage and to divorce. This is a pitiful showing from the point of view of readiness to subordinate community sentiment to a carefully considered code that would unify the laws in their application to family life from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

To be sure, the attention of the United States has been centred on the World War since 1914, yet in the interim a crusade to establish national prohibition has been successful and numerous palliative measures in aid of social justice have been enacted. But when inquiry is made why so little has been done to obliterate the interstate confusion which makes a wife in one jurisdiction a concubine or bigamist in another, we are told in the words of the commissioners that the legislators report lack of public interest. "Sanctity of the home" is a favorite buttered phrase in the mouth of Americans, not to be gainsaid by the taunt that we are the most divorce-ridden people in the universe except Japan, for we have a certificate from the historian Lecky in his comment "it is remarkable that this great facility of divorce should exist in a country which has long been conspicuous for its high standard of sexual morality and for its deep sense of the sanctity of marriage," and another from so exact an observer as Mr. Bryce, who wrote nearly a generation ago that "there seems no ground for concluding that the increase of divorce in America necessarily points to a decline in the standard of domestic morality, except, perhaps, in a small section of the wealthy class, though it must be admitted that, if this increase should continue, it may tend to induce such a decline." "It may well be questioned," too, according to a native authority, Howard, in his "A History of Matrimonial Institutions," (1904), "whether the complexity or the conflict in the American codes is so pronounced as in the numerous systems of divorce law maintained in the states of the German Empire until the enactment of the code of 1900."

Yet why this lack of current popular interest in what would seem to lie at the very roots of national character? Against what more discreditable evil could the next nation-wide crusade direct itself than the lack of harmony in the States of the Union in all which appertains to marriage? Our spiritual need of an interstate marriage and divorce law is quite as great as was our economic need of an interstate commerce law—some compromise of local customs that shall weld

baneful contradictions of principle and practice into serviceable unity. And here let it be said that the obstacles to this are in very small part clerical, but result in the main from the tenacity of State traditions and self-satisfied indifference to the value of exact records. The churches as such, except in especial communities, continue to be powerless as ever in this country to control legislation concerning the requisites for marriage or validity of divorce. South Carolina is the one State where divorce is not permitted; the divorce laws were repealed in 1878. But with this air of superiority she presents the anomaly of requiring neither a marriage license nor a return or record of marriage. If the parties simply agree that they are married it is enough, and no formalities are necessary either before or after. Confirmation of this can be found in the last report of the National Bureau of the Census, on marriage and divorce (1916), to which I shall revert presently, and in the section of the South Carolina statutes which reads: "Nothing herein contained shall render any marriage illegal without the issuance of a license." Life in a community where the sole legal test of matrimony is the say so of the contracting parties, seems, however pastoral or independent, casual from the point of view of domestic stability, and lovers of formalities will be apt to condone the irony of an English commentator not many years ago who proposed "to abolish divorce altogether and to establish the idyllic conditions of a certain American State where, owing to the absence of divorce, the laws of succession are adapted to the complicated requirements of polygamy and concubinage."

The intensity of certain prejudices regarding marriage and how irrational they appear to other mortals, if not to the community concerned after a short lapse of time, was never better illustrated than by the declaration of another Englishman, previously lord chancellor, that if marriage with a deceased wife's sister ever became legal the decadence of England was inevitable, and that he would rather see 300,000 Frenchmen landed on the English coasts. This was before the day when any one would have been apt to inquire if he would feel the same way if they happened to be Boches, and in the meantime the ban against marrying a deceased wife's sister which was likened by a bishop of Exeter to the horror of marrying one's own mother has been removed in Great Britain to the relief of a highly entertained world, though ludicrously enough the act of 1907 which accomplished this omitted to sanction the marriage of a woman to her deceased husband's brother. This particular restriction by way of affinity never took root in the United States, but was virtually repudiated from the outset as inconsistent with the common-sense argument that if a wife with young children happens to die, the most suitable person in the world to be her successor may be her own sister. Even the Roman Catholic Church regards the prohibition as resting not on direct or natural law, but merely on an ecclesiastical command, and therefore claims and constantly exercises the right of dispensing with it.

But at this point native uniformity virtually ceases and the idiosyncrasies of separate or more frequently groups of States as to whom one may marry or under what conditions one may marry are very far from identical. Happily, many of the newer and a few of the older States have taken for granted and refrained from prescribing in cold type that marriage with one's mother, grandmother or grandchild is forbidden, but as to more debatable restrictions the statute-books remain decidedly at odds. For example, there is no consensus of opinion as to whether wedlock with a stepmother or mother-in-law is permissible, and a woman brought up on Tennyson looked aghast the other day when informed by me that in a number of States of the Union the intermarriage of first cousins is unlawful. As to the age of consent to marriage, in some States the common-law rule of fourteen for boys and twelve for girls obtains, but this absence of legislation is almost invariably safeguarded by a statute fixing an age limit, twenty-one for males and ordinarily eighteen for females, below which parental consent to marriage is requisite. In other States the age of consent to marriage is defined by statute, varying according to locality all the way from twenty-one to fourteen for

males, ringing the intervening changes, and from twenty-one to twelve for females. In the provisions which relate to the celebration itself there is no less dissimilarity. If it will astonish some to be told that in the early days of New England, magistrates not clergymen had power to bind people in matrimony, and that prior to 1686 no marriage with "prayer-book and ring" was legal in Massachusetts, it will seem more surprising to others that though marriage by civil authorities is sanctioned universally elsewhere in the country, the laws of three States (Maryland, West Virginia, and Delaware) inhibit lay celebration. On the other hand, in Pennsylvania, for instance (affirmed by express statute in 1885), a bride and groom may solemnize their own marriage by taking each other by the hand and plighting their vows in the presence of twelve witnesses, one of whom should be but need not be a justice of the peace. In certain States no witnesses at all are essential, nor is the taking out of a license invariably a prerequisite, while with respect to record of the evidences of marriage, there has existed not only wide divergence as to practice, but in many jurisdictions, especially in the South and Southwest, much slovenliness and unconcern in the tabulation of these social statistics. At present, to quote from the report of the Bureau of the Census (1916) already referred to, "all of the States except South Carolina require every marriage solemnized to be reported to some official specified by law, and for nearly two-thirds of the States there is legal provision for the State registration of marriages even though in some of these States this provision of law is not fully carried out." While this shows an improving tendency toward uniformity in the methods of preserving these highly important details concerning family life, it is obvious that at least one-third of the sovereign States are still lukewarm on the subject.

This random survey of interstate idiosyncrasies reveals a national crazy-quilt of legislation concerning all that bears on matrimony, the pattern of which displays broad strips of conformity in custom variegated by patches of repugnancy, and the cardinal difficulty in the way of reconciling these numerous disparities so that the marriage laws of the nation may be virtually if not wholly similar is the tenacity of tradition and community sentiment. Perhaps the most pressing immediate need is general adoption of the so-called marriage evasion act, the aim of which is to prevent couples disabled or prohibited from marrying under the laws of the State where they dwell from going elsewhere to be married and returning to their native State to set up housekeeping unchallenged. There is no difficulty whatever in preventing this dire and disgraceful consequence, which results solely from the legal necessity—an odd one to laymen—of recognizing the marriage requirements sanctioned by a sister State, although the laws of the original domicile would pronounce the parties fornicators; any State has the power to prescribe by statute that the marriage of those who leave it for such a purpose shall be void within its borders and, reciprocally, that before issuing a license to a person who resides or intends to continue to reside in another State, the officer having authority shall satisfy himself by affidavit that the petitioner is not prohibited from marrying by the laws of that other jurisdiction. This meets the case of offenders both going and coming, so to speak, and seems solely in the interest of decent living; nevertheless, as has been already pointed out, no alacrity has thus far been shown by the separate States in adopting it, though a few of them have kindred provisions already. This dilatoriness is due mainly to jealousy of outside dictation or interference, but in part to a wide-spread easy-going sneaking sympathy on the part of democracy for people who wish to be married and are debarred by the law. In the consciousness of the courts the tendency is familiar that where a couple bent on matrimony is concerned, most people free from responsibility and some of those charged with it will let down the bars rather than put searching questions, and also that the runaway finds constantly an accomplice in the wearer of holy orders. As Mr. Howard (already quoted) well asks in his closing pages: "Is there any boy or girl so immature, if only the legal age of consent has been reached; is there any 'delinquent' so dangerous through

inherited tendencies to disease or crime; is there any worn-out debauchee who can not somewhere find a magistrate or priest to tie the 'sacred' knot?"

False sentimentality in alliance with the vulgarly independent notion that marriage in a democracy is nobody's real business except the bride's and groom's has a tendency to nip and retard measures which like forward shoots in a heterogeneous garden mark the vitality of social ethics, for lack of uniformity has proved by no means a bar to separate development. No less than six States have registered their faith in eugenics by legislation which requires either an affidavit or certificate from persons intending to marry that they are free from sexual disease. Yet the attempts to prove these laws unconstitutional on the ground, among others, that they interfere with the religious liberty of the contracting parties illustrate the reluctance of both the prudish and the ignorant to trammel the so-called rights of the individual for the sake of the general welfare. One would assume that the marriage of the epileptic, imbecile, or feeble-minded would be universally prohibited as tending to perpetuate idiocy, shiftlessness, and crime, but the roll-call of the States would show that the statutes restraining this are almost as infrequent as those to prevent the clandestine marriage outside the State of residents who thus seek to evade the requirements of their own laws.

It will be long, perhaps, if ever, before all the local peculiarities of marriage are reconciled and the United States becomes one table-land of conformity to the detriment possibly of racial flavor and distinction. But though the several communities are likely to continue hard to convince when the issue is merely the superiority of other tribal customs to their own, it should be clear to all who think of them in terms of a nation that the existence of a separate marriage code in each of forty-eight independent, sovereign, and contiguous commonwealths, providing usually a passport for all who wish to evade it to seek some less exacting jurisdiction with impunity, is a menace to the stability as well as the repute of American family life, and that the domestic purity on which we pride ourselves is sadly discredited by such a hydra-headed condition of the body politic. Is it strange that foreigners should shrug their shoulders and decline to believe that the institutions of a country where a woman may be adjudged wife, concubine, or bigamist, according as she inhabits one or another of several cities within the radius of a hundred miles, can be either exemplary or a stimulus to virtue? Yet the real stigma attaching to the American institution of marriage should not be ascribed to the mere prevalence of divorce, but rather to the facilities afforded by prejudice against interstate co-operation to the lawless and evil-disposed to utilize the map of the United States for a "three-card monte" game which leaves alike the priest, the lawgiver, and the man in the street perpetually misled as to the permanence of any marriage if the contracting parties are bent on dissolving it. Nor may we cavil at those who challenge the sincerity of a people who could so easily, if they chose, eradicate much of this scandal by an offensive defensive interstate alliance such as is provided by the uniform evasion act, which would leave few loopholes, if any, for the lascivious and godless. It is erroneous to suppose that there is at present much variance between the States in the grounds on which divorce is granted; with few exceptions they are identical in the main.

It was brought out at the conference of the International Law Association at London in 1910 that there is not a cause for divorce in the United States which can not be duplicated on the continent of Europe, and that in most European countries mutual assent is a cause for divorce under certain restrictions. The confusion that throws a shadow on our family life and gives to foreigners a wrong impression regarding it is due largely to the flitting from State to State which too much insistence on local sovereignty safeguards to the peril of national domestic morals.

Yet with this abuse remedied, we have still to reckon with collusive divorce which when both parties are agreed on severance of the bonds of matrimony makes incompatibility the decisive factor provided sufficient evidence be trumped up to satisfy one of the legal statutory

grounds—roughly speaking, adultery, cruelty, desertion, drunkenness, neglect to provide.

In his highly entertaining but frankly cynical play "Why Marry?" Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams holds up a mirror to the American people in which the only benedicts who remain unblemished are the couple who just before the curtain falls are saved from the radical expedient of consorting together unconventionally by a quick-witted lawyer who pronounces them man and wife according to the law of the State they were in in spite of themselves, because they had so declared themselves to the assembled company. The interrogation of the comedy is a timely challenge to that American self-consciousness which reads into the marriage service the proviso that "until death do us part" is merely a Pickwickian phrase; but the satire is directed quite as much at the lack of spiritual consideration with which matrimony is entered into as at the ease with which it is shuffled off. Even the mercenary and utilitarian marriages of European countries acquire a certain dignity when compared with those of the same sort here from the formalities which attend them and from the lack of reserves as to their endurance. People in Europe still expect to stay married even though disillusioned and are correspondingly circumspect in consenting to wed; but with us the deliberation which ought to precede the most solemn function in life is too apt to yield to the democratic innuendo: "Why worry when escape is so easy if one wearies of it?"

That consciousness of the courts which sees in the refusal of the churches to countenance divorce except for a single cause, if any, only a losing battle that grows more hopeless every year, is not, on the other hand, blind to a tendency among the people of the United States to substitute incompatibility for graver grounds and thus to make the dissolution of marriage hinge on caprice instead of some tangible grievance. The latest report of the National Census Bureau once more discloses not only an increase in the ratio of divorce to marriage, but in the ratio of divorce to growth of population—112 divorces to every 100,000 people in 1916, as against 84 in 1906, and 73 in 1900. There were 112,036 divorces granted in the country in 1916, concerning 108,702 of which there are exact statistics; of these, 39,990, more than a third, were for desertion, with cruelty second, the two combined accounting for very nearly two-thirds (65.1 per cent) of all the divorces granted in that year, adultery figuring far behind, and drunkenness lagging in the rear. While these causes preserve the same order as in the two previous censuses of twenty years apart and are deceptive so far as they may sometimes conceal the real reason for separation, they serve notice on their face that one or the other spouse had wearied of the association—a decision the social morality of which rests on the individual conscience. Once more, too, it appears that the proportion of divorces granted to the wife in comparison with the husband has not stood still, the 66.6 per cent determined by the twenty-year investigation from 1887 to 1906 having risen to 68.9 per cent of the whole. While a portion of this discrepancy between the sexes is explicable on the ground that the wife has a legal cause for divorce more frequently than the husband, and that certain grievances such as failure to support and cruelty are more peculiar to the wife, the assumption that married life in this country continues to be purer than elsewhere in the world must face the dual knowledge that more people continue to obtain divorces in the United States than ever before and that a larger number of the applicants are women. While the vital social conviction of our day that both sexes—and especially wives—have a right to demand a larger measure of decent living from a partner for life may partly account for and justify this, there are signs that the mere weariness with the marriage relation, which results when love flies out of the window independent of tangible causes, offends the scruples of fewer wives than formerly as a self-respecting ground for divorce. In this connection it is interesting to note that at the very moment when the mutual obligations of matrimony are in a state of flux, owing mainly to the revolt of woman, the Bolshevist programme should out of its murky consciousness prescribe as a panacea that her right to suit herself in hus-

bands should be abrogated and turned topsyturvy.

It should be added that where innocent parties to marriage are concerned the policy of the legislatures and the courts has generally, though by no means universally, kept pace with the humanitarian tendencies of the age. Offspring born out of wedlock become legitimate nearly everywhere on the marriage of their parents. It is law in some States and should be in all that a marriage solemnized by any one falsely professing legal authority to perform it is valid if either the man or woman thus united is honestly deceived; the parties remain husband and wife, and the bogus clergyman or justice of the peace is subject to fine or imprisonment. In the same spirit the statutes often provide that, if a man or woman marry during the lifetime of a husband or wife with whom marriage is in force, but in good faith and full, though erroneous, belief that the previous marriage has been terminated by death or divorce, the second marriage becomes valid as soon as the impediment is removed by the death or divorce of the other party to the former marriage, and the issue of the second marriage are legitimized.

It was bitterly claimed in a case before me that "good faith" implied that the second wife should have taken proper precautions to ascertain whether the story which the man told her as to his divorce was true, but each court which considered the point held that all the statute required was honest intention, not prudence. Indeed, it may be said that in most jurisdictions in this country the law already stretches a point to avert the full consequences of an irregular marriage involving an innocent person—a course which subsequent uniformity will perfect. Couples who wish to stay married are given ample protection under our legal systems. The vital question for Americans to consider is whether refusing to stay married by hook or crook and incidentally hoodwinking the courts is to be rated as a perquisite of liberty plus respectability if the petitioner has missed happiness—for what else does the growth in our divorce rate portend?

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# TALKING AT LARGE

## BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

IT is of the main new factors which have come into the life of the civilized world that I would speak.

The division deep and subtle between those who have fought and those who have not—concerns us in Europe far more than you in America; for in proportion to your population the number of your soldiers who actually fought has been small, compared with the number in any belligerent European country. And I think that so far as you are concerned the division will soon disappear, for the iron had not time to enter into the souls of your soldiers. For us in Europe, however, this factor is very tremendous, and will take a long time to wear away. In my country the, as it were, professional English dislike to the expression of feeling, which strikes every American so forcibly, covers very deep hearts and highly sensitive nerves. The average Briton is now not at all stolid underneath; I think he has changed a great deal in this last century, owing to the town life which seven-tenths of our population lead. Perhaps only of the Briton may one still invent the picture which appeared in *Punch* in the autumn of 1914—of the steward on a battleship asking the naval lieutenant: "Will you take your bath before or after the engagement, sir?" and only among Britons overhear one stoker say to another in the heat of a sea-fight: "Well, wot I say is—'E ought to 'ave married 'er." For all that, the Briton feels deeply; and on those who have fought the experiences of the battlefield have had

an effect which almost amounts to metamorphosis. There are now two breeds of British people—such as have been long in the danger zones, and such as have not; shading of course into each other through the many who have just smelled powder and peril, and the very few whose imaginations are vibrant enough to have lived the two lives, while only living one.

In a certain cool paper called: "The Balance-sheet of the Soldier Workman" I tried to come at the effect of the war; but purposely pitched it in a low and sober key; and there is a much more poignant tale of change to tell of each individual human being.

Take a man who, when the war broke out (or had been raging perhaps a year), was living the ordinary Briton's life, in factory, shop, and home. Suppose that he went through that deep, sharp struggle between the pull of home love and interests, and the pull of country (for I hope it will never be forgotten that five million Britons were volunteers)—and came out committed to his country. That then he had to submit to being rattled at great speed into the soldier-shape which we Britons and you Americans have been brought up to regard as but the half of a free man; that then he was plunged into such a hideous hell of horrible danger and discomfort as this planet has never seen; came out of it time and again, went back into it time and again; and finally emerged, shattered or unscathed, with a spirit at once uplifted and enlarged, yet bruised and ungeared for the old life of Peace. Imagine such a man set back among those who have not been driven and grilled and crucified. What would he feel, and how bear himself? On the surface he would no doubt disguise the fact that he felt different from his neighbors—he would conform; but something within him would ever be stirring, a sort of superiority, an impatient sense that he had been through it and they had not; the feeling, too, that he had seen the bottom of things, that nothing he could ever experience again would give him the sensations he had had out there; that he had lived, and there could be nothing more to it. I don't think that we others quite realize what it must mean to those men, most of them under thirty, to have been stretched to the uttermost, to have no illusions left, and yet have perhaps forty years still to live. There is something gained in them, but there's something gone from them. The old sanctions, the old values won't hold; are there any sanctions and values which can be made to hold? A kind of unreality must needs cling about their lives henceforth. This is a finespun way of putting it, but I think, at bottom, true.

The old professional soldier lived for his soldiering. At the end of a war (however terrible) there was left to him a vista of more wars, more of what had become to him the ultimate reality—his business in life. For these temporary soldiers of what has been not so much a war as a prolonged piece of very horrible carnage, there succeeds something so mild in sensation that it simply will not fill the void. When the dish of Life has lost its savor, by reason of violent and uttermost experience, wherewith shall it be salted?

The American Civil War was very long and very dreadful, but it was a human and humane business compared to what Europe has just come through. There is no analogy in history for the present moment. An old soldier of that Civil War, after hearing these words, wrote me an account of his after-career which shows that in exceptional cases a life so stirring, full, and even dangerful may be lived that no void is felt. But one swallow does not make a summer, nor will a few hundreds or even thousands of such lives leaven to any extent the vast lump of human material used in this war. The spiritual point is this: In front of a man in ordinary civilized existence there hovers ever that moment in the future when he expects to prove himself more of a man than he has yet proved himself. For these soldiers of the Great Carnage the moment of probation is already in the past. They *have* proved themselves as they will never have the chance to do again, and secretly they know it. One talks of their powers of heroism and sacrifice being wanted just as much in time of Peace; but that cannot really be so, because Peace times do not demand men's lives —which is the ultimate test—with every minute that passes. No, the great

moment of their existence lies behind them, young though so many of them are. This makes them at once greater than us, yet in a way smaller, because they have lost the power and hope of expansion. They have lived their masterpiece already. Human nature is elastic, and hope springs eternal; but a *climax* of experience and sensation cannot be repeated; I think these have reached and passed the uttermost climax; and in Europe they number millions.

This is a veritable portent, and I am glad that in America you will not have it to any great extent.

Now how does this affect the future? Roughly speaking it must, I think, have a diminishing effect on what I may call loosely—Creative ability. People have often said to me: "We shall have great writings and paintings from these young men when they come back." We shall certainly have poignant expression of their experiences and sufferings; and the best books and paintings of the war itself are probably yet to come. But, taking the long view, I do not believe we shall have from them, in the end, as much creative art and literature as we should have had if they had not been through the war. Illusion about life, and interest in ordinary daily experience and emotion, which after all are to be the stuff of their future as of ours, has in a way been blunted or destroyed for them. And in the other provinces of life, in industry, in trade, in affairs, how can we expect from men who have seen the utter uselessness of money or comfort or power in the last resort, the same naïve faith in these things, or the same driving energy towards the attaining of them that we others exhibit?

It may be cheering to assume that those who have been almost superhuman these last four years in one environment will continue to be almost superhuman under conditions the very opposite. But alack! it is not logical.

On the other hand I think that those who have had this great and racking experience will be left, for the most part, with a real passion for Justice; and that this will have a profoundly modifying effect on social conditions. I think, too, that many of them will have a sort of passion for humaneness, which will, if you will suffer me to say so, come in very handy; for I have observed that the rest of us, through reading about horrors, have lost the edge of our gentleness, and have got into the habit of thinking that it is the business of women and children to starve if they happen to be German; of creatures to be underfed and overworked if they happen to be horses; of families to be broken up if they happen to be aliens; and that a general carelessness as to what suffering is necessary and what is not has set in. And, queer as it may seem, I look to those who have been in the thick of the worst suffering the world has ever seen, to set us in the right path again, and to correct the vitriolic sentiments engendered by the armchair and the inkpot, in times such as we have been and are still passing through. A cloistered life in times like these engenders bile; in fact, I think it always does. For sheer ferocity there is no place, you will have noticed, like a Club full of old gentlemen. I expect the men who have come home from killing each other to show us the way back to brotherliness! And not before it's wanted. Here is a little true story of war-time, when all men were supposed to be brothers if they belonged to the same nation. In the fifth year of the war two men sat alone in a railway carriage. One, pale, young, a little shabby, had an unlighted cigarette in his mouth. The other, elderly, prosperous, and of a ruddy countenance, was smoking a large cigar.

The young man, who looked as if his days were strenuous, took his unlighted cigarette from his mouth, gazed at it, searched his pockets, and looked at the elderly man. His nose twitched, vibrated by the scent of the cigar, and he said suddenly:

"Could you give me a light, sir?"

The elderly man regarded him for a moment, dropped his eyelids, and murmured:

"I've no matches."

The young man sighed, mumbling the cigarette in his watering lips, then said very suddenly:

"Perhaps you'll kindly give me a light from your cigar, sir."

The elderly man moved throughout his

body, as if something very sacred had been touched within him.

"I'd rather not," he said; "if you don't mind."

A quarter of an hour passed, while the young man's cigarette grew moister, and the elder man's cigar shorter. Then the latter stirred, took it from under his gray mustache, looked critically at it, held it out a little way towards the other with the side which was least burnt-down foremost, and said:

"Unless you'd like to take it from the edge."

On the other hand one has often travelled in these last years with extreme embarrassment because our soldiers were so extraordinarily anxious that one should smoke their cigarettes, eat their apples, and their sausages. The marvels of comradeship they have performed would fill the libraries of the world.

The second main new factor in the world's life is the disappearance of the old autocracies.

In 1910, walking in Hyde Park with a writer friend, I remember saying: "It's the hereditary autocracies in Germany, Austria, and Russia which make the danger of war." He did not agree—but no two writers agree with each other at any given moment. "If only Autocracies go down in the wreckage of this war!" was almost the first thought I put down in writing when the war broke out. Well, they are gone! They were an anachronism, and without them and the bureaucracies and secrecy which buttressed them we should not, I think, have had this world catastrophe. But let us not too glibly assume that the forms of government which take their place can steer the battered ships of the nations in the very troubled waters of to-day, or that they will be truly democratic. Even highly democratic statesmen have been known to resort to the way of the headmaster at my old school, who put a motion to the masters' meeting and asked for a show of hands in its favor. Not one hand was held up. "Then," he said, "I shall adopt it with the greater regret." Nevertheless, the essential new factor is, that, whereas in 1914 civilization was on two planes, it is now, theoretically at least, on the one democratic plane or level. That is a great easing of the world-situation, and removes a chief cause of international misunderstanding. The rest depends on what we can now make of democracy. Surely no word can so easily be taken in vain; to have got rid of the hereditary principle in government is by no means to have made democracy a real thing. Democracy is neither government by rabble, nor government by caucus. Its measure as a beneficent principle is the measure of the intelligence, honesty, public spirit, and independence of the average voter. The voter who goes to the poll blind of an eye and with a cast in the other, so that he sees no issue clear, and every issue only in so far as it affects him personally, is not precisely the sort of ultimate administrative power we want. Intelligent, honest, public-spirited, and independent voters guarantee an honest and intelligent governing body. The best men the best government is a truism which cannot be refuted. Democracy to be real and effective must succeed in throwing up into the positions of administrative power the most trustworthy of its able citizens. In other words it must incorporate and make use of the principle of aristocracy; government by the best—*best in spirit*, not best-born. Rightly seen, there is no tug between democracy and aristocracy; aristocracy should be the means and machinery by which democracy works itself out. What then can be done to increase in the average voter intelligence and honesty, public spirit and independence? Nothing save by education. The Arts, the Schools, the Press. It is impossible to overestimate the need for vigour, breadth, restraint, good taste, enlightenment, and honesty in these three agencies. The artist, the teacher (and among teachers one includes, of course, religious teachers in so far as they concern themselves with the affairs of this world), and the journalist have the future in their hands. As they are fine the future will be fine; as they are mean the future will be mean. The burden is very specially on the shoulders of Public Men, and that most powerful agency the Press which reports them. Do we realize the extent to which the modern world relies for its opinions, on public utterances and

the Press? Do we realize how completely we are all in the power of Report? Any little lie or exaggerated sentiment uttered by one with a bee in his bonnet, with a principle, or an end to serve, can, if cleverly expressed and distributed, distort the views of thousands, sometimes of millions. Any wilful suppression of truth for party or personal ends can so falsify our vision of things as to plunge us into endless cruelties and follies. Honesty of thought and speech and written word is a jewel, and they who curb prejudice and seek honorably to know and speak the truth are the only true builders of a better life. But what a dull world if we can't chatter and write irresponsibly, can't slop over with hatred, or pursue our own ends without scruple! To be tied to the apron-strings of Truth, or coiffed with the nightcap of Silence; who in this age of cheap ink and oratory will submit to such a fate? And yet, if we do not want another eight million violent deaths, another eight million maimed and halt and blind, and if we do not want anarchy, our tongues must be sober, and we must tell the truth. Report, I would almost say, now rules the world and holds the fate of man on the sayings of its many tongues. If the good sense of mankind cannot somehow restrain utterance and cleanse report, Democracy, so highly vaunted, will not save us; and all the glib words of promise spoken might as well have lain unuttered in the throats of orators. We are always in peril under Democracy of taking the line of least resistance and immediate material profit. The gentleman, for instance, whoever he was, who first discovered that he could sell his papers better by undercutting the standard of his rivals, and, appealing to the lower tastes of the Public under the flag of that convenient expression "what the Public wants," made a most evil discovery. The Press is for the most part in the hands of men who know what is good and right. It can be a great agency for levelling up. But whether on the whole it is so or not, one continually hears doubted. There ought to be no room for doubt in any of our minds that the Press is on the side of the angels. It can do as much as any other single agency to raise the level of honesty, intelligence, public spirit, and taste in the average voter, in other words to build Democracy on a sure foundation. This is a truly tremendous trust; for the safety of civilization and the happiness of mankind hangs thereby. The saying about little children and the kingdom of Heaven was meant for the ears of all those who have it in their power to influence simple folk. To be a good and honest editor, a good and honest journalist is in these days to be a veritable benefactor of mankind.

Now take the function of the artist, of the man who in stone, or music, marble, bronze, paint, or words, can express himself, and his vision of life, truly and beautifully. Can we set limit to his value? The answer is in the affirmative. We set such limitation to his value that he has been known to die of it. And I would only venture to say here that if we don't increase the store we set by him, we shall, in this reach-me-down age of machines and wholesale standardizations, emulate the Goths who did their best to destroy the art of Rome, and all these centuries later, by way of atonement, have filled the Thiergarten at Berlin and the City of London with peculiar brands of statuary, and are always writing their names on the Sphynx.

I suppose the hardest lesson we all have to learn in life is that we can't have things both ways. If we want to have Beauty, that which appeals not merely to the stomach and the epidermis (which is the function of the greater part of industrialism), but to what lies deeper within the human organism, the heart and the brain, we must have conditions which permit and even foster the production of beauty. The artist, unfortunately, no less than the rest of mankind, must eat to live. Now, if we insist that we will pay the artist only for what fascinates the popular uneducated instincts, he will either produce Beauty, remain unpaid and starve; or he will give us shoddy, and fare sumptuously every day. My experience tells me this: An artist who is by accident of independent means can, if he has talent, give the Public what he, the artist, wants, and sooner or later the public will take whatever he gives it, at his own valuation. But very few artists, *who have no*

*independent means,* have enough character to hold out until they can sit on the Public's head and pull the Public's beard, to use the old Sikh saying. How many times have I not heard over here—and it's very much the same over there—that a man must produce this or that kind of work or else of course he can't live. My advice—at all events to young artists and writers—is: "Sooner than do that and have some one sitting on *your* head and pulling your beard all the time, go out of business—there are other means of making a living, besides faked or degraded art. Become a dentist and revenge yourself on the Public's teeth—even editors and picture dealers go to the dentist!" The artist has got to make a stand against being exploited, and he has got, also, to live the kind of life which will give him a chance to see clearly, to feel truly, and to express beautifully. He too is a trustee for the future of mankind. Money has one inestimable value—it guarantees independence, the power of going your own way and giving out the best that's in you. But, generally speaking, we don't stop there in our desire for money; and I would say that any artist who doesn't stop there is not "playing the game" neither towards himself nor towards mankind; he is not standing up for the faith that is in him, and the future of civilisation.

And now what of the teacher? One of the discouraging truths of life is the fact that a man cannot raise himself from the ground by the hair of his own head. And if one took Democracy logically, one would have to give up the idea of improvement. But things are not always what they seem, as somebody once said; and fortunately, government "of the people by the people for the people" does not in practice prevent the people from using those saving graces—Commonsense and Selection. In fact, only by the use of those graces will democracy work at all. When twelve men get together to serve on a jury, their commonsense makes them select the least stupid among them to be their foreman. Each of them, of course, feels that he is that least stupid man, but since a man cannot vote for himself, he votes for the least dense among his neighbours, and the foreman comes to life. The same principle applied thoroughly enough throughout the social system produces government by the best. And it is more vital to apply it *thoroughly* in matters of education than in other branches of human activity. But when we have secured our best heads of education, we must trust them and give them real power, for they are the hope—well nigh the only hope—of our future. They alone, by the selection and instruction of their subordinates and the curricula which they lay down, can do anything substantial in the way of raising the standard of general taste, conduct, and learning. They alone can give the starting push towards greater dignity and simplicity; promote the love of proportion, and the feeling for beauty. They alone can gradually instil into the body politic the understanding that education is not a means towards wealth as such, or learning as such, but towards the broader ends of Health and Happiness. The first necessity for improvement in modern life is that our teachers should have the wide view, and be provided with the means and the curricula which make it possible to apply this enlightenment to their pupils. Can we take too much trouble to secure the best men as heads of education—that most responsible of all positions in the modern State? The child is father to the man. We think too much of politics and too little of education. We treat it almost as cavalierly as the undergraduate treated the Master of Balliol. "Yes," he said, showing his people round the quadrangle, "that's the Master's window"; then, picking up a pebble, he threw it against the window pane. "And that," he said, as a face appeared, "is the Master!" Democracy has come, and on Education Democracy hangs; the thread as yet is slender.

It is a far cry to the third new factor: Exploitation of the air. We were warned by Sir Hiram Maxim about 1910 that a year or so of war would do more for the conquest of the air than many years of peace. It has. We hear of a man flying 260 miles in 90 minutes; of the Atlantic being flown in 24 hours; of airships which will have a lifting capacity of 300 tons; of air mail-routes all over the world. The time will perhaps come when we

shall live in the air, and come down to earth on Sundays.

I confess that, mechanically marvellous as all this is, it interests me chiefly as a prime instance of the way human beings prefer the shadow of existence to its substance. Granted that we speed up everything, that we annihilate space, that we increase the powers of trade, leave no point of the earth unsurveyed, and are able to perform air-stunts which people will pay five dollars a-piece to see—how shall we have furthered human health, happiness, and virtue, speaking in the big sense of these words? It is an advantage, of course, to be able to carry food to a starving community in some desert; to rescue shipwrecked mariners; to have a letter from one's wife four days sooner than one could otherwise; and generally to save time in the swopping of our commodities and the journeys we make. But how does all this help human beings to inner contentment of spirit, and health of body? Did the arrival of motor cars, bicycles, telephones, trains, and steamships do much for them in that line? Anything which serves to stretch human capabilities to the utmost, would help human happiness, if each new mechanical activity, each new human toy as it were, did not so run away with our sense of proportion as to debauch our energies. A man, for instance, takes to motoring, who used to ride or walk; it becomes a passion with him, so that he now never rides or walks—and his calves become flabby and his liver enlarged. A man puts a telephone into his house to save time and trouble, and is straightway a slave to the tinkle of its bell. The few human activities in themselves and of themselves pure good are just: Eating, drinking, sleeping, and the affections—in moderation; the inhaling of pure air, exercise in most of its forms, and interesting creative work—in moderation; the study and contemplation of the arts and nature—in moderation; thinking of others and not thinking of yourself—in moderation; doing kind acts and thinking kind thoughts. All the rest seems to be what the prophet had in mind when he said: "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity!" Ah! but the one great activity—adventure and the craving for sensation! It is that for which the human being really lives, and all his restless activity is caused by the desire for it. True; yet adventure and sensation without rhyme or reason lead to disharmony and disproportion. We may take civilisation to the South Sea Islands, but it would be better to leave the islanders naked and healthy than to improve them with trousers and civilisation off the face of the earth. We may invent new cocktails, but it would be better to stay dry. In mechanical matters I am reactionary, for I cannot believe in inventions and machinery unless they can be so controlled as to minister definitely to health and happiness—and how difficult that is! In my own country the townsman has become physically inferior to the countryman (speaking in the large), and I infer from this that we British—at all events—are not so in command of ourselves and our wonderful inventions and machines that we are putting them to uses which are really beneficent. If we had proper command of ourselves no doubt we could do this, but we haven't; and if you look about you in America, the same doubt may possibly attack you.

But there is another side to the exploitation of the air which does not as yet affect you in America as it does us in Europe—the destructive side. Britain, for instance, is no longer an island. In five or ten years it will, I think, be impossible to guarantee the safety of Britain and Britain's commerce, by sea-power; and those who continue to pin faith to that formula will find themselves nearly as much back-numbered as people who continued to prefer wooden ships to iron, when the iron age came in. Armaments on land and sea will be limited; not, I think, so much by a League of Nations, if it comes, as by the commonsense of people who begin to observe that with the development of the powers of destruction and of transport from the air, land and sea armaments are becoming of little use. We may all disarm completely, and yet—so long as there are flying machines and high explosives—remain almost as formidably destructive as ever. So difficult to control, so infinite in its possibilities for evil and so limited in its possibilities for good do I consider this exploitation of the air that, personally, I

would rejoice to see the nations in solemn conclave agree this very minute to ban the use of the air altogether, whether for trade, travel, or war; destroy every flying machine and every airship, and forbid their construction. That, of course, is a consummation which will remain devoutly to be wished. Every day one reads in one's paper that some country or other is to take the lead in the air. What a wild-goose chase we are in for! I verily believe mankind will come one day in their underground dwellings to the annual practice of burning in effigy the Guy (whoever he was) who first rose off the earth. After I had talked in this strain once before, a young airman came up to me and said: "Have you been up?" I shook my head. "You wait!" he said. When I do go up I shall take great pains not to go up with that one.

We come now to the fourth great new factor—Bolshevism, and the social unrest. But I am shy of saying anything about it, for my knowledge and experience are insufficient. I will only offer one observation. Whatever philosophic cloak may be thrown over the shoulders of Bolshevism, it is obviously—like every revolutionary movement of the past—an aggregation of individual discontents, the sum of millions of human moods of dissatisfaction with the existing state of things; and whatever philosophic cloak we drape on the body of Liberalism, if by that name we may designate our present social and political system—that system has clearly not yet justified its claim to the word evolutionary, so long as the disproportion between the very rich and the very poor continues (as hitherto it has) to grow. No system can properly be called evolutionary which provokes against it the rising of so formidable a revolutionary wave of discontent. One hears that co-operation is now regarded as *vieux jeu*. If that be so, it is because co-operation in its true sense of spontaneous friendliness between man and man, has never been tried. Perhaps human nature in the large can never rise to that ideal. But if it cannot, if industrialism cannot achieve a change of heart, so that in effect employers would rather their profits (beyond a quite moderate scale) were used for the amelioration of the lot of those they employ, it looks to me uncommonly like being the end of the present order of things, after an era of class-struggle which will shake civilization to its foundations. Being myself an evolutionist, who fundamentally distrusts violence, and admires the old Greek saying: "God is the helping of man by man," I yet hope it will not come to that; I yet believe we may succeed in striking the balance, without civil wars. But I feel that (speaking of Europe) it is touch and go. In America, in Canada, in Australia, the conditions are different, the powers of expansion still large, the individual hopefulness much greater. There is little analogy with the state of things in Europe; but, whatever happens in Europe must have its infectious influence in America. The wise man takes Time by the forelock—and goes in front of events.

Let me turn away to the fifth great new factor: The impetus towards a League of Nations.

This, to my thinking, so wholly advisable, would inspire more hopefulness, if the condition of Europe was not so terribly confused, and if the most salient characteristics of human nature were not elasticity, bluntness of imagination, and shortness of memory. Those of us who, while affirming the principle of the League, are afraid of committing ourselves to what obviously cannot at the start be a perfect piece of machinery, seem inclined to forget that if the assembled Statesmen fail to *place in running order, now*, some definite machinery for the consideration of international disputes, the chance will certainly slip. We cannot reckon on more than a very short time during which the horror of war will rule our thoughts and actions. And during that short time it is essential that the League should have had some tangible success in preventing war. Mankind puts its faith in facts, not theories; in proven, and not in problematic success. One can imagine with what profound suspicion and contempt the armed individualists of the Neolithic Age regarded the first organised tribunal; with what surprise they found that it actually worked so well that they felt justified in dropping their habit of taking the lives and property of their neighbors first and think-

ing over it afterwards. Not till the Tribunal of the League of Nations has had successes of conciliation, visible to all, will the armed individualist nations of to-day begin to rub their cynical and suspicious eyes, and to sprinkle their armor with moth-powder. No one who, like myself, has recently experienced the sensation of landing in America after having lived in Europe throughout the war, can fail to realize the reluctance of Americans to commit themselves, and the difficulty Americans have in realizing the need for doing so. But may I remind Americans that during the first years of the war there was practically the same general American reluctance to interfere in an old world struggle; and that in the end America found that it was not an old-world but a world-struggle. It is entirely reasonable to dislike snatching chestnuts out of the fire for other people, and to shun departure from the letter of cherished tradition; but things do not stand still in this world; storm centres shift; and live doctrine often becomes dead dogma.

The League of Nations is but an incorporation of the co-operative principle in world affairs. We have seen to what the lack of that principle leads both in international and national life. Americans seem almost unanimously in favor of a League of Nations, so long as it is sufficiently airy—perhaps one might say "hot-airy"; but when it comes to earth, many of them fear the risk. I would only say that no great change ever comes about in the lives of men unless they take risks; no progress can be made. As to the other objection taken to the League, not only by Americans—that it won't work, well we shall never know the rights of that unless we try it. The two chief factors in avoiding war are publicity and delay. If there is some better plan for bringing these two factors into play than the machinery of a League of Nations, I have yet to learn of it. The League which, I think, will come in spite of all our hesitations, may very likely make claims larger than its real powers; and there is, of course, danger in that; but there is also wisdom and advantage, for the success of the League must depend enormously on how far it succeeds in rivetting the imaginations of mankind in its first years. The League should therefore make bold claims. After all, there is solidity and truth in this notion of a Society of Nations. The world is really growing towards it beneath all surface rivalries. We must admit it to be in the line of natural development, unless we turn our back on all analogy. Don't then let us be ashamed of it, as if it were a piece of unpractical idealism. It is much more truly real than the state of things which has led to the misery of these last four years. The soldiers who have fought and suffered and known the horrors of war, desire it. The objections come from those who have but watched them fight and suffer. Like every other change in the life of mankind, and like every new development in industry or art, the League needs faith. Let us have faith and give it a good "send-off."

I have left what I deem the greatest new factor till the last—Anglo-American unity. Greater it is even than the impetus towards a League of Nations, because without it the League of Nations has surely not the chance of a lost dog.

I have been reading a Life of George Washington, which has filled me with admiration of your stand against our Junkers of those days. And I am familiar with the way we outraged the sentiment of both the North and the South, in the days of your Civil War. No wonder your history books were not precisely Anglophile, and that Americans grew up in a traditional dislike of Great Britain! I am realist enough to know that the past will not vanish like a ghost—just because we have fought side by side in this war; and realist enough to recognize the other elements which make for patches of hearty dislike between our peoples. But, surveying the whole field, I believe there are links and influences too strong for the disruptive forces; and I am sure that the first duty of English and American citizens to-day is to be fair and open to understanding about each other. If anyone will take down the map of the world and study it, he will see at once how that world is ballasted by the English-speaking countries; how, so long as they remain friends, holding as they do the trade routes and the main material resources of the world under their control, the world

must needs sail on an even keel. And if he will turn to the less visible chart of the world's mental qualities, he will find a certain reassuring identity of ideals between the various English-speaking races, which form a sort of guarantee of stable unity. Thirdly, in community of language we have a factor in producing unity of ethics, potent as blood itself; for community of language is ever unconsciously producing unity of traditions and ideas. Americans and Britons, we are both, of course, very competitive peoples, and I suppose consider our respective nations the chosen people of the earth. That is a weakness which, though natural, is extremely silly, and merely proves that we have not yet outgrown provincialism. But competition is possible without reckless rivalry. There was once a bootmaker who put over his shop: "Mens conscia recti"; ("A mind conscious of right"). He did quite well, till a rival bootmaker came along, established himself opposite, and put over *his* shop the words: "Men's, Women's, and Children's conscia recti," and did even better. The way nations try to cut each others' commercial throats is what makes the stars twinkle—that smile on the face of the heavens. It has the even more ruinous effect of making bad blood in the veins of the nations. Let us try playing the game of commerce like sportsmen, and respect each others' qualities and efforts. Sportsmanship has been rather ridiculed of late, yet I dare make the assertion that she will yet hold the field, both in your country and in mine; and if in our countries—then in the world.

It is ignorance of each other, not knowledge, which has always made us push each other off—the habit, you know, is almost endemic in strangers, so that they do it even in their sleep. There were once two travellers, a very large man and a very little man, strangers to each other, whom fate condemned to share a bed at an inn. In his sleep the big man stirred, and pushed the little man out on to the floor. The little man got up in silence, climbed carefully over the big man who was still asleep, got his back against the wall and his feet firmly planted against the small of the big man's back, gave a tremendous revengeful push and—pushed the bed away from the wall and fell down in between. Such is the unevenness of fate, and the result of taking things too seriously. America and England must not push each other out, even in their sleep, nor resent the unconscious shoves they give each other, too violently. Since we have been comrades in this war we have taken to speaking well of each other, even in public print. To cease doing that now will show that we spoke nicely of each other only because we were afraid of the consequences if we did not. Well, we both have a sense of humor.

But not only self-preservation and the fear of ridicule guard our friendship. We have, I hope, also the feeling that we stand, by geographical and political accident, trustees for the health and happiness of all mankind. The magnitude of this trust cannot be exaggerated, and I would wish that every American and British boy and girl could be brought up to reverence it—not to believe that they are there to whip creation. We are here to *serve* creation, that creation may be ever better all over the earth, and life more humane, more just, more free. The habit of being charitable to each other will grow if we give it a little chance. If we English-speaking peoples bear with each others' foibles, help each other over the stiles we come on, and keep the peace of the world, there is still hope that some day that world may come to be God's own.

Let us be just and tolerant; let us stand fast, and stand together—for light and liberty, for humanity and Peace!



"It's not easy for knowing the reason that you love a girl, Mrs. Dickson."

# BEING A MAN

## By Edna Mary Booth

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR G. DOVE

IT was the first day of June. Soon after sundown, as he'd done all of the two years he's taken charge of my farm, Frank came into the sitting-room. When Frank came I knew that everything was ready for the night.

"Fella across the road doesn't like me," he announced in his peculiar intonation. He spoke as good English as most of the farmers in Kingsville, but there were traces of his Italian birth.

Through the twilight I could see from my chair the man Frank spoke of, Danford Gilmore, moving about between his house and barns.

"Why doesn't he like you, Frank?" I asked, turning from the window.

Frank's lips twitched—he had a good mouth—then he grinned.

"You *know*," he claimed.

"You're making love to Mattie," I said.

"She's a good girl," Frank declared stoutly, but he looked sheepish.

"And you love her because she's a good girl," I laughed. I got up and lighted the two big lamps, for I hate a room half lighted. I supposed Frank would laugh, too, and let it go at that. I never was quite ready for the way he could surprise me.

He repeated my words slowly: "Because she's a good girl? I don't know. I've seen other girls—good girls. It's not easy for knowing the reason that you love a girl, Mrs. Dickson."

I thought as I listened: "Mattie is all right, but she hasn't your intellect." Then I said: "I guess you are right, Frank. We don't always know why we love folks, much less why we go on loving year after year."

He looked me straight in the eyes until I turned away to gather up some sewing I'd been doing.

"Don't be afraid of Danford Gilmore," I said. "You marry Mattie if you want to."

Frank grinned again.

"The lady—" he began.

"Oh," I caught him up, "doesn't Mattie want to?"

"Why, yes, some time, most time. Still, he has been good to her—Gilmore. It is not as if he were her father. Then it is expected—the care and kindness. It is not necessary that the brother of a girl's mother give her so good a home. She don't like to make him mad."

"Poof!" I cried. "He'll soon get over it."

Frank got up and walked toward the door. He was of medium height, rather dark, but clear-skinned. He was not handsome—just good to look at. Near the door he turned.

"How mad do you think he'd get?" he asked as though he were pretty sure I could answer the question. Again he looked me straight in the eyes.

"Oh," I charged, "folks have been telling you why Danford Gilmore wears a beard."

"Sure," acknowledged Frank.

I was more shaken than I wished Frank to know. I tried to speak naturally.

"You go ahead," I said. "Don't you be afraid of Danford Gilmore. He won't ever do anything desperate like that again. There's a good deal of a man to him after all. It was twenty-six years ago that happened, Frank, and he was only twenty-one. From the time we were little children his father and mine had planned for us to marry. Our wedding-day was four weeks away when those two men quarrelled. It was the kind of quarrel that is mighty hard to wipe out. Father swore no son of Emerson Gilmore should have his daughter. Dan was crazed—just plain crazed for a minute. It was long enough for him to get at his throat with a knife he happened to have in his hand. He wasn't man enough. Don't be afraid, Frank; take Mattie if you want her."

"Would you?" asked Frank, and he showed the two rows of his white teeth. "Mattie likes me," he said afterward, as though he liked the sound of it.

"You go ahead," I urged.

"Thank you, Mrs. Dickson"; he laughed as he went out.

As soon as he was whistling in the yard I heard Susan Jarvis pattering across the kitchen floor. She came to the door of my sitting-room.

"You beat the Old Harry, Duella King," she let out at me. She'd come to work for my mother when I was ten years old and she'd never quite known her place. "You're the Old Boy and all, you are," she went on. "What you playing in this game for? What you doing it for? It ain't right, nohow, for Mattie to marry that Frank."

"What's the matter with Frank?" I asked her.

"He's an I-tal-yon," she blazed with forward jerks of her head.

"Mattie's an American," I laughed. "Oh, don't you fuss, Susan. One is as good as the other."

"There might be another way of thinking," muttered Susan.

"Frank's smarter," I said.

"Humph," grunted Susan.

We stood looking at each other.

"Well?" said I.

"You're doing it to be mean," said she. "You've no call to take the only comfort Dan has away from him. What'll he do in that big house alone?"

"Take Frank and Mattie in with him," I answered. "It'll be right handy for Frank."

"Humph," she grunted again. "You ought to be 'shamed of yourself, Duella King."

"Poof, what for?" I asked, and, without answering, she pattered back to the kitchen.

The next day, with Gertrude, I had the same thing over again. She came for her fortnightly visit in the little car I gave her when she married Burnett Crane.

After her father died Gertrude stayed with me only a year. She is like him—

Dickson from head to toe. The Cranes are peas out of the same pod. Gertrude came to spend the day with me once in two weeks because she thought it was her duty, when living only seven miles away, to see her mother as often as that. Dickson all over. Duty and order and a blue-lettered law. Everything just as it had been and should be. Oh, how I had hated my life of it. I never really knew how I'd come to marry Oliver Dickson. Sometimes a woman is hurt so hard she doesn't know what she's doing.

Frank came in as usual to have dinner with us. Gertrude had never approved of it, but Frank was a trained man and the manager of my farm. His place was with me at my table. He didn't like to come when Gertrude was at home. He was there because I insisted upon it and he always asked to be excused and left the table before Gertrude or I did.

"He's not so bad," she remarked when he had gone out the door, "but I cannot understand what Mattie is thinking of."

"What did Mattie say?" I questioned, for Gertrude had taken a half hour before dinner to spend at the house across the road.

"She is *so* foolish," Gertrude asserted in her superior manner. "She really believes she likes him."

"She loves him," I said quietly.

"Oh, she thinks she does," grudged my daughter impatiently.

"Well, why not?" I asked.

"You're standing up for this—that's what I thought," fumed Gertrude.

"Well, why not?" I repeated.

"I'm not surprised," she flashed. "But Frank is an Italian and Mattie's ancestors——"

I took it up. "Were French, English, Irish, I believe."

"I think it is a perfect shame," she cried, tossing her head.

"I don't," I replied and leaned across my table and looked my daughter straight in the eye. She'd met that look before and she listened quietly enough to what I had to say.

"Frank's had as good an education as Mattie," I began, "and he knows more. I've known him pretty well for two years. He's a decent fellow and he's smart. Unless some misfortune overtakes him in time Mattie will have more money than she'll ever know how to spend well. He owns the old Lee house and twenty acres of the best land around here, and he knows how to make things grow. He's an outdoor man, is Frank, and he's a good fellow. He's talked to me about this. I've told him that if Mattie loves him not to be afraid of any one, to be a man and take her."

Perhaps I fancied that Gertrude gave me a strange, quizzing glance.

It was two days later that Frank said, as he left the table at noon:

"Just as well for you not to know about things, eh, Mrs. Dickson?"

I was a little startled.

"That's right, Frank," I answered. "Good luck to you any time and all time."

He laughed and went out. I watched him go. He held his head high and I thought: "How tall he is and fine." I wondered if he really meant that he was going to marry Mattie that day. I was glad if it were so and yet— A sudden lonelinesss came over me. I winced at the throb of an old, old pain. I sat quietly, numbed to inaction. Susan Jarvis came to the door of the dining-room and looked in.

"What ails ye?" she asked.

I answered her with a question.

"Are the years so long after you're fifty, Susan?"

She came into the room.

"What ails ye?" she repeated.

"Do you think that by any chance I may, like grandmother, live to be ninety?"

"Ye may," said Susan.

Then I got away from the table, pushed past her and hurried across the kitchen to the back door. I heard her in the kitchen calling after me: "What's ailing ye?"

Perhaps she said more. I don't know. I ran away from her, not pausing until I was among my currant-bushes. I began to hunt and eat stray red currants, for the bunches were not ripe, as though I'd not had a bit of dinner. But that foolishness could last only a little while. I came back slowly toward the house just in time to hear a wagon roll out of the barn. I did not see it, for the big door opened away from me. The house and

barns hid the road to town, but the sound of the horse's hoofs came back.

Across the road I could see Danford Gilmore working over his automobile. He heard the sounds of the horse's hoofs as soon as I. He dropped his tools and ran across the yard. Then I lost sight of him until, it seemed not a moment later, he came tearing around the corner of my house. I felt the force of his coming when he grabbed me by the shoulder.

stood in a state of uselessness. He said just a word or two that I failed to get.

"I'm beginning to understand," he vented in loud tones. "She told me I'd better overhaul the auto to-day. And, like a fool, I did it. You're out here watching, eh? Well, I'm not beaten yet—you see!"

He turned away and started for my woods. I knew what he had in mind. It was three miles to town by the road,



"Where's Mattie?" he cried furiously.

"Where's Mattie?" he cried furiously. And then: "Was it Mattie going off with that Frank of yours?"

For all the years these were the first words he'd said to me beyond the formal greeting of a day, the first time he'd touched me, and I could think of nothing else.

"Speak," he commanded, pushing me from him. "Tell me what you know."

"Nothing," I faltered.

"Thunder," he raged and, frightened, I followed his gaze. He was looking across the road to where his automobile

but through my woods and across the river it was barely one. For a moment I watched him. Then I lifted the skirt of my gray linen house dress and I, too, ran for the woods. There was a newly cut path I knew. It was clearer than the way he had chosen and a little shorter. I ran—how I ran—and he was not in sight when I reached the river. We'd had a wet spring and the water was pouring down in a turmoil over the stony bed.

In dry weather you could sometimes get across on the big stones, but at other times it was necessary to use the bridge



Using all my strength, I pushed it out into the river.

made of two heavy planks that we'd always kept there. The planks were set firmly down in the earth and small stones of the bank. I went to work at once, tearing like mad at the soft turf. The first plank came away easily enough and, using all my strength, I pushed it out into the river. It broke away from the opposite bank as rioting water claimed it. The other plank—perhaps it was firmer set; perhaps it was because I heard Danford Gilmore crashing through the bushes that made it come so hard.

Breathlessly I struggled, and Dan came nearer—nearer.

"You—you," he shouted, but I suppose he could find no name to fit me.

I tugged harder—harder—and sent the plank out into the river just as he put one foot upon it. He slipped and slid a little way down the bank and bounded back and grabbed me by both arms.

"What'd you do that for?" he roared to get the best of the water.

I cried out with the pain his grip gave me, but he did not hear.

"What did you do that for?" he roared again.

"They're my planks," I mumbled, wincing with pain.

"What you doing this for, anyhow?" he went on shouting.

"You're hurting me," I shouted back.

He lessened his grip, but held me.

"You tell me," he insisted, "why you've been so keen for Mattie to marry Frank."

"Poof," I cried. "It is nothing to me whether Mattie marries Frank or not. I want Frank to be a man and take her if she loves him and he loves her. I want Frank to be a man."

The grip on my arm was gone. Only the hurt of it was stinging. Dan had moved back a little and was staring at me.

"You want Frank to take her if he loves her," he said slowly. I could hardly hear the words, but I knew them from the moving of his lips.

"I didn't want him to be afraid of any one," I cried.

"I wasn't afraid," he said, and spoke even lower; but I heard.

"I wasn't afraid *of* any one—only *for* you."

"Poof," I cried. I stooped to pick a spray of wild honeysuckle. "Frank's a good fellow," I shouted as I came up.

Still Danford stared at me. Nervously I laughed, tossed my head and, swinging carelessly the honeysuckle, passed him.

Only a little way I went, and I was a prisoner again.

"You're hurting me," I whimpered, and now he heard. "I'm going home," I said. "Don't be hard on Mattie."

"You're not going home," he said in low tones, his lips close to my ear. "No one but Duella Gilmore enters either your house or mine. Come."

He put his arm about me, and before I knew we were walking through the woods toward the road.

"Where are you going?" I asked him.

"To the parsonage. Whipple will have his hand in and won't mind another couple, I guess." With that he grinned and was like a boy.

"Oh," I begged, "look at my dress!"

"What is the matter with it?" he asked.

"It's a house dress—just a gray linen house dress."

"It's all right," he said. "Come; perhaps we'll get a ride."

"People will think we are crazy to be married like this," I fretted.

"Who are 'people,'" he asked, and kissed me.

So we went on, Dan helping me over the rough places, shielding me from every wayward branch, on through the woods to the road that leads to town and the parsonage.




St. Francis preaching to the birds.

# THE EXTREMISTS

## By F. S. Church

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

WELL, here we are in prison, I, William Jones and my chum, Robert Cutler, about to be put on trial for attempted murder. The prison chaplain, a kind old man, has asked me to write our story that it may convince the public that there may be extenuating circumstances, and that he may be able to sell it to some publisher for something that may help us financially, as we are both poor and need funds to put our case properly before the public.

My education was limited and I have never written anything for publication except to a few newspapers, advocating what we have both been fighting for, but they were never published and returned as being too extreme.

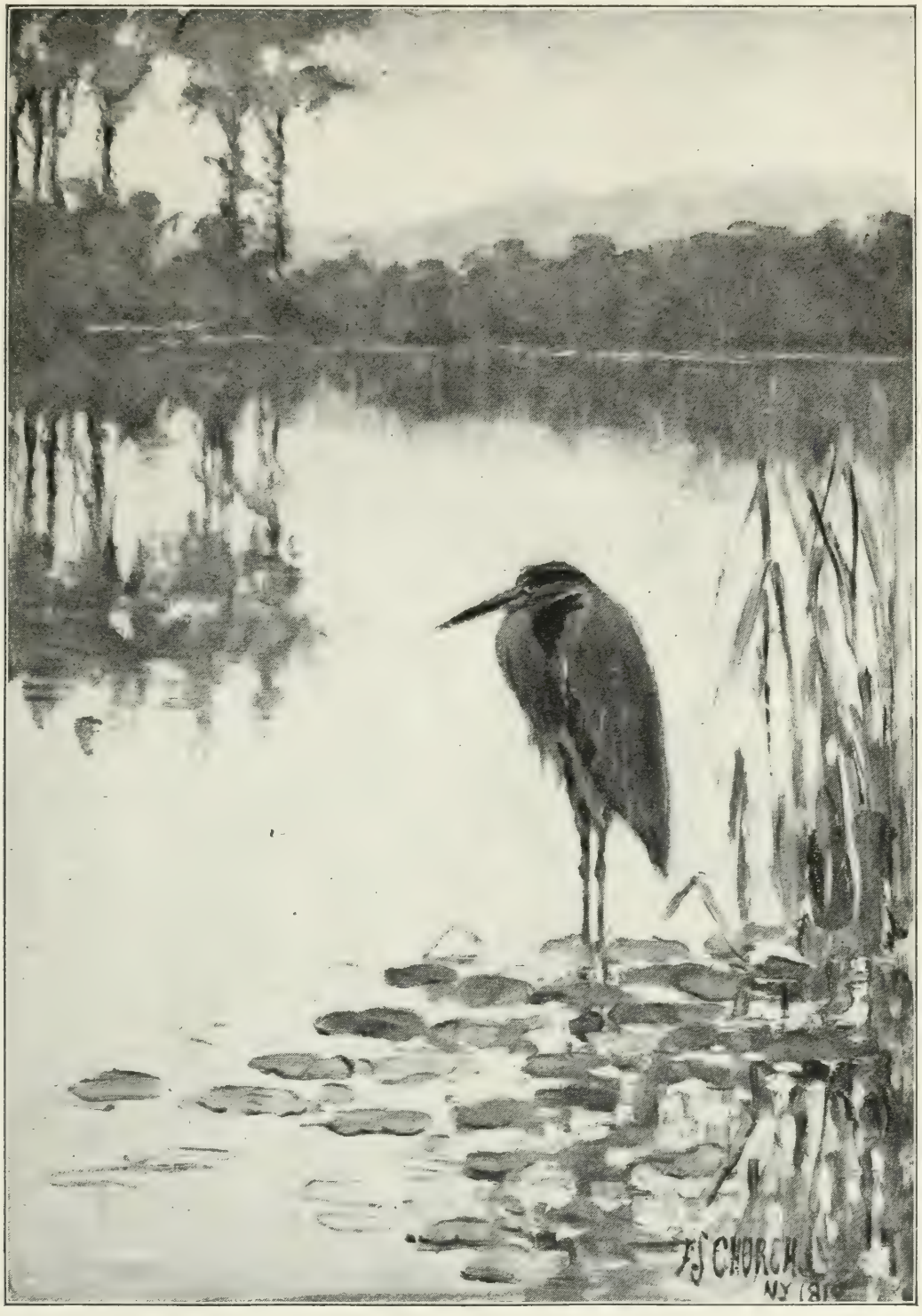
I want to say this: we have both come by our convictions naturally. My father and mother had very decided opinions as to the protection of birds and animals, and you will see later that Cutler and myself were "Chips of the old block," exaggerated somewhat perhaps.

Our simple home was in a little pine grove a few hundred yards from the sea. Father, like myself, was a jack of all trades and made a living by carpentering, painting, etc., with a decided inclination for inventions of a mechanical character. Mother's fad, when her housekeeping duties were finished, was to feed, tame, and pet all the wild things on our place, and she made it a paradise for them. You would never see her outside the house but what all the domestic fowls, as well as the horse, the dog, and the cow, followed her, but the most unusual feature was the little wild birds fluttering around her, lighting on her shoulders and head.

There were two old prints on the walls that made a great impression on me as a boy. One of St. Francis preaching to the birds who flew toward him and, alighting in the form of a cross, seemed much interested in what he was saying. The

other print depicted the little Cross Beaks trying to pull the nails from the hands and feet of our Crucified Savior, thereby twisting their little beaks. And

see them occasionally in our pine grove as they rested on their migrations, and mother, who was a devout Catholic, would never tire of telling us this beautiful story.




A great, blue heron swept gracefully down and landed on the edge of the pond.—Page 217.

a small red spot on their breasts and their mournful little song which is found in their species to-day, carries out the truth of this beautiful old legend. We would

I have seen Father ploughing near the house and the sea-gulls following in the fallow, seeming perfectly assured of their protection.

I was brought up with the idea it was criminal to shoot a wild thing, and shocked to see and hear later in life of their indiscriminate slaughter. It was rarely we ever saw a hunter, and if one came on our land Father would scare the wits out of him, being a giant in stature and very fierce-looking when excited. I can never pass a gun shop to-day without feeling a strong inclination to rush in and destroy the whole layout.

Now about Bob Cutler, my chum and companion in crime. I first met him at a station on the elevated railroad, where he was employed selling tickets. One afternoon, not during rush hours, I was about to buy a ticket when I noticed the entrance to the opening where you place your money was full of sparrows who were being fed by the party inside. Interested, and enjoying the sight, I hesitated in purchasing my ticket when a cheerful voice said: "Go ahead, they won't mind you." And they didn't. It seems every day about this time he would call them up to feed. I soon made his acquaintance and we found each other of one opinion regarding the birds. As we walked down the stairs of the elevated one day when he was off duty, they all seemed delighted, fluttering around him as we passed on. However, his sweetness of character was not appreciated, he being complained of by the passengers as a nuisance and was discharged by the company.

Bob inherited his Father's love for birds and animals. His Father might be called an extremist, as one of his last business investments was to start a little grocery-store in a small village. He would never trap or kill any of the rats and mice that overran the place. They drove away his customers and practically ate him out of house and home. It was very noticeable to see the attention Bob got from all his dumb friends, dogs, cats, horses; he would make friends of them at once, and if he went into a Zoo or a Travelling Circus where they had a menagerie, the animals, from the elephant down, seemed to be attracted to him, however large the gazing crowd was.

Bob and myself were always working for our cause. He was of delicate health and build, would give his last cent, write, argue, and occasionally assume the whole financial responsibility of a lawsuit, while I, inheriting my Father's build and strength, was always in trouble for using these two weapons against those who were not in sympathy with our views. I mention two incidents of many of the same character. I was once employed as an Axeman by a lumber company. We stopped one day at a trapper's shack, located in a forest of pine. I happened to call his attention to the little Cross Beaks fluttering around in the trees uttering their sweet but mournful note, and was about to tell him of the beautiful old legend when he said: "Yes, they are good eating; I often make a meal of them."

In a moment of frenzy aroused by his remark, I said: "Look out for yourself."

He was a big, strong fellow and I gave him a chance, but I knocked him down and almost shook the life out of him. He was rescued by the crew. I tried to explain the situation to them—they would have finished me then and there—but they hesitated to undertake the job on account of my size and strength. I was discharged at once by the Boss and made my way to civilization the best I could.

Some time afterward I got a job as Chainman with a party of surveyors up north. We camped one night on the borders of a little lake much resorted to by summer visitors. About four in the morning we were aroused and much impressed by the cry of a loon, about the weirdest note in nature's creation, giving a most mysterious sensation and fascination to the surroundings. That morning I met, on the shore of the lake, two red-necktied dudes, who were about to row out and try a shot at our wonderful visitor. I broke their guns and smashed their boat; was arrested later in the day, locked up, and fined, but was let off by the sheriff soon after, who apologized to me for his part, as he was, like myself, a great lover of nature and all her wild things and enforced the law as far as he was able for their protection.

Now comes the incident that brings us here. I used to go and visit my Father when I could. He was living alone in the old home, Mother having passed away some years before. I asked Bob to go

down with me. I wrote my Father of our proposed visit. He was visiting his brother at the time but said he would be back to meet us on our arrival or soon after.

It was nearing the evening as Bob and I reached our place, a two-mile walk from the station, but we enjoyed it immensely, both being great lovers of nature, appreciating her, I hope, in all of her delightful moods. Near our house on Father's land was a lovely little pond and, as we neared it, the evening shadows gave it a wonderful, mysterious look and, as we stood there in admiration, a great, blue heron swept gracefully down and landed on the edge of the pond. His unexpected appearance sent a thrill of great pleasure through both of us and I said quietly to Bob: "This bird, unknowingly, has done us a great honor adding to the romance and mystery of this beautiful spot," and we both took off our hats and bowed in reverence that ours was the privilege to see and enjoy this charming scene, when suddenly the report of a gun nearby broke upon us, the majestic bird dropped dead in the water, and a young fellow stepped out of the bushes, smiling at the result of his damnable shot. But as he saw two men rushing at him with murder in their eyes, he dropped his gun and started at full speed to escape. We chased him for a mile, but he was young and we are not, and we gave up the chase, fortunately for him.

On our way back I picked up his gun and smashed it to pieces, waded out and got the body of our magnificent friend and buried him alongside the pond where he had breathed his last, and we both turned in that night much depressed by the sad ending of such a beautiful evening.

We were awakened the next morning early by the noise of shooting near the house; we dressed quickly and started on a run for the beach only to see, in the distance, a party of hunters on their way to an inlet about a mile from our home where wild ducks were in the habit of visiting. Father's premises were thoroughly posted by signs, "No shooting under penalty of the law," and a boy, whom we met, told us they had been shooting snipe on our beach, knowing that Father was away.

As we walked along in a high state of excitement at this outrage, we suddenly came on a little group of snipe huddled together in the corner of a bank. As we came nearer, we found that they all seemed mutilated by shot wounds and had gotten together probably for mutual protection. They made no effort to get away from us, and seemed to look at Bob as a friend as he stooped down in sympathy. Such a pathetic sight: broken wings and legs, bleeding little bodies, having escaped in this condition from the murderous fire of those law breakers.

"Bob," I exclaimed, "come with me at once; we can stop this work on Father's land, at least, and give them a dose of their own medicine."

I started on a run for the house, Bob following wondering what was up.

My Father was a soldier in the Civil War, in a Battery of Light Artillery. Among several inventions he was working on was a small cannon which was constructed on the idea, the result of his own observations and experience as a private soldier who had seen actual service, that sometimes the moral effect in a battle was of more importance than the physical. He noticed, on several occasions, that men would be more demoralized by a battery of artillery firing on them, say at one thousand yards, with their screaming, whizzing, bursting shells and the roar of the smooth-bore cannon, than from a line of infantry firing at the same time at two hundred yards, really doing most of the deadly work. At that time rifle cannon were almost unused, and most of the fighting was done at comparatively close quarters.

Father's argument was this: That the President might call a meeting of his Cabinet to decide upon a question that the fate of the nation depended on, the Cabinet being divided as to its right and wrong, and in a high state of excitement, about to cast the decisive vote, when all at once a swarm of mosquitoes coming in at the open window would, for a few moments, change the whole point of view and, after this interruption, might cause their looking at and arguing the question from a more reasonable and less prejudiced standpoint.

The cannon was comparatively small,

two men could bring it into action and serve it. It was to be loaded with the finest of shot and its scattering powers was one point he worked on. I saw the gun at intervals when I was home, helped him in its initial trials on targets placed far apart. It certainly scattered the shot up to his expectations.

I hurriedly explained the situation to Bob; we found plenty of powder, shot, and *other ammunition*, and we soon had it down on the beach. Covered somewhat by the turn in the bank, we loaded it and calmly awaited the return of our hunters. They had a shack some distance above us where they slept and cooked, so the boy said. We didn't have to wait long as they soon appeared from their duck-hunting locality. When they were about two hundred yards from us, we hauled out our gun and gave them a dose.

Now I am going to give my possible readers some interesting information regarding, in this instance, our peculiar warfare which they have not heard of and that the trial resulted in our freedom and the humiliation of our prosecuting hunter trespassers.

My Father had a most kindly nature and many of his inventions were for the alleviation of pain and suffering in man, bird, and beast, particularly the two latter, and many devices to make the household duties of the women who had to do their own work much less laborious. He had more or less financial success from his many inventions, but most of the money was spent to perfect and improve and devise new ones.

For this cannon he had invented a bullet of the ordinary size which he called a Zipper. It was made of a combination of rubber and other materials; it was hollow and full of small holes that let in and out the air as it left the gun, and they made a noise not unlike the ordinary bullet, a sort of a zip, but much louder. His idea was that it might be used as a warning in some cases, like firing a shot across the bow of a ship, or to give their opponents a false idea of the number of men defending some important position while being threatened by a superior force where, for reasons, it might not be advisable to do much damage, as in case of a Riot, but his principal idea was to carry out his mosquito theory.

I explained the situation to Bob, I favoring strongly the fine shot, but he wouldn't listen to it and insisted on the use of the Zipper, and made me promise I would aim so that they would hit the lower part of their bodies.

This bullet was absolutely harmless and would fall to pieces on striking anything. Something like it is used by the French instructing amateur duellists, but their projectile emits little or no sound as it is fired. The average person would think Father's bullet the real thing as it whizzed through the air.

Our assumed murderous gesticulations and Bob waving the "No Trespassing" sign did its work, and our hunters were panic-stricken as they thought real bullets were flying around them, and broke into an ignominious run. Later in the day we were arrested by the County sheriff and his associates and are now in jail awaiting the trial that will put our prosecutors in a ridiculous light and free us.

Bob and I have been fighting in a mild way for our cause since we were young men, but we didn't seem to have much influence. As some one rightly said, the men must shoot without waiting for the time of protection; the women must have their plumage for their hats and fur for their bodies; the epicure must have his tidbits, and unless drastic measures are taken we shall soon have songless days and silent woods.

. . . . . .

They call us Extremists! Why, the Egyptians, if people polluted their streams, legally put such offenders to death. You can pollute a hundred streams here and we only say, "Don't do it," or, in extreme cases, bring a lawsuit which will drag along and the guilty parties use the water power and pour in their sewerage till convenient for them to stop. Our Mediæval forebears would build an iron cage just large enough to hold a man so he could'nt move, then stow him away in a dungeon for the rats to eat at their leisure, all for a just cause from their standpoint, and it made a man think twice before he took a chance on a fate like this.

Bob and I at least will have these hunters think twice before they murder birds on land posted in a lawful way. But the game goes on and on; bird life seems to be on the way to extermination.

I write this for the benefit of our feathered friends and that the public, if my story is published, will use its judgment and perhaps give us a little of its sympathy.

WILLIAM JONES.

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# THE REMAKING OF FRANCE

## BY RAYMOND RECOULY (CAPTAIN X)

Author of "General Joffre and His Battles," "Foch, the Winner of the War," etc.

WE have won the war and we are now about to conclude peace. That France has borne the brunt of this conflict is admitted by the whole world. From the very beginning of hostilities, in 1914, the French troops faced almost the entire German army—certainly nine-tenths of it. The Belgian army, during the first days of the war, rendered inestimable services for which France will be eternally grateful, but after the taking of Namur and the battle of Charleroi, that is from the 22d of August on, the little Belgian army was practically out of the running. As for the British contingent of three and a half divisions, at the beginning of the battle of the Marne, it amounted to scarcely one-twentieth of the fighting French forces.

The victory of the Marne was followed by the battle of the Yser Canal, in which a large numbers of French troops were engaged. In the following year, 1915, it was the French, almost exclusively, who executed the offensives on the western front—that of Champagne in February, of Artois in May, of Champagne again in September.

In 1916 the Germans, after enormous successes in the Orient, hurled themselves once more against their principal adversary—France. The battle of Verdun began and lasted six months. French troops only fought and won that great battle for the Allies.

In the meanwhile the English armies were being recruited and drilled. From July, 1916, the beginning of the Franco-British offensive on the Somme, the English were destined to play a greater and still greater rôle.

In the year 1918 American troops transported to Europe, organized and trained with a rapidity that will forever call forth admiration, entered into the conflict. But at the very moment when American intervention was about to produce effective results, Germany, at the end of her resources, demanded an armistice and accepted all our conditions.

This war has, therefore, cost France heavily. From a military point of view her sacrifices have been far greater than those of any of her Allies.

In what condition, material and moral, has the war left her? How will she react, economically, financially, socially, to those four years of incessant conflict? Emerging from this terrible ordeal she must, if she wishes to live, "put her house in order," reorganize her industries, a great part of which have been destroyed, restore the productiveness and the prosperity of her devastated provinces. A colossal work of reconstruction awaits her—a task that, in many respects, is appalling.

This task France is ready to undertake, but she believes that without the active co-operation of the Allies, especially of America, there is small chance of her being able to accomplish it. She is convinced, however, that assistance from America will not be refused, that the United States which helped her to win the war will also aid her in solving the problems of peace.

## I

### LOSSES IN MEN

If we compare the military effort put forth by the allied countries with that of France, we find that France ranks first both as to the number of soldiers mobilized and the number killed and missing, as the following table proves.

| | Population census of 1911 | Mobilized troops | Per cent in proportion to population | Losses in killed, dead, and missing | Per cent in proportion to population |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| France (including the French of Algeria, Tunis, and Morocco) | 38,762,000 | 7,917,000 | 20.4 | 1,308,000 | 3.37 |
| Great Britain (not including the Dominions) | 45,222,000 | 5,704,000 | 12.6 | 680,000 | 1.5 |
| Italy | 34,671,000 | 5,250,000 | 15.1 | 460,000 | 1.32 |
| United States | 91,972,000 | 3,800,000 | 4.1 | 122,000* | 0.13 |

*These approximate figures include the dead in camps both abroad and in the United States.

Colonial troops have not been taken into account in this estimate. Only the home forces of France, as of England, have been tabulated. French citizens residing in Algeria, Morocco, and Tunis, although few in number, have been included, as they are subject to the same military obligations as are imposed upon Frenchmen in France.

It is seen from this table that France mobilized almost twice as many men as England, more than twice as many as the United States, a third more than Italy. Her losses in men are proportionally still greater. If we add to her one million three hundred thousand soldiers, killed or missing, all the crippled and severely wounded, all those whom the war has left permanently disabled, we arrive at an appalling total. Of the four hundred thousand French soldiers who were prisoners in Germany, a large number were so badly treated and so undernourished that many of them will be a charge on the state for years to come—some for ever. The total of her losses is, therefore, largely over two million. On the eve of peace France finds herself despoiled of a twentieth of her male population—the flower of the younger generation, the men of from twenty to forty years of age, her workers and producers.

No country in the world has ever before been so drained of its life blood—a terrible fact that should never be forgotten for a moment. The losses in the wars of the Revolution and the Empire were as nothing compared with these.

But it is not enough to consider these losses in numbers only. To get a just idea of what they mean to France we must find out what classes of society have most heavily suffered. In other words, we must consider not only the *number* but the *type* of men destroyed.

The élite of the French nation was decimated on the field of battle. I am not speaking of the toll taken of the officers of the regular army, although among those the losses have been frightful from the very beginning. For example, of the fifty-five officers of the Sixty-Fourth Regiment, forty-four were killed or disabled by the 20th of September, 1914. The record for the Ninety-Third Regiment is still worse; after the 8th of September only seven officers out of fifty-four survived. These examples could be multiplied without end. It was, of course, necessary to replace immediately these losses among the regular officers by promoting reserve officers on the field of battle.

In France, during peace-times, the career of officer in a reserve corps was not particularly attractive to young men. In this respect we differed greatly from Germany where, by reason of the social prestige conferred and because of in-

numerable advantages enjoyed by the military class, the number of officers in the reserves was very large. Which goes to prove that if the French are the best fighters in the world, they are, at the same time, probably the least inclined to militarism. In times of peace the life of the army, the eternal drilling and manœuvring, strike them as most irksome.

In order to replace trained officers by reservists while war is in progress, it is necessary, of course, to draw upon the most available human material the nation possesses. That has been done to such a large extent in this war that after four years the supply has been nearly exhausted.

If you will open "Tout Paris," the year-book of high society in France, where are recorded the names of members of the aristocracy, representatives of the liberal professions, of literature, of art, of jurisprudence, of the financial world, etc., you will see on every page at least a dozen of those names written large in black letters —the names of those killed in this war. As for myself, I know of no sadder or more significant commentary on the war than this open record of the death of hundreds of young aspirants in every walk of life, many of whom had just achieved fame.

Among the young professors and fellows of the university, that aristocracy of the pedagogic class, the situation is still worse. In the Sorbonne and the Ecole Normale Supérieure, whole departments have been decimated. France has suffered in this respect an intellectual injury the consequences of which will be long and keenly felt.

Let us now examine the situation of the masses. From the end of the year 1914, when the munitions crisis was precipitated, it was obviously imperative to increase enormously, by every means in our power, the production of shells, cannon, etc. The problem was the more difficult because our principal industrial centres were in the hands of the enemy. Nevertheless, the nation attacked this problem with courage and finally solved it. France has been able to manufacture not only sufficient munitions for her own use, but has been able to supply a considerable quantity to her Allies, to Russia and to Roumania. But at what a price! Hundreds of thousands of workmen had to be hastily recalled from the front-line trenches and set to work in the factories. And not only were trained workmen so sent back, but thousands of unskilled laborers who gave the least promise of being able to quickly acquire the necessary technic. The result of this exodus from the fighting front was that there remained in the trenches only the peasants—the boys from the country. It was those "sons of the soil," offspring of that hardy, vigorous race, accustomed for generations to a life of intense labor and strictest economy, who bore the brunt of the fighting. The youth of the rural districts has been, literally, mown down. It is only necessary to go into any one of our provinces, into any village, to discover what a frightful proportion of losses has been sustained. In one department in the south, where I own a small country place, I know of a certain town of only about twenty-five hundred inhabitants which has lost more than a hundred of its young men—a twentieth of its small population, therefore, has been wiped out.

The effects of this wholesale destruction of the youth of our country is already being felt, and will be felt more and more. Notwithstanding the willingness of the women, children, and old men, the land is no longer being cultivated. We shall be compelled to fall back on foreign labor.

In the wine-growing regions of the south, Spanish labor is already so largely used that in certain villages one hears almost as much Spanish as French.

Formerly one of the elements of our strength lay in the admirable balance between the industrial population of the cities and the agricultural population of the country. That equilibrium has been destroyed. The labor element is now stronger than the rural element. From a political, social, and economic point of view, this state of things will bring about important results. The situation in the interior of the country is entirely changed.

## II

### MATERIAL LOSSES

From the descriptions and innumerable articles in the papers by American correspondents who have visited our devas-

tated areas the people of the United States know approximately to what a condition some of our richest and most fertile provinces on the east and north have been reduced by the war. But none of the descriptions, none of the articles come up to the reality—a fact we cannot lay too great stress on. One must see with one's own eyes, the cities of Rheims, Soissons, Arras, Lens. One must travel for days through those parts of France which have been fought over for four years, in order to arrive at a just conception of the almost irreparable destruction wrought.

A large part of this devastation was systematically planned and carried out by the Germans. It is not the inevitable result of warfare itself, but is the hideous expression of the Boche idea of making war. In accordance with this idea, all the country lying between Noyon and St. Quentin was deliberately laid waste at the time of the famous retreat of Hindenburg in the early part of 1917.

The destruction of our mills and factories has been methodically, scientifically consummated by the Germans. Gangs of workmen, supervised by specialists, were organized to do the work. What they did not destroy, they stole. Raw materials and a great deal of machinery were removed to the other side of the Rhine.

What is the total amount of damage done? Any exact estimate, any definite valuation, is impossible for the time being. There are enormous differences in the figures submitted by the experts. The war, moreover, has rendered us rather sceptical as to the estimates of experts.

Fourteen billion dollars is, perhaps, the minimum amount to cover these damages. This sum will probably have to be increased. The entire nation is responsible for these reparations; it is a sacred debt which no one would dream of repudiating, but it will be a great burden. It is also calculated that the pensions for the families of soldiers, killed or disabled, will amount to about eight billion dollars.

We have besides, about thirty-two billion dollars of war debts, which makes in all a terrifying total of fifty-four billion dollars. It is a formidable debt for a nation which, even counting in Alsace-Lorraine, has scarcely forty million inhabitants!

Add to that the inadequacy of our merchant marine and the interruption, in great part, of our industrial life, owing to the lack of raw materials, fuel, and machines for our factories. All of her efforts being directed into other channels, France almost entirely suspended naval construction during the period of the war, so that now she lacks tonnage at the very moment when she has most need of it.

## III

### SOCIAL UNREST

Besides this material disorganization of our national life there is noticeable at this moment in France a slump in "morale"—the natural result of the violent crisis through which she has just passed.

The whole world knows that our political system needs a thorough renovating. There is no question of altering its fundamental principle of republicanism, for the would-be restorers of a monarchy are in a woful minority. But if the republican form of government is to continue, it is obvious that drastic changes must be made in its mode of functioning. The parliamentarians and professional politicians have come out of this war with greatly diminished prestige. They are reproached, and with reason, for their muddled incompetence, their failure to put through well-formulated laws. For example, Parliament took three years to ratify the law concerning rentals which should have been ready the first year of the war. Because of the non-provision of this law, the extremely important question of the payment of rents by mobilized soldiers or by other persons whom the war had deprived of resources remained undecided. Everybody, both landlords and tenants, suffered in consequence.

The same thing happened about the law of indemnities. After never-ending delays and countless revisions, this law, buffeted about between the Senate and the Chamber, was at last passed. But it is so complicated that many consider it inoperable.

Parliament, by its mischievous interference with the machinery of the government, has finished by obstructing it

entirely. Reforms in this respect are imperative. Public opinion calls for a more highly developed authority. While leaving to Parliament, composed of members elected by the nation, all the prerogatives to which it has a right, it seems advisable to create in connection with it a greater, and especially a more stable, power, such as the United States possesses in the person of the President.

The great difficulty of such a reform lies in this: although public opinion demands it, it is the politicians who will have to determine how it is to be effected. Now in no country do politicians feel very deeply the need of reforming themselves, especially when it is a question of curtailing their powers.

A whole series of elections will have to be held, accompanied by more or less of delay. The country will have to elect its senators, its deputies, its municipal judges, etc., etc. What will be the outcome of this move? In what spirit will it be undertaken? To prophesy about it is hazardous. It depends, in great measure, on the temper of the demobilized troops, on those men who have just left the trenches to re-enter civil life. The return of three or four million men, who for four years have been separated from their families and their ordinary occupations to lead a life so absolutely different from their former existence, constitutes in itself a new danger, a new source of social unrest. The re-entry of these demobilized forces into the life of the nation is sure to cause a tremendous upheaval.

Add to this the immensely higher cost of living—demanding as a nation-wide result an increase in all salaries—the crisis in transportation facilities, the stagnation of our devastated provinces, and you will have some idea of the thousand and one difficulties we are combating. For another thing, it is impossible that the propaganda of Bolshevism, in Russia, in Hungary, in Germany, should not find an echo in France. At first blush it would seem that our country of small landed proprietors and capitalists, where economy is a national virtue, would be a field little favorable to the cultivation of Bolshevism, but no land can comfort itself with the thought that it is entirely safe from that danger. The economic and social unrest that besets each country affords the adherents of Bolshevism excellent opportunities for gaining new recruits.

## IV

### BASES OF RECONSTRUCTION

Such, in its essential aspects, is the material and moral situation of France since the war. No man of sense among us dreams of denying its gravity, but, on the other hand, every one is determined to carry on the work of reconstruction as efficiently as possible. On one point the whole country is agreed—Germany must indemnify France to the utmost limit of her resources. That she must pay for the material waste she has caused—for the devastation of French lands and the destruction of French industries—admits of no discussion. She should also pay the pensions of French widows and orphans and war cripples. If anybody has to suffer for this war, France and Justice demand that it should be the one responsible for it, not the one upon whom it has been waged—the aggressor, not the victim.

According to the indemnity programme of the Peace Conference, there will accrue to France about fourteen billion dollars as her proportion of the entire twenty-five billion levied. This fourteen billion represents about the sum necessary for reconstruction work. There remains nothing, therefore, to offset the pension budget of eight billion.

There is a well-known French proverb which runs: *"Où il n'y a rien, le roi perd ses droits"*—in other words, "You can't draw blood from a stone." Of course, we realize that Germany cannot pay more than she has, but we feel assured that she can pay a great deal. Her industries are intact, her land has not been ravaged by the war. Just as soon as raw materials shall have been furnished her and her manufactories start up again, from that day the economic situation will become easier.

The important thing is that she shall pay regularly, punctually, this first sum of twenty-five billion dollars which, moreover, should be only a "payment on account." Her deposits, according to present arrangements, must be made annually, on a sliding scale, to cover a period of

fifteen or twenty years. But who will guarantee that Germany's pledges will be kept? Her word, her promise, is not sufficient. This war has shown us just how much the word of Germany is worth. We French, after having been neighbors of the German people for twenty centuries, think we know them a little better than any one else, and we are certain that they will not pay if they can get out of it. Remember what happened after the armistice was signed! Germany was pledged to deliver a certain number of locomotives and railway-carriages as a just compensation for those she had stolen from Belgium and France. Did she do it? Weeks passed during which she invented one pretext after another for failing to comply with this demand, and it was only after some energetic talk from Marshal Foch and the threat of breaking off the armistice, that she finally decided to fulfil her obligations.

What happened then is probably a foretaste of what will happen when it comes to paying the yearly assessments. The only means which the Allies have of putting the necessary pressure on Germany is the occupation of the Rhine valley. France, as the most interested party for both military and financial reasons, has asked for, and obtained, permission to occupy the left bank of the Rhine for a certain length of time. This demand was naturally not made for the pleasure of policing Mayence or Coblenz, but solely because it was the only sure method of securing reimbursement for ourselves and our allies.

This military occupation will be another heavy expense to be borne in great part by France. It is estimated that one hundred thousand men will be needed to guard the Rhine. Evidently we must furnish them, aided in small measure by Belgium, perhaps also by England. But it is a service that we render to all the Allies without exception. Is it not just that the Allies should take into consideration that France will have to support this new burden?

One wonders what is going to become of Germany—along what lines the masses of her people are going to develop. The answer to this question depends largely on the attitude of the Allies toward her, especially on the attitude of the more powerful Allies, the United States, England, and France. If Germany realizes that she is being watched, controlled, that she is being held with a tight rein, if she knows that at the slightest rebellion on her part the Allies will stand solidly against her to prevent her from again troubling the peace of the world, it is to be presumed that she will remain quiet. The Junker party, all those in whom the "virus" of violence has not yet been destroyed, will seize with joy the first opportunity for revenge. Opposing them is that sane, reasonable element of the population which only asks to get back to work, to resume normal relations with the other nations. It is this element which the Allies should support and encourage to the utmost.

As things stand then, France can approach the gigantic task of reconstruction only on two conditions:

*First*, that Germany shall reimburse her, by regular payments, for the largest part of the losses she has sustained.

*Second*, that the Allies and their associates, the United States and England, by maintaining the alliance in some form or other, shall categorically guarantee her protection against another invasion by Germany, insure her the regular payment of indemnities and extend to her economic and financial co-operation.

If these two conditions are fulfilled, as all Frenchmen hope, France will undertake her terrible task with a light heart. There is an elasticity in the Gallic temperament which makes it rebound even after the most cruel suffering.

Just what are these problems of reconstruction? How shall we go about solving them?

Good sense, logic, tell us that it is wisest to proceed from the easier to the harder tasks. Since the question of production is the most pressing, the first thing to be done is to repopulate the abandoned countryside, to bring back to their farms the peasants who have been driven away by the war. The welfare of the villages must therefore be considered before that of cities.

The French peasant is hardened to fatigue, accustomed to privations. So great is his desire to get back to his fields

that he would be contented with little—with very little—during the first months or even the first years. The most humble shelter for himself and his family will satisfy him.

But when it comes to reconstructing the villages and cities, one thing is certain—nothing really worth while can be accomplished by individual enterprise. Whatever is done must be done by united effort. If each peasant and citizen were to set about rebuilding his home in accordance with his own ideas and resources, confusion worse confounded would be the result, the price of building materials and labor would soar, and the work would either not be done or it would be done badly.

This view of the matter must be taken to heart by every one. Undoubtedly we shall have to fight against the individualistic tendencies which are so deeply rooted in the French nature. The people will have to be educated in this direction, and they can be if our public men see to it seriously.

The rebuilding of the destroyed villages and cities should, therefore, be undertaken by the whole community for the whole community. Not one house alone should be erected, but a dozen, a hundred, a thousand at a time. Building materials should be bought in common, workmen engaged in common, etc., etc.

In other words, it is not only the privilege, but the duty of the state to take control of everything pertaining to reconstruction work. At present in France there has set in a marked reaction against the interference of the state in the industrial and commercial life of the nation. This interference was an almost fatal development of the war. Now that peace is here, every one is anxious to see it disappear entirely or greatly diminish at any rate. But when the national problem of the reconstruction of our devastated provinces is in question, it is evident that the control of the state must continue in some measure. The solution of this problem will very probably be effected in some such way as the following: the formation of large companies, of important syndicates, which will be responsible for the construction *en bloc* of such and such parts of the whole work; these companies and syndicates to be under the supervision of the government through a bureau specially created for that purpose.

For the accomplishment of the difficult work of reconstruction, the French people are looking earnestly to America for the fullest co-operation, both technical and financial. It is obvious that a country such as the United States, where great cities have sprung up in such a short space of time, is especially qualified to instruct and aid France by her tremendous experience. It is a question of looking at things in a large way and of working fast. Well, America is accustomed to doing both. We are hoping that her architects, her business men, will flock to France to take as large a share as possible in the reconstruction of our country.

They should be warned that they may encounter, perhaps, some opposition on the part of the bureaucratic administration which, unfortunately, is still given over to red tape and routine in spite of the war. They will have obstacles to surmount, misunderstandings to clear up. Should such be the case, let them not fear to bring these matters to the public attention, for the public—so immensely in the majority—will give them hearty support.

Many American business men have been extremely dissatisfied lately at the obstacles which our government has put in the way of the importation of certain products of American manufacture—automobiles, for example. Their protestations, their grievances, have been fully aired. They are particularly irritated against one of our ministers, M. Loucheur, head of the industrial reorganization. "If France," they say, "begins by placing a prohibitive tariff on American merchandise, there is only one thing for America to do—to let France severely alone for the future."

In reply to these criticisms M. Loucheur calls attention to the necessity for protecting certain branches of French industry which have been especially hard hit by the war. The automobile industry is one of these, the plants having been taken over by the government for the manufacture of shells exclusively during the war. It would be obviously unfair, declares M. Loucheur, to allow the French

market to be flooded with foreign-made cars at present.

M. Klotz, minister of finance, reaches the same conclusion, but by way of different arguments. He urges the necessity of keeping up the value of our currency, of not letting the franc depreciate in proportion to the pound and the dollar. But on the whole the French public is of the opinion that the ministers are too extreme in their views on protection. The French buyer is not at all anxious to pay excessive prices merely for the pleasure of assuring big dividends to some of our business men. They know perfectly well that if this high protective tariff is insisted on, they will have to pay, for example, ten thousand francs for an automobile which they could buy for half the money in America. The same thing is true of clothing, shoes, etc. Even if the franc should depreciate a little in proportion to the dollar, this shrinkage would not be half so serious a matter as an enormous increase in the cost of living.

There has been a very decided protest, in consequence, against the excessive restrictions placed on the importation of foreign goods, especially of American-made articles. Most assuredly the French public does not desire the ruin of its industries, but it has had about enough of paying twice as much for clothing, shoes, etc., as they cost in England or America. It feels itself the more aggrieved because the consequence of very limited importations is to create a big profit for a privileged class which has obtained permission to import most often through the favor of interested ministers. Let us take a concrete example: Suppose France has need of importing a hundred thousand metres of foreign-made cloth, monthly. The minister of commerce, in order to protect our weavers, and to prevent our currency from depreciating, refuses to allow more than twenty thousand metres to be imported—in other words, a fifth of what is necessary. He gives these concessions to a syndicate of merchants who—since everybody must have cloth—therefore become the absolute masters of the market, fix prices to suit themselves and make all the money they want.

The granting of such privileges at the expense of the community is an outrageous abuse of power. The French public is indignant and by vigorous opposition will force the government to cease such insupportable practices. Consequently, until the time when our own industries are once more on their feet, American manufacturers and business men will find excellent opportunities in France.

France is in especial need of American agricultural machinery of all kinds. On account of the frightful losses sustained during the war by our farming population and the consequent difficulty of getting labor, the only way left us to cultivate the soil is by the intensive use of machinery. Up-to-date methods, unfortunately, are disliked by the French peasant, and the division into small acreage of our farm lands makes the purchase and use of modern machinery difficult. But these obstacles are by no means insurmountable. The farmer must be educated, he must be shown by living examples all the advantages he will derive from the intensive, modern method of cultivation which aims to substitute a machine for the hands of a laborer. Those who farm in a small way must co-operate in the buying and use of those machines too costly to be purchased individually.

Our farmers have made a great deal of money during the war. They have never been so well off, in fact. They sold wheat, wine, and live stock at market prices from five to six times greater than were ever known before the war. It is not money that is wanting, but labor. Machinery must, therefore, supply that lack if we do not wish production in our country to fall off alarmingly.

The birth-rate problem is a very engrossing and a very distressing one for us. Our country, with thirty-eight million inhabitants, has had two million killed and wounded. How can we restore our national vitality after having been so terribly bled? By what means increase the number of births? There is no problem confronting us more urgent, more vital. All the measures which have been considered and adopted so far—advantages of all sorts accorded the heads of large families, heavy taxes on bachelors, etc., have been entirely ineffectual. They are only palliatives—remedies for is-

olated cases, and as such without any real efficacy. If we do not wish our country to perish after the glorious efforts it has just made, we must look at this question of the diminishing birth-rate as a whole—from every aspect, and, above all, we must not shrink from radical remedies.

Drastic measures will have to be taken; penalties for abortion, which are far too mild at present, will have to be made much heavier; perhaps obligatory marriage for men, etc., etc. If our government, if the Parliament which is to be newly elected, does not take up this question, it will be an act of treason on their part toward the most sacred interests of the country.

Next in importance to the problem of the birth-rate, comes the financial problem. How can France stand up under the crushing burdens which this war has put upon her? How can she balance her account and yet escape bankruptcy? Absolutely the only solution in sight is increased production on the part of the nation. Taxes can only be augmented in proportion to the increasing wealth of those who are to pay them. The financial problem is, therefore, only another phase of the social and economic problem.

The war, and also, it must be confessed, the development of Bolshevism in Russia and Hungary, have given the proletariat of every country a greater consciousness of its power. We must accept this fact, whether or no. It is a new factor which governments and statesmen will have to take into account. Laborers of all classes, those of the cities and those of the country, office-holders of all sorts, will demand and obtain higher pay. The right and the duty of the "bosses" will be to satisfy their demands, as nearly as possible, at the same time making them understand that to go beyond a certain limit will bring ruin on them both.

In France the middle classes are more advanced than anywhere else. Ours is a country of small landed proprietors, small capitalists, small shopkeepers, and here the relation between capital and labor is less bitter, less strained than in other places. On the other hand, the great increase in the cost of living tends to augment the social unrest and discontent, for these small gentry are just the people who suffer most from the rise in price of everything. Working men, thanks to the power of their unions, are able to exact good pay. Their remuneration increases proportionally with the increase in the cost of living. But it is not so with the middle classes. I know, for example, cases of retired clerks, professors, artists who, before the war, lived fairly well and who are now reduced to absolute destitution. They suffer heart-breaking humiliations—the more heart-breaking because they are unsuspected. Those who bear them keep them well hidden from the world. Another proletariat is thus formed, more unhappy and more unfortunate than the proletariat of the so-called "working classes." Up to the present it is not organized, but suppose there should be a social crisis! Driven by their sufferings, they might be tempted to join forces with the laboring classes, and the strength they would add to the cause would be far from negligible.

One often wonders if France runs the risk of being won over to Bolshevism. For my part I do not believe it, I do not fear it. Bolshevism, the beginnings of which I saw develop in Russia, its native soil, is the result of certain material and moral causes—hunger and despair induced by defeat. Now, victorious France knows nothing of this despair, and she does not suffer—has never suffered, even during the war—from hunger. Undoubtedly our people have endured privations, but there has been food for every one. The demands of the working men's unions can become more or less clamorous, more or less violent. The best way of avoiding clashes is to establish a clear understanding between labor and capital. Masters and workmen should discuss the situation calmly, after the fashion of delegates to a congress. Each party should have the right to plead its cause, to try to win it, but each should remember, above everything else, that open conflict must be avoided, for in that conflict there can be no victor—both parties will go down in ruin.

This question is first and foremost one of good sense, of reason. Now, good sense, reasonableness, are to be found highly developed among all classes in France. The working man, nearly always

well-educated, reading the papers, observing what goes on about him, is open to the arguments presented to him—always providing that they are well presented. He takes notice that Bolshevist theories, put in practice in certain countries, have completely ruined those countries.

The spectacle which Russia and Hungary afford at the present moment is calculated to make those who are tempted to have recourse to violence and civil war to gain their particular ends pause and reflect.

Bolshevism is the dictatorship of the proletariat, or rather of the lowest element of it—a dictatorship more to be detested than any other which history has recorded. It is not in France, land of reasonableness, of good sense, that Bolshevism has a chance of taking root!

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## FOG

### By John Reed

DEATH comes like this, I know—
Snow-soft and gently cold;
Impalpable battalions of thin mist,
Light-quenching and sound-smothering and slow.

Slack as a wind-spilled sail,
The spent world flaps in space;
Day's but a grayer night, and the old sun
Up the blind sky goes heavily and pale.

Out of all circumstance
I drift or seem to drift
In a vague vapor-world that clings, and veils
Great trees a-row like kneeling elephants.

How vast your voice is grown
That was so silver-soft;
Dim dies the candle-glory of your face—
Though we go hand in hand, I am alone. . . .

Now Love and all the warm
Pageant of livingness
Trouble my quiet, like forgotten dreams
Of ancient thunder on the hills of storm.

Aforetime I have kissed
The feet of many gods;
But in this empty place there is no god
Save only I, a naked egoist.

How loud, how terribly
Brazen are lights and sounds!
And yet I know beyond the fog is naught
But lonely bells across gray wastes of sea. . . .

# WATCHING THE FIGHTING FROM AN AEROPLANE

## THREE DAYS IN SEPTEMBER, 1918

By J. E. Eaton
Second Lieutenant, Air Service

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

BEFORE dawn on the 26th of September, Case and myself stood among a little group of pilots and observers of the 99th Aero Squadron, looking to the north, where a vast semicircle of darkness glowed fitfully in bright flashes, winking ceaselessly in myriad places, while an endless rumbling reverberated through the night and came tirelessly and continuously from a far-distant point.

Zero hour of day one was near, and at the first hint of dawn a quarter of a million Americans were to advance. For a while we watched, thinking of the past weeks and the dawn to come. Then Case, my observer, as if to say that all was well, turned with a cheerful laugh toward the mess shack, where Wickersham's phonograph started wailing on the chill night air.

We were scheduled for the third liaison flight with the 37th Division. Daylight came feebly through a dense fog, favorable to the infantry but disastrous to the aviation, and it still persisted at 8 A. M., when Case and I started in No. 12. We followed the edge of the Argonne Forest, dimly seen at two hundred metres, until the torn and jagged top of Vaquois Hill was seen projecting like an ancient volcanic island above the white mists.

The fog swirled and glowed to innumerable reports of great guns, which rocked our plane like a boat in a storm, and nothing could be seen but a few shadowy and gray trunks of shattered trees east of Vaquois, which loomed dead or dying out of the mists. As we dropped to just above the wrecked tree trunks, which gradually attained form, a shadowy plane passed us like a phantom, headed south.

The fog cleared near the centre of a large forest through which the attack progressed, and we located the Ravin de la Fuon, first American objective and second German trenches, several kilometres behind the German line. Should this be captured it would mean the success of the attack.

Clearly perceived American troops were scattered through the wreckage of the forest, and waved to us as we swept by overhead, while lines of German prisoners were seen guarded by men in brown.

A few hundred metres ahead the forest was an inferno, as rocks, trees, and wreckage went up in black smoke where our barrage was bursting, in a strip some two hundred metres deep and the width of the forest. We passed through the line of falling shells, which came by with a sharp report, then remained over the barrage, jolted up and down as the black volcanoes splashed up from beneath us. I saw one yellow ball pass under the plane, giving off a luminous smoke, and watched it fall. It seemed to fall slowly, and was very beautiful. Where it lit, the forest suddenly parted and a great yellowish splash appeared. We circled back and forth, zigzagging to avoid machine-guns, whose rattle came to us ceaselessly during short lulls in the bursting shells.

A few minutes after 9 our troops were seen to rush across the ravine and occupy the German second-line trenches, whereupon we sped toward a little clearing far to the rear, where 37th Divisional Headquarters were, to report the first indication of the offensive's success. Here the air was rougher than ever. Numerous cannon spat their red flashes from every side, and it was necessary to dodge the cables of three or four American balloons.

For five minutes we circled there, I, far from at ease, while Case, apparently undisturbed, wrote his message. We dropped a can containing this and a hand-colored map, then returned to the front, marked by a rolling line of smoke from the barrage. Again we picked up our forward troops, though it was more difficult as the brush became thicker in the woods. We also flew east of the forest, above Malancourt. No troops could be seen here of either side, but the artillery activity was slight, and we heard the ceaseless rattle of machine-guns from Germans in shelter over the plain.

In the forest the barrage quieted down about 9.30, and American troops crawling forward from the ravine seemed held back by strong resistance. Our mission was accomplished, and another plane appeared to relieve us, so we came low and filled clumps of bushes with bullets. I would dive and fire a stream from my Vickers, then turn, and Case, always calm, steady, and a dead shot, would take up the firing with his twin Lewis. He said the Germans appeared comical in their great iron helmets, dodging from tree to tree as he fired. We swept up and down the line, over the forest, and to the edge of the plain, where we would again hear the rattle of machine-guns, many doubtless turned on us. I saw a white gash near the lower end of the right-hand forward strut where a bullet had stripped the covering. Another hole, round and dark, pierced the wing a foot above my head.

By 10 o'clock we had expended much of our ammunition, and several American signal-rockets being fired, we dropped to Division Headquarters news that the forest was taken. Again I waited, tossed about over giant guns, while Case wrote his second report. Messages were dropped at both Division and Corps, the latter on our way home, where on arriving we reported to Group Headquarters. Franks first asked me what had happened to my propeller. A bullet had torn a hole near the tip, and in all, twelve had struck the plane, several near Case.

That evening we were requested to report further progress, the Americans having been stopped by the German second position between Epinonville and Montfaucon. Three villages on the edge of a plateau made a line with trenches in front of them. Epinonville on the west, Ivoiry in the centre, and Montfaucon to the right. The latter had been the western launching point for German waves against Verdun.

We started at 4.30 under instructions to call for the line and find its exact position. Artillery fire had died down considerably since morning, and reaching the northern edge of the morning's forest, we saw the German trenches on the crest of a long steep hill, separated from the forest we held by a rather deep and narrow valley, which rose and fell in rolling ridges.

A few minutes after arriving we saw our troops emerging from the forest. We fired a six-star rocket, but nothing happened, and I called through the tube to Case that our troops evidently intended to attack.

Scattering black shells had been bursting in the valley, probably German. They ceased presently and the Americans started advancing in long skirmish lines. For half an hour we circled above them, sending wireless messages to the rear announcing that the division was attacking. About 5.30, as it began to grow dusk, our troops had advanced by short rushes until but one hollow separated them from the hillside. Seeing they were about to make the final rush, we came low, and starting at Montfaucon swept up the lines of trenches, held by machine-guns in sheltered nooks. These we filled with bullets as in the morning.

Once we went further west between Ivoiry and Epinonville, sector of the 91st Division, and there saw numerous American infantry lying behind little rolling hills before the German positions, while stretcher-bearers walked among still figures, or carried back loaded stretchers. Troops were going forward to the line or grouped in small bunches. They were not attacking at this moment, and we returned to our own division, continuing our fire. It took about five minutes to make a circle. On the north side of one of these we saw our troops going up the hill among the bushes, while in the last hollow lay several dozen crumpled brown figures.

We watched a long line of khaki walk

forward in the twilight and occupy the first of three lines of trenches on the hill crest, then forward again into the second and third lines. At last we had wonderful news to report, and turning, I dove and fired one last burst of shot north of Ivoiry.

Like many other such last things this came near being fatal, as the dive started my old motor-trouble. The motor coughed, failed, and we turned back barely above the trenches. We had ten kilometres to go to reach Divisional Headquarters, and to land was to wreck the plane among countless shell-holes covering the landscape. So low that I could not cut and dive to shake up the carbureter, I nursed the plane along just over the trees, and steering for the open, skirted the forest to the west. The engine would choke, misfire, then stop altogether, start with a tremendous throb, rise, fail, and we would drop again. From a hundred metres we fell to seventy-five, from seventy-five to fifty.

"Can you make it?" asked Case.

"No, never!" I replied. "And with *such* news!"

Just five minutes! We did not care to get home so much but to headquarters, waiting in anxiety the result of the attack, for over the ruined country it would be at least two hours before ground communication could reach them.

Case said nothing for a while, but drawing inside the fuselage started his message. At such a time!

We reached the southern edge of the forest near Vaquois and headed up the valley. We were half way with a forest to cross. Our engine now grew worse and threatened to stop altogether.

I looked for a place to land; nothing to be seen but shell-holes and obliterated trenches, crossed and crisscrossed with barbed wire.

"Case," I shouted through the tube, "we're going to land in these shell-holes just ahead!"

"All right," he replied, and never raised his head or stopped writing.

It was a last chance or sure wreck. We were about twenty-five metres high, and I shut the throttle nearly off. The motor hesitated, then turned over faintly but regularly. However we were dropping fast our little remaining distance. For regulating the throttle there were small notches. I edged it up one. Another notch and it was running a thousand, another, eleven hundred, almost enough to fly level, but we were skimming the barbed wire, and almost stalled. Another with my heart in my mouth, and then two to clear a little ridge ahead. One more and we would rise. I knew that at most two notches and it would surely fail again. One more, it held, and we rose gradually, whereupon Case, who heard the steady roar, asked: "Is it all right now?"

What does an observer know of the trials of a pilot! How near he came going to a hospital *that* night, saved only by the whim of a carbureter!

Slowly we gained a hundred metres, and then the engine failed again, but not so badly. Case said he had nearly finished his message, and asked if we could make 37th Headquarters, a small clearing surrounded by heavy forest on every side. The motor picked up, and I replied we could try, so headed there, barely over the tree-tops. We soon arrived, whereupon Case tortured me by making me wait while he finished.

We dropped the report, then turned home. Having worried us enough the motor grew better, so good that we dropped a message at 5th Corps, and arrived safely, tired but satisfied, for the attack had proved a glorious success, and driven the enemy back four miles.

The following day Wickersham and Read, going out at daybreak, were lost in a fog, but finally reported Ivoiry and Epinonville occupied by Americans. Up to late afternoon of the 27th this was the furthest troops had been reported, and I remember well Case sitting on his cot that afternoon in a pensive mood (if a sphinx can be pensive).

A little after four we were sent up for evening contact. My own plane, Buffalo No. 12, was being repaired, and we took No. 7. We started at 4.45 P. M., and I noticed that this plane was old, manœuvred poorly, and the engine sounded loose and worn.

We headed for Montfaucon on its rocky eminence, passing through the line of

balloons on our way. Reaching Montfaucon we saw that the division on our right, the 79th, had it in their possession, as numerous caissons, driven by two horses each, were going at a gallop into the town. Three whippet tanks were climbing their slow and awkward way, while numerous infantry hurrying forward, completed the traffic.

Montfaucon was a mass of ruined walls dominated by its ruined cathedral. Circling this, we turned west and noticed a number of great black German shells bursting beneath us. Continuing, we saw a sight neither of us can ever forget.

Northwest of the town lay a large wood known as the Bois de Beuge. Between this and Montfaucon, American tanks were creeping forward in an open mass. Behind them were hundreds of infantry in extended formation, lying in lines, and advancing by rushes over the hollows to throw themselves headlong behind the next ridge. As they rushed we could see many fall and lie, crumpled and still, in the open. A stiff attack by the 79th Division was in progress against the Bois de Beuge.

Nearing Ivoiry we saw no more troops, but midway in a large open field yawned dozens of dark holes in line, each several yards apart. These were machine-gun pits of the Germans, and we descended to observe them. I had just distinguished greenish colors when a line of fire darted toward the plane from a corner of the wood. We were being fired upon by a machine-gun using tracers. In a moment Case had sent a return stream of bullets, which swept the corner, and the enemy gun ceased fire.

As we passed over the dark holes I looked into them. In each were several blue-green patches, and excitedly I pointed downward. Case seized his guns, but our angle for fire was wrong and we swept a wide circle, without, however, getting into position. One of our engine cylinders went dead, and thinking a bullet had hit the motor I looked at the wings for holes.

To the south, near Epinonville, could be seen brown uniforms, and again over Montfaucon we perceived the tanks further advanced, the infantry drawing closer.

We made our way on a carefully estimated path, which would bring our guns to bear on the pits in the open. Drawing near, I turned sharply and secured a good angle for Case, who put a stream of fire into the holes. By the time we were out of range he had sent more than a hundred shots earthward, and once again we were nearing Montfaucon.

We saw that the tanks had approached the wood. Behind the infantry the fields were dotted with still figures in brown that made us both feel bad. The German fire came from a fringe of brush which faced in a smooth semicircle our advancing troops. I called to Case that I would like to fly directly over our front line, and he replied: "All right." I then turned and dove at this fringe of brush, firing a burst of some fifty shots, turned sharply, and Case took up the fire.

He had fired probably fifty shots when the rattle of his guns ceased, and I heard him shout through the phone something loud and unintelligible. I looked and saw by his convulsed features that he had been shot. He then disappeared in the fuselage, and I was in despair, thinking he had been killed. I put on full motor and headed for home. No answer came to my questions through the phone, and it was only when well on the path to the aerodrome that his face reappeared, white and drawn, as if he were in great agony.

I bent my energies to taking the shortest path back, hoping in my lack of knowledge that the wound was not so serious but what he could make home. In the age that it took to reach the field I blamed myself for everything, and surely no one ever felt more wretched.

Twice I saw him raise his head, more pale and drawn than before. Once he nodded as if to say he could make it, and again an unknown plane coming near, he managed to grasp the triggers of his guns and fire a few random warning shots.

The aerodrome at last lay beneath us. I made one of the poorest landings in my flying career, and taxied at high speed to headquarters, turned, stopped, and shouted. Officers came hurriedly from the building, Colonel Christie, Captain Cardwell, Ted Meredith, and others. I motioned to Case and they ran to him. I then got out, went into headquarters



Craters and trenches taken by Americans the first day of the Argonne-Meuse offensive.

and informed Lieutenant Temple of what we had seen at the front.

Returning to the machine, I saw Case lying on the ground, both doctors bending over him. They had cut a bloody leggin away. The bullet, a dum-dum, had pierced his leg and made a terrible wound where it had passed out. The rear cockpit was flooded with blood, and he might have bled to death but for having made a tourniquet of telephone-wire, tightened with a message-can. Examining the plane we found it had been struck by but four shots. I went to the barracks feeling very blue, and packed a few small articles to send with Case to the hospital, but the ambulance had gone when I returned.

Next morning I could hardly realize that game little Case, unexcelled and bravest of observers, was lost to us. I was scheduled on the board for a flight with Lieutenant Dwan, a new observer who had never been over the lines, and we started at 11.30 A. M. on a liaison in my old plane. Others had reported numerous hostile chasse planes over the front, and I felt some misgivings as to the results that could be accomplished.

As we neared Montfaucon we saw a group of seven planes circling over the town. They were graceful as birds, wheeling like hawks in tiny rings, easily the most beautiful and best handling machines I had ever seen. I pointed them out to Dwan for him to watch.

We reached Montfaucon, and looking up saw the strange planes turn above us. At my last view of these the leader seemed to be side-slipping. In my mirror I saw Dwan grasping his guns and looking intently upward. Then faintly through the tube came his voice: "They are diving on us."

I shoved forward on the stick, throttled, and dove.

Glancing back I saw three planes diving on us, to the rear and each side, unmistakably German. Long trails of smoke were darting from all three, which were rapidly overtaking us.

Dwan opened fire. He sent a burst of some twenty shots at the centre plane, made a lightning shift, fired twenty to the left, and then the same to the right. One by one they turned off as he fired, and pulling up over the tree-tops we saw all three climbing back into position.

I told Dwan we would go back at a lower altitude. This time we kept a sharp lookout upward. We had again reached Montfaucon, when I saw the leader go into a side-slip to the left, followed by the next two planes, right and left. Wiser this time we immediately dove, and they did not get so near, though shots were exchanged.

A third time we circled and had a third combat. When we returned a fourth time they were but specks going away to the east.

I do not remember if this was the day I peaked too sharply and threw Dwan out of the plane. He saved himself by catching his gun handles, and clung to these while the Germans took advantage of his helplessness to close in, which he thought decidedly unfair. I did not know it had happened until he regained the cockpit.

The sky left to ourselves, we started to observe.

Our troops held the Bois de Beuge, German prisoners being marched south from there;—the Bois Emont also, as numerous doughboys were standing at the southern edge, but at what a cost!

A string of smoke wisps curled up from the northern edge of the Bois de Beuge, the 37th line being signalled to us; while north of the wood a flock of dark figures advancing like a cluster of bees, appeared to be a counter-attack.

Left of the Bois Emont we saw Americans lying between that wood and another, others running back from heavy entanglements before Cierges. Later our troops further advanced, hundreds of them lying in a long line north of the Bois de Beuge. Beyond this line I descried blue-green figures, dove on them and started to fire, but my gun jammed, this leading, however, to the discovery of several American tanks beyond Nantillois.

Checking the line again, we dropped our messages. Reaching home I found that on this first trip Dwan had not located much, which was to be expected, but he had shown nerve and coolness. Between us we made a fair report.

We found Franks and Moody taking the right wing off No. 12. A bullet had



Montfaucon, looking north, November 16, 1918.

torn the edge of an upper spar away, and Franks dug another, badly spread, from the back of my seat, while two had passed so close to Dwan we could not figure how he had escaped. I told Colonel Christie it had been a fair initiation.

On this day was lost to us Lieutenant Kahle, crashed by a German formation, and Spencer, his observer, was sent to a hospital. Kahle had been my first Salmson instructor, good friend, and bravest of pilots. In vain we also waited the return of two more friends, Lieutenants McElroy and Kinne.

That afternoon information was requested as to certain events, and Jeff Davis, namesake of a well-known grandparent, accompanied me. Through the vapors of a hazy evening we traced the line through the Bois Emont and south of Cierges, where the crack of bullets, one through a wing, warned us none too soon. Curving over open fields it led to a narrow neck of woods above Nantillois. Here a wrecked tank burned furiously in great bursts of flame that rose and died, while others manœuvred aimlessly among our infantry.

Seeing a line of the now familiar blue-green figures, we dove on these time and again, until they sent distress rockets to the rear. Then Jeff lost a glass from his goggles, which turned us back. Evening had come when we flew home. The landscape, always a desolate immensity of ruin and decay, seemed more drab than ever in the unusual silence.

We landed, and Jeff, collecting his maps, stumbled toward headquarters. My weariness vanished before that sturdy heart to laugh at his bundled figure, cast in a giant shadow by the setting sun.

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## HUMAN

### By John Hall Wheelock

Alas, dear love, how humbled sinks your head
  Before the beauty of the starry choir . . .
How suddenly is all your beauty fled
  Before the morning and the radiant Fire!

Pitiful are you, to the dusty doom
  Condemned, and to the sorrowful embrace
Your body hastens mournfully, the tomb
  Shall swallow up the sadness of your face;

And in the thought of the seraphic Wonder
  The thought of you sinks tired wings and tame—
The height and depth of beauty, over and under,
  Derides and puts your loveliness to shame:

The breathless awe of heaven, the white sleep
  Of star on star makes you ridiculous,
Our love before the Love that thrills the Deep
  Fades, and the fiery wheels roll over us,

The holy, implacable wheels of all things moving
  Mercilessly forever. All the more,
Dearly belovèd, sorrowful and loving
  I seek your bosom with the world at war.

O sad and mortal! O most dear desire,
  Holy and human, with the doom at strife!
Beneath the beauty of the starry choir
  I bow before you, at the throne of Life.

# THE FIELD OF SHADOWS

## By Fred C. Smale

Illustrations by H. J Mowat

DORRINGTON halted and gazed amusedly at the sign blistering in the hot July sun. When the casual wayfarer, a mile or so back, had directed him to "Rogues' Rest" the quaintness of the name had struck Dorrington's fancy, and he had wondered that an inn, even in this remote corner of England, should bear a title which laid its guests so open to sarcasm. It seemed that his doubt was well-grounded, for there, in shining gilt letters, were the words "Cornubia Hotel."

Not that the house bore out the dignity of the name it so ostentatiously bore. Dorrington could not help thinking that, after all, the less pretentious, if slightly libellous, title was the more fitting, for the brown-granite building was low and plain in design. It was extremely ancient, too, judging from the dwarf doorway and the mean casement windows. Over the portal was a small board announcing that one Oliver Crowle was duly licensed to sell tobacco, wines, and spirits.

Partly from curiosity to see which of the two names was really the most appropriate, and partly in order to assuage a thirst which had been growing rapidly during his long walk beneath a pitiless sky, Dorrington decided to enter and seek refreshment.

He was vaguely conscious of another reason. As he had crossed the sun-scorched piece of waste ground which formed a short cut from the highroad there had come over him a sudden desire for company, for the sound of a human voice, and he had wondered idly how it was that, for once, mere solitude should affect him so strangely. There, at high noon, with the sun shining brightly in the blue heavens, his nerves, all at once, were on edge, and his soul became, as it were, wrapped in shadow. He had told himself that hunger might be the cause, and, if circumstances looked propitious, he proposed to lunch at the "Cornubia Hotel," *alias* "Rogues' Rest."

Dorrington was a tall man, and he stooped as he passed in, for the height of the doorway scarce exceeded five feet. When his eyes grew accustomed to the gloom he saw that the place was like a rabbit-warren, all passages and small, box-like compartments. He glanced into one of the latter. It was unoccupied, but a combined odor of stale beer and sawdust fought sturdily against his desire for food. He had all but determined to make his exit as unostentatiously as he had entered, and seek more appetizing quarters farther on the road, when a heavy footstep sounded on the stone floor, and there appeared a man of about sixty, in shirt-sleeves and corduroy breeches. His black hair was streaked with white and mid-parted over a low forehead, giving his clean-shaven face a womanish appearance, though the square Cornish jaw and bushy eyebrows precluded any feminine softness of expression.

"Mr. Crowle?" said Dorrington.

The other regarded him morosely for a moment before answering.

"That's my name, sir."

"Can I have luncheon here?"

After all there was probably no other inn within a dozen miles.

Mr. Crowle turned back into the gloomy depths from which he had emerged.

"Avice!" he cried, in the odd Cornish singsong intonation, "come here a minit, will 'ee."

At this summons there appeared a woman of about the man's own age, and so like him in features that Dorrington was almost startled. With a change of garment each might well have passed for the other. That they were brother and sister no one could doubt.

"Gen'leman wants somethin' to eat," said Mr. Crowle, with an air of shifted responsibility which amused Dorrington.

The woman's face relaxed in a pleasant smile.

"There is already a gentleman who has ordered luncheon, sir," she said, addressing Dorrington. "Perhaps you would not mind joining him?"

She spoke in precise, formal tones, with no trace of accent, and was evidently superior to her brother in training and education. Dorrington's spirits rose. She, at any rate, knew the difference between "luncheon" and "somethin' to eat!"

"I shall be very pleased, if the gentleman has no objection," he returned briskly. "For what time has he ordered it?"

"Half past twelve, sir. It is just that now. I was about to serve. I am sure he won't mind. Indeed he asked if there was not any one to bear him company. He is up-stairs in the dining-room now."

"Good!" said Dorrington. "I'll just have a wash, then I shall be quite ready."

Within ten minutes he found himself seated opposite a thin, eager-looking individual who introduced himself as Mr. Briscoe Vane, of Cheltenham. He spoke in quick, nervous accents, and seemed very pleased indeed to have Dorrington's company.

"You're a godsend, sir!" he exclaimed. "If you or somebody else had not come along I should either have got intoxicated or gone clean crazy! I slept—or rather, did not sleep—here last night."

"Heavy supper?" queried Dorrington. "Or did the wild waves keep you awake?"

"Neither," was the brief reply, but Mr. Briscoe Vane did not give the cause of his presumed insomnia.

"So you are an engineer," said he. "A materialistic profession. I'll bet you don't believe in ghosts!"

Dorrington laughed.

"I don't know that I do, in the ordinary sense," he replied. "Do you?"

Vane shook his head slowly, more, as it seemed, in doubt than as a decided negative.

"This is a superstitious county, you know," said he. "Full of tales of pixies, and fairies, and giants, and what not."

"So I believe," replied Dorrington. "Celtic imagination, I suppose."

"Ah, I am not so sure."

Dorrington looked at his companion curiously. He seemed rather too intelligent and genial to be a mere crank, yet his words almost led to the latter conclusion. Dorrington determined, at all events, to humor him.

"Why, is the Cornubia Hotel haunted?" said he.

Vane shook his head again.

"The house is not, that I know of," he replied. "Though I am sure it ought to be, considering its age and history."

"You have been hunting up local folk-lore?"

"Something of that sort."

Mr. Briscoe Vane did not seem inclined to pursue the subject further, and during the remainder of the meal they talked of other matters. It appeared that Dorrington's companion was a teacher of music in a large school near Cheltenham, and was, like Dorrington himself, enjoying a brief walking-tour in Cornwall.

"I write too, occasionally," said Vane, jerking out little sentences between the whiffs of his cigar, for they had finished their meal. "Music, you know, original composition—at least that's what it's intended to be. My profession is more on the imaginative side, you see. That may account for my point of view with regard to what we were talking about just now. You are naturally all for the practical aspect, I for the artistic or, if you like, fanciful side. I've been down this way before. You'll laugh, of course, but one day last summer, on the cliffs down by Portreath, I heard a giant snoring!"

Dorrington falsified his companion's prophecy and kept a grave countenance, though with difficulty.

"Sounds absurd, I admit," continued Vane. "Nevertheless, I did really hear it. The sound was regular, and you could not mistake it for anything else. It seemed to come from deep down in the earth."

"Air-holes in the rocks near the shore," suggested Dorrington. "The waves receding and advancing would give the effect. I have heard precisely the thing you speak of, come to think of it, though not hereabouts, and I must confess I never thought of attributing it to giants."

"I won't say but what you are right," returned Vane. "I have thought of that



*Drawn by H. J. Mowat.*

"One day last summer, on the cliffs down by Portreath, I heard a giant snoring!"—Page 238.

explanation myself. I'll make you a present of the giant. But that was not all. It was a scorching hot day, just such another as this, and about eleven o'clock. There wasn't a soul in sight, and the few scattered bushes did not supply sufficient cover to hide a dog, yet, as I walked across those downs I felt that something was wrong, that something sinister and threatening was hovering around me."

Dorrington started.

"Why, that is just—" he began, then he broke off a little confusedly.

Vane did not appear to notice the interruption.

"I've wandered all over Dartmoor, too," he went on, half to himself, as it seemed. "But there is all the difference between the Devon moors and the Cornish wastes, all the difference in the world! In the one case the air around you seems filled with whispered blessings, whilst in the other the sensation is just the reverse—at least that is my experience."

"And did you really see anything abnormal on the occasion you speak of?" asked Dorrington.

"Nothing whatever. It was only the eerie feeling, and I got away from the place as quickly as possible."

"Liver at the bottom of it, I expect," said Dorrington lightly.

"Don't possess one, thank heaven!" returned Vane. "Not to be aware of, at any rate. No, it was not liver, or if it was it recovered itself with amazing promptitude directly I got amongst houses and people again."

"Sun, then," persisted Dorrington. "You say it was a hot day."

"As hot in the roads as on the downs," returned Vane dryly. "Hotter if anything. No, it won't do, my dear sir! There was something beyond that."

Dorrington pondered.

"I have just thought of another possible explanation," said he, "though it may strike you as rather far-fetched."

"Nothing can seem too far-fetched to me," responded Vane, grimly. "Especially after—in view of the strange experience of that day."

It struck Dorrington that he had intended to finish his remark differently.

"This is my idea," said Dorrington. "As you know, Cornwall is rich in minerals, and radium is found in considerable quantity. Well, you know what queer stuff that is, and how powerful and far-reaching its effect. Is it not possible that this substance, or some other similar one, with as yet undiscovered properties, may exist in large quantities in different localities and exercise a peculiar influence on the nerves and brain of any one who comes within the radius of its power? The analogy of the water-finder and his divining-rod rather supports my theory, by the way. Fact is, the idea occurred to me only just before I came into this room."

Vane looked up sharply.

"Why? What made you think of it at all?"

Dorrington laughed, and his color heightened a little.

"I did not intend to speak of it," said he, "but, to tell you the truth, within the last hour I had an experience somewhat similar to the one you speak of."

"Which way did you come here?" asked Vane quickly.

Dorrington rose and went to the window.

"Across there," said he.

Vane rose also and stood by his side.

For the first time Dorrington noticed that the piece of waste land which he had crossed was enclosed by a rough wall, in places crumbled into mere heaps of stone. About the centre was a solitary boulder, a gray spike of granite, and over all was a shadow, as though of some passing cloud, though Dorrington saw that the sky above was quite clear.

"You came across there—yes," said Vane, as though it was as he had expected.

Dorrington turned, with a trace of irritation in his manner.

"I suppose you will say that field—if you can call it a field—is haunted!"

Vane met his gaze tranquilly.

"You felt a strange sensation when you crossed it," said he. "Which was it, liver or sun?"

Dorrington laughed, his good humor restored.

"A fair hit!" said he. "In my case, neither. I put it down to plain hunger. I had not eaten for five hours."



It was several minutes ere he recovered himself.—Page 245.

Vane shrugged his shoulders and turned away.

"And I suppose if you went out there now you would say it was indigestion! Did I tell you that I spent the night here? During the greater part of it I sat at my open window. It is the one of the room adjoining this."

"And you saw phantoms flitting about out there?"

Vane shook his head.

"You are a sceptic," he replied. "I am not going to tell you what I saw or heard. This I will tell you, however. I have spent the morning in hunting up old stories, and one of them runs to the effect that once, many years ago—somewhere about the end of the eighteenth century—a ship was wrecked on the coast here, and that the survivors, to the number of twenty or so, including the captain, managed to get ashore. They did not get far.

They had reached the spot you are now looking upon when they encountered a body of fishermen, who fell upon the drenched and benumbed crew and murdered every man, out of hand. The captain fought to the last, and fell at the base of the large stone in the middle there, bludgeoned to death. Thus there was no one left to bear witness against the wreckers who had lured the ship to her doom with false lights, for the murderers set to and buried their victims where they had fallen. Pleasant yarn, isn't it!"

"True enough, I dare say," said Dorrington. "I have read that such doings were not uncommon on the Cornish coast in the olden days. And so, naturally, the spot is considered haunted! Well, that is not to be wondered at."

"But you don't believe it, for all that, eh?" said Vane, with a short laugh. "Well, all I can say is that nothing would induce me to spend another night in this place. In fact I am leaving at once."

Dorrington stared out on the shadowed ground. He wondered that Vane had not passed some remark on the phenomenon, but possibly, wearing glasses, as he did, he had not noticed it. To Dorrington it was as though he was looking through a pair of tinted spectacles. He came to a sudden resolve.

"You have aroused my curiosity," said he, turning to Vane. "I will stay here the night, though I must say that I expect to find a natural explanation of anything which I may see or hear. I suppose I can find something to occupy myself with during the afternoon?"

"There is the fishing-village just over the hill yonder. I think a visit will prove interesting to you."

"I suppose many of the inhabitants are descendants of these amiable wreckers of yours?"

"I should say that our host is one, at all events," replied Vane, "and if the profession were still in vogue I have no doubt but that he would be following it to-day. I do not fancy he finds hotel-keeping either congenial or particularly prosperous. I believe he cultivates potatoes as a sort of side-show. He told me that there had been Crowles in this house for at least two hundred years, so that one of his breed must have been here when this thing happened. I should not wonder if he was the ringleader of the gang."

"And did Oliver Crowle tell you this story of the killing?"

"Heavens, no!" replied Vane. "And I would advise you not to mention it to either him or his sister. I did broach the subject to her and she nearly snapped my nose off. She said the fishermen, from whom I did hear the yarn, by the way, ought to know better than to spread about such things, that it was all an idle invention, and calculated to damage the reputation of the hotel. Hotel! Heaven save the mark!"

Dorrington laughed.

"I suppose you have heard the name it goes by locally?" said he.

"'Rogues' Rest!' Oh, yes. I never heard it called anything else among the fishermen. Still, I would not mention even that to the Crowles if I were you. Oliver looks capable of anything, and the blood of his ancestors may rise up against you."

"He had not better try any games on me," responded Dorrington lightly. "As they say in the Wild West stories, I travel heeled."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Vane. "You don't mean to say that you carry a pistol —here in Cornwall?"

"Merely as a guarantee of good faith, and not necessarily for publication. You see I have travelled in far wilder places than haunted Cornish moors, and I am afraid the thing has got to be a habit."

"I almost wish I hadn't told you," grumbled Vane. "You'll be shooting somebody next, and I shall feel responsible."

"Not I!" laughed Dorrington. "The thing isn't even loaded. At the most I'd only show it as a bluff."

But Vane shook his head discontentedly.

"Well, be careful. By the way, I shall be in Truro to-morrow night, at the Red Lion Hotel. Shall you be that way, by any chance? I should like to hear how you enjoyed your night at 'Rogues' Rest.'"

"I will meet you there," answered Dorrington, "and give you a faithful report."



*Drawn by H. J. Mowat.*

"You went out on the down last night, sir," she said . . . in a low strained voice.—Page 245.

A little later Mr. Briscoe Vane left the inn at a swinging pace, and Dorrington watched him disappear over the brow of the hill, with a curious sense of loneliness. Then he wandered out in front of the house, and unto the shadowed enclosure. He strolled to the rock in the centre, gazing curiously about him. One of his keen, sweeping glances told him that either Oliver Crowle or his sister, he could not be sure which, was watching him from an upper window.

After a few minutes he experienced a sense of chilliness, and, though the sun was high in the sky and the air was still, he actually shivered. A few hundred yards away he saw a lad, devoid of coat and vest, reclining lazily on the ground, and the inconsistency of his own physical sensations irritated him. Turning abruptly, he regained the roadway, and felt the warmth in his veins once more.

Rather to his surprise, his statement of his intention to spend the night at the inn was well received by Miss Crowle. Somehow, Dorrington had conceived the idea that guests staying overnight were not particularly welcome at "Rogues' Rest."

"You might give me the same room that Mr. Vane had," he said carelessly. "He told me that he was comfortable there."

Which, of course, was a black untruth, but Dorrington was determined to see and hear all that the previous guest had seen and heard, and he was not disposed to stand upon trifles. He spent the afternoon in rambling along the coast to the little fishing-village, but, in view of Vane's recent investigations, he refrained from any attempt to gain further information.

After tea he wandered forth again. Had Mr. Oliver Crowle appeared Dorrington had determined, in spite of Vane's warning, to exercise his diplomacy in extracting some historical details, but the landlord of "Rogues' Rest" did not show himself. Neither was Miss Crowle available, for at dusk a few congenial spirits from the village dropped in at the bar, and the air was filled with raucous voices and queer twisted vowels during the remainder of the evening. By ten o'clock, however, the revellers had left, and the house was once more quiet. Dorrington, feeling somewhat lonely and depressed, partook of supper and went to his room.

He did not undress but, after a decent interval, he extinguished his candle and, drawing aside the plain red curtains, opened the casement.

A sea-mist had rolled up from the westward since sunset, and the densely veiled light of a moon, now nearly at the full, made it just possible to distinguish earth from sky. The sullen murmur of the sea beating on the shore mingled with the whisper of a rising wind in the eaves above his head, and Dorrington shivered slightly. He peered out into the gloom. It was easy enough to imagine shadowy forms moving about below there in the darkness. No wonder that Vane had beheld visions! The man was a mere bundle of nerves, one could easily see that. But there had been no fog on the previous night, as far as Dorrington remembered. Perhaps it was purely a local phenomenon, like the shadow at noon. He rather wished that he had pressed Vane for details, and had even asked him to stay as well. Possibly he might not have refused to do so, with company. How cold and damp the air felt! After all it was a crazy game, sitting there looking for ghosts, on the strength of what was, in all probability, a merely fanciful story!

Suddenly Dorrington stiffened as he sat. What was that! Surely there was something moving below! He held his breath, as his strained eyes beheld two dim figures almost directly beneath his window. The forms melted into the gloom. Then Dorrington, after a moment's hesitation, did what he had determined upon beforehand in case he saw anything and, throwing his leg over the window-sill, dropped noiselessly to the ground. It was only a ten-foot drop, and Dorrington was an active man. He felt scarcely a jar. He glanced back at the house. All was in darkness. Then he crept forward cautiously. He felt no fear, but his heart was beating rather more rapidly than usual. There was forced upon his consciousness the impression of vague shadowy forms all about him, but he told himself that they were but the whirling wreaths of vapor stirred by the night wind, and he put all other ideas resolutely from him. He bent his

mind upon reaching the boulder in the centre of the enclosure. He could see its form looming up indistinctly in front, and presently he stood close beneath it. All at once he drew in his breath sharply and sank down against the base of the rock. A shadowy figure had glided noiselessly by him. Then came another dim form, seemingly on the track of the first. Dorrington could have reached forth his hand and touched it. With an effort he subdued the chill fear which clutched his heart and half rose, intending to follow the silent prowlers, whoever or whatever they might be, but, all at once, terror seized his soul and he cowered down again. All around him there rose a low muttering sound, inarticulate and menacing, voices seemingly from the air itself. They rose and fell as though borne upon a varying breeze, sometimes dying away to the merest murmur, but ever sinister and threatening. As Dorrington crouched, trembling and afraid, there came a sharp cry of agony, in a man's voice, followed by curses, in rough, uncouth accents, then a low gurgling groan which froze Dorrington's very blood.

He waited no longer. Panic seized him, and he ran blindly, stumbling over the uneven ground until, more by instinct than any conscious sense of direction, he reached the inn once more. He leaned against the wall beneath his window, regaining his breath in great, gulping sobs. It was several minutes ere he recovered himself sufficiently to grip the sill of the upper window and draw himself up, but at last he found himself safe within his room. He lit his candle with shaking hands, and caught a glimpse of his white face in the cheap mirror. He had worn no hat and his hair was dank with moisture. With a shudder of horror he saw that his sleeve was crimson. He held the candle close to it, then he gave a hysterical gasp of relief. It was merely a patch of red lichen such as he had often seen growing on the rocks about there. He had probably rubbed it from the boulder whilst crouching beside it. He brushed off the substance with an irritable gesture. Then it occurred to him that the curtain was undrawn, and he drew it hastily.

The night without seemed tranquil enough now. He could hear nothing save the distant murmur of the sea. There was a small flask of brandy in his knapsack, and Dorrington steadied his nerves with a sip therefrom. Then he undressed and, blowing out his candle, went to bed, to be harassed by dreams of horror until the welcome dawn. He lay awhile, then arose and opened the casement. It was a perfect morning, calm and serene, and a lark sang high above. The rock rose solitary in front of him, and the rising sun tinged it with crimson. Otherwise all was as Dorrington had seen it on the previous day.

He dressed and went into the dining-room. Miss Crowle came to him almost immediately. Dorrington thought she looked somewhat anxious and worried.

"Good morning, sir," she said, in her precise tones. "I hope you have had a comfortable night."

Dorrington smiled a little grimly.

"Oh, well enough, thanks," he replied. He had decided to say nothing to her of his strange experience. Indeed now, in the bright freshness of morning, he was inclined to wonder how much had been reality and how much imagination. To tell his story would possibly evoke only polite scepticism, if not ridicule, and Dorrington had the typical British dread of being laughed at. Not that Miss Crowle would be at all likely to laugh! She would more probably be annoyed, judging from what Vane had said.

Dorrington gave his order for breakfast, but Miss Crowle lingered by the door, nervously fingering her apron.

"You went out on the down last night, sir," she said at last, in a low strained voice.

Dorrington started, and looked at her keenly.

"How do you know?"

Miss Crowle closed the door, and sat down.

"I saw you come back," was her reply.

Dorrington hesitated a moment.

"Well, yes," said he at last. "To tell you the truth, Miss Crowle, I had rather a strange experience."

"The gentleman who was here before told you, I suppose, and you stayed out of curiosity," she observed, a touch of resentment in her tone, though she kept her

eyes fixed on the floor. "I guessed as much. I—I suppose I shall have to explain."

"Can you?" cried Dorrington, looking at the downcast face curiously.

"Oh, yes," returned the woman, still in the same dull tone. "You saw my brother out there—my brother and myself."

"You!"

Avice Crowle looked up momentarily, then dropped her eyes again.

"You are not a very young man," she went on, "and perhaps you remember the actress, Miss ——," and she mentioned a music-hall artist famous in the late eighties.

"Yes," said Dorrington wonderingly. "I certainly do, though I was not much more than a lad in her time. What of her?"

"She was my brother Oliver's wife. She ran away from him when they had been married only a year, ran away to London with a play-actor who was holidaying hereabouts. She—she used to meet him at night out by the stone yonder, and at last Oliver caught them together there and—and they fought, my brother and this man. The play-actor struck my brother down, and the pair made off there and then."

"But," said Dorrington puzzledly, "how does that account for the things I saw and heard last night?"

Avice Crowle made a little despairing gesture.

"Oliver has never forgotten, and every now and again he goes out there in the night—it is a sort of sleep-walking—and goes through it all, as it happened over thirty years ago, though that wicked wife of his and the man who lured her away have both long been dead. I am always watching, and I go and lead him back when his fit is over. You would have seen us had you waited long enough. He never remembers what he has been doing, but it upsets him terribly all the same, and he cannot stay in the house the day after. He went through it all both last night and the night before. I can assure you, sir, that it is a sore burden to me, and I am always in fear of his being seen by any one else, so that I never speak of it unless I am obliged. Besides, if it were known, it would injure the house, you see, and it only happens for a few nights in succession once in six months or so."

Dorrington pondered with deeply knit brows.

"So that is how it was!" said he. "But there was something——"

He broke off suddenly. The muttering voices! This strange story did not account for them. Was it possible that they had been merely the wind, plus a fevered imagination!

Miss Crowle cast another fleeting glance at his puzzled face.

"There are queer echoes, too," she said, as though reading his thoughts. She rose from her chair. "But I have been keeping you, sir. I—I hope you will not speak of this to other folk."

"Of course not," replied Dorrington, with a mental reservation as to Briscoe Vane. "I am very sorry for your trouble, Miss Crowle. If you had only given me a hint——"

Miss Crowle shook her head with a faint smile.

"I hoped you would not hear or see anything," she returned, "and of course my brother might not have gone out at all last night. I thank you, sir, for listening to me. I will bring your breakfast immediately."

She left him with evident relief, and Dorrington pondered over what she had told him. He thought of the once famous comedienne, and her glittering career. Had she ever thought of this unhappy, betrayed husband of hers? he wondered. It was a queer story! The sort of thing one reads in books. Well, he would have something to tell Briscoe Vane when they met!

The two men foregathered at the hotel in Truro that evening, and Dorrington told his story. Briscoe Vane listened, with rather a whimsical expression on his face.

"And so you think you have got the full explanation?" said he, when Dorrington had finished. "And you are fully satisfied?"

"I see no reason to be otherwise," replied Dorrington a little curtly.

Vane sat tapping his fingers on the table, then he looked up suddenly.

"Upon my word," said he, "I really don't know whether I ought not to leave matters as they are, but the temptation is too great. I must undeceive you. You did not see Oliver Crowle himself yesterday, after I left?"

"No, excepting, of course, last night, in the manner I have explained—that is, if you could call that seeing him."

Vane laughed shortly.

"I could not," he replied. "As a matter of fact Oliver Crowle was not within twenty miles of 'Rogues' Rest' last night. He was here, in Truro. What is more, he stayed here the night. I met him in the street when I arrived last evening, and I saw him again as late as half past ten, in the bar of this hotel. He was here on some business in connection with his garden produce. To-day has been market-day here, and he left for home only this afternoon. I presume you did not tell Miss Crowle that you were coming here?"

Dorrington stared.

"I don't know that I did," said he. "But if this is true all she told me——"

"Was, to put it politely, a fairy-tale," put in Vane quietly. "Yes, I am afraid that is so."

"But the details—the runaway wife?"

Vane smiled.

"In our talk yesterday," said he, "I think you spoke of the Celtic imagination. Well, our friend Miss Crowle appears to possess her full share thereof. But wait a minute," he added. "I rather fancy I can supply the source of at least part of her inspiration."

He left Dorrington, and presently returned with an illustrated weekly journal, which he laid open on the table.

"I had this with me at 'Rogues' Rest,'" said Briscoe Vane, "and I know I left it about whilst I was away from the house. Miss Crowle evidently had a cursory look at it."

Dorrington saw that, under the heading of "Bygone Footlight Favorites," was a memoir of the celebrity of whom Avice Crowle had spoken.

"You will see that she was an Australian, and married twice," observed Vane. "Firstly, to a Jew, here in England, and, secondly, to a New York broker. Moreover, I may tell you that Oliver Crowle, as far as my information, gathered from those in the locality, goes, has never married at all."

Dorrington laughed a little disconcertedly.

"It would certainly appear that Miss Crowle sold me a packet," said he. "But what on earth could be her object in preaching me up such a yarn?"

Vane shrugged his shoulders.

"You wanted an explanation," said he, "or at least Miss Crowle considered that one was necessary, and she decided to give it. Consider! You go night-roaming and see and hear strange things—things which, if spoken of, would certainly not encourage visitors to 'Rogues'' —I beg pardon—'The Cornubia Hotel.' The house is the Crowles' living, and I suppose that Miss Avice thought that a little romantic fiction, especially if told under the pledge of secrecy, would do less harm than—than, well, the real explanation."

"Ah," returned Dorrington, "and what is the real explanation?"

Vane lit a fresh cigar before replying.

"The answer to that, my friend," said he at last, "is, I fancy, less obvious to you than it is to me—that is to say, unless you have changed your views since yesterday."

But to this Dorrington made no reply.



# THE POINT OF VIEW



Faces in Fiction

EVERY reader of romance has a memory full of faces found in books. He might be interested to discover how much he himself, independently of the novelist, has had to do with the painting of these faces upon his fancy. In the varied procession of characters that instantly present themselves to the mind, one is surprised to see how often other aspects of the body impress both author and reader as more pregnant with revelation than the face. It was not Trix Esmond's head but her feet that made havoc with Henry Esmond's heart, feet that we can see twinkling down the polished stair, in their scarlet stockings and white shoes, scarlet stockings with silver clocks. One recalls many feet in fiction, feet brutal or groping or tripping, but always feet informed by spirit, and from many a book one recollects hands equally fraught with meaning. Which holds us more, the Ancient Mariner's "glittering eye" or his "skinny hand"? Which to Browning connoted more of her character, as he gazed at his wife in the fireglow, "that great brow" or the "spirit-small hand propping it"?

As one studies one's memory gallery one is surprised to learn how often a countenance recognized as favorite and friendly will, on examination, be found to be not a whole face but merely a part of one—a quiet forehead serene with wisdom, a pair of smouldering eyes, a dazzle of hair. There are some glorious heads of hair in English fiction. One thinks first of Romola's, that ripple of living bronze in a shadowy dead room. Almost as quickly one sees another head, weighted with gypsy locks, ominous with rebellion from its first appearance, in the earliest pages of "The Mill on the Floss," "hair usually straight an hour after it had been taken out of paper," and "incessantly tossed to keep the dark heavy locks out of her gleaming black eyes." More gay and gracious come to us the tresses of earlier girls, sweet girls that, singing to the tune of May, go floating through mediæval poetry crowned like Emelye, with daffodil gold,

"brayded in a tresse,
Behynde hir bak, a yarde long, I gesse."

Recollection as it dwells on particular features becomes overwhelmed by eyes, eyes from everywhere, eyes so varied and so compelling that one can hardly choose for illustration: immortal Becky's immortal green, of course, and in a line as vivid for color as for character Stevenson's description:

"Eyes of fire and bramble dew."

One questions why there are not more mouths to remember from one's reading, seeing that in real life the mouth is so often the arresting trait, the one whose meaning is hardest to disguise, whether that meaning be pride or pathos, petulance or peace. Perhaps the reason that novelists do not dwell more on mouths is that they give us so much data for lips in what comes out of them that we should not need any further assistance in imaging them for ourselves.

As one's study goes to and fro over literature, one discovers that the making of faces has been a progressive art. Homer bothers himself very little about physiognomy. He describes by means of the generic epithet, always labelling Athena "gray-eyed," or a slave-girl "fair-cheeked," a symbolic device, indicating color or form, but leaving us to fill in the outline. Mediæval romance, like ancient, lacks individuality of treatment, epithet is expanded to a stereotyped catalogue of charms, crisp hair, bright cheeks, bright eyes, smiling lips. The poet's purpose is to paint for us a face set to the mood of love and May, for the rest we are free to make our own details. It is in fact only within the last fifty years that writers have given sufficient attention to portraiture to make it worth while to study the different style and method of different story writers.

The two great painters of background, Hardy and Conrad, present an interesting comparison in their treatment of faces. One cannot think of the faces in Hardy's novels except as seen against a setting as significant as the face itself, a bank of wind-racked cloud, the dusky gleaming wainscot of a village tap-room. Hardy's faces grow naturally out of their background, indigenous as the gorse upon the moors; Con-

rad's pictures, on the other hand, are always exotic. The setting he gives is as vivid to the eye as Hardy's, and as significant for its influence upon character, but it is not native to the physiognomy it accentuates, it is alien. A portrait by Conrad is always a portrait of the homeless, of people who move against shapes of mysterious shipping or black African forest. Their faces are fateful for their power either to be conquered by their malign environment or to conquer it.

You cannot visualize Hardy's or Conrad's faces as separate from their setting. In sharpest contrast to both is Meredith's manner of making faces so mobile that all background is forgotten. While Meredith makes us see every shape and shade of features, it is the dance of the soul over this surface that allures his craftsmanship; he is absorbed by the kinetic rather than the static qualities of the face under his pen. No other author can so exhaustively analyze a glance. Second to Meredith in attention to mobility is James, with the difference that he does not, like Meredith, interpret for us the play of light over features, but leaves us to guess its meaning, baffling and provocative.

There are at present two curiously contrasting tendencies in methods of portraiture. As magazine writing is reduced more and more to efficiency, and the clipping away of the extraneous, the face in fiction tends to disappear altogether, as unnecessary. Drama, on the contrary, has developed a painstaking elaboration of physiognomy not, of course, in the actual text, but in preface and stage direction. This practice was begun by Ibsen, but not many of us when we think of Hedda remember that "her complexion is pale and opaque. Her steel-gray eyes express an unruffled repose. Her hair is an agreeable medium brown, but not particularly abundant." Ibsen descriptions, however, do not compare in circumstantiality with Shaw's. One wonders how Shakespeare would ever have got down to the real business of play-writing if before he began he had tried to do all the work that Shaw does for the reader's fancy.

Writers who wish to draw faces may well go to Shakespeare for illumination. Because Shakespeare knew more about the human imagination than any man has ever known, he did not describe faces. Yet whose memory is not crowded with faces from Shakespeare? But did he draw them for us? Portia, Othello, Lear, Viola, Juliet —we look vainly for the lines in which Shakespeare gives us the portraits that are our imperishable possessions. Nor can it be argued that these sharply defined pictures have been got from stage presentation. Our conception of Hamlet is not Booth's or Forbes-Robertson's or Sothern's; it is not even Shakespeare's, for though we have Queen Gertrude's word for it that her son was fat, every one of us pictures Hamlet's soul as clothed in a rapier-like delicacy of body.

As Homer left undescribed the most beautiful woman in fiction, Helen of Troy, so Shakespeare left undescribed the most beautiful woman in history, Cleopatra. Both poets knew that the highest art is to let the reader's imagination share in the artist's creation. Left to ourselves with the characters of romance, we can improve upon the conditions of actual life; we can fit face to spirit in such true revelation as poor human clay in its clumsy caricature of soul by shape can never do. A study of the faces that fiction has given us discovers the fact that the most vivid are those that we ourselves have painted.

IF the walls of your bedroom were hung with half a hundred Colonial samplers, would you not find the old-time nuisance of dressing and undressing transformed into a movable feast? I have done so.

Samplers Seriatim

On my first occupancy of this room the effect was sombre. The aged canvases, in thin dark frames, front-faced in serried ranks like khakied soldiers. Then from this dull uniformity emerged blue and hazel eyes, rosy cheeks and parted lips, piquant noses, pigtails and rebellious curls; individual voices piped up shrill and clear; and the soldiers in khaki changed as on a moving-picture screen into little aproned girls, sitting demurely in red chairs, their wee fingers cross-stitching apothegms for the guidance of life.

For some days, however, they encouraged no intimacy, pressing shyly back against the wall, paling a little as I drew near, although I suspected that once I were safely down-stairs they joined hands for many a ring-around-a-rosy in defiance of my intrusion into their domain and my espionage into their ancient affairs. If romance is the magic of distance, as Sir Walter Raleigh as-

serts, romance is here, for these little New England Anns and Elizas, Priscillas and Janes, mostly "wrought" and "worked" and "finished" their samplers a century ago, at the mature ages of eight or ten or twelve. Furthermore the imaginative warmth with which I study this diagrammatic history of Colonial girlhood is enhanced by the magic of the old habitation in which at least some of the little workers lived and had their material being before my grandparents were born.

My real intimacy with the samplers began, however, one morning when struggling with a series of refractory hooks I was about to free my mind on the subject of laundresses and flat-irons. Indeed my mouth was open in apostrophe when a child of eight beckoned sternly from her brown frame and inquired:

> "What is the blooming tincture of the skin
> To peace of mind and harmony within?
> Or the bright sparkling of the finest eye
> To the soft soothing of a calm reply?"

"What, indeed?" I echoed, chastened, yet mollified whilst, by the subtle compliments and by the date of my mentor, which proved to be 1806. After her came one Eliza, aged nine, chiding less but still pursuing:

> "While rosy cheeks thy bloom confess
> And youth thy bosom warms,
> Let virtue and let wisdom dress
> Thy mind in brighter charms."

While to clinch this ratiocination and remove any lingering complacency, another infant piped up:

> "Plain as this canvas was so plain we find
> Unlettered, unadorned, the female mind.
> Fair Education claims the pleasing thought
> With close attention carefully inwrought.
> Insert the curious lines on proper ground
> Complete the whole and scatter flowers around."

It is the present, according to Gilbert Murray, that enslaves us, narrows our thought, cramps our capabilities, and lowers our standards, escape being only in the contemplation of things not present. Possibly enfranchisement through imaginary orgies beckoned the little Puritan of ten who in 1804 made supplication:

> "Content me with an humble shade
> My Passions tamed, my Wishes laid;
> For while our Wishes wildly roll
> We banish Quiet from the Soul.
> 'Tis thus the Busy beat the Air
> And Misers gather Wealth and Care."

This engaging orison is further enhanced by an elaborate landscape—trees, a house, fence, gates; shepherd, shepherdesses and lambs; grass, and daisies — the whole framed in fine old gilt.

Robert Frost, who knows New England character as do few others, says that as a boy his favorite book was "Tom Brown's School Days," but he never finished it because he could not bear to think it was ended. Hardly, for that reason did one eleven-year-old omit certain words and phrases, while yet with submissive receptivity cross-stitching in the fact that she was "Instructed by H. Burt:"

> "The Bell strikes one
> We take no note of in
> is wise in man.
> As if an angel spoke I feel the solemn sound.
> If heard aright it is the knell
> Of my departed hours;"

which rollicking stanza was embellished by the nameless little worker with a gravestone beside a church. Might not her unregenerate soul have longed to carve "H. B." thereupon?

My diurnal glint at the samplers is often passingly comparative, as when I dwell upon names only, finding six Elizas, five Anns, and five Marys to one Kittie and one Sharlotte; or upon alphabets—capitals, miniscules, Roman, old English—done in many sorts of stitches; or upon dates and ages; or pictorial decoration. A cottage under a tree, nests in the tree, birds in the nest; churches, weeping willows and gravestones; sheep on blue hills, dogs on braided hearth-rugs, horned stags, peacocks, basilisks with glittering eyes; befeathered and booted Indians and primitive Adams and Eves—all cheered my toilet-way, linking buttons to button-holes, leading from shoe-strings to hairpins, the final throwing up of windows, and the "ready for bed," or "ready for breakfast" at last.

Our Own Sample Rooms

As I saunter through these samplers into the past, I am confronted by another collection — not the homogeneous samplers of ancient bygones, placed in juxtaposition, but the heterogeneous samplers, successive but related, of my own bygones, and I greet them one by one with a shout. Like most of mankind I have a trace of the artist temperament with but an infinitesimal gift of expressing it. At six years of age I concocted book-marks of perforated cardboard;

at seven I knitted reins through a bepinned spool; at eight I modelled putty trays, combining wee pellets into bas-relief bunches of grapes, edging the product with other pellets into the centre of which a pin-head had been adroitly pressed. At nine I sprinkled rice over freshly glued surfaces, coating the whole with gilt paint. At ten I wrote verses; at eleven I edited a paper; at twelve I took to water-colors, laboriously stippling the petals of a fuchsia; at thirteen I pressed pink icing through paper tubes upon family cakes; at fourteen I photographed letters of the alphabet from crooked and reflected trees; at fifteen I toted a mandolin; at sixteen—but each reader can continue from her own experience. After all,

"Nothing betrays a poor vitality
Like straining for originality!"

The important thing is the reaction of our own personality to the world we live in, and our rhythmic progress from pawns to queenship, always ourselves, but always ourselves differently. The body of the little samplers we work perisheth, but the soul lives on and makes for itself new little bodies which are other activities, other formulas, other loves and antipathies, other creeds:

"Manifold are the tale's variations,
Race and clime ever tinting the dreams,
Yet its essence through endless mutations
Immutable gleams."

And always there is more in us than the platitudes aud posies we work on our samplers. There are formularies that no instructing H. Burt can induce us to incorporate; and there are garden paths and ivory gates, peacocks and basilisks and Adams and Eves which we insist on embroidering into our gray canvases.

Gradually we realize that in the making of many detached samplers we have created a body of generalization which we can manipulate at will; that the world and society are only our friendly old dressing-room among the ranged samplers of which we smilingly saunter, saying:

"Here I first felt the thrill of independent activity, inventing my world before I discovered it; here I learned the relative value of means and ends, and what games were not worth the candle; here, order, management, logical procedure, and all the normal processes which bring benefit to the sagacious and disaster to the stupid; here I turned to advantage the difficulties of a situation and tried to bear antagonism with unruffled temper; here industrious simulation begot the emotion simulated; here I grew in mental commentary, learning to reflect, to discriminate, to discern nice values, to judge of quality; sensed the significance of my accumulations and learned to "turn fact into faculty"; realized that ideas grow out of every subject, however trifling or whimsical, and that each idea welcomed and applied leads to another; perceived new sanctions of old laws; refused, with Alan Seeger, "to allow Age alone authority in giving counsel"; grasped the obligation of service.

Thus, in time, I worked out my own philosophy of life. Humorously enough, my application of it ushers me back to the room of the monitory children, and I stand again before my pet sampler—without a name, without a date, without an alphabet, but dulcifying the whole collection:

"For Happiness do not Roam
It is found with Little
And at Home."

A New Measure of Devotion

A STEP upon the threshold and some one came in; it was an old friend, a Red Cross nurse, lately back from service in France. There was about her no outward sign of her profession as she threw off her brown coat; wearing trim blouse and skirt, she looked as other women look, and yet, as she passed through the door we were aware of something different. A blast of west wind came with her out of wide spaces of sky. She came with a gay little laugh of greeting, yet something solemn entered with her, solemn and very great.

It was but a minute and we were plunged into the war, her eager lips recounting to ears that listened still more eagerly, straining to learn what had happened, when, where, how it had come to pass; and, beyond, to hear that great music to which unnumbered feet had stepped so gallantly. Feet that had paused at home upon the threshold quivered, trying to keep time.

Now it was the little dog, left behind by soldier lads going into action, waving their hands as the train pulled out; now it was the operating-room, twelve tables, with two surgeons at each, working night and day as the steady stream of the wounded poured in, paused, and passed on. There were long vigils of incessant work with ether cones,

hour after hour, sometimes thirty-six hours without rest or sleep. Oh, that was nothing! Hundreds, thousands of nurses had done much more. There was a matter-of-factness, a practicality about this old friend of ours, this new friend who had been at Château-Thierry.

Pictures, pictures, of French peasant women, indomitably tilling field and garden; of ruined villages; of the German airplane that swooped down to bomb the hospital—yes, one of the nurses was wounded, and many patients—one lost his legs; of falling star-shells; of soldiers eagerly greeting Red Cross nurses in their white cloaks—they like the costume and are overjoyed at seeing the faces of American women; of bands of refugees, with donkey, children, household goods, the old grandmother sitting in the cart, the others trudging silently at the side.

We had read of these things many times, but all woke to more vivid life when told by one who had seen.

And heard! The sounds of airplanes reached us, the crashing of shells, the sometimes half-profane expression of new and wholly devout religious feeling from the lips of wounded men; the pleasant voice of the little orderly who always knew the right thing to say to the suffering lads, and was constantly begging for one thing and yet one more to do. The sound that came most clearly to our ears was the cheer of the Red Cross nurses, who had protested against the command of the general bidding them back from the front, and had petitioned to be allowed to stay; the boys were in constant danger—why, in the name of common sense, not they? The cheer went up when permission came for them to remain.

These pictures, clear in color and in line, seemed to float through an air more luminous than that of northern France or even of America, the unflinching look of those who marched away, khaki shoulder to khaki shoulder; the patient, smiling faces of the bandaged lads lying in the wards with never a word of complaint; the rested look in the eyes of one about to die. The sound of many feet marching in unison, of voices that tried to soothe, voices that tried to thank, seemed to vibrate across a subtler ether than earth knows.

No thought was further from our guest's mind, yet something about her brought reproach. Perhaps it was her face, remoulded, redefined, as if the mighty Sculptor still held a finger there, shaping. A finer line, a deepened expression, an ascetic look all unconsciously accused one of warm and sheltered days, and quiet work, and hours of rest in sunny corners during the world's agony. Even if gray hairs absolve, something keeps tugging at one's heart; vainly one recalls the fact of being over the draft age for man or woman. One feels a longing for these heights of life that others have scaled, a quivering of the nostrils for this keener air.

Yet we who, perforce, had stayed at home were aware, even in ourselves, of some great, common endeavor to get the stride of those who followed the flag: the boys, the officers, the nurses, the cooks, the orderlies, the civilians, men and women, who carried on the great task. There was written in the face before us, as on the faces of all who come back now from overseas, a new look of comradeship with all and sundry—grieving child, suffering man, and suffering beast. Are we nearing a profounder understanding of the interrelationships of human kind?

That comradeship with those who, whether in the wards or in the trenches, have given all, and that high comradeship with death, have left their impress, bringing a different sense of values of the things of time and that which lies beyond time. They who have kept vigil on the battle-line look out, like Browning's *Lazarus*, with eyes of truer vision, wherein a finer discernment winnows things ephemeral from things of lasting import. They are souls that cannot quite come back.

We had a sense as of a great wave, surging up from undiscovered depths of human nature, as human courage rose to meet unprecedented human need, carrying the race immeasurably forward in a great tidal sweep beyond old desires and old fears. This new measure of devotion brings assurance of something greater coming into life, an undreamed consecration, an unimagined insight. Can such vicarious sacrifice be offered and the world not benefit thereby?

As the brown coat was buttoned on and the door closed, there was a glimpse from our front door of clear and steady stars, shining from out the dark. We were aware of something very great, not in the past, but alive, vital, present, that had come and gone.

Not wholly gone.

# THE FIELD OF ART

## THE DEVASTATED ART OF FRANCE

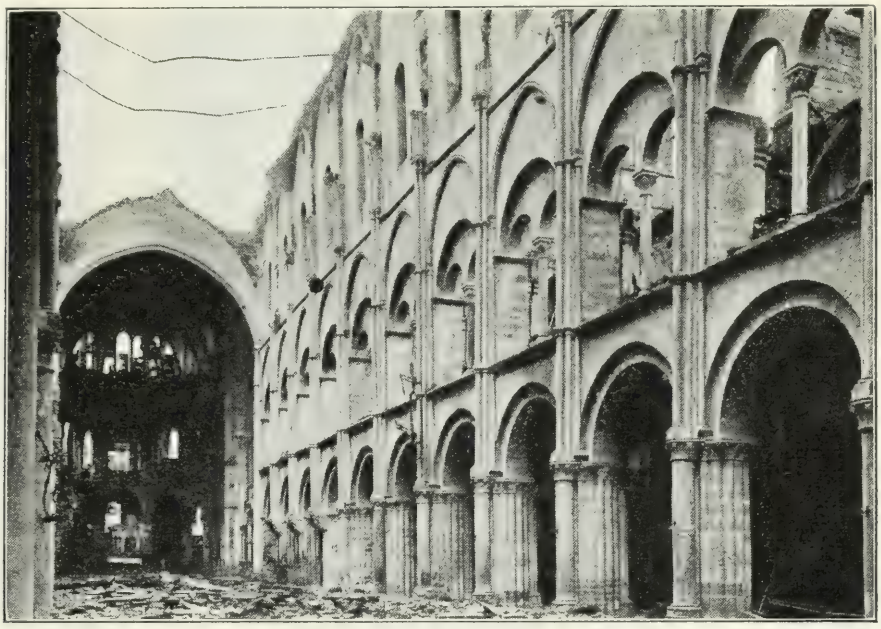
By A. Kingsley Porter

Special Commissioner of the French Government and the Commission des Monuments Historiques

II

REGAL Reims, the queen of cathedrals and the cathedral of kings, stands exulting as never before. She who consecrated the triumphs of centuries has never seen so glorious an hour. The sacred building is battered and battle-worn; her finest jewels of sculpture and glass have been torn from her; but her brow is crowned with a wreath of laurel. And the mighty spirit of Jeanne d'Arc, noble and serene as the angel of St. Nicaise, smiles radiantly from the gallery of the kings. She takes her place sometimes beside St. Louis, the ancestor of St. Stephen; sometimes by Philippe-Auguste; but more often by St. Remi, he who conquered the conqueror Clovis. There are in France many sights that make one's blood run fast and the tears well to one's eyes; but none other, I think, so much as the tricolor waving on the tower of Reims—not even the captured cannons piled in the Concorde at the feet of the statue of Strasbourg.

St. Remi of Reims, venerable almost as the cathedral, is none the worse for having lost the modern imitation vaults of the nave. The glass has fortunately been rescued, at least in great part. Morienval, the battle-horse of archæologists, is intact, as are also the loved churches at Acy-en-Multien and Crouy-sur-Ourcq. It was a great relief to find the latter unharmed, since it has been widely reported and even published as destroyed, through confusion with the other Crouy, near Soissons, which has indeed much suffered. The abbey of Orbais is uninjured.



St. Remi of Reims.
Venerable almost as the cathedral.

Happiest news of all, the cathedral of Laon has also escaped. "I have travelled far," wrote Villard de Honnecourt in the thirteenth century, "and I have seen many towers; but never others like those of Laon." And we, world-children of a later age, who have travelled even farther, and

have seen even more towers, we too have never seen others like these, nor shall we, even on that day when our oar shall be mistaken for a winnowing-shovel. Laon, the Orvieto of France, has lost nothing. Not a sculpture is chipped, not a piece of glass broken. One smiles when one remembers that an official German communiqué, at the time the great gun was bombarding Paris, announced the cathedral of Laon had been injured by French fire. The report, whatever its motive, was false. As, however, the city of Laon was shelled by the French, the fact that the cathedral was never hit is an eloquent proof of the fact that in modern warfare it is possible to spare architectural monuments. At Soissons and Noyon and Reims the Germans failed to take the pains the French took at Laon. I have found no first-hand evidence that they deliberately sought to destroy any of these cathedrals nor any that they made the slightest effort not to. The cathedral of Reims stood its chance with the Lion d'Or Hotel. If the cathedrals and churches have in general resisted the bombardment somewhat better than the towns about them, they owe it, not to the consideration of the Germans, but to the excellence of mediæval masonry.



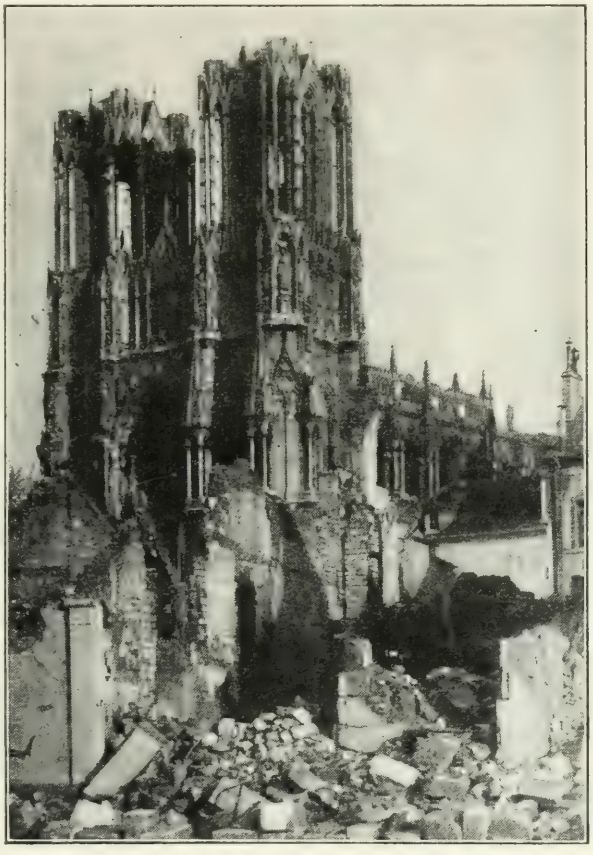
Reims Cathedral, south transept.

The building appears to have been conceived in a prophetic vision of a great victory.—Page 255.

It is obvious that the problem of restoration will be an exceedingly delicate one. Moreover, it will differ in respect to each monument, for they are in all conditions from complete destruction to the slightest of damage. It is, I believe, to-day admitted that the ideal solution would be to undertake practically no reconstruction. Mediæval monuments cannot be rebuilt by modern methods. Artistically, archæologically, historically they should be left as they are. A crowd of practical considerations are, however, opposed to this. In general, for purposes of worship, the old church can be repaired far less expensively than a new one constructed. The French feel too that the church is a living thing, which is deprived of much of its beauty and poetry if it be preserved merely as a curiosity, isolated from the daily life of the people. In many cases also repairs are necessary to prevent further disintegration. It is, therefore, probable that restoration, however regrettable, will in general be carried out. Every effort will assuredly be made that this reconstruction be as tactful as possible. Many fantastic suggestions, like that of covering the holes in the vaults of Reims with glass, have happily been discarded. It has already been wisely decided to make no attempt to restore sculpture. This resolution marks an epoch in modern taste, a vast step in advance. The next generation will perceive that it is no less sacrilegious to restore architecture than sculpture.

As the ruins stand, they are of singular interest from more than one point of view. The cannons have plucked the heart of many a mystery. Cold-blooded as the statement may sound, the fact remains that a murder gives an opportunity to study anatomy. The archæologist, even at the moment when his grief at the destruction of an art which he loved is most poignant, finds in his hands the solution of many a riddle he had long been seeking to unravel. Sometimes, too, the bombardment has created a new beauty. Certain monuments have regained what reconstruction had taken away from them, like St. Remi, where

the burning of the modern vaults has revealed the ancient Romanesque proportions, thrilling as those of Jumièges and hitherto unsuspected. There is, also, and this is the most surprising thing of all, a sort of beauty in the desolation of the battle-fields, a something which strangely haunts the imagination. The gas-killed vegetation, the shell-riddled trees, the deserts of trenches and barbed wire are not without grandeur and even poetry. The city of Reims has acquired the mystery and charm of Pompeii. The cathedral towers above the shattered walls of houses more impressive and majestic than ever before. In its broad outlines it has lost nothing in beauty. I have never felt the structure more vibrant, more living. I always have, indeed, the illusion that a Gothic church is in motion, gliding from east to west. At Notre Dame the movement is slow, majestic but of irresistible force, like an ocean liner when she has turned in the river and sets out on her thousand-mile journey over unknown oceans. Reims, however, moved more quickly—she was like the same liner on the high seas running at full speed, rising and falling on the waves. Today she is more buoyant and swift than ever. The building appears to have been conceived in a prophetic vision of a great victory.



Reims Cathedral.

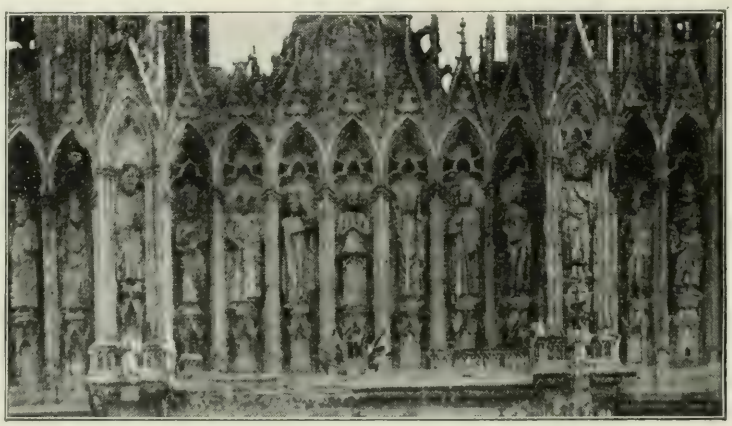
The cathedral towers above the shattered walls of houses [more impressive and majestic than ever before.

It is curious that the wounds of the bombardment already seem ancient. They have a certain softness which makes them not distressing from an æsthetic standpoint. There is nothing new and crude in their appearance. They harmonize, if the truth must be told, far better with the exquisite old work than do the modern restorations. I have, indeed, never felt so keenly the banality and lifelessness of the latter—at Reims, the parapets, the monsters, the new portions of the galleries of the kings, the wings of the angels in the buttresses are harsh instruments, barbarously out of tune, discordantly introduced in the mediæval symphony. The wounds of the bombardment, on the other hand, have none of this cacophonous quality. The mass of the building has perhaps even gained softness and texture. Unexpected openings—holes in the vault, through which one sees the clouds racing by above; the lights of the east end visible through the façade; the windows of the clearstory seen from the exterior across the hollow nave—give a new airiness, a new charm, a new sense of dizzy height. Of old the cathedral was perhaps too well groomed, too neat, too orderly. It suffered from excess of cherishing. For mediæval churches, like children, are best off when a bit neglected. Too much care has ruined many masterpieces of mediæval art in France; and one turns with a sigh of relief to the originally far inferior, but now often more attractive, because unspoiled, art of Spain, where neglect has preserved what mistaken love in other countries has too often irretrievably denatured. I should not, of course, wish to imply that the bombardment had been in any way a fortunate thing for the cathedral of Reims. The impression that the church has gained in beauty is specious, created only by the fleeting circumstances of the moment. The portals are still covered with sand-bags, so one forgets that the statuary is ruined. The sculptures of Reims, with those of Chartres, were the finest products of plastic art the thirteenth century produced, full of a life and power,

a creative imagination, lacking, for example, at Amiens. If Chartres is the Æschylus and Amiens the Sophocles, assuredly Reims is the Euripides of Gothic art; a Euripides impatient as the ancient one of conventional restraints, striking out always into the unknown, eagerly observant of nature, at times not untinged with bitterness and cynicism, but withal a Euripides revelling in sheer beauty for its own sweet sake. And as it was Euripides who set the stage upon which strutted the later dramatists, Roman Seneca, German Goethe, and French Racine, as it was he who established the ultimate type, all who came after must follow, so Reims became the model of Gothic sculptors. Indeed, rather surprisingly, Reims is the foundation upon which stand, none the less truly because unconsciously, our plastic artists of to-day, our Rodins, our Anna Hyatts, our Manships, our St. Gaudens. It is amusing to trace the genealogy. The sculptors of Bamberg drew their inspiration from Reims; from Bamberg was derived the Madonna of the Chartreuse of Champignol and (with the admixture of influence from Strasbourg, itself another derivative of Reims) the school of Dijon; from Dijon came Donatello, and from Donatello Michelangelo and modern art. It is, perhaps, permissible to question how often the illustrious descendants of the sculptors of Reims have equalled their masters in poetic vision and artistic power.

The artistic sensitiveness of the Middle Ages and their power of criticism—a power we moderns too often fail to recognize this period possessed—is curiously witnessed by contemporary appreciation of the Reims sculptures. With the finest discrimination the vital was selected to be used as models for subsequent work; and I own my attention has time and again been drawn by mediæval copies to the distinguished merit of certain statues the power of which had previously escaped my duller perceptions. It was thus that I came to have some understanding of the Synagogue of Reims through the far more famous versions of the same theme at Bamberg and Strasbourg. It was only after I had steeped myself in the loveliness of the latter that I perceived all this beauty and more inherent in the Reims original. And I confess too, that until I had become familiar with the later derivatives I was somewhat disturbed by the brutality of the work in certain figures of the gallery of the kings at Reims, a brutality so in contrast to the refinement of the sculpture below. Now, however, it is clear to me that these figures are purposefully coarse. They anticipate, if they did not inspire, the quality and the charm of barocco caryatids. The same effect of contrast is repeated in the apse, where brutal gargoyles are placed cheek by jowl with ethereal angels.

Certainly no picturesqueness of ruin could compensate for the loss of such sculpture, no more than it could for the destruction of the stained glass nor for the annihilation of many monuments of mediæval architecture and of mediæval art. Moreover, the cleverness of the German invasion still works its diabolic ends. Just as the French during the war were often forced to destroy their own cities and monuments, so now the partial destruction by the Germans will necessitate a restoration, which from an æsthetic standpoint forcedly, granted the wisest and most loving direction, can hardly fail to be a new disaster. Shattered limbs, however lovely, however irreplaceable, must be amputated to save the body. And the imitation members to replace these, no matter how cunningly devised, are at best only the sorriest of substitutes for the original, tragic as the rubber leg and artificial eye of the injured soldier. And this the Germans have done with their war.



Detail, Gallery of the Kings, Reims Cathedral.
The mighty spirit of Jeanne d'Arc . . . smiles radiantly from the gallery of the kings.—Page 253.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 8.

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# Scribner's *for* October

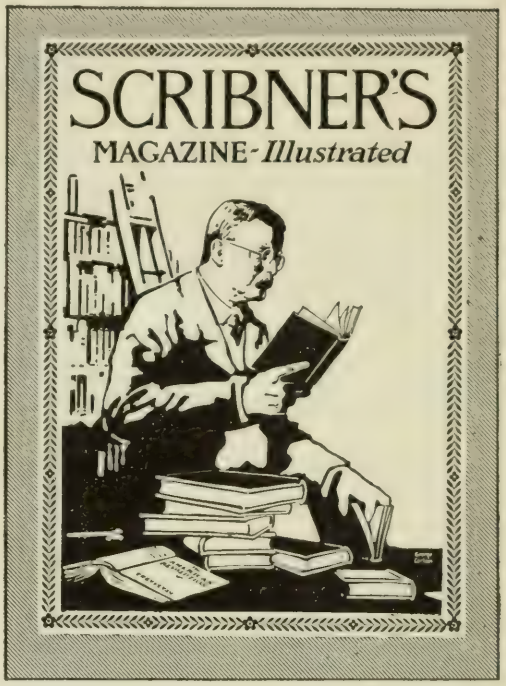
# ROOSEVELT

Who Read EVERYTHING
and REMEMBERED IT
Shown in

## His Own Letters

to

Sir George Otto Trevelyan
Author of
"The American Revolution"




*"I never discovered a book that was unknown to him,"* said a friend of Mr. Roosevelt. This remarkable correspondence with the eminent English writer discusses books and men and political questions. For twenty years, beginning when he was Governor, Mr. Roosevelt was accustomed to write freely to Sir George. It expresses his views upon pedants, history, differences between government in the United States and England, Lord Macaulay (uncle of Trevelyan), John Morley, and other eminent men. Trevelyan's replies are published with his warm approval.

*At Colonel Roosevelt's own wish* Joseph Bucklin Bishop undertook the work of editing these letters because for thirty years he had been familiar with Roosevelt and his problems. *Colonel Roosevelt went over the whole plan with him.*

## *Other Articles in October:*

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL IN WASHINGTON, designed by *Henry Bacon.*—HOW GUÉRIN'S HUGE DECORATIONS WERE MADE. Described by *Jesse Lynch Williams.*—HOW DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH'S GREAT STATUE WAS PUT INTO MARBLE. Described by *W. M. Berger,* with many sketches.

EUROPEAN UNREST AND THE RETURNED SOLDIER. A remarkable philosophic essay by *Lieut. Henry de Man,* three years in the Belgian Army and now in this country.

ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY REUTERDAHL, showing the NC-4 at the Azores, at Lisbon, and landing at Plymouth; by authority of the U. S. Navy.

A GREAT NATIVE FESTIVAL IN CENTRAL BORNEO, by *Carl Lumholtz,* scientist and explorer, recently returned from that region.

MRS. WHARTON'S CONCLUDING ARTICLE ON HER JOURNEY IN MOROCCO, describing Marrakech. With illustrations.

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**Short Stories** by *A. Carter Goodloe, Lawrence Perry,* and *Robert Rudd Whiting*—the last story he wrote.

POEMS by *John Finley* and others.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION by Alexander Dana Noyes; *The Point of View; The Field of Art; Foreign Trade* article; many illustrations.

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PEACE ENVOYS ON BOARD THE *MAYFLOWER*, AUGUST 5, 1905.

They are, left to right: Count Witte, Baron Rosen, President Roosevelt, Baron Komura, Minister Takahira.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXVI SEPTEMBER, 1919 NO. 3

# THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HIS TIME

## SHOWN IN HIS OWN LETTERS

BY JOSEPH BUCKLIN BISHOP

Author of "The Panama Gateway," etc.

## ROOSEVELT—PEACEMAKER

[FIRST PAPER]

### INTRODUCTION

Five years or more before his death Theodore Roosevelt said he wished me to write the history of the period which covered his public career. His reason was that I had been in his close confidence during the greater part of that period and knew the inside of every movement nearly as well as he knew it himself. We talked often on the subject and in the early spring of 1918 the project took definite form. He turned over to me for exclusive use all his personal and official correspondence together with other material relating to his public career from the time he was elected to the New York Legislature in November, 1881, till his life ended.

I began work at once and at the time of his death I had completed the first draft of the story of his public life down to the year 1905. At different stages of the work I went over with him what I had written and had the inestimable advantage of his suggestions, obtaining from him incidents and anecdotes which added immeasurably to the interest and historical value of the narrative. Between us we evolved a general plan for the history which was to let the story of his career be told, as far as possible, in his own letters, utterances, and acts.

This was an arduous but not a difficult task to perform. It was arduous because the material was virtually inexhaustible, but it was not difficult, because of the quality of Roosevelt's letters. One of his private secretaries has estimated that while President he wrote 150,000 letters. Copies of these have been preserved. With them are the original letters of the many correspondents that he had in all parts of the world—authors, poets, historians, artists, explorers, naturalists, statesmen, prime ministers, kings, emperors. He not only touched life at all points, but on its intellectual side touched the highest points in every land. Not only is the correspondence limitless in its range, but from beginning to end it is Roosevelt himself and hence unlike the correspondence of any other person.

Emerson, in his observations upon great men, says that "he is great who never reminds us of others." No man ever met this test of greatness more fully than Theodore Roosevelt. Nature has made many millions of men but she has made only one Theodore Roosevelt. From the beginning to the end of his life he was himself and was unlike any one else. It was this clearly defined personality, at once unique

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and commanding, which concentrated upon him the attention of the world and made his name familiar in all civilized lands. His letters not merely reflect this personality, they reveal it with all the fulness of a frank and truthful man talking to tried and trusted friends. His letters are not merely like his talk, they *are* his talk—frank and free, with rays of an irrepressible and always joyous humor playing about it, and with deft and sure thrusts at the foibles, vanities, perversities, and weaknesses of mankind. Few men have had a keener insight into human motives or could detect more quickly the real nature of them. When he sat down to write or to dictate a letter to a congenial friend, he did not compose, he talked. Whatever was uppermost in his mind at the time came out without restraint or reservation. As he wrote most freely in moments of greatest stress, at the height of crises created by himself in his struggle for the triumph of causes dear to his heart, his letters give us a veritable "inside history" of his time. They push aside the screen that hides the wires which control great events and we see them operating before our eyes. We see, in very truth, history in the making, shown and explained to us by the man who himself is making it.

We get also a complete self-revelation of the man, of the motives, desires, and principles which guided his life. It is this quality of self-revelation, more than any other perhaps, which makes his letters so admirable a vehicle for telling the story of his career. Many writers have sought to depict the man Roosevelt, and many others will repeat the effort, but none has, and none can, depict him as he really was with that vivid clearness in which he stands self-revealed in his letters. All sides of this many-sided man are disclosed there—the intellectual, which covered all fields of human knowledge, ancient and modern; the political, which shows him to have been a sagacious statesman of the first rank rather than a politician, for as a politician he habitually broke all the rules of the game; an executive and administrator first of a great State and then of a great nation, whose motto was action, action and still more action, and who accomplished great and supposedly impossible tasks by the driving force of his character; finally, the diplomatist and peacemaker, a rôle which he played with greater success than any other man of his time.

In selecting passages from the story of Roosevelt's career, for publication in Scribner's Magazine, no chronological order will be observed. Such episodes as stand out distinct and separate and which illustrate both his methods of treatment and the quality of his letters will be chosen without regard to the order of dates.

Joseph Bucklin Bishop.

## ROOSEVELT—PEACEMAKER

ALL the world knows that President Roosevelt in 1905 brought the war between Russia and Japan to an end and secured a treaty of peace between the two nations. The broad outlines of the methods which he pursued in accomplishing this memorable result are matters of common knowledge, but the inner history of the incident has never been revealed. For the first time it is now accessible to his biographer in his official and private correspondence, and can, not improperly, be laid before the world. As it is told in that correspondence, it is virtually his own story of what he did, illuminated with expositions of his own views and motives at the time, and with his own estimates and graphic pen-portraits of the chief personages with whom he was engaged in what to most men would have been a hopeless struggle almost from the outset. He himself had serious doubt at many stages as to his ability to succeed, but he never permitted himself to be discouraged, and his resourcefulness proved more than equal to all emergencies.

He was at the time his own Secretary of State, for Secretary Hay was absent from his post in the last stages of the illness which ended in his death before the peace was secured. Every step in the negotiations, extending over a period of three months, was taken by the President in person without the aid of any of his

most trusted counsellors, for Secretary Root had resigned from the cabinet many months earlier and Secretary Taft was absent most of the time on a visit to the Philippines.

In no other task of his life was the abnormal energy, mental and physical, of Theodore Roosevelt put to a severer test, and from none did he emerge more triumphantly. His activity was as tireless as his resourcefulness was inexhaustible. One reads the thick volumes of his correspondence with amazement bordering on incredulity. It *is* incredible that one man could do so much and do it so easily and so well. He was not only steadily and irresistibly forcing the two warring nations into a conference, but he was at the same time untiringly bringing, or endeavoring to bring, other nations like England, France, and Germany to the support of his efforts. If Russia balked and showed signs of refusal, he persuaded the Kaiser to bring pressure upon the Czar in the interest of peace. If Japan showed similar signs, England was appealed to, to bring pressure upon her. In the end Germany alone really helped, and Roosevelt gave unstinted praise to the Kaiser ever afterward for what he did then.

Early in the year 1905 President Roosevelt became seriously impressed with the strain which the war was bringing upon the civilized world and that some means should be found for arresting it. "From all sources of information at hand," he says in his "Autobiography," "I grew most strongly to believe that a further continuation of the struggle would be a very bad thing for Japan, and an even worse thing for Russia. Japan was already suffering terribly from the drain upon her men, and especially upon her resources, and had nothing further to gain from continuation of the struggle; its continuance meant to her more loss than gain, even if she were victorious. Russia, in spite of her gigantic strength, was, in my judgment, apt to lose even more than she had already lost if the struggle continued."

Writing to a friend on March 9, he gave the date of his first move for peace by saying: "Six weeks ago I privately and unofficially advised the Russian Government to make peace."

THE KAISER A "JUMPY CREATURE"

In a confidential letter to Secretary Hay, who was abroad for his health, the President wrote on March 30, 1905:

"Cassini (Russian Ambassador) and Takahira (Japanese Minister) have been to see me about peace negotiations, but we do not make much progress as yet because neither side is willing to make the first advance. The Japanese say, quite rightly, that they will refuse to deal unless on the word of the Czar, because it is evident that no one minister has power to bind the government. Cassini announces to me that officially the government is bent upon war, but that privately he would welcome peace. The Kaiser has had another fit and is now convinced that France is trying to engineer a congress of the nations, in which Germany will be left out. What a jumpy creature he is, anyhow! Besides sending to me he is evidently engaged in sending to all kinds of other people. I am against having a Congress to settle the peace terms.

"The Chinese obviously desire the war to go on in the hope that both combatants will ultimately become completely exhausted. The European powers want peace. I have an idea that the English would be by no means overjoyed if the Japs took Vladivostock. It looks as if the foreign powers did not want me to act as peacemaker. I certainly do not want to myself. I wish the Japs and Russians would settle it between themselves, and I should be delighted to have any one except myself give them a jog to settle it between themselves. If France will do it, it will serve the purpose just as well."

While regarding the Kaiser as a "jumpy creature," the President sought to cultivate his good graces by making him the confidant of his endeavors. He wrote to the German Ambassador, on March 31:

"I am happy to tell you in response to your last note that I entirely agree with the Emperor that it is unwise for the peace negotiations, when the time comes to carry them on, to be considered in a congress of the nations. The Japanese Minister has informed me that Japan takes this view also. I informed the British Ambassador that this was my

view, and he told me that he had no doubt that the British Government would also take it.

"I saw the Russian Ambassador, and for your private information will say that I told him that in my judgment it was eminently to Russia's interest to make peace, and that I thought, as regards the terms offered by the Japanese, it would be a case of the sibylline books; that each delay, if the delay meant another Japanese victory, would mean an increase in the onerousness of the terms."

Another confidential letter to Secretary Hay, under date of April 2, 1905, gives us an extremely entertaining account of what was in progress behind the scenes:

"I have seen Cassini (Russian Ambassador) twice, Takahira (Japanese Minister), Durand (British Ambassador), and Jusserand (French Ambassador) each once, and Speck (German Ambassador) three or four times during the past week. The Kaiser has become a monomaniac about getting into communication with me every time he drinks three pen'orth of conspiracy against his life and power; but as has been often the case for the last year, he at the moment is playing our game—or, as I should more politely put it, his interests and ours, together with those of humanity in general, are identical. He does not wish a congress of the powers to settle the Japanese-Russian business. As things are at present I cordially agree with him, and I find that the British and Japanese governments take the same view. The Kaiser is relieved and surprised to find that this is true of the English Government. He sincerely believes that the English are planning to attack him and smash his fleet, and perhaps join with France in a war to the death against him. As a matter of fact the English harbor no such intentions, but are themselves in a condition of panic-terror lest the Kaiser secretly intend to form an alliance against them with France or Russia, or both, to destroy their fleet and blot out the British Empire from the map! It is as funny a case as I have ever seen of mutual distrust and fear bringing two peoples to the verge of war.

"Officially the Russian Government announces that it wishes to go on with the war. Cassini tells me, doubtless under instruction, that he believes they would like peace if they can have it on honorable terms; but that they cannot for a moment consider the question of an indemnity.

"There has been a very perceptible alteration in the temper of the Japanese Government and people, not unnaturally. They feel that victory is theirs and that they are safe from outside interference, and they take a distinctly higher tone. Takahira told me that the Japanese Government, in addition to the points for which they made war, would insist upon an indemnity.

"Did you ever know anything more pitiable than the condition of the Russian despotism in this year of grace? The Czar is a preposterous little creature as the absolute autocrat of 150,000,000 people. He has been unable to make war, and he is now unable to make peace."

On the day following this letter to Hay, the President started on what he called a "week's horrid anguish in touring through Kentucky, Indian Territory, and Texas; then five weeks' genuine pleasure in Oklahoma and Colorado on a hunt; to be followed in its turn by three or four cindery, sweaty, and drearily vociferous days on the way home." While on his hunt the President was in constant touch by telegraph with Secretary Taft who, under his direction, was continuing the negotiations with the Russian Ambassador and the Japanese Minister. Not entirely satisfied with the way in which the affair was advancing, he telegraphed to Taft on April 27, from Colorado: "I shall come in from my hunt and start home May 8 instead of May 15, as I had intended. This will be put upon ground of general condition of public service in Washington so as to avoid talk about Russian-Japan matter."

The President did not find matters in a hopeful condition when he arrived in Washington, for in a letter on May 13 he wrote: "For the moment I have been unable to do anything in getting Russia and Japan together. I like the Russian people, but I abhor the Russian system of government and I cannot trust the word of those at the head. The Japanese I am inclined to welcome as a valuable factor in the civilization of the future. But it is

not to be expected that they should be free from prejudice against and distrust of the white race."

Two days later, May 15, he wrote to Senator Lodge in London:

"It is evident that Japan is now anxious to have me try to make peace. Just as Russia suffered from cockyness, and has good cause to rue her refusal to take my advice and make peace after Port Arthur fell, so Japan made an error in becoming overelated in turn after Mukden and then rejecting my advice to make peace. Takahira, and I think the Japanese Foreign Office, agreed with my position, but the war party, including the army and navy, insisted upon an indemnity and cession of territory, and rather than accept such terms the Russians preferred to have another try with Rojestvensky's fleet. I told the Japanese that if there was any reasonable doubt, even if not a very great doubt, as to the final result, it was in my judgment wise to build a bridge of gold for the beaten enemy. They then refused to accept my view. Now they have come around to it, being evidently much disturbed by the presence of Rojestvensky's fleet, which in material is somewhat superior to theirs. For all their courage they are cautious."

No progress was made during the ensuing fortnight, and on May 27 came the news of the great Japanese naval victory in the battle of the Sea of Japan. To Baron Kentaro Kaneko, official representative of the Japanese Government in the United States, who, from New York, had expressed his joy in a jubilant message to the President, the latter replied: "No wonder you are happy! Neither Trafalgar nor the defeat of the Spanish Armada was as complete—as overwhelming. As Commander Tekeshita left my office this morning, the Secretary of the Navy, looking after him, said: 'Well, there goes a happy man. Every Japanese, but perhaps above all every Japanese naval man, must feel as if he was treading on air to-day.'"

### JAPAN FIRST MOVES FOR PEACE

The first overtures for peace came from Japan. They reached the President four days after the news of the naval victory. This fact, hitherto unrevealed, is firmly established in Roosevelt's correspondence. Full and explicit details of all his proceedings in the matter were set forth in long letters that he wrote in June to Senator Lodge in London, from which I shall quote freely in compiling the story. In one of these (June 16) he said: "I made my first move in the peace negotiations on the request of Japan on the following telegram handed to me by Takahira; it had been sent to him by the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Japan, on the 31st of May." The main point of the telegram was:

"You will express to the President the hope of the Japanese Government that in actual circumstance of the case and having in view the changed situation resulting from the recent naval battle, he will see his way directly and entirely of his own motion and initiative to invite the two belligerents to come together for the purpose of direct negotiation, and you will add that if the President is disposed to undertake the service, the Japanese Government will leave it to him to determine the course of procedure and what other Power or Powers, if any, should be consulted in the matter of suggested invitation."

"I was amused," wrote the President, "by the way in which *they* asked me to invite the two belligerents together directly on *my* own motion and initiative. It reminded me of the request for contributions sent by campaign committees to office-holders wherein they are asked to make a 'voluntary contribution of ten per cent' of their salary. It showed a certain naïveté on the part of the Japanese."

After receiving this telegram the President saw Cassini, the Russian Ambassador. "I told him," he wrote to Lodge, "to say to the Czar that I believed the war absolutely hopeless for Russia; that I earnestly desired that she and Japan should come together and see if they could not agree upon terms of peace; and that I should like to propose this if I could get the assent of Russia and then of Japan, which latter I thought I would be able to get. I could not be sure that Cassini would tell this to the Czar, for he is afraid of saying what is disagreeable; but I hardly know what to do else."

Almost immediately following the naval battle the Kaiser began to exert himself for peace. On June 3 the German Ambassador handed this note to the President:

"The Emperor just has informed me that in the interest of all concerned he thinks Russia ought to effect peace. He has requested me to tell you that he is ready to silently support any efforts which you may feel inclined to make in the interest of peace. For both belligerents he considers this way of mediation the chiefest and most unselfish."

On the same date the American Ambassador at Berlin sent this message to the President:

"The German Emperor has asked me to say to you that he considers the situation in Russia so serious that, when the truth is known at St. Petersburg in regard to the recent defeat, the life of the Czar will be in danger, and the gravest disorders likely to occur. The Emperor of Germany has written to the Czar, therefore, urging him to take immediate steps toward peace. The Emperor said to me: 'I called his attention to the fact that the Americans were the only nation regarded by the Japanese with the highest respect, and that the President of the United States is the right person to appeal to with the hope that he may be able to bring the Japanese to reasonable proposals. I suggested to the Czar to send for Meyer and charge him with a message to President Roosevelt. Please inform the President privately, from me personally, of the steps that I have taken which I hope will be for the benefit of the world.'"

This did not meet the President's views, for he "did not desire to be asked to squeeze out of Japan favorable terms for Russia." Furthermore, "I could not be sure that Cassini would really tell his home Government what I had been doing or Lamsdorff would tell the Czar what I wished." He decided to have Meyer, the American Ambassador at St. Petersburg, see the Czar in person, and accordingly sent him on June 5 a cable message instructing him at once to call on His Majesty, saying he did so by personal direction of the President, and repeat to him what the President had said to Cassini. Meyer was also to say to His Majesty: "If Russia will consent to such a meeting the President will try to get Japan's consent, acting simply on his own initiative and not saying that Russia has consented, and the President believes he will succeed."

It will be noticed that in this message to the Czar the President was conforming strictly to Japan's wishes about the "initiative."

On receipt of the President's message Ambassador Meyer sought and obtained an audience with the Czar, and in a letter to the President under date of June 9 he described the interview at length. The Czar admitted that he had received a letter from the German Emperor urging him to make peace, and said: "If it will be absolutely secret as to my decision should Japan decline, or until she gives her consent, I will now consent to your President's plan that we (Russia and Japan) have a meeting, without intermediaries, in order to see if we can make peace." After asking if the President knew or could find out what Japan's terms were, the Czar continued: "You have come at the psychological moment; as yet no foot has been placed on Russian soil, but I realize that at almost any moment they can make an attack on Saghalien. Therefore it is important that the meeting should take place before that occurs."

The Czar, apparently, communicated at once with the Kaiser, for on June 11 the German Ambassador at Washington handed this message to the President, under directions from Berlin:

"The suspicious Czar has written to the Emperor stating that if Japan's demands are too exorbitant or too humiliating to Russia he would have to break off negotiations at once. The Emperor thinks that the best thing to start them well would be if you could ask Japan to submit her demands to you for consideration before they are forwarded to Petersburg. In case they really should be exorbitant and too humiliating you could have them held back. He reiterates that he will do all in his power to make the Czar accept any demands which you consider to be within the bounds of moderation. So far as Japan is con-

cerned, the Emperor thinks that the negotiations better rest in your hands alone."

LOOSE RUSSIAN METHODS

The President next had what he called "a perfectly characteristic experience, showing the utterly loose way in which the Russian Government works." On June 6 Cassini showed him a despatch from his government in which they made no answer to Roosevelt's proposition, said they would not ask either peace or mediation, but requested the President to exercise a moderating influence on the demands of Japan and find out what those demands were. On the following day Meyer sent to the President a message which directly reversed the Cassini message by stating: "The Emperor authorized me to say that he accepts and consents to the President's proposition with the understanding that it is to be kept absolutely secret, and that the President is to act on his own initiative in endeavoring to obtain the consent of the Japanese Government."

No information of this message was given to Cassini by his government, and when it was shown to him he questioned its accuracy, saying: "Meyer may have misinterpreted or forgotten what the Emperor said." The President, therefore, had Cassini's assertion cabled to Meyer, and Meyer obtained the authority of Lamsdorff, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, for the statement that he had quoted the Czar correctly. Roosevelt at the time received various messages from Cassini, including a protest against his seeing so much of the Japanese Ambassador and representatives of the neutral forces. To this the President replied through the person who brought it that he considered it impertinent and requested that it be not repeated. "Cassini also protested," says the President, "that I was trying to make Russia move too quickly, and was very indignant over my order interning the Russian ships at Manila, saying 'this is not the time to establish new principles of international law.' I had declined to allow the Russian ships to make any repairs that were rendered necessary by the results of the battle, and then had them interned. I informed Cassini that it was precisely the right time to establish a new principle of international law, when the principle was a good one, and that the principle is now established."

Having obtained the consent of both belligerents, Roosevelt, on June 8, sent by telegraph an identical note to each of them stating that the "President feels that the time has come when in the interest of all mankind he must endeavor to see if it is not possible to bring to an end the terrible and lamentable conflict now being waged"; assuring them that with both the "United States has inherited ties of friendship and good-will"; urging them "not only for their own sakes but in the interest of the whole civilized world to open direct negotiations for peace with one another"; and offering to do what he properly could, if they felt that his services would be of aid, in arranging the preliminaries as to the time and place of meeting. As casting further light upon Russian methods of procedure, the President writes: "Then Cassini must have been told what had happened, for he called upon me and notified me that the Russian Government thanked me and had adopted my suggestion. I am inclined to think that up to that time he had not received the message which he then communicated to me, that his government had told him nothing whatever as to their attitude toward peace."

AN EXASPERATING INCIDENT

The text of the identical note was published by the President, and then what he calls "a rather exasperating incident" occurred. On June 10 Japan, through its Minister for Foreign Affairs, accepted the suggestion of the President and declared that it would appoint plenipotentiaries to meet those of Russia at such time and place as might be found mutually agreeable "for the purpose of negotiating and concluding terms of peace directly and exclusively between the two belligerent powers." Cassini, in his verbal statement to the President, "had accepted just as unreservedly," but on June 12 there came from Lamsdorff (Russian Foreign Affairs Minister) a cable message in which he said he had laid the note before his

August Majesty, that His Majesty was "much moved by the sentiments expressed by the President," and that with regard to the proposed meeting, in order to see if it is not possible for the two powers to agree to terms of peace," the "Imperial Government had no objection in principle to that endeavor if the Japanese Government expressed a like desire."

The effect of this message is thus described by the President: "This note is of course much less satisfactory than Japan's, for it shows a certain slyness and an endeavor to avoid anything like a definite committal, which most naturally irritated Japan, while at the same time as it used the very words of my identical note it did not offer grounds for backing out of the negotiations. But Japan now started to play the fool. It sent a request for me to get a categorical answer from Russia as to whether she would appoint plenipotentiaries who would have full power to make peace, and hinted that otherwise Japan did not care for the meeting. Meanwhile Russia had proposed Paris for the place of meeting, and Japan Chefoo. Each declined to accept the other's proposition. I then made a counter-proposition of The Hague, which was transmitted to both governments. It was crossed, however, by a proposition from Russia that the meeting should take place in Washington. Japan answered my proposition positively declining to go to Europe and expressing its preference for the United States, as being half-way between Europe and Asia. Russia having first suggested Washington, I promptly closed and notified both Japan and Russia that I had thus accepted Washington."

The succeeding few days were very busy ones for the President. He had to soothe the Japanese Minister on the question of a categorical answer from Russia as to the full powers of the Russian plenipotentiaries and convince the Czar that having once accepted Washington as the meeting-place he could not change his mind and induce the President to reverse himself also. On June 15 he handed to Cassini a memorandum in which he said that he had received from Japan a statement of its intention to clothe its plenipotentiaries with full powers to negotiate and conclude a peace, and suggested that Russia do the same. This he showed to Takahira and explained to him that he had withdrawn it later from Cassini on receipt of a message from Russia saying that its plenipotentiaries would have full powers, since that was the meaning of the title.

### ROOSEVELT "CALLS DOWN" THE CZAR

No sooner was this question settled than, on June 16, came a message from Ambassador Meyer to the effect that Lamsdorff had informed him that Russia preferred The Hague for the place of meeting. On the same date this bit of "inspired" news was sent by the Associated Press from St. Petersburg:

"The question of the place of meeting of the Russian and Japanese representatives has been reopened and there is a possibility that The Hague instead of Washington may be selected. After the announcement that Washington had been selected Russia expressed a desire to have the selection reconsidered and exchanges to that end are now proceeding between Foreign Minister Lamsdorff and Ambassador Meyer and Washington. Russia's preference for The Hague is based on the obvious advantages that it is entirely neutralized, the capital of a small state and the site of the arbitration court, and also by consideration of time."

The President's handling of this situation was thoroughly Rooseveltian, and resembles that which he used with the Kaiser in the Venezuela incident of 1902. In reply to Meyer's message he sent the following:

"June 16, 1905.

"You will please immediately inform Count Lamsdorff that I was handed by Ambassador Cassini a cable from him dated June thirteenth which ran as follows: 'As regards the place of the proposed meeting its choice is of only secondary importance since the plenipotentiaries of both Russia and Japan are to negotiate directly without any participation by third powers. If Paris, so desirable for many reasons, encounters opposition, then the Imperial Government gives the preference to Washington over all other

cities, especially since the presence of the President, initiator of the meeting, can exercise a beneficent influence toward the end which we all have in view.' Accordingly, after having received word from Japan that she objected to The Hague, and before I received any notification whatever about The Hague from Russia, I notified Japan that Washington would be the appointed place and so informed Ambassador Cassini. I then gave the same announcement to the public. It is of course out of the question for me to consider any reversal of this action and I regard the incident as closed, so far as the place of meeting is concerned. If Count Lamsdorff does not acquiesce in this view you will please see the Czar personally and read to him this cable, stating to Count Lamsdorff that you are obliged to make the request because of the extreme gravity of the situation. Explain to Count Lamsdorff and if necessary to the Czar that I am convinced that on consideration they will of their own accord perceive that it is entirely out of the question for me now to reverse the action I took in accordance with the request of the Russian Government, which action has been communicated to and acquiesced in by Japan, and has been published to the entire world."

Promptly on the following day came these two interesting responses:

"PETERSBURG, June 17, 1805.

"President Roosevelt,
Washington.

"Have just received the following from Lamsdorff: 'Je m'empresse d'informer votre excellence que sa majesté l'empereur ne voit aucun obstacle au choix de Washington pour la réunion et les pourparlers des plenipotentiaires Russes et Japonais.'

"MEYER."

"WASHINGTON, le 17 juin, 1905.

"MONSIEUR LE PRESIDENT:

"Vu certains bruits répandus par la presse, j'ai l'honneur de porter à Votre connaissance que, conformément à un télégramm officiel que je viens de recevoir a l'instant même, Sa Majesté l'Empereur, mon August Maître, accepte definitivement Washington comme lieu de réunion des plenipotentiaires Russes et Japonais qui seront appelés à négocier les préliminaires d'un traité de paix.

"Agréez, Monsieur le Président, l'assurance de ma plus haute considération.

"CASSINI."

### RUSSIAN AND JAPANESE METHODS

Roosevelt's comments upon this incident are both entertaining and valuable:

"I think it is beautiful the way in which Cassini virtually begins his note by speaking of the rumors given currency by the press, just as if his government had not explicitly informed me that it desired to change the place from Washington to The Hague. What I cannot understand about the Russian is the way he will lie when he knows perfectly well that you know he is lying.

"It is this kind of thing which makes me feel rather hopeless about our ultimately getting peace. I shall do my best, but neither the Czar nor the Russian Government nor the Russian people are willing to face the facts as they are. I am entirely sincere when I tell them that I act as I do because I think it in the interest of Russia, and in this crisis I think the interest of Russia is the interest of the entire world. I should be sorry to see Russia driven completely off the Pacific coast and driven practically east to Lake Baikal, and yet something like this will surely happen if she refuses to make peace. Moreover, she will put it out of the power of any one to help her in the future if she now stands with Chinese folly upon her dignity and fancied strength. It is a case of the offer of the sibylline books. I told Cassini, and through Delcassé (French Foreign Affairs Minister) told the Russian home government, immediately after Port Arthur, that they ought to make peace at once. I reiterated this advice as strongly as possible after Mukden. In each case my advice was refused and the result is so much the worse for Russia.

"Japan is suspicious too, and does not always act as I should like her to, but it behaves infinitely better than Russia. Of course it will make heavy demands. No power could fail after such astounding victories.

"Remember that you are to let no one know that in this matter of the peace negotiations I have acted at the request of Japan and that each step has been taken with Japan's foreknowledge, and not merely with her approval but with her expressed desire. This gives rather a comic turn to some of the English criticisms to the effect that my move is really in the interest of Russia and not merely in the interest of Japan, and that Japan is behaving rather magnanimously in going into it. My move is really more in the interest of Russia than of Japan, but it is greatly to the interest of Japan also.

"Well, I do not have much hope of getting peace, but I have made an honest effort, the only effort which offered any chance of success at all."

### JAPAN APPEALED TO

While holding the Czar inflexibly to his promise as to the meeting-place of the Conference, the President was working patiently and tirelessly with the Japanese authorities to keep them from laying too much stress on trifles. Not only did he reason daily with Takahira, the Japanese Minister, but he appealed directly to the Japanese Government. On June 16 he sent a long message to Mr. Griscom, the American Ambassador at Tokio, with directions to communicate it to the Japanese Minister for Foreign Affairs. In this message he said:

"At present the feeling is that Japan has been frank and straightforward and wants peace if it can be obtained on proper terms, whereas Russia has shown a tendency to hang back. It will be a misfortune for Japan, in the judgment of the President, if any action of Japan now gives rise to the contrary feeling. Moreover, in the President's judgment there is absolutely nothing to be gained by such action on the part of Japan. No instructions to the plenipotentiaries would be of any avail if they did not intend to make peace. But if, as the President believes, the force of events will tend to secure peace if once the representatives of the two parties can come together, then it is obviously most unwise to delay the meeting for reasons that are trivial or of no real weight."

He was far from being confident of success at this time. Writing to Lodge on June 16, he said: "The more I see of the Czar, the Kaiser, and the Mikado the better I am content with democracy, even if we have to include the American newspaper as one of its assets—liability would be a better term. Russia is so corrupt, so treacherous and shifty, and so incompetent, that I am utterly unable to say whether or not it will make peace, or break off the negotiations at any moment. Japan is, of course, entirely selfish, though with a veneer of courtesy, and with infinitely more knowledge of what it wants and capacity to get it. I should not be surprised if the peace negotiations broke off at any moment. Russia, of course, does not believe in the genuineness of my motives and words, and I sometimes doubt whether Japan does."

To Benjamin Ide Wheeler he wrote on June 17: "I do not know whether I shall get peace out of this negotiation or not. I have awfully hard sledding in the effort to get the governments to come together, and am exasperated almost to the breaking-point by such an antic as this of Russia in now wishing to retract its preference for Washington and wanting The Hague, which it knows Japan will not accept. However, I shall do my best."

### FUNNY DETAILS OF THE NEGOTIATIONS

The following passage from a letter to Lodge, written just after the negotiations had begun, is especially interesting, both psychologically and historically. Note the statement of a promised Rothschild loan to Russia:

"I wish I could tell you all the funny details of these negotiations of Takahira and Cassini with us. Of course if the Russians go on as they have gone ever since I have been President—and so far as I can find out, ever since the Spanish War—they are hopeless creatures with whom to deal. They are utterly insincere and treacherous; they have no conception of truth, no willingness to look facts in the face, no regard for others of any sort or kind, no knowledge of their own strength or weakness; and they are helplessly unable to meet emergencies.

"About the Japanese I feel as I always did. I do not pretend to know the soul of the nation, or to prophesy as to what it will do in the future. I do not suppose I understand their motives, and I am not at all sure that they understand mine—although I should think they were plain to any people. Takahira, as instructed by his Government, has evidently wanted to feel his way with me. His Government does not quite like to tell me what its plans are, but wants to develop them a little at a time. Thus, they asked me to find out how England feels as to the terms they should ask.

"Naturally England responded that it could not say until it knew what the proposed terms were; and it then transpired that Baron Rothschild had said he would raise a loan for Russia with which Russia should pay Japan the proposed indemnity if Russia could be persuaded to accept peace on such terms. Evidently the Japanese have been uncertain whether the British Government knew of this offer or not, and took the roundabout way through me to find out.

"That Japan will have her head turned to some extent I do not in the least doubt, and I see clear symptoms of it in many ways. We should certainly as a nation have ours turned if we had performed such feats as the Japanese have in the past sixteen months; and the same is true of any European nation."

On June 15 the President sent a despatch to Whitelaw Reid, who had recently arrived in London as the American Ambassador to Great Britain, asking him to sound Lord Lansdowne, British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, as to the possibility of England's exerting pressure on Japan in the interest of peace. Two days later, June 17, Reid replied, saying that he had sought and obtained an interview with Lansdowne and that the latter had said that nothing could be more abhorrent to the British Government than the thought that any action of theirs could tend to prolong bloodshed, but he added immediately, it would be quite another thing at this stage to bring any pressure upon Japan—especially when they did not even know what Japan's terms were going to be.

A CONVERSATION WITH KING EDWARD

On June 23 Reid sent to the President a confidential report of a conversation which he had had with King Edward on the preceding day at Ascot, requesting that it either be destroyed or placed among confidential papers accessible only to the President himself. In this report the King was represented as saying he thought it was best to let the contestants arrange their own terms of peace. When Reid spoke of the possibility of the Russians being driven out of Vladivostock, the King said at once: "They are likely to be beaten again; it may be going on now." Then, with great earnestness, taking Reid by the arm and whispering in his ear: "In the strictest confidence, between us personally, not to go to another human being—if they don't make peace, why should not Japan take Vladivostock, and be in a position at the end of the war to be magnanimous and give it back? Wouldn't that ease the final settlement?" When Reid asked if he might not let the President have this conversation confidentially, the King hesitated a moment and said: "Well, perhaps, if you think so, not to become in any way official, or be seen by anybody else. I will leave it to you."

All this time the President was keeping a steady pressure on Russia to convince the Russian Government of the wisdom of making peace. On June 19 he wrote a long confidential letter to Ambassador Meyer giving his reasons for thinking Russia should make peace at once. In it he said: "Peter the Great made peace with the Turks by surrendering the Crimea. In 1855 Russia made peace with the English, French, and Turks by a surrender of territory. In either case to have insisted upon going on with the war would have meant the conversion of a serious check into a possibly irretrievable disaster. The same is true now. In advising this I speak for Russia's interest because on the point Russia's interests are the interests of the world." In concluding, he wrote: "You know Lamsdorff and I do not. If you think it worth while, tell either him or the Czar the substance of what I have said, or show them

all or parts of this letter. You are welcome to do it. But use your own discretion absolutely in this matter.

"Russia has not created a favorable impression here by the appearance of quibbling that there has been both over the selection of the place and over the power of the plenipotentiaries whom Russia will appoint. It would be far better if she would give an impression of frankness, openness, and sincerity."

A cable message from the President to Meyer on June 23 showed that the "quibbling" was not confined to one side of the controversy. He asked Meyer to suggest to the Russian Government that it send to him the names of the Russian plenipotentiaries, promising that they would be kept secret till Japan had done the same, when the President would announce both. A further effort to bring the Russian Government to the point of using plain speech was then made by the President. "The President has received from the Japanese Government the assurance that they will name as plenipotentiaries men of the highest rank. He believes that they are hesitating because they want to be sure that the Russian plenipotentiaries will also be of the highest rank." He reminds the Russian Government that it failed to say, when it consented to appoint plenipotentiaries, that they were to negotiate and conclude a treaty of peace with Japan, and this failure had "evidently made Japan feel doubtful" whether those plenipotentiaries would really be appointed for the purpose. "Before any question of an armistice is raised the President feels strongly that this point should be settled by the naming of plenipotentiaries with public instructions that they are appointed to conclude a treaty of peace, this conclusion of course being subject to the ratification of the treaty by the respective home Governments."

Writing to Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota on the same date that he made this appeal to Russia, the President revealed his uncertain state of mind about the final outcome of his labors: "I have not an idea whether I can or cannot get peace between Russia and Japan. I have done my best. I have led the horses to water, but heaven only knows whether they will drink or start kicking one another beside the trough."

A day later, June 24, he sent a letter to Charlemagne Tower, American Ambassador at Berlin, which was clearly designed to encourage the Kaiser to continue his application of pressure to the Czar:

"I greatly appreciate the Kaiser's action. Whether we can get the Japanese and Russians to make peace I do not know; but I hope you will personally tell the Kaiser how much I value what he has done, and that in my judgment it may be imperative to get his aid in order to make the Czar conclude peace. I hope that the Japanese will be moderate in what they ask, and I shall endeavor to make them moderate; but it must be kept clearly in mind that they are the victors; that their triumph has been complete and overwhelming, and that they are entitled to demand very substantial concessions as the price of peace. The difficulty will come with Russia, for she will find it hard to make up her mind to give what it is entirely right and proper that the Japanese should ask."

Matters began to move a little faster now, but the President did not relax his efforts to expedite them. On June 26 he sent a strong hint to the Russian Government that it should send its best men to the Conference to meet the best men from Japan:

"The President in accordance with the communication from Count Lamsdorff of the 25th has informed the Japanese Government that Russia consents to the meeting taking place in the first ten days of August, but that the President hopes if possible the Japanese Government will arrange to have its envoys here on the first day of August as he earnestly desires there shall be no delay. Inform Count Lamsdorff confidentially that the President understands that the Japanese Government have under consideration as their envoys Baron Komura, the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and Mr. Takahira, Japanese Minister at Washington. The appointment of Baron Komura represents of course the very highest appointment that can be made by the Japanese Government, being equivalent, for instance, to my appointing Secretary Hay under similar circumstances. I am great-

ly gratified at it, for it shows that Japan is sending her best men with the earnest desire to arrange for peace. I have confidentially informed the Japanese Government that in all probability one of the Russian plenipotentiaries will be Nolidoff."

### RUSSIA ASKS FOR AN ARMISTICE

On June 30 Russia sent a request to the President to seek the consent of Japan to an armistice. Why his effort to secure it failed is explained in a message to Meyer on July 7:

"I did my best to get the Japanese to consent to an armistice, but they have refused, as I feared they would. Lamsdorff's trickiness has recoiled upon the Russian Government. The Japanese are entirely confident that they can win whatever they wish by force of arms, whereas they are deeply distrustful of Russia's sincerity of purpose in these peace negotiations. Russia cannot expect peace unless she makes substantial concessions, for the Japanese triumph is absolute and Russia's position critical in the extreme. I earnestly hope the Czar will see that he must at all hazards and all cost make peace with Japan now and turn his attention to internal affairs. If he does not I believe that the disaster to Russia will be so great that she will cease to count among the great powers for a generation to come—unless, indeed, as foreshadowed in your last letter, there is a revolution which makes her count as the French did after their revolution."

A letter to Senator Lodge, July 11, throws further light on the armistice request:

"At Russia's request I asked Japan for an armistice, but I did not expect that Japan would grant it, although I of course put the request as strongly as possible. Indeed, I cannot say that I really blame Japan for not granting it, for she is naturally afraid that magnanimity on her part would be misinterpreted and turned to bad account against her. The Japanese envoys have sailed and the Russians I am informed will be here by August first. I think then they can get an armistice."

On the eve of the meeting of the Conference the President was not sanguine of success. He wrote to Mr. J. St. L. Strachy, editor of the London *Spectator*, on July 17:

"The Peace Conference is about to meet, but from what I gather of Witte's (one of the Russian plenipotentiaries) attitude the chances are unfavorable for peace. The Russians, having been entirely unable to make war, seem now entirely unable to make peace, and stupidly unwilling to face the fact that when their opponents have them at their mercy the opponents have the same right to expect terms from them that they would have if they went on and treated them without mercy. It is just like two wrestlers, when one of them has the hammer-lock on the other; the latter need not give way if he does not choose to, but if he does not his arm will be broken. That is the only alternative before him. Entirely for your information I wish to say that I undertook these negotiations only at the request of Japan."

Ten days later found him assuring the Kaiser that he was working cordially with him and was grateful for his co-operation. To Mr. Tower, the American Ambassador at Berlin, he wrote on July 27, saying:

"Express to the Emperor my great obligation to him for his courtesy, my great pleasure at the way in which Germany and the United States are working together, and my feeling that this means well for the good of the world, for its peace and its progress."

No sooner had the President received the report about the attitude of Witte, one of the Russian envoys, which he mentioned in his letter to Mr. Strachy, quoted above, than he sought to turn it to advantage by communicating it to the Japanese. On July 29 he wrote to Baron Kaneko, Japan's official representative in New York:

"Will you show this letter to Baron Komura? I told Baron Komura that I had word from France that Witte had said he would not pay an indemnity. I have received another cable stating that he said he would not pay an indemnity but would consider paying at least part of Japan's expenses in the war. I suggest, therefore, that great care be used about the word indemnity and that if possible it be avoided. Of course my in-

formation may not be accurate, as Witte may only have been speaking for effect, but equally of course if he does not object to reimbursing Japan for her expenses in the war it does not make the slightest difference to you whether it is called an indemnity or not."

Writing to Whitelaw Reid in London on July 29 he reverted to Lansdowne's statement cited in Reid's letter of June 17, already quoted, in a further effort to get aid from England:

"I think that as regards what Lansdowne said to you the trouble comes in his own statement that the English are 'indisposed to exert any pressure on Japan about terms of peace.' If by pressure anything offensive and dictatorial is meant this is all right. But it is all wrong if it means that there is no effort to get Japan to do what is best both for herself and for England, and that is to make peace instead of insisting upon terms which may prolong the war for an indefinite period."

At the same time he was laboring with the British Ambassador at Washington, Sir Mortimer Durand, for he wrote again to Reid on August 3: "Yesterday Durand was here to say that the British wished peace between Russia and Japan, but did not feel they could bring pressure on Japan. I told him just what I wrote you in my last letter—that if they really wished peace they would advise the Japs in their own interest to make it."

### ARRIVAL OF THE ENVOYS

In the latter part of July the envoys of the two nations arrived in the United States. Those of Russia were Serge J. Witte, president of the Czar's Council of Ministers and ex-Ministers of Finance, and Baron Rosen, who succeeded Cassini as Russian Ambassador at Washington; those of Japan were Baron Komura, and Takahira, Japanese Minister at Washington. Witte brought with him this autograph letter from the Czar:

"PETERHOF, July 18, 1905.

"DEAR MR. ROOSEVELT:

"I take the opportunity of Mr. Witte's departure for Washington to express to you my feelings of sincere friendship.

"Thanks to your initiative the Russian and Japanese delegates are going to meet in your country to discuss the possible terms of peace between both belligerents.

"I have instructed Mr. Witte, Secretary of State, and my Ambassador in the United States, Baron Rosen—how far Russia's concession can go toward meeting Japan's propositions.

"I need not tell you that I have full confidence that you will do all that lies in your power to bring the peace negotiations to a satisfactory conclusion.

Believe me

Yours truly,

NICHOLAS."

Soon after their arrival the envoys, each pair going separately, called upon Roosevelt at his residence in Oyster Bay, where he was spending the summer. On August 5 he received the four envoys formally on board the U. S. S. *Mayflower* in the harbor of the town. In behalf of the government, he had placed a war-vessel at the disposal of each of the two sets of envoys, and they went from New York on board these vessels to Oyster Bay. On arrival they were transferred to the *Mayflower*, on which the President was waiting to receive them. He greeted them informally, introduced the envoys of the two nations to each other, and while chatting with them slowly moved into the saloon of the *Mayflower*, where a luncheon was spread, so conducting them that as they moved into the room no one could tell who went first. There were no chairs about the luncheon-table and consequently all peril of giving offense by precedence in seating was avoided. Everything had been carefully arranged in advance by the President in order that no sign of favoritism on his part could be detected, and all passed off as planned. At the close of the luncheon the President said:

"Gentlemen, I propose a toast to which there will be no answer and which I ask you to drink in silence, standing. I drink to the welfare and prosperity of the sovereigns and peoples of the two great nations whose representatives have met one another on this ship. It is my most earnest hope and prayer, in the interest of not only these two great powers but of all mankind, that a just and lasting peace may speedily be concluded between them."

The gathering then separated and the envoys, each pair on a separate war-ship, with the *Mayflower* in attendance for such use as might be desired by them, departed for Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where quarters had been arranged for the sittings of the Conference on arrival there.

The meeting of the envoys on the *Mayflower* was attended by a great fleet of private yachts and other water-craft, and attracted attention all over the world as a memorable historic event, unlike any that had hitherto occurred in any land. I spent the night following the meeting with the President at Oyster Bay, and found him weary but much pleased with the result. He said he had looked forward to the meeting with anxiety, realizing that a single slip of any kind on his part that could be construed as favoring one set of envoys more than the other would be fatal. No such slip had occurred and he believed that the first and a very important step toward a successful outcome had been taken. He was fully aware that the attention of the whole world was concentrated upon him, and that if he failed to secure peace, universal condemnation would be his portion. But as he said in many of his letters, so he said to me: "I thought it my plain duty to make the effort. I have done my best to succeed and shall continue to do it to the end."

### ROOSEVELT MASTER OF THE CONFERENCE

From the moment the Conference began its sessions the President kept a close watch upon its proceedings, was thoroughly informed of the situation at all times, and was ceaseless in his efforts to bring about a favorable result by exerting pressure where it would be effective. It may be said with truth that he was himself the Conference, for he was its guiding and controlling force. Its final agreement was the one which at the outset he had told both the envoys and their governments that they should make. Whenever the envoys hesitated and showed signs of disposition or inability to agree, he sent remonstrance and appeal both to them and to their home governments, warning them of the serious consequences of failure. By persuading those governments to accept his views he won success in the end, for it was under direct instructions from Tokio and St. Petersburg that the envoys came to an agreement. That this is an accurate statement of the case is clearly revealed by the President's messages and letters at the time.

When late in August the envoys were virtually at a deadlock, the President sent a long cable message to Ambassador Meyer at St. Petersburg instructing him to see the Czar immediately and personally deliver it to him. In this he earnestly asked the Czar to believe that in what he was about to say and to advise he spoke "as the earnest well-wisher of Russia," and gave him the advice which he would give him were he a Russian patriot and statesman. He then told him that the Japanese had abandoned certain demands which he himself had felt it would be improper for Russia to yield to, and to his "surprise and pleasure" had offered terms upon which he thought a just and honorable peace could be obtained; that it seemed to him that it would be a "dreadful calamity" to have the war continued when such a peace was obtainable, adding: "Every consideration of national self-interest, of military expediency and of broad humanity, makes it eminently wise for Russia to conclude peace substantially along these lines, and it is my hope and prayer that your Majesty may take this view."

On the following day, August 22, he sent a confidential letter to Baron Kaneko, official representative of the Japanese Government, at New York, which he said he would be glad to have him cable to his home government. In this he said he thought he should tell Kaneko that on all sides he heard a good deal of complaint among friends of Japan as to the possibility of Japan's continuing the war for a large indemnity, and strongly urged Japan not to take that course, since if taken it would cause the spilling of an immense amount of blood, and Russia would be in no condition to give any money at all—certainly not enough to make up the extra amount spent. "Moreover," he concluded, "I feel, of course, that every interest of civilization and humanity forbids the continuance of this war merely for an indemnity."

One day later, August 23, he supple-

mented this appeal with another in which he gave specific reasons why Japan should not continue the war in order to get an indemnity, and added: "Ethically it seems to me that Japan owes a duty to the world at this crisis. The civilized world looks to her to make peace; the nations believe in her; let her show her leadership in matters ethical no less than in matters military. The appeal is made to her in the name of all that is lofty and noble; and to this appeal I hope she will not be deaf."

### A BUSY DAY FOR ROOSEVELT

August 23 was a very busy day even for the President. In addition to appealing direct to the Mikado, he sought to reach the Czar through Witte, one of the Russian envoys. A previous effort of this kind had resulted in his message reaching the Czar in a form which led to a misinterpretation of the President's meaning. On this occasion he requested that His Majesty should himself receive it so that there might be "no possible question of misinterpretation." After stating the terms of peace upon which the envoys were agreed, eliminating all others as unimportant, he said in this message: "To decline to make peace on those terms it seems to me is to invite terrible disaster to Russia, and I should hate to be responsible for the possibility of such disaster when the alternative is an absolutely just and honorable peace along the lines indicated."

Again, on August 23, he made one more attempt to induce England to bring pressure on Japan. He sent a message to Sir Mortimer Durand, British Ambassador, who was at Lenox, Mass., stating the points of agreement and disagreement between the Russian and Japanese envoys as they had developed in the Conference, and saying: "In my judgment every true friend of Japan should tell it as I have already told it, that the opinion of the civilized world will not support it in continuing the war merely for the purpose of extorting money from Russia. I wish your people could get my view." Writing to Henry White, Ambassador to Italy, on the same date, he said:

"I am in the last throes of trying to get the Russians and Japanese to make peace. The Russians are the worst, because they stand up with Chinese or Byzantine folly and insist, as Witte has just written me, that Russia will not admit itself vanquished—making it all that I can do not to tell them some straightforward truths in uncomplimentary language. On the other hand, the Japanese have no business to continue the war merely for the sake of getting money and they will defeat their own ends if they do so. The English Government has been foolishly reluctant to advise Japan to be reasonable, and in this respect has not shown well compared to the attitude of the German and French Governments in being willing to advise Russia. I have not much hope of a favorable result, but I will do what I can."

Turning his attention once more to the Czar, also on August 23, he sent a message to him through Ambassador Meyer outlining the terms he had suggested to the envoys for final agreement, and saying: "Please send this supplementary cable to His Majesty at once and further explain that I of course cannot be sure Japan will act on my suggestions, but that I know she ought to, and that if Russia accedes to them I shall try my best to get Japan to accede to them also."

The crisis arrived on August 27. On the previous day the Mikado sent this reply to the President's appeal, made through Baron Kaneko on August 22:

"The Imperial Government highly appreciate the singleness of purpose and lofty intention with which the President has always exerted his powerful influence in the interest of civilization and humanity. They beg to express their cordial thanks for the sincere and useful advice which the President having regard to the sentiment in America and other countries has been good enough, at this juncture, to tender them. The Imperial Government will have no hesitation in acting on the advice, and they will accordingly, in the matter of the amount of compensation, consent to make still further concessions."

### HOPE ABANDONED BY THE JAPANESE

The promised "concessions" did not apparently reach the Japanese envoys on August 27, or if received were not satis-

factory to the Russians, for on that day the Japanese envoys abandoned all hope of peace. Baron Kaneko forwarded to the President from New York a telegram that he had received from Baron Komura, one of the envoys, which, wrote Kaneko, caused him to "fear from its tone that the last day has come." The telegram read: "At the sitting this afternoon a confidential talk with the Russian plenipotentiaries has been held at which M. Witte expressed that there was absolutely no hope for him to obtain the consent of the Russian Government to concede to the last Japanese compromise. In reference to this he mentioned that even in regard to the matters concerning Manchuria which have already been agreed upon at negotiations, the military party in Russia considers that Russia has gone much beyond the limit, which fact leaves no room for them to seriously consider the questions of compensation and cession of Saghalien, and their feeling is bitter against any further concession. In the face of these facts M. Witte regarded that any further attempt, on his part, to a successful conclusion of the conference was absolutely beyond his power. Whereupon, after agreeing to have a final meeting on next Monday afternoon, the meeting was adjourned.

"Such being the case, I consider that the last hope for peace is gone. Therefore I request that you will kindly inform the President to that effect at once. Your telegram concerning your interview with the President and his advice has already been cabled to the Tokio Government."

On August 28 Komura sent another telegram to Kaneko, who forwarded it to the President with the remark: "I fear that before this letter reaches you we may hear an awful result of the conference."

This telegram read:

"Owing to the delay of the final instruction from the Government, Minister Takahira calling on M. Witte last evening suggested the postponement of to-day's sitting until to-morrow—Tuesday. M. Witte's reply was as follows:

"'Concerning the problems of indemnity and cession of Saghalien, on which we could not agree, the President has tendered, through the American Ambassador, an advice to the Czar, to which the latter has replied that under no circumstances could he consider any further concession whatever. For the second time, however, the President instructed the Ambassador to present his counsel to the Czar, which the former put in a letter, and requested Count Lamsdorff to present to the Czar. But, on receipt of the letter, the Czar marked on it, "No further consideration" and put it aside. Furthermore, I am under the strictest instruction, which absolutely forbids me to propose any new proposition, or enter upon discussion on a new compromise, which you may make concerning the two problems—indemnity and the cession of Saghalien. There is of course no objection as to the postponement of to-morrow's sitting. But, I do not hesitate to say there is no way now open for me to further discuss on the subject, and even if you propose a new solution of the problem, unless it comes within the scope of the Czar's reply to the President, I am unable even to transmit such proposition to the Government.'

"I am profoundly appreciating the earnest and sincere effort with which the President has been trying to assist us for the interests of peace and humanity. But the above being the Czar's position, as presented by M. Witte, I grieve extremely to put the President into so much trouble to make another attempt to persuade the Czar, through the Kaiser, which, I know, from the words of M. Witte, to be of no avail whatever."

When these cries of despair reached the President he made a final effort to force an agreement. Direct to the Kaiser he sent this message, at the same time sending a copy of it to the Mikado:

"Peace can be obtained on the following terms: Russia to pay no indemnity whatever and to receive back north half of Saghalien, for which it is to pay to Japan whatever amount a mixed commission may determine. This is my proposition, to which the Japanese have assented reluctantly and only under strong pressure from me. The plan is for each of the contending parties to name an equal number of members of the commission and for them themselves to name the

odd number. The Japanese assert that Witte has in principle agreed that Russia should pay something to get back the north half of Saghalien and indeed he intimated to me that they might buy it back at a reasonable figure, something on the scale of that for which Alaska was sold to the United States.

"These terms which strike me as extremely moderate I have not presented in this form to the Russian Emperor. I feel that you have more influence with him than either I or any one else can have. As this situation is exceedingly strained and the relations between the plenipotentiaries critical to a degree, immediate action is necessary. Can you not take the initiative by presenting these terms at once to him? Your success in the matter will make the entire civilized world your debtor. This proposition virtually relegates all the unsettled issues of the war to the arbitration of a mixed commission as outlined above, and I am unable to see how Russia can refuse your request if in your wisdom you see fit to make it."

### THE VICTORY WON

Success crowned this last appeal, for on August 29 there came to the Japanese envoys a message from Tokio, which Baron Kaneko forwarded to the President:

"The Emperor, after presiding at a Cabinet Council, decided to withdraw the demand of money payment for the cost of war entirely, if Russia recognize the occupation of Saghalien island by Japan, because the Emperor regards humanity and civilization far more than his nation's welfare."

"This is, of course," commented Baron Kaneko, "exactly the line of policy you wrote to me in your two last letters which were submitted to the Emperor."

Later on the same day Baron Kaneko again wrote to the President: "The Peace is concluded at last! Our Emperor has decided on the line of policy you suggested in your letters to me, as you know these two letters were transmitted by cable to our Government.

"Your advice to us was very powerful and convincing, by which the peace of Asia was secured. Both Russia and Japan owe to you this happy conclusion; and your name shall be remembered with the peace and prosperity of Asia."

An agreement was reached on August 29, on the terms laid down by the President, and on September 5 a treaty of peace embodying them was signed. When the agreement was announced the whole world broke into a joyous pæan of praise for Roosevelt. Newspapers of all parties and all lands joined in it. Messages of congratulation poured in upon him from crowned heads and the leading men of his own and other countries. The most interesting, of course, were the following:

"NEUES PALAIS, August 29.
"PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT:

"Just read cable from America announcing agreement of peace conference on preliminaries of peace; am overjoyed; express most sincere congratulations at the great success due to your untiring efforts. The whole of mankind must unite and will do so in thanking you for the great boon you have given it.

WILLIAM I. R."

"PETERHOF, ALEXANDRIA, Aug. 31.
"PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT:

"Accept my congratulations and warmest thanks for having brought the peace negotiations to a successful conclusion owing to your personal energetic efforts. My country will gratefully recognize the great part you have played in the Portsmouth Peace Conference.

NICHOLAS."

"TOKYO, Sept. 3, 1905.
"THE PRESIDENT:

"I have received with gratification your message of congratulations conveyed through our plenipotentiaries, and thank you warmly for it. To your disinterested and unremitting efforts of peace and humanity I attach the high value which is their due, and assure you of my grateful appreciation of the distinguished part you have taken in the establishment of peace based upon principles essential to the permanent welfare and tranquillity of the Far East.

HUTSUHITO."
(Mikado.)

Whitelaw Reid wrote from London on

September 11 that at a luncheon where King Edward was present the latter had said to him that he "was simply lost in admiration for the President; that nobody else could have done it; and that it was not made any easier by the Czar, who was evidently afraid to have his army return."

### ROOSEVELT CONSIDERED HIMSELF OVERPRAISED

Roosevelt was quite calm under it all, as he invariably was when action of his won strong approval. Writing to his brother-in-law, Douglas Robinson, on August 21, he said, with unjust criticism in the past clearly in mind:

"Don't be misled by the fact that just at the moment men are speaking well of me. They will speak ill soon enough. As Mr. Loeb remarked to me to-day, some time soon I shall have to spank some little brigand of a South American Republic, and then all the well-meaning idiots will turn and shriek that this is inconsistent with what I did with the peace conference, whereas it will be exactly in line with it in reality. Of course I am very much pleased at the outcome. I tried as far as it was humanly possible to get the chances my way, and looked the ground over very carefully before I took action. Nevertheless, I was taking big chances and I knew it, and I am very glad things came out as they did. I can honestly say, however, that my personal feelings in the matter have seemed to be of very, very small account compared to the great need of trying to do something which it seemed to me the interests of the whole world demanded to be done."

To Senator Lodge, September 2: "I am very much pleased to have put the thing through. I am almost ashamed to say that while physically in fine trim the last three months have left me feeling rather tired, because from a variety of causes I have not had at hand to advise with the Cabinet Ministers who were dealing with the subjects that were at the moment the most important, and so have had to run everything myself without any intermediaries."

To his daughter Alice (Mrs. Nicholas Longworth), on the same date:

"I have had all kinds of experiences with the envoys and with the governments, and to the two latter I finally had to write time after time as a very polite but also very insistent Dutch Uncle. I am amused to see the way in which the Japanese kept silent. Whenever I wrote a letter to the Czar the Russians were sure to divulge it, almost always in twisted form, but the outside world never had so much as a hint of any letter I sent to the Japanese. The Russians became very angry with me during the course of the proceedings because they thought I was only writing to them.

"It is enough to give any one a sense of sardonic amusement to see the way in which the people generally, not only in my own country, but elsewhere, gauge the work purely by the fact that it succeeded. If I had not brought about peace I should have been laughed at and condemned. Now I am overpraised. I am credited with being extremely long-headed, etc. As a matter of fact I took the position I finally did not of my own volition but because events so shaped themselves that I would have felt as if I was flinching from a plain duty if I had acted otherwise."

A note which the President wrote to the German Ambassador at Washington, Count Speck von Sternberg, on September 6, shows how cordially and promptly the Kaiser co-operated with Roosevelt in bringing pressure on the Czar: "If you see His Majesty tell him (but only for his own ear) that in Meyer's last audience with the Czar the latter commented upon the fact that whenever Meyer made a visit to him, simultaneously there came a cable from the German Emperor. I think this may amuse the Emperor."

To Whitelaw Reid, in London, he wrote on September 11: "The Kaiser stood by me like a trump. I did not get much direct assistance from the English Government, but I did get indirect assistance, for I learned that they forwarded to Japan my note to Durand, and I think that the signing of the Anglo-Japanese treaty made Japan feel comparatively safe as to the future."

For his services in securing peace Roosevelt was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. Never was prize more fully earned or more worthily bestowed.




The British Indies and surrounding countries.

# THE HEAD-HUNTERS OF BORNEO

BY CARL LUMHOLTZ

Author of "Among Cannibals," "Unknown Mexico," "Through Central Borneo," etc.

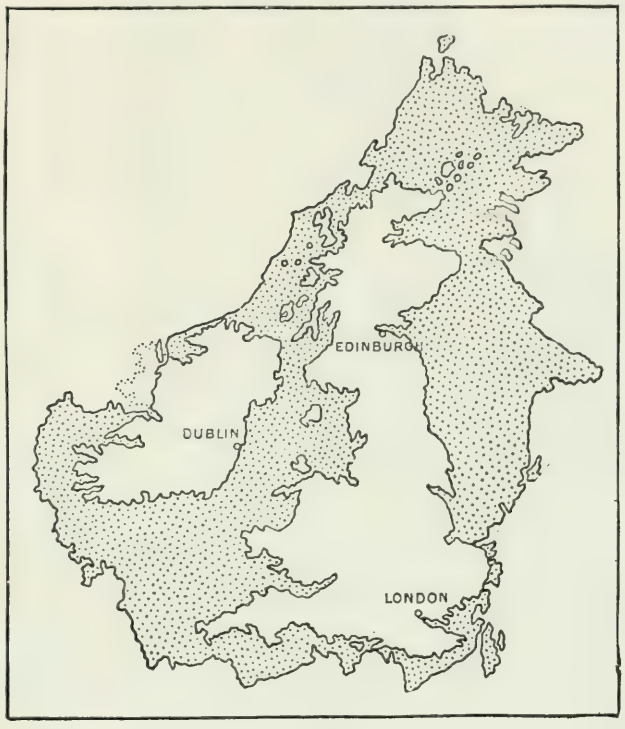
ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

WHEN in 1914 I found myself in the Dutch Indies preparing for an exploration in New Guinea, the war broke out and prevented me from carrying out my purpose. Instead, I decided to make a journey through Central Borneo, for the realization of which I received the hearty co-operation of His Excellency, the governor-general of the Dutch Indies, and of the officials. Altogether two years were spent in that great island of the Malay Archipelago and I returned to civilization with good results both as regards the study of the native tribes and securing of specimens of natural history.

Borneo, the second largest island on the globe, and situated in the equatorial regions, has a warm and remarkably even climate, the thermometer in the inland rarely reaching above 85° F. in the shade. Rain is copious and the island is covered with vast jungles where orchids, pitcher-plants, and other tropical creations find their greatest development. Among animals may be noted, in the north, elephants, in the interior, herds of wild cattle and many wonderful species of monkeys, like the one provided

with a long nose, the gibbons, and, above all, the orang-utan, the great manlike ape.

Although the numerous tribes of Borneo do not call themselves Dayaks, still this designation is usually applied to them, and for the sake of convenience I use this name in the same way as the term American Indians is used to include a great many different tribes. These Dayaks have always, since the island was brought to the knowledge of civilization, had a good reputation with white travellers. They are trustworthy and do not tell lies. At the same time they cannot help being attractive through their artistic gifts; even the woodpile in the house is never arranged carelessly, and they make superb carvings in bone or wood.




Borneo (dotted surface) as compared in size with the British Isles (white). [After Wallace.]

On the other hand, they are distinguished by the revolting habit of taking heads from neighboring tribes and bringing them to their kampongs (villages) to serve religious purposes. During my travels through that country I was told much about head-hunting, especially when I stayed with the Penihings in central Borneo, a tribe which had never been studied before. Although this custom, through the interference of civilized governments, has now reached a stage in which it gradually will cease to exist, nevertheless, the memory is fresh in the tribes that were visited by me, and among a few like the Ibans of the British possessions, the Kenyahs in Apo Kayan, and the Penihings on the Mahakam River, head-hunting dies hard.

The Penihings still live in dread of the head-hunting raids of the Ibans of Sarawak, and the probability of such attacks no doubt caused the recent establishment of a garrison at Long Kai. The Long-Glats on the Merasi, a northern tributary to the Mahakam, are also constantly on guard against the Ibans. Until lately these inveterate head-hunters would cross the mountains, make prahus, (native boats) then travel down the upper Mahakam, and commit serious depredations among the kampongs, killing whomsoever they could, the others fleeing to the mountains. As one Penihing chief expressed it to me, "the river was full of their prahus from the Kasao River to Long Blu." Their last visit was in 1912, when the Bukats reported that a number of Ibans had arrived at the headwaters of the river, but the raid did not materialize, and they retired without making prahus. These raids have naturally brought about much intermingling of the tribes on the Mahakam River, and sometimes three or more may be found living in one kampong.

About twenty years ago there was much fighting in these remote parts of Borneo among Penihings, Saputans, Penjabongs, and Bukats, each tribe making head-hunting raids into the dominions of another, and all being constantly exposed to the fury of the Ibans from the north. Head-hunting raids may include assaults on kampongs, but very often they are cowardly attacks on small groups of unsuspecting people, men, women, and children. The heads thus secured appear to be as highly valued as those acquired under more heroic conditions. The fact is also noteworthy that the heads of

Malays are appreciated, but, with few exceptions, not those of white people. Several times I heard of Malay rattan or rubber gatherers who had been disposed of in that way. The head is severed by one stroke.

As a typical case of head-hunting I give the following description of a raid which, twelve years previous to my visit, was made by ten Bukats upon a small party of Saputans who were on a babi (wild pig) hunt. Among the Penjabongs, Saputans, Punans, and Penihings a woman may accompany her husband or another man on the chase, carry a spear, and assist in killing pig or deer. Bear she does not tackle, but, as my informant said, "even all men do not like to do that." She also carries her own parang (sword) with which she may kill small pigs and cut down obstacles in her path. The hunting-party, one man and three women, had been successful. The babi had been killed with spears and, in accordance with custom, the head had been cut off with a parang. The carcass had been cut up and the three women carried the meat in the coarse-meshed rattan bags on their backs, while the man bore the head on his shoulder, all homeward bound, when the Bukats attacked them. Only one woman escaped.



The long-nosed monkey, *nasalis larvatus*, peculiar to Borneo.

This extraordinary animal, light red in color, has sometimes been observed in droves of over one hundred passing overhead through the jungle.

The slayers hurried off with the three heads, being afraid of the people of the kampong which was not far away. As usual the heads were tied by the hair to the handle of the shield, and were thus carried to the place where the rattan bags had been left, inside of which they were then placed.

After taking heads the men are on the run for two or three days, travelling at night with torches, and in the evening they make a big fire to dry them. The brains, because of the weight, may have been taken out the first evening; this is done through the foramen, and a hole is made with a spear point in the top of the skull. The hair has first been cut off and taken care of, to be tied as ornaments to shields or plaited round the handle of the sword. The Katingans, however, throw away the hair with the flesh. Apprehensive of pursuit, they may dry the head but a little while each night, grass being tied round it when carried. Sometimes damar (resin) is used to dry the flesh and the eyes.

The last night out the head-hunters always sleep near their kampong, and early next morning, while it is still dark, they come singing. The people of the kampong waken, array themselves in their best finery, and go to meet them, the women wearing their newest skirts and bringing pieces of nice cloth to present



In the jungle of southern Borneo near the Sampit River.

to the conquerors. The man who cut the head carries it suspended from his neck until it is taken from him by a woman who gives him the cloth to wear instead, possibly as a badge of heroism. It makes no difference whether this service is performed by his wife, an unmarried woman, or another man's wife. The singing ceases and all proceed to the kampong, to the house of the kapala (chief),



A Kenyah man, front, side, and back view.
From the kampong of Long Pelaban on the Kayan River.

where the heads are hung from the beam at the head of the ladder, and the cloths which were bestowed upon the victors are returned to the women. The heads are left hanging, while for the festivities connected with their arrival a hut, called mangosáng, is constructed, consisting of an airy shelter made of two rows of bamboo stalks supported against each other and profusely adorned with the inevitable wood shavings.

The head-hunters, who must take their food apart from their associates and in the presence of the heads, now bring water from the river to boil rice, in bamboo, outside on the gallery. When the cooking is finished the heads are brought to take part in the meal, being hung near the place where the men are to eat and about half a metre above the floor, to be out of reach of dogs. A pinch of rice is put into the hole at the top of the skull and the head is addressed in the following words: "Eat this rice first. Don't be angry. Take care of me. Make this body of mine well." During the period of restrictions imposed on the hunters the heads remain at the same place, sharing the meals as described.

For twelve days the hunters do no work and refrain from eating meat, vegetables, fish, salt, and red pepper, rice being the only permissible food. They are obliged to take their food on the gallery, and those who have never been on such expeditions before must also sleep there during that time. A man who has taken part three or more times may join his wife, but he must take his meals on the gallery. When twelve days have passed no more food is given to the heads, which are hung on the beam again, three to five being placed together in a rattan basket, with leaves around them. At the triennial festival, tása, blood of pig or fowl mixed with uncooked rice, is offered to the heads.

Usually the head-hunting raids were, and are still to a limited extent, carried far away into distant regions and may occupy several months. The Saputans, who were devotees to the custom, would

go as far as the river Melawi in the southwest, to Sarawak in the north, as well as to the Murung or Upper Barito River in the east. Sometimes only two to five men would go, but usually there were about ten—an equal number remaining behind in the kampong. Controleur W. J. Michielsen relates an instance of a Dayak from Serayan, whose daughter had been killed by a Katingan head-hunter, who pursued the marauders to their homes, and, on the occasion of the festivities incident to the return of the members of the raid, he cut the head from the murderer of his child while the celebration was in progress. His action was so sudden that they were totally unprepared, and no attempt was made to prevent his escape with the head.

In times gone by when a Saputan man, woman, or child died it was the custom for a member of the family to go forth to look for a head. In the case of an ordinary person one was deemed sufficient, but for a chief five to ten were necessary. When taking a head a cut was made in the slain man's chest with a parang; into the wound the raiders then put their forefingers and sucked the blood from them.

Each head-hunter carried rice in a rattan basket, but he depended for food mainly on sago-palms and wild animals that were killed. After such an expedition has been determined upon the preparations may occupy a year or even longer, but usually about three months. When all is ready for a start a delay of



Travelling Kenyahs starting in the morning from the kampong of Long Pangian on the Kayan River.
Two or three months may be consumed before they reach their distant homes in Apo Kayan.

from one to four days may be caused by unfavorable interference of an omen bird. Should a bird chance to repeat the omen when another start is made, the party must return to the kampong and wait a long time. The Dayaks are very much guided in their actions by omens taken not only from birds but also from incidents, and merely to hear a certain bird is sufficient reason to change all plans.



Men of the Penihing tribe on the Mahakam River in Central Borneo.

The centre figure wears a tunic of ancient pattern which is padded for the sake of protection in fights.

When leaving their kampong to take part in an expedition to New Guinea the Penihings heard the cry of a bird called tarratjan, and requested the lieutenant in charge to wait four days. He replied, naturally, that the company (government) does not employ birds in making decisions, and while the Dayaks offered no further objection, they declared to him that one of them would surely die. According to my informant it so happened that before arriving at the island one man died. If at such a time a large tree should be seen falling, he said, then they would like to give up the trip to New Guinea entirely, but being afraid of the company they go notwithstanding the warning.

In case a head-hunting party observes a large tree to fall, the expedition is relinquished, and if any young men took part they can never join another venture of the same kind. Old and experienced men, after the lapse of a year, may resume operations. In case of meeting a centipede a head-hunting expedition must return immediately to the kampong, and for four years no such enterprise can be undertaken.

The purposes of head-hunting are manifold. The slain man is believed to change into a servant and assistant in the next life. When a chief dies it becomes an essential duty to provide him with heads, which are deposited on his grave as sacrifices, and the souls of which serve him in the next life. Heads taken for the benefit of kampong people are hung in the house of the kapala, to counteract misfortune and to confer all manner of benefits. An important point is that the presence of the heads from other tribes, or rather of the souls residing in them, compels evil antoes (spirits) to depart. A kampong thus becomes purified, free from disease. The killing of a fowl is not sufficient to accomplish this, that of a pig helps a little, a water-buffalo more; but to kill a man and bring the head makes the kampong completely clean.

With the Katingans a head hanging in the house is considered a far better

guardian than the wooden figures called kapatongs, which play an important part in the life of that tribe. Any fear of resentment on the part of the liao (departed soul) residing in the head is precluded by their belief that the Katingan anto gave him the order to watch.

"If no heads are brought in there will be much illness, poor harvest, little fruit, fish will not come up the river as far as our kampong, and the dogs will not care to pursue pigs," I was told by a Penihing who had taken part in a head-hunt and served his sentence in Sourabaia. "But are not people angry at losing their heads?" I asked him. "No," he answered, "we give the heads food on their arrival and every month afterward, and make fire every evening to keep them warm. If they feel cold, then they get angry." The man who has taken a head is considered a hero by the women, and if unmarried is certain to secure a desirable wife, but it is erroneous to assert that the taking of a head was or is a necessary condition to marriage.

The government of the Dutch Indies, with energy and success, is eradicating the evil head-hunting custom. Military expeditions involving great expense from time to time are sent into remote regions to capture a handful of culprits. By exercising tact it is not difficult finally to locate the malefactors, and indeed the tribe may deliver them. It must be remembered that the Dayaks themselves have no idea that there is anything wrong in taking heads, and the government very wisely does not impose the death penalty, but the transgressor is taken to Sourabaia, on Java, to undergo some years of hard labor—from four to six, I understand. To "go to Sourabaia" is extremely distasteful to the natives, and has proved a most effective deterrent. On account of their forced stay at this remote island city such Dayaks learn to speak Malay and several times I have employed them. They are usually among the best men of the kampong, resourceful, reliable, and intelligent, and may serve also as interpreters.



Penihing women on their daily tour to fetch water from the river in bamboo receptacles.

Three such trips are made in a day and usually a bath is taken on each trip.

In his report on a journey to the Katingans in 1909 Captain J. J. M. Hageman says:

"By nature the Dayak is a good-tempered man. The head-hunting should not be charged against him as a dastardly deed; for him it is an adat (religious observance). In the second place, he possesses very good traits of character, as evidenced by his hospitality and generosity. Our soldiers, some sixty in number, obtained



A Kenyah in full war attire, a brother of the chief of Long Pelaban on the Kayan River.

He had recently returned from Samarinda, where he had served one year's imprisonment for having taken a minor part in a head-hunting raid in Apo Kayan.

a meal immediately in every kampong. When a Dayak goes on a journey in a friendly region he may be sure of receiving shelter and food in every house.

"They are distrustful of foreigners, but if he has gained their confidence they give assistance freely in every respect. Loving their liberty in a high degree they



Blians, or medicine-men, from Tumbang Marowei on the Laon River, in the tribe of the Murungs.

prefer not to be ordered. The cowardly manner in which they cut heads is no criterion of their courage."

It would not be in accordance with facts to suppose that head-hunting has altogether been eliminated in Borneo. It is too closely identified with the religious life of the natives, but in time a substitute probably will be found, just as the sacrifice of the water-buffalo sup-



Kayan family in Kaburau on the Kayan River.

The man lost his left hand in a fight with a crocodile which attacked his boat at dawn.

planted that of slaves. The most recent case that came to my notice on the Mahakam was a Penihing raid from Long Tjehan to the Upper Barito five years previously, in which four Murung heads were taken.

It is extraordinary that such a revolting habit is practised in a race the ethics of which otherwise might serve as a model for many so-called civilized communities, these natives being free to an unusual degree from the fault of appropriating what belongs to others and from untruthfulness. The fact that the Dayaks are amiable in disposition and inclined to timidity renders this phase of their character still more inexplicable. The inevitable conclusion is that they are driven to this outrage by religious influences and lose their self-control. As of related interest I here note what Dr. J. M. Elshout, who had recently returned from Apo Kayan, communicated to me. He had spent three years at the garrison of Long Nawang among the fine Kenyahs and spoke the language. "As soon as one enters upon the subject of taking heads one no longer knows the Kenyah. Of his mild and pacific disposition little or nothing remains. Unbounded ferocity and wantonness, treachery and faithlessness, play a very great part; of courage, as we understand the meaning of the word, there is seldom a trace. It is a victory over the brua (soul) of the man who lost his head, and the slayer's own brua becomes stronger thereby. If opportunity is given they will take heads even if they are on a commercial trip. Outsiders, even if they have been staying a long time in the kampong, run a risk of losing their heads."

# TALKS WITH FOUR MONARCHS

## PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF GEORGE VON LENGERKE MEYER

## EDITED BY M. A. DeWOLFE HOWE

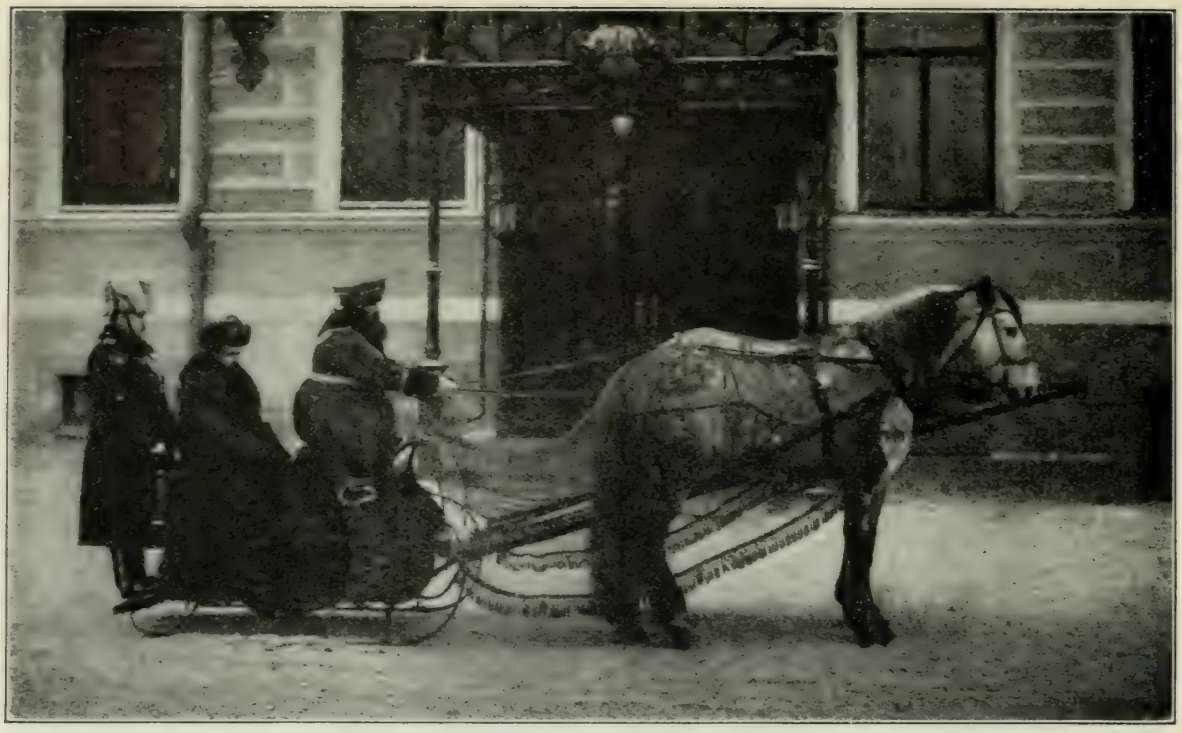
FOR the six years from 1901 to 1907 the late George von L. Meyer, who served from 1907 to 1913 first as Postmaster-General in the Cabinet of President Roosevelt and then as Secretary of the Navy in that of President Taft, held the important posts of United States Ambassador to Italy (1901–5) and to Russia (1905–7). Throughout this period he kept a diary, briefly recording the events of a life crowded with interesting contacts and occurrences. Especially in its record of Russia, the diary is of marked historical importance; for there Mr. Meyer's dealings with the Tsar, on behalf of President Roosevelt, were the first steps leading direct to the Portsmouth Peace Conference and the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese War; there also he witnessed the first meeting of the Duma, and the events of the 1905 Revolution. His journal enables one, moreover, to observe some of the influences which contributed to the importance of Mr. Meyer himself as an interpreter of Europe and the United States, each to the other.



*From the sketch by Sargent.*

George von L. Meyer.

To this position of high value he had brought himself by the diligent exercise of the personal qualities of tact, discretion, and good judgment which characterize a successful ambassador. These qualities came into special play in his intercourse with men of varied types occupying places of great power. In Rome he had established a relation with the King of Italy and other members of the royal family which gained much from a common interest in outdoor pursuits. During the period of his Italian ambassadorship he had met the German Emperor several times, and enjoyed friendly discussions not only of yachting but also, and still more, of international affairs. After his farewell audience with the Tsar, in January of 1907, it was therefore but natural for Mr. Meyer—as it was the part of a helpful ambassador—to equip himself more completely as a well-informed official returning from Europe by talking



Mr. Meyer in his Russian sleigh.

with the Kaiser in Berlin, the King of Italy in Rome, and King Edward VII in London. This he did, in the three weeks and three days falling between January 26 and February 19, 1907.

The mere fact of meeting and talking with the four leading monarchs of Europe, each in his own capital, within this brief space of time is in itself a remarkable, perhaps a unique, circumstance. The fact that since 1907 the face of Europe has so completely changed—Russia and Germany beyond recognition, with Tsar and Kaiser put down as the mighty from their seat—gives to Mr. Meyer's narrative the value of a fresh, contemporaneous page from ancient history. This value is enhanced by the fact that three of the monarchs spoke so frankly as they did about The Hague Conference and the prospects of disarmament. In the light of later events, the expressions of the Kaiser, with his far-reaching suspicions of international conflict and his personal warning to travel armed to Rome, are perhaps the most significant of all. Each of the four rulers, however, will speak for himself, through the record of Mr. Meyer, in the ensuing passages. It needs only to be said further that in St. Petersburg his interview with the Tsar was followed by a talk with Isvolsky, Minister of Foreign Affairs, just as in London, about three weeks later, he talked with Sir Edward Grey, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, before his audience with King Edward VII. In each instance the words of the Cabinet Minister supplement significantly the interviews with Tsar and King.

M. A. DeW. H.

## I

(St. Petersburg), *January* 26, 1907.

Leave the Hotel at 1.20 in order to take the train at 1.50 for Tsarskoe Selo. At the station (Imperial) in Petersburg, Prince Dolgorouki, Baron Korff, Baron Ramsay and his assistant were waiting at the station to receive me. We entered a special Imperial train and were taken over the Emperor's private line direct to Tsarskoe Selo. At the station, a gilded coach with four chestnut horses, an outrider, and two footmen on behind were waiting for me. We started without any delay and I noticed that a mounted guard rode on each side of the coach; this was for style on this occasion and not for safety.

At the Little Palace (the same one where I was first received by His Majesty

and also on a memorable occasion when I entered privately by his own entrance direct to his study in order to give him confidentially the President's invitation to send Plenipotentiaries to Washington for a peace conference with Japan) masters of ceremonies had assembled, and again, as on the first occasion, we marched in formal procession to the Emperor's apartment. In the anteroom Princess Galitzin and Count Benckendorff* received me, and after a short salutation the two black servants in Oriental costume threw open the doors, and for the last time I was in the presence of the Emperor and Empress.

I bowed in the doorway and again after I had approached halfway. The Emperor put out his hand and then the Empress. In the latter case I kissed hers, according to the custom. The Emperor and Empress then sat down and the Emperor signified for me to sit on the Empress's right. Before we sat down, however, I had handed my letter of recall to His Majesty and informed him that the President had seen fit to recall me to Washington in order to enter his Cabinet. He asked me about my new post and said that he was sorry to have me leave, but was glad to feel that there would be in the President's Cabinet not only a friend but one who understood Russia and how difficult the problems were to solve. He thought that in the United States the Secretary of the Interior would one day be, as in Russia, one of the most important Cabinet positions. He seemed much interested in the future decision of our Courts as to the right of the State of California to make its own school regulation, and thought the decision would be far-reaching. He also spoke of the elections in Germany and of their importance. A decided victory by the Socialists would encourage the Socialists everywhere. I remarked what a part the German Socialist had taken in the first great strikes in this country more than a year ago.

We talked for half an hour on various subjects, in which the Empress joined and asked about the height of our buildings in New York. They seemed incomprehensible and unnatural to her. In taking leave the Emperor asked to be remembered to the President, and the Empress to my wife. They both expressed the hope of seeing us again and our return some day to Russia.

*January 27.*

On my return from Tsarskoe Selo yesterday afternoon I found a letter from Isvolsky and a box. The latter was addressed to "G. von Lengerke Meyer, Esqr.," and said that the Emperor had conferred the Grand Cordon of St. Alexander Nevsky upon me. As I was now a simple citizen I was able to accept it, and wore the decoration that Saturday evening, but not the Grand Cordon, to the dinner at the English Embassy, as it would have been too gala to have put on the ribbon too. I found Benckendorff, the Russian Ambassador to London, had done the same way. . . .

Sunday, by appointment, I called on Isvolsky at the Foreign office to express my appreciation of the honor conferred upon me. I found him most frank and interesting about the situation in Russia. Speaking of the Emperor and Empress, he said: "They are over sanguine; I am continually trying to combat the influence of the Empress and the Grand Duchess Serge.* They do not appreciate the actual conditions or understand them. They do not believe in further concessions, nor do they realize that this liberal movement for Constitutional Government is very far-reaching and must be recognized. I know and understand that we cannot go backwards.

"As you know, I am liberal, but they say in the Cabinet to me, 'You have lived so much abroad that you have got permeated with foreign ideas and therefore cannot see and understand the Russian situation.' I feel that our troubles are far from being over; the new Duma may be an improvement over the first, but it will be radical, and it is doubtful whether the Government will be able to work in conjunction with it.

"Now as to our negotiations with Japan, as you are no longer Ambassador I am going to be very frank with you and tell you what I would probably not say to you if you were still in your official

* Marshal of the Imperial Court.

* The Empress's sister, Princess Elizabeth of Hesse.

capacity. But I should like you to consider it confidential and only to be repeated to the President. Throughout the entire negotiations the Japanese have been most exacting, and I find myself in a very embarrassing situation and almost helpless, as our army has practically evacuated Manchuria, which is not the case with Japan. We are ready to carry out our agreements at Portsmouth; nor have we any desire now for aggressions of countries in the East; but our aim is to have conditions *in statu quo* so that the balance of power shall remain unaffected.

"Our two principal contentions with Japan are the fishing rights, which they claim beyond what could naturally be expected, and the claiming of open navigation on the Sungari River, which was not raised at Portsmouth."

He realized that Japan, claiming open navigation, was apparently taking a position that was popular, but that Russia could not grant she had the right to this on account of the Portsmouth Treaty. Now then Japan was demanding that Russia should concede the privilege to Japan of making special commercial treaties with Korea and countries beyond the Malay Straits, which should not apply to the most favored nation clause of treaties with other nations, this not to become effective until treaties with other nations expired and this principle [should be] accepted by them.

"Now," he went on, "I have in my position got to make the best bargain that I can, and I am going to give in on this point and, although it is not effective until agreed to by the other nations, yet it is the small end of the wedge, and it shows the world that Japan proposes to reserve for herself a portion of the Eastern trade; and where, then, will be the Open Door of which so much has been said by Japan?

"I have seen about the school question raised by Japan on the Pacific Coast, and the change of feeling there Rosen* has reported to me fully. I would now like to have you report to the President not only the position in which Russia finds herself in these *pourparlers* with Japan, but also the evident intention of Japan to reserve for herself in trade and commerce certain sections of the East, that is, the portion beyond the Malay Straits."

* Baron Rosen, Russian Ambassador to the United States.

## II

(Berlin), *February* 3, 1907.

Lunch with the Emperor and Empress at the Palace in Berlin at 1 o'clock. Arrive at ten minutes before 1. The guests were assembled in one of the ante-rooms; several of them I had met before, the Hadzfeldts, Eulenburg, Flotow, also the ladies-in-waiting. Prince Adalbert came in before 1, and while we were talking, as my back was to the door, he suddenly said, "The Emperor." I turned round and His Majesty was just entering the door. He shook hands with me as he passed and went on to greet the ladies. Then the Empress entered by another door. She went round the room, saying a few words with each person, and the gentlemen kissing her hand. When lunch was announced the ladies went in first, the Emperor, the Princes, and the rest of us following.

I found my seat was next to the Princess Alexandra Victoria of Holstein, engaged to the fourth son [August William], Oscar, who was on the other side, being on the left of the Empress, Adalbert being on the right. On the right of the Emperor were Princess Hadzfeldt, and on the left Princess Oetingen. There were twenty-four people at lunch, including the sixth son* of the Emperor and the young daughter,† who must be about fourteen now, grown quite tall.

Lunch being finished, the Empress led the way to one salon while the Emperor indicated that the men were to follow him to his smoking-room. I noticed that the young Princes went with the Empress. After we entered the smoking-room I stayed near the door as I did not want to be the first to talk with His Majesty, but preferred to be the last. He looked round the room and immediately beckoned me to come forward, saying, "You always used to smoke," and then offered me a cigar. I then took the opportunity

* Prince Joachim.
† Princess Victoria-Louise.

to congratulate him on the result of the elections. His eyes became very bright, and tapping me on the chest he said: "We caught the Socialists this time. It became not only the question of a Colonial policy but a patriotic one, and they did not take this into account. This morning I received telegraphic information that the Socialists have lost four more on the second elections."

I then informed the Emperor that I had my farewell audience with the Emperor of Russia a week ago yesterday and I had spoken of the elections in Germany which were taking place, and that I hoped the Socialists would receive a set-back as their success would encourage the revolutionary element in Russia.

The Emperor asked me my opinion of Isvolsky, saying, "Can he be trusted?" I answered that I did not know him as well as I had known Lamsdorff,* but that my relations had been very agreeable and satisfactory; that Schoen†, his Ambassador, was quite intimate with him and should be able to judge. I mentioned that I had been impressed by Russia's clever move in ordering the withdrawal of Russian troops ahead of the Japanese, but that I thought in that action I saw the influence of some one outside of Russia. The Emperor smiled and said:

"The Tsar did ask my advice, and I thought it very important for Russia to keep China, her neighbor, good-natured and not allowed to become too friendly with Japan. As a matter of fact, Russia will lose Siberia, and the Tsar agrees with me. The Japanese are so much



Auf Allerhöchsten Befehl Ihrer Kaiserlichen und Königlichen Majestäten

beehrt sich der unterzeichnete Ober-Hof-und Haus-Marschall

Prinz Hatzfeldt zu Wattenstein

Herrn von Lengerke-Meyer

zur Frühstückstafel am 3 ten Februar 1907 um 1 Uhr

im Königlichen Schlosse zu Berlin

einzuladen.

Ueber Anzug pp. umstehend

Königl. Hofbuchh. C. Rasch & Berlin W

The invitation for lunch with the German Emperor.

* Isvolsky's predecessor as Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs.

† Baron Schoen, afterward German Ambassador to France (1910–14).

more active that they will overrun it with colonists and traders and commercially own it.

"You are certain eventually to have a war with Japan; they will attack you through the Philippines by sea, and Europe by land through Siberia, etc. Russia was attacked by the Japanese just as she had completed the Siberian Railroad and you, the United States, will be attacked as you are about to complete the Canal. You should have fortified Hawaii, and must get your fleet on the Pacific side. The Japanese have spies everywhere, disguised as servants, etc., they know all about your fleet and fortifications. I have furnished through Speck* statistics about the Japanese for your President. The school question in California is only an excuse. You see how they feel on your Pacific slope; it is a racial question."

Then the Emperor suddenly changed the topic, saying, "You know that the King and Queen of England have gone quite unexpectedly to Paris. Clemenceau's Cabinet is not as strong as it was; the King bought him and owns him, and he has gone on to Paris to hold him up and strengthen him. Isvolsky was invited on to London during his trip this autumn, but the Emperor instructed him not to accept. England does not like to see Germany increasing good feeling with France and the tendencies which are bringing Germany and Russia together. They should really have an alliance.

"England made an alliance with Japan which will prove to her final disadvantage; dissatisfaction is already showing commercially. If her treaty with Japan should compel her to fight with Japan for instance against you, you would lose almost at once the Philippines, but in revenge you would take Canada. The natural people to come together in such a conflict would be the Germans and Americans.

"It is not time to consider disarmament; if that is to be forced at The Hague, I will not send representatives. Stead, of the *Review of Reviews*, is trying to force it before the Conference and asked for an audience, but I have refused it. When I saw the King of England last summer, it was arranged beforehand what we were to discuss. Lascelles* and Hardinge† were present. Unexpectedly the King talked of the Hague Conference and said, 'We do not want it, there is no need of it, it interferes with our Royal prerogatives.' You should have seen the expression on Hardinge's face. Evidently the King and the Cabinet are out of accord on The Hague questions as Grey wishes disarmament discussed."

The Emperor referred to the conscript system which began in Prussia when Germany was overrun by Napoleon and has existed and been perfected since that time. Other countries are now copying but have not made the same success of it. . . . He then asked what steamer I was going on. When I said *Kaiserin Augusta Victoria*, "Oh! She is a wonderfully fine boat. I will send you a letter for the President if I can get it finished in time. Now we had better join the ladies."

The entire time had been taken up talking together; I am afraid that some of the other gentlemen were not very pleased, not getting a chance to say a word to him. We were only a moment with the ladies. As I left he said, "Do not forget my regards to your wife and the young ladies, and if you are starting for Rome take food and a pistol in case the train is blocked by the snow and you are attacked."

## III

(Rome), *February* 7, 1907.

Had my audience with the King of Italy in Rome at 2.15 to-day. Arrived at the palace at 2.10, but I was not kept waiting a minute. The doors were instantly thrown open and the King came forward to the door and shook hands very cordially. He sat down on the sofa and beckoned me to sit down. I took the second chair, but he insisted on my sitting in the arm-chair next to him. He at once spoke of my going into the Cabinet and added, "I understand that it [the Postmaster Generalship] has more political influence than any other Cabinet

* Baron Speck von Sternburg, German Ambassador in Washington.

* Sir Frank Cavendish Lascelles, British Ambassador to Germany, 1895–1908.

† Sir Charles Hardinge, British Ambassador to Russia, 1904–6; Viceroy of India, 1910–16.

office." I thanked him for his congratulations and assured him that I believed it should be run on business principles in order to give the best service. . . .

He wanted to know if I had met his two sisters-in-law* and added that they used to be very handsome. He was much interested in the Russian situation, but did not hesitate to express his opinion of the Emperor, which is not of the highest. He has not forgiven the Tsar for breaking his promise and not visiting him. Again he told me how he promised Nelidow† that when in public he would never leave the Tsar's side in order to protect him by his presence. Nelidow wanted the papers suppressed, as was done in Petersburg. This, the King said, could not be done, as his was a constitutional monarchy and anything of that sort must proceed in the regular way through the courts.

When I told the King of my two-hour talk with the Emperor he said, "I saw considerable of him when in Russia, and it was often his habit after a person had left him to snap his fingers and even make fun of what had transpired." He also criticized his having been influenced by that spiritualist Phillipe.‡ Fortunately he was dead, as his influence was very detrimental to the best interests of the country. "He (the Tsar) shuts himself up from fear, and how can he form any real judgment when he comes in contact with no men of affairs or liberal spirit?"

He agreed with me that affairs could not go backwards, and said, "In '48 we had troubles and granted a constitution, but our people were more enlightened and knew what they wanted." I referred to the small amount spent by Russia for public education. The King replied, "We spend in proportion a great deal more than Russia."

On the question of disarmament he thought Germany would make a mistake to oppose the consideration of it at The Hague, but would be wiser to get France or some other country to take that attitude, as the German Emperor was already suspected of being warlike and so disposed.

The King then asked me if it was true that I was taking an autograph from the Kaiser to the President. I said that I had not received it as yet, but the Emperor, if he had the time to finish it, was going to send it to the German steamer, *Kaiserin Augusta Victoria*, for the Captain to hand me. I should take the boat at Cherbourg or Southampton the 17th.*

I then told the King that I had felt I could not go home without coming down to Italy to take leave of my friends, that I had a tremendous attachment for Rome and the Campagna, and for me Rome was the most beautiful city in the world. He smiled with a certain expression that is peculiar to him when he is pleased. The King was very amusing about the Parliament and the new constitutional government in Montenegro; said the Cabinet had fallen on an appropriation of $62.50. At the end of half an hour, and after a most agreeable conversation, he excused himself as he had another appointment, and then wished me every success in my new position at home in the Cabinet.

## IV

(London), *February* 15, 1907.

Called at 11 A. M. at the Foreign Office, Downing Street, on Sir Charles Hardinge, now permanent under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs, formerly my colleague at St. Petersburg. He was not down yet —his secretary said that he would be in a little before 12; not very early hours,— if I should attempt to keep such hours in Washington, it would not be appreciated. Return at 12 and am received almost instantly. Found Hardinge looking very well and most cordial. I told him what Stead had said in Berlin and in what an emphatic way he was quoting Sir Edward Grey. Whereupon Hardinge asked if I would like to meet Sir Edward and talk with him myself. He went upstairs and in two minutes returned escorting me himself to the Minister of Foreign Affairs and introducing me.

Grey did not look over 40, although I believe he is about 45, clean-shaven, clean-cut face with a very straightforward manner and an attractive person-

* The sisters of Queen Helena, Melitza and Anastasie, princesses of Montenegro, the wives, respectively, of the Grand Duke Peter-Nikolaiévitch, and George, Duke of Leuchtenberg.

† Russian Ambassador to Italy, 1897–1903.

‡ A French spiritualist, who preceded Rasputin in the favor of the imperial family.

* Mr. Meyer sailed several days later, on another ship.

ality. I told him that I had not wanted to quote his words to the President about disarmament, coming as they did at Berlin through Stead, without being sure (from him direct) that they were absolutely correct and not exaggerated, and knowing as I did that the Emperor of Germany was opposed to the subject being brought up at this time in the Hague Conference.

Grey said that in the first place he did not like the expression "disarmament," but rather "limitation of expenditure for armament." He did not expect anything practical to be accomplished in that respect at the Hague Conference more than publicity and education of public sentiment. In England the matter had received considerable attention, and it was therefore important that the movement should be taken into account and receive some sort of recognition. If the Hague Conference neglected even to consider the question, the impression would go out in the world that the hands of the clock had been set back and no earnest endeavor had been made. Consequently he did not think any one nation should hold back the Conference from considering the question.

Of course if Germany should refuse to send delegates, provided the question was to be considered, it would lose its principal object; for while they recognized Germany's right to build as large a navy as their commerce required, at the same time they were stronger considerably than the German navy, and they intended to continue to be so. That was a policy which either party recognized as necessary, for they had a small army and Germany a very big one, magnificently organized. If Germany also got a larger or even equally powerful navy, they [Great Britain] would be, in their isolated position, accessible by sea, at the mercy of Germany provided any adverse wave of sentiment or incident should bring on a war. Thus this continual striving of Germany to increase her navy, and England's necessity to continually keep her navy stronger, must have its effect on the other nations' expenditure. If Germany would agree to limit her expenditures to what they had been, England would agree to keep hers to a limit, so that the proportion would not change and each would keep to the present ratio of force.

I told Grey that in my hour's conversation with the German Emperor [he never?] showed any suspicion of England on account of urging disarmament, but was [alive?] to a genuine feeling of uneasiness of a future yellow peril by the ascendancy of the Japanese and a possible coalition with the Chinese. Consequently he did not think the present the time to discuss disarmament.

On leaving he asked to give his compliments to the President and to be remembered to Mr. Root. On returning to Hardinge we chatted together about Russian affairs, and we both agreed that Russia by her game of bluff on Eastern matters could only blame herself for England finally making an alliance with Japan. Hardinge then called my attention to how much better England had kept herself informed in the past as to Japan; in fact in '93, when matters became strained, their naval experts said to fix it up, as they were in no position, so far from their base of supplies, to contend against the Japanese navy, and matters were therefore arranged. If Russia had been as well informed she would not have allowed the war to take place. Hardinge agreed that Japan will be a much more dangerous competitor commercially than even Russia would have been in the East, and that it was already beginning to be felt.

*February* 19, 1907.

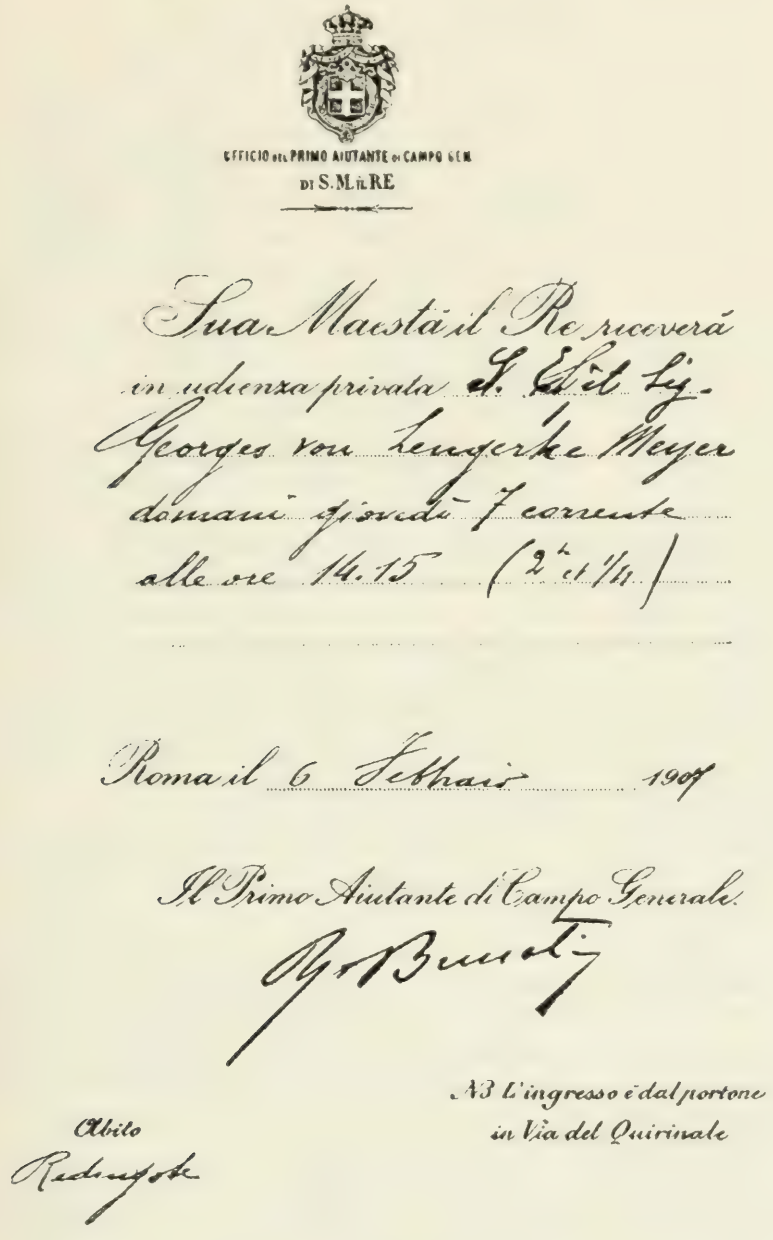
Go to Dorchester House at 11.30 in order to go to the Levee with Carter* and the Military Attaché; the Ambassador† being in his room with influenza. We drove at once in the Ambassador's carriage to St. James's Palace, where in the ante-room were assembled the Diplomatic Corps and the members of the Government attending the Levee. (St. James's Palace has not been used as a dwelling since the Georges.) I found a number of the Diplomatic Corps were old acquaintances, Sir Edward Grey was there, Lord Lansdowne, Sir Charles Hardinge, etc.—with each of them I had a short chat. Carter presented me to

* J. R. Carter, First Secretary of the United States Embassy in London.

† Whitelaw Reid.

Monsieur Cambon,* who as Doyen was to present me to the King in the absence of the American Ambassador. I spoke of how much his brother had been liked in Washington and congratulated him on his brother's advance to Berlin. M. Cambon, being the Doyen, led the procession and I followed, by his instructions, directly behind him. After he had made his bow and shaken hands with the King he presented me. After I had made my bow the King nodded a second time as I withdrew—the King, standing, shaking hands with each Ambassador, without making any remarks, and they passed on, standing to the left of the throne in the corner of the room. After the last ambassador had passed, the King sat down and bowed to each minister without shaking hands, and they passed on to the end of the room. Then came the members of the government, army, navy, and those who were attending the Levee, so that there was a constant stream of people always moving on till the last was presented. The name in each case was announced by the master of ceremonies. While all this was going on I had quite an extended talk with Poklewski, the Conseiller of the Russian Embassy, who wanted to know what was to be the attitude of our government on disarmament and if there had been any changes. I told him that I could not give him any official information, as it was three weeks since I left St. Petersburg, and since then I had not been in communication with my government.

At 2.45 the Ambassador's carriage arrived to take us to Buckingham Palace. J. R. Carter, First Secretary of the Embassy, went with me. We were met by Lord K[nollys?].* In about two minutes word came down that the King would see us. Immediately after we had reached the King's sitting-room, His Majesty entered unaccompanied. I bowed as the King came forward and shook hands with me. Turning to the other gentlemen he said, "I should like to have a talk with Mr. Meyer," and they retired instantly. He then led the way to the other end of the room, invited me to sit, taking an easy chair himself.


UFFICIO DEL PRIMO AIUTANTE DI CAMPO GEN.
DI S. M. IL RE

Sua Maestà il Re riceverà in udienza privata S. Exc. Ley. Georges von Lengerke Meyer domani giovedì 7 corrente alle ore 14.15 (2 e 1/4)

Roma il 6 Settembre 1907

Il Primo Aiutante di Campo Generale

A3 L'ingresso è dal portone in Via del Quirinale

Abito Redingote

The invitation for an audience with the King of Italy.

* Paul Cambon, French Ambassador in London.

* Private Secretary to King Edward, 1870–1910.

"So you have just left St. Petersburg, and are going out of the Diplomatic Corps. I suppose you are sorry: it is a fascinating life." This gave me an opportunity to say that while I had been Ambassador and in the diplomatic [service] we had all looked up to him, if I might say so, as the ideal diplomat and the greatest of ambassadors. He seemed quite pleased with the compliment and smiled with a certain pleasure and probably with satisfaction as he thought of the Entente Cordiale (for which he had done so much) between England and France.

He asked me about the Emperor, how he looked, and if it was true that the Empress and her sister, the Grand Duchess Serge, had a bad influence over the Emperor as far as reforms, etc., were concerned; also inquired if the two Montenegrins were intimate with the Empress, adding, "I hear they are always scheming." His Majesty knew of the divorce of the Duchess of Leuchtenberg, but wanted to know if they would really be married (she and Grand Duke Nicolas.)*

Finally, after we had discussed conditions for some time, he said suddenly, "What opinion did you form as to the outcome, and what would happen?" I replied that I had informed my government for some months that I believed the Duma would be radical, that I did not think that it would work in unison with the Cabinet, that probably the Duma would profit by the experience of the first Duma, because they realized that the Government dared to dissolve the Duma, and the troops as a whole were loyal; that the country was one of great resources, but capital was timid and enterprise restricted. I had confidence in the final outcome: it could not go backwards, but it would take a long time.

His Majesty then spoke of the Hague Conference, and said he had no confidence in its accomplishing anything, evidently having no high opinion of it, which coincides with what the Emperor of Germany had told me.

I told him how well Nicolson* was doing in St. Petersburg, and also called His Majesty's attention to how Durand† had developed after he had announced his retirement and what good speeches he had made. "Yes," said the King, "it was quite remarkable. I hope Bryce‡ will do well. I believe you all like him. It seemed best to make a change. I have never met your President, but I have a great admiration for him, for his friendly and cordial feeling for Great Britain, which she heartily reciprocates for America. I know that Germany is making up to your country and is more than anxious to make and create the closest ties"; whereupon he laughed. I, recognizing what was implied, answered that while America desired to be on friendly terms with all nations, it was contrary to our policy to form any alliances.

"Yes," he added, "good understanding and bonds of friendship are much wiser."

After asking me to extend his cordial greeting to the President and saying he was glad to have had the opportunity to renew our acquaintance, His Majesty rose and said good-by, wishing me a *bon voyage*.

* They were married about two months later.

* Sir Arthur Nicolson (now Baron Carnock), British Ambassador to Russia, 1905–10.

† Sir Henry Durand, British Ambassador to the United States, 1903–6.

‡ British Ambassador to the United States, 1907–13.

# THE TALISMAN

By Katharine Holland Brown

Author of "Millicent, Maker of History," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS HUNT

"SELLIN' 'em out for less'n nothin'," sighed the leading and only art dealer of Canyon City. "Handsomest line of fancy photos ever carried in Arizona. Looky this one, son. Some peach."

"Sure some peach," agreed the sunburned young forester, leaning from his saddle to take the bit of cardboard. His keen young eyes perused it; a queer, wistful gleam awoke in his look. "Though it ain't just that she's so pretty. It's the way she's lookin' down at her kid. Say, she thinks he's the only kid that ever happened, all right."

"That's what a woman always thinks," yawned the art dealer. He followed the boy's glance. It was the likeness of a certain winsome movie star posed in frank and flagrant imitation of a world-renowned masterpiece. It would have made a connoisseur to tear his hair. But to the young forester's happily unknowing eyes, even its great original could have held no deeper charm.

The girl, robed in flowing white, a white Madonna veil bound round her lovely head, stood beside a cradle. The cradle was draped so closely that one glimpsed only the dim outline of the tiny sleeping body, the round of a dimpled fist. Above that precious atom, the girl's body hovered in an exquisite shielding curve. Her eyes feasted on him, her beautiful smiling mouth exulted. She was rapturous, and triumphant, and infinitely piteous, the very flesh and breath of motherhood. And striking up from the cradle, like the reflected glory of her own love and joy, there lay on her a white radiance, a still and mystic flame.

"'After Correggio. 1529.'" The forester read the typed line below. "You sure got to hand it to those dago photographers." The odd, wistful look deepened on his face. "My mother died before I can remember. Yes, I'll take it. Six bits? Here you are. Yes, I'm riding back up the canyon to-night. So long."

The great train shot past endless turns on turns, then darted into the black thunder of a tunnel. This must be the twentieth tunnel since midnight, thought Lily Sanders, flattening a small, excited nose against the pane. Her narrow little tourist berth was suffocating. Groans and snores surrounded her. A powerful aroma of peanuts, orange-peel, dead cigarettes, and hot, drowsy humanity weighed on every breath. Lily, wrapped in the proud sophistication of her brand-new black sateen "sleeping-car wrapper," knew none of these things. She was on her way to San Francisco to apply for a place as salesgirl in Seligman's Mammoth Store, where Miriam Bloch, her very best friend, had already found a position, at the delirious salary of twelve dollars a week. She carried with her one small battered trunk; the gold-filled watch and chain which, far back in her baby memories, she could see glittering on her young mother's plump breast; a box of chocolate cherries, the parting gift of her four pals at the notions counter of Mead's Basement; and not a care, not a regret. She had not a single blood-tie remaining. She was starting out to seek her fortune, as independent as a migrating swallow.

All her nineteen years her horizon had been bounded by the clamor of West Halsted Street and the hot hurry of Mead's Basement. Never, save on the flickering screen of Bernheimer's Palace Theatre, over on Cottage Grove Avenue (General Admission, 10c.; Loges, 15c.), had she glimpsed past its gray bounds. Never had she so much as dreamed the vast, dim plains, the mighty hills and forests, of these three unbelievable nights and days.

"Gee," she breathed. "Some moon!

It's ten times bigger than any moon I ever laid eyes on out to Lincoln Park. An' lookit those rocks!" Her wide, half-frightened eyes stared down, down. Sheer below, flashing molten diamond in the moonlight, the canyon river brawled in icy fires. "Oh, but ain't it the *grandest!* Oh—oh!" In a breath, jagged walls leaped past the stars, blotted out the moon, gloomed on her narrow berth like the walls of the Pit. "Oh, if only I could see on both sides of the train at once! If



In that immensity of night and sky, she was a little, trapped, mad creature.—Page 299.

just I could ride with the engineer!" In the dusk, her small, rose-flushed face burned deeper rose; her wide eyes sparkled. "Like the heroine in 'Perils of Patricia.' If only——"

The train slowed down, came to a grinding stop.

"What on earth are we stopping here for? Right in the wildest place ever!"

Under her window three of the crew shouldered by. There came a high, cheerful voice:

"Well, by George, I'm glad the old man won't take the chance. With spies plantin' bombs everywhere, I'd wait to test every bloomin' trestle, orders or none."

"You said something." A second voice. "Let's sit down and have a smoke till daylight."

"Till daylight!" Lily sat up with a jerk. Tingling delicious mischief flashed like quicksilver through her veins. Till daylight! What a chance!

She thrust her little feet into her tan pumps, jerked on her coat, crammed her yellow braids inside the wide collar, and crept giggling from her berth. She glided through the murky aisle and out on the platform. There she stopped and caught her breath. The sweet, cold mountain wind poured in her face, stung in her throat like wine.

"Oh, ain't this elegant! Ain't it great!"

She slid down the steps and scrambled on the nearest boulder, an awed little dot between the starred majestic sky, the black abyss of the canyon. Torn, upflung steep on steep, the high Sierras reared their mighty barricade against the night. The sky hung like a canopy of state, star-brocaded. And mounting high, broad as a Titan's pocket-piece, gold, resplendent— "Gee! *Some* moon!"

Behind the boulder a narrow trail led upward. A moment Lily hesitated. Then she set out cautiously up the path.

Twice she turned, half afraid, and started toward the train.

"Don't be such a piker," she adjured herself severely. "Didn't that brakeman say till daylight? Hop along!"

The trail ended on a jut of rock. She stepped on its crest, then gasped. Right at her little tan toes it yawned: down, down, a black, eternal chasm. The roar of its unseen waters came up to her like the crash of far battle-arms.

"One step more—and, believe me, that Seligman job would have waited quite some time." Lily clung to the great rock. Her heart pounded, her eyes grew wide and dark. Starved little beauty-lover, this dusk splendor caught her up, exalted her, carried her far past her cramped little world. "My, it's so grand it makes you ache all over. Set against the mountains, that whole train of cars looks like a string of beads. If the Big Man was here who piled up those mountains, that train wouldn't no more than make him a watch-chain."

Over her small face came a dreamy wonder. Drifting before her eyes gleamed ancient magical words. Where had she heard them? What did they mean?

"—Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills——"

Suddenly she bent forward, staring. That string of dark beads—it could not be moving!

She leaped to her feet with a scream. But her cry was drowned by the engine bell. Shrieking, she ran down the path. Half-way down, her foot turned on a loose stone. She pitched forward and rolled in a heap. As she staggered up, the last red lantern-gleam vanished past a bend. Tolling like a bell of doom, the last echo died away. The hush of the mountains closed in like walls of glass.

"They ain't gone and left me. They—they shan't!"

Lily stood, ashen. Her flesh grew cold, her hands began to shake. She took a step; a sharp pain stabbed through her wrenched foot, turned her sick and faint.

"They'll come back for me. They'd never quit me like this!"

The silence of the mountains answered.

"But—but——"

She crouched on a boulder. She shook from head to foot.

"But— How'd they ever miss me? Who knows I got off the train?"

The whispered words seemed to reverberate till they filled the vast dusk sky. They drummed in her ears, they blazed upon her brain.

Suddenly she sprang up with a hoarse wail. She plunged down to the track and ran with all her might. But not a hundred yards, and the track turned from the rock shelf to wind on a cobweb of trestle. Driven by terror, Lily took a dozen steps on that knife-edge rail. Then she came to her senses and stumbled back.

"Quit your foolin'," she bullied herself through chattering teeth. "You don't want to tag that train, silly. You want to climb that footpath and find a house. I'll bet there's slues of houses around, soon's it gets light enough to see 'em."

Very disposedly she sat down and gripped her icy little hands on her knee.

"Now behave," she began. But her voice broke in a scream. Panic swooped down with black, strangling wings. She stumbled up the trail to the high mesa, she screamed and screamed till her voice cracked in her throat, she ran and stumbled and fell, then picked herself up and ran and ran, only to fall, and struggle to her feet, and fall again. In that immensity of night and sky, she was a little, trapped, mad creature, held down inexorably under that gigantic crystal bowl, struggling—wailing, frenzied—for escape.

Over and over she would sink down, too exhausted to move. Then, at a whisper of wind, the fall of a pebble under some tiny stealthy foot, she would spring up and rush on and on.

After a while, her last strength gave way. Wet with sweat, she crouched behind a bunch of sage-brush, and lay there, panting. She was bruised and cut and grimed with dust. Her wrapper hung in slits, her yellow hair swept in a great tangled fleece. Staring, her body one tremor, she watched the stars blaze whiter, the moon sink behind the mountain wall. Then, marching up the east, an army with banners, the terrible and magnificent dawn.

Never in her life had Lily beheld a sunrise that was not barred and shamed by houses. Its splendor woke a new, more agonizing fear. The night had been peopled with horrors. But its wings had shielded. Where, in this merciless light, was there a place to hide?

She stayed behind her sage-brush till the cruel sunlight drove her out. Under a cliff rim, she found a measure of shade. Mountain water bubbled from a near-by cleft. Lily cupped her hands and drank and drank. Its pure coldness filled her veins, steadied her swimming head. She tore a strip from her near-silk petticoat, already in tatters, wet it in the spring, and bandaged her wrenched foot firmly.

"Glad you've got sense enough to do that," she observed. But the sound of her own voice struck at her heart. She cried out, sprang up, and started to run again. Against that vast, dazzling, silent world her wails beat as fruitlessly as the wing of a moth against a flame. "For God's sake, ain't there any houses? Ain't there any folks anywhere? Oh, why don't the train folks come back for me! Why don't they come back!"

Had she stayed within sight of the track, she might have signalled a passing train. But her wild flight had carried her nearly two miles from the track. And by eerie ill-luck, that stretch of mesa was as bare and lifeless as the face of the moon.

The heat conquered her soon enough. She found herself pitching blindly back to her cliff rim. She barely made it. For long hours she lay motionless in its rescuing shadow. Now and then she would creep to the spring and drink.

"Where'd I be without this water?" she pondered. In all this strange, pitiless world, only the spring and the cliff shadow were kind. The rustle of the aspens down the canyon made her tremble. The shadow of a great hawk, circling high, made her cringe behind the rock.

For an eternity the day hung at a white-hot zenith. Then, suddenly, the sun had dropped down the flaming sky. A cooler air poured over the mesa. Lily's tense flesh relaxed. As the sunset dimmed, she dropped into heavy sleep.

It was long past midnight when she awoke, dazed, chilled to the bone. The moon rode high. Against the silver-blue arch, the mountains reared an inky wall. Lily sat up, staring.

"Where in the name of goodness am I?"

Then realization struck down on her.

"Oh, oh! I'm lost out on the desert! Oh, why don't the train folks come back for me! Why don't they come back!"

She lay down, crying bitterly. But the sobs died in her throat. She leaped up, gasping.

From the sheer depths below floated up a long, shrill, mournful note; a quavering howl.

"Wolves!" Lily whitened to her lips. Before her eyes flared snowy steppes, beneath a white, full moon; three galloping horses, a swaying sledge; after it, gaining at every leap, the yowling slavering pack. Yes. She had seen it all, over and over. At Bernheimer's Palace Theatre. Now it was coming true.

But even with those howls ringing in her ears, Lily could not stir. Horror held her, chained and mute. Pulseless, still as a little, terrified wild animal, she cowered there, hour on hour, till the moon slid down the hill of the sky and the east began to pale. And hour on hour, deep in a canyon fold, one lonely bobtailed coyote wept out his sobbing tenor to the moon.

With the first sunlight, Lily came to a strange and dreadful understanding.

"All this time I've banked on it that somebody would miss me. But who's a-going to miss me? Not the railroad folks. They don't even know my name. Not the girls at the store. They're countin' on my sendin' 'em some picture-postals from 'Frisco, that's all they know or care. Not my own folks. For they ain't one single soul on earth that belongs to me. No, sir. I've got to find myself, that's all. But I don't know which way to go. And I'm starved-hungry. I ain't had nothin' but buns an' coffee since I left Chicago. And my foot's 'most killin' me. Oh—oh!"

All her terror and frenzy swooped once more. Crying miserably, she pitched to her feet and started to run.

By noon, Lily, stumbling in an aimless circle, had blundered back to the spring. It was a Providential blundering. The




Now they were passing, single file:—Page 302.

blazing mesa had had its way with her. Her own mother would not have known the girl. She was a lovely little creature, soft-cheeked, delicately framed, with the pearl skin of the worker below-stairs and a mouth like a pink flower. But now she was a weird little caricature. Her fair hair hung in a dusty tangle, her lips were bleeding, her face was wrung into an ashy mask of fear. Under the scorching sun, her body shook in an icy chill. A new dread whispered in her ears. She was no longer terrified of the solitude, for the supreme fear had seized on her: the fear of her own kind. The horror of evil human creatures that might spring upon her even in these desert wastes.

At noon, far on the horizon, she saw three horsemen. Instead of rushing to meet them, as she would have done the

day before, she crept under the nearest sage-brush. From mere specks, the figures grew relentlessly: three Mexican herders in tall conical hats, each with his gay serape flung on his shoulder. Peering through the brush, Lily watched. Her flesh seemed shuddering from her bones.

On they came, nearer, nearer. She heard the creak of the saddles, she could see their fierce, dark faces, she could hear their guttural voices. Now they were passing, single file, so close that she could all but put out her hand and touch the clinking stirrups.

A wave of nausea swept Lily. For a time she lay almost senseless. Horror had passed too near.

At last she sat up feebly and peered out. Again they were only specks against the sky.

"I've seen 'em like that a hundred times. 'Desperate Dick' and 'The Highwayman's Last Stand,' and lots of others, too. I'll bet they've been robbing a train. Or else looting ranches. If they'd once caught sight o' me! They'd shot me down without one word. Oh, if they should come back! If they ever should find me——"

However, Pietro and Luis and cross-eyed Manuel did not ride back. Which was a pity. For they would have hoisted her on Pietro's amiable little paint horse, which was well used to carrying half a dozen small, shouting passengers at once, and carried her off to Luis's grubby little rancho away down the valley. There Luis's conchita, stout, grubby, mother-gentle, would have taken her into warm arms, and fed her fresh milk and tortillas, and put her to rest on a cerise-plush couch, twin-brother to those you can buy in Mead's Basement for $7.98, and put "The End of a Perfect Day" on the phonograph to soothe her sleep. But, never dreaming the haven she had missed, Lily lay hidden, weakly thankful. After a while she'd start for that big hill yonder. It didn't look more than a mile away. Surely, from its top, she would see houses where real folks lived, white folks like herself. "But I must wait till sundown. It's too awful hot now."

Yet it seemed as if there were two Lilys fretting and arguing at the cliff rim.

"Wait here by the spring till it's cooler," urged one Lily.

"But I dassent. If I don't start now I'll never make it at all. I'm 'most done out now," returned the other Lily. And the other Lily won. Shivering in that furnace glare, wincing with her tormented foot, she set out toward the hills.

The sun went down in a molten amber sky. Lily plodded on. She was quite light-headed now. She talked and babbled to that far blue hill. Sometimes she cried out, in pity for her throbbing foot. Often she glanced furtively over her shoulder. But the three desperadoes were nowhere to be seen. That was a wonderful comfort. Yet— Yet——

That black dot against the western sky. Could it—could it be a moving, living thing?

Lily stopped, dead. Her face worked: she wailed out in utter anguish. A man on horseback, miles away, but riding straight toward her.

"I can't run! I can't make a getaway to save my life!"

There was no sage-brush near. But she ran to a little butte close by. She lay down against it and flattened her body as tight as a chipmunk. If the man rode by on the farther side, he could not see her. If he rode on the nearer side, there was a chance that he would not notice her.

The tiny horseman grew swiftly. A young man, straight and tall, sitting his tired little mouse-gray horse like a cowboy. Lily strained her agonized eyes. A thread of a trail passed the butte on the farther side. If he took that trail, she was safe. But if he turned to the nearer side——

"He's comin' this road! Oh, my Lord! Oh—oh!"

Lily's last clutch on sanity gave way. She gave one cry of agony. Then, pitching, swaying, she ran toward the cliff.

"For the love of Mike!" The young man all but fell off his horse. Then he checked his startled pony and started in pursuit. "It's a woman! A crazy woman at that. Lost up here on the mesa— Here, sister, wait. Wait, I say. What the dickens— Hey, sister! You quit that! For God's sake! *Quit!*"

He rode down on her at a gallop. He

leaped from his horse, seized Lily's hands, and knocked the sharp-edged stone from her grasp. Lily's face was distorted; her eyes flared, wild. A trickle of blood dropped from her right wrist. In her mad fear, she had caught up the stone and managed to cut a deep scratch in her soft arm.

The man grasped her firmly. He gaped at her in abject amazement.

"Well, what do you know about that! She ain't a woman at all. She's nothing but a kid. A little, lost, scared-to-death kid. Tryin' to kill herself right before my eyes. Why, you poor little boob!" He drew her closer. He kicked at the bit of rock in a rage of pity. "Say, can you beat it? Killin' herself because she was afraid. And it's me she's afraid of. Me!"

Lily stood like a stone.

"Come along with me, sister. We'll make camp— Here, stop that. I'm not tryin' to hurt you. Come along, now. Stop your hollerin', kid. Stop, I say!"

Lily fought with all her might. But against his iron young strength her wails and struggles made nothing. He picked up the little writhing thing, shut her beating hands into one of his, and carried her back to where his little horse stood waiting. There he put her on her feet and reached for his canteen.

"Drink this, girlie. Get some good cold water down you, you poor little boob, and you'll feel different. Drink, I say."

Lily thrust him madly back. After much effort, the boy dropped the canteen, but still held her tightly. His sunburned face was ludicrous with dismay. He was a very competent young forester, indeed, and he had proven himself equal to more than one crisis, but nothing in the whole range of government instructions, which he had so diligently scanned, had told him how to cope with one small, shrieking, half-mad girl.

"She's got me buffaloed, all right," he grunted, trying breathlessly to recapture her fighting hands. "If I keep on holding her, she'll go plumb crazy. She's mighty near crazy now. If I let her go, she'll kill herself. Throw herself over the cliff, most like. Ain't it the hell of a fix, though!"

Suddenly his face lighted. A minute he pondered, incredulous, but with growing hope.

"It won't work. Not one chance in a thousand. But I'll try it anyhow. Here goes."

Holding Lily gripped in one arm, he felt swiftly through his pockets. Finally he hauled out a dingy envelope. From it he drew a photograph; a small, unmounted photograph.

He drew Lily closer. He thrust the picture before her eyes.

"See here, sister. Looky what I got. Did ever you lay eyes on a finer kid than that? And ain't his momma the peach, though? Stop cryin', little girl. Easy, now. See!"

Almost against her face he held it; the tender, girlish Madonna face, the sleeping child.

"Ain't he the fine young husky, though? See the two fists on him. And smart? Why, he says daddy and mammy plain as you nor me. And strong? I bet he could push you over this minute. Looky, little girl. Just see!"

Slowly Lily's body ceased its tortured writhing. She put out one cold little hand; she touched the picture. Her bloodshot eyes turned to the boy with a dazed question.

"Baby?" Her swollen tongue mumbled the word. "Your—baby?"

"Why else would I be showin' you this?" The man beamed down into those pitiful eyes. His heart was jumping in his breast. Say, could you beat it! Talk about your hunches! "Isn't he the king-pin, though? And his ma, she's fine as silk. I wish they was both here. They'd admire to meet you, I know."

He put her down on the nearest boulder and stood watchfully by. But now Lily felt no impulse for flight. She had no thought, save of the picture in her hands. She pored over it; and as she gazed, the agony faded from her face, her eyes grew calm. It was as if the mere sight of the picture wrought some healing spell.

The man never took his eyes from her. He hardly dared to breathe.

Finally, with a long sigh, she held the picture out to him.

"Thank you. I sure do wish they was

here," she said, between unsteady breaths. "I'd be pleased to meet them myself."

"I know you would." Still holding the photograph in full view, the boy took her hand and led her up the ridge. An instant she flinched back. Then she came, docile, utterly weary. Talking and laughing at high speed, he led her up the rough slope to a safe distance from the cliff rim.

"Now for some grub. Then we'll hit the trail for the Ivins ranch. Gramma Ivins will fix you up fine." He kept a wary eye on her while he rummaged for matches and bread and bacon. But Lily sat as placidly as a drugged thing, the picture still in her hands. She had fought through these last hours on the strength of madness alone. Now that all her terrors were banished, her worn-out little body was swiftly giving way. She looked at the boy with blurred eyes as he built the fire and cooked supper. She did not stir when he sat down on the rock beside her, tin cup in hand, and began to coax.

"Just one cupful, girlie. Just to please me. And try this bacon— Slow, honey, slow! Aha, you're findin' out how hungry you are. Easy, honey-girl. Easy!"

She was wide awake now, snatching at the food like the famished creature she was. He took it away from her and fed her by careful crumbs and sips. Her young body seized on the food, her pulses stirred, her dulled brain cleared. Suddenly, to the boy's distress, she flung her arm over her face and began to cry.

"There, there, sister! Don't, honey-girl! Don't!"

Lily wailed on. But now he realized that her tears were healing. Between her sobs, she was telling it all, pouring it all out, the poison of those heaped hours of fear.

"What scared me worst was to think, 'There's nobody to know, nor care. No matter what happens to you.' For I'm all soul-alone. Since Aunt Mame died I ain't got anybody. Not anybody on this earth!"

"Aw, you poor little boob, I know just how you felt." The boy put out a big, awkward hand and stroked the tangled yellow fleece on his knee. "I'm right there myself. Not one single solitary kin have I got. Gee, it's tough to have no folks of your own."

"You?" Lily clutched vaguely at his words. "But you've got folks a-plenty. Your wife, and your baby, too."

The boy gurgled, sputtered. He turned crimson to his hair.

"Y-yes. Of course. I forgot them. But, after this, girlie, mind you dassent feel lonesome any longer. Because, after this, there'll always be somebody thinkin' about you. There'll always be me."

"Yes." Lily drew a long breath. Suddenly she slid from the boulder and curled up on his poncho like a kitten. Already she was sinking into exquisite sleep. But her lips formed their contented whisper: "After this, there ain't nothin' can scare me so awful bad. For there'll always be you."

Then she sank fathoms deep in sleep, limp as a drowned thing, her small, tear-stained face as serene as a cherub's, under the blown spindrift of her flax-gold hair.

The boy looked down at her a long minute. Then he crept away, fed his pony, packed coffee-pot and frying-pan, and built up the fire. Finally he settled himself comfortably and lit his pipe.

"I'll let her sleep till moonrise. Then I'll stack her on 'Lijah, and we'll strike for the Ivins ranch. Lucky it's only eight miles. The poor little boob, she's clean beat."

He bent and watched the unconscious face. Every mark of terror had vanished. Only weariness and youth remained. One hand still held loosely to the photograph. A glint of firelight caught the faces of mother and child; the faces whose message of love and peace had called Lily back from that black, hideous gulf.

The man looked down at it. His mouth twitched in a sheepish grin.

"Wasn't I the lucky guy to think of that! Poor little boob, she swallowed it all—hook, bob, and sinker. But wait till she finds out that that baby ain't my kid at all, that I've never seen its mother —Whew! Won't she have my scalp! Wait till she finds that I bought it off that Canyon City fellow because I hadn't any folks of my own and kinder wanted to pretend to myself that they was mine. Then— *Good* night!"

He tried gently to draw the card from




"Sleep tight, you poor little boob," he whispered softly.

her grasp. But even in her deathlike sleep, Lily's fingers tightened, as upon a precious amulet. With an amused little shrug, the boy let go. But his big fingers reached deftly to tuck the poncho closer around the limp little form.

"Sleep tight, you poor little boob," he whispered softly. And on his sunburned, lined young face there glowed the same deep, tender light, the same grave radiance that shone from the girl-mother's eyes upon her child. "Sleep tight, for you'll never be soul-alone any more. After this there'll always be somebody. After this there'll always be —me."





# PORTRAIT OF A LADY

By Sarah N. Cleghorn

Her eyes are sunlit hazel:
  Soft shadows round them play.
Her dark hair, smoothly ordered,
  Is faintly touched with grey.
Full of a gentle brightness
  Her look and language are:—
Kind tongue that never wounded,
  Sweet mirth that leaves no scar.

Her dresses are soft lilac
  And silver-pearly grey.
She wears, on meet occasion,
  Modes of a bygone day,
Yet moves with bright composure
  In fashion's pageant set,
Until her world she teaches
  Its costume to forget.

With score of friends foregathered
  Before a cheerful blaze,
She loves good ranging converse
  Of past and future days.
Her best delight (too seldom)
  From olden friends to hear
How fares the small old city
  She left this many a year.







(There is a still more pleasant,
A cosier converse still,
When, all the guests departed,
Close comrades talk their fill.
Beside our smouldering fire
We muse and wonder late;
Commingling household gossip
With talk of gods and fate.)

All seemly ways of living,—
Proportion, comeliness,
Authority and order,—
Her loyal heart possess.
Then with what happy fingers
She spreads the linen fair
In that great Church of Bishops
That is her darling care!

And yet I dare to forecast
What her new name must be
Writ in the mystic volume
Beside the crystal sea:—
Instead of "True Believer,"
The golden quill hath penned,
"Of the poor beasts that perish,
The brave and gentle friend."







# THE HEADS ON THE MOUNTAIN

By Shaw Desmond

Author of "Democracy," "The Soul of Denmark," etc.

HELL had spewed itself up and about the valley of Aughrim—spewed itself in a red and black vomit that stank to high heaven in the ruined cabins, dark and smoking; in the flares of ten thousand stacks; in the rotting bodies of the fine young men that covered the hillsides.

In the valley there was the silence of death, broken only now and then by the tramp of armed men, by the screech of the war-eagle that swept from its eerie to its easily won feast, or by the banshee whose wail came down the wind.

For "Bloody" Burton, the English general, was doing his work, and doing it well. He had sworn that he would put the fear of God into the valley, and he had kept his word.

But it was the hard thing to be alive in the day of the Rebellion. Nothing but bloody murder and sudden death treading on your heels, waiting to trip you up and send you flying headlong into the pit. Every night, if you had "the sight," you could see the twin sisters, Disease and Despair, grinning and gibbering at each other around the bale-fires on the mountain. Around every ruined hearth you could hear the swoosh of the death-wings, and on the hilltops, when the black night was broken by the advance-guards of the spirits of the morning in the gray dawn, you could see the legions of the dead chased away over the edge of the world, only to return when the wings of night had swept their giant circle around the earth.

But you would be making a mistake if you thought that all the people of the valley were in the black way. Faith, it was wonderful how some of the prime boys used to be keeping their spirits up! Boon companions. Merry devils. Handfasts of the true breed.

There were black-faced Billy Muldoon and Thady the Piper with the crafty gray eye. And Pad the Mom and Jerry Condon, not forgetting long Lanty the Rat—as they used to call him.

Faith, as I said, it was little these five honest men were troubled by the burnings, and tortures, and outrages. "Divil's skewer to them that can't look after their own," as Lanty had it. But sure he didn't say it outside—only to the other four, who were sitting as snugly as you please, warming the seats of their leathers foreninst the peat fire in Lanty's cottage.

It was a sweet, retiring little spot set back in a corner of the valley, no more wishing to court notice than a man when the duns are after him. And you might be sure there was always a drop of the right sort for the right sort when it put its nose inside the door.

And there were five of the right sort in the cabin that night. Boys that could tell a story or toss off a noggin of spirit with the best in the county. And here, indeed, was little Thady telling one of his stories, and the boys around killing themselves with laughing as he turned his eyes up now this way, now that, or let the laugh slip out unbeknownst from the corner of his leathery old mouth, from which a drop of spittle would run every now and then, as though some cunning old dog were recounting the matter.

"Yes, boys," says he, "and he looked at me very solemn and fierce in his red robes, with the ould wig on the top of his pate, and says he: 'This is a hangin' matther, Timothy O'Rourke, and it is sayin' your prayers you ought to be.' And I, with the sorrowful look in me eye, spoke up as bould as brass, and tould him and all the court that I would not deny I was a pathriot and a good Irishman, but that, as the blessed saints conthrived it, I had nothing to do with the shot that killed Major Johnson. And boys," smiled the little man, "he gave me the quarest look in the eye you ever see in life."

There was a crackle of laughter from the others as though an exquisite joke were in progress.

"And what happened then?" said Billy Muldoon, when he had finished laughing.

"Arrah is it axin' me what happened then? Why, I'll tell you what happened then. There was the divil's own talkin' amongst the lawyers— —— —— them! —and they put it this way and that, and twisted it inside out like the goatskin of Brian O'Lynn, and the crown prosecutor, with hell's own twinkle in his eye, withdrew the case, 'for,' says he, 'this man ought to be hanged, but there is no evidence against him, and anyhow——'"

"Holy Father! What's that!"

It was Billy who spoke, for there was a knock on the door—very slight.

"God save us all!" said the piper, crossing himself, "but don't go near the door; maybe it is the 'good people.'"

They all listened in silence.

Again there was a slight tapping.

"I wouldn't open that door for all the gold in England," whispered Pad. "It is a thrick of the sperits."

"Anybody at home?" came a voice from the other side of the door.

"Well, that's the voice of a creature of flesh and blood. I am going to the door," said Thady.

There was a confused sound of laughing and talking from the outside.

The bolt snapped back, and the door was flung open by the little piper.

Limned against the brightness of the moon were the figures of perhaps fifteen or twenty men. Over their shoulders they carried a queer collection of weapons. One man had a pike, another an old blunderbuss, another a musket.

The first man stepped through the door. It was big Rhoderick O'Riordan—"Rhoderick Dhu," as they used to call him, by reason of the blackness of his complexion.

A queer, conthradictory devil, Rhoderick, who always laughed when he was angry, and had the cross way when he was pleased, with a pair of blue eyes that struck sparks from whatever they looked at, as though they were flint striking against steel.

"Good evening, and God save all here," said he as he crossed the threshold, followed by some of the other men.

"Good evening, Rhoderick," said Lanty, craning forward his long neck in the way that he had, as though to get a better sight of the visitor. "Faith, it is the late hour you chose for the visit."

"Sure," said Rhoderick, "'it is never too late for friends to meet or for foes to die,' as the ould sayin' goes. We came, to tell you the truth, for a drop of the crathure, for it is dry that we will be drillin' up in the mountains."

"Drillin', is it?" said Lanty, hooking his head round. The eyes of the other four might have been those of birds as they strained to attention.

"Yes, drillin'. Sure, don't we rise to-morrow night, when the moon is at the full, and when we'll send 'Bloody' Burton to hell?"

And he broke into a hard laugh.

"And where do ye be risin'?" crooned Thady, in the soft way that he had.

"On the top of little Croagh Ardagh," replied Rhoderick.

"And how many of you will there be?" asked Jerry Condon.

"Three hundred and two, and if you five will join us, as you promised, there will be three hundred and seven—no more —no less."

"Sure, we'll do that same, and wid a heart and a half," said Jerry. "And what is more, we'll go and drill wid ye to-night."

"Well, let us have a dhrink all round, and let us be movin' on for the love of heaven, for we have our work to do and the night is spending itself."

Lanty went over to the big chimney and, moving an oak settle that fitted into the corner, took out from a recess behind a small keg of spirit. Two or three glasses were fetched out from the dresser, and were rapidly circulated from man to man until each one had his drink.

"Glory be to God!" said one of the visitors. "The redcoats are over in Dungarvan, and there is not a soldier within ten miles of us; so we can drill at our ease. Didn't little Paudeen McGrath see the whole boiling of them march out with their blasted colors at four o'clock this evening."

"Yes," broke in another, "and there was Burton at the head of them, with the purple blood of his bull neck waiting to be pricked. A little blood-letting will be good for him, and he'll get it to-morrow. Be God! we have enough surgical instru-

ments to cure half the English army of apoplexy."

The others laughed.

"Now, Thady, go over there and fetch down the pipes," said a little man with a droll face, persuasively. "It is music we want to carry us over the hills to-night. The divil a redcoat to interfere, and never a note raised for the last six months since the country was up."

The little piper scuttled across the mud floor and took the pipes down from where he had put them.

The men crowded out of the door.

"Oh, faith! I was near forgettin'," said the leader. "What weapons have ye, boys? You must have something to drill with."

"Sure, I have nothing in the place but a few spades," replied Lanty.

"Well, bring them," said Black Rhoderick, "maybe they will come in handy."

The spades were fetched from the outhouse, and the men lined up in soldier-fashion, Thady at their head.

"March!" cried Rhoderick.

There was the swing of the feet on the hard mountain road, whilst in front strutted little Thady, working the bellows of his pipes for the dear life.

It was the mad thing that he was playing. Nothing more nor less than "Modderideroo"—one of the oldest tunes in Ireland, that they do be saying came down from the time of the flood. There are all kinds of things in it—divilment and killing and love-making. It was the strange thing entirely to hear the sound of the pipes echoing wildly among the hills—now losing itself in the wastes, and now being thrown back at the marchers by the white face of some old stone quarry. But sure it is well known that it is the queerest tune in the world.

As the tune rose on the night wind the spirits of the night-walkers rose with it. You could feel the lilt in their step on the road—the surging of the blood as it pumped itself through their veins under the impulse of the music. Every now and then a little laugh would break from one or other of the band—or a mad jest would be hurled backward and forward like you see the children when they are playing handball.

Higher and madder rose the tune. Sure, you would think there were ten thousand devils screeching in the wind. Higher and wilder it rose, I say, until it broke and finished on a high note that screamed itself out like a living thing that is having the hard passing.

"Good boy, Thady!" cried Rhoderick. "Sure, it is you have the way wid ye on the pipes. Go on—give us some more. Pipe whilst ye have the chance, for faith, maybe, what with the alarums of war and one thing and another, it might be tomorrow that you or all of us might be food for the scaldy-crows.

"Holy Mother!" he broke off, as he crossed himself, "may I never if that isn't one sitting back there on Michael Murphy's cabin."

He pointed to the blackened walls and charred rafters of a little cabin that perched bleakly upon the spur of a hillock. Sure enough, as he said, there was the thing of ill-omen, the carrion crow, with its coat of evil gray, that looked at them with its head cocked on one side, and, as they came abreast, croaked once or twice and flew sluggishly away under the moon.

"May God blast the sowl of the man that gave the crooked word to put away poor Michael in Fermoy jail, and to send him dangling between earth and sky with his young neck broken!"

The speaker was a gaunt, dark man, whose words were re-echoed in a dozen different tones by the men about.

"Yes," said another, "and there was Dennis O'Sullivan, and Shamus Moriarty, and Patrick O'Toole—and where are they this night? Where are they, I ask?"

Again a sullen Amen of curses rose from the little band.

"And there was Eileen O'Connor, Michael's sweetheart, whose mind they do be sayin' has taken its flight into the dark place since they hanged her man."

"And indeed we might meet her tonight," put in another man. "She is always walkin' round and round the house from where they tuk poor Michael to his death. Oh, it was she that was the fine girl until they desthroyed the light of her understandin'."

"Strike up another tune, Thady boy, and drive the horrors away from us," came a voice from the crowd.

"What will ye have, gintlemin? 'The Rakes of Mallow,' 'The Cows Are in the Corn,' 'The Little Red Fox.' Give it the word," said the little piper, his eyes sparkling.

"The Dirge of Shamus Fitzgerald," shouted one.

"No," said a funny little fellow at the back, with a turned-up nose, "give us 'The Night that Thady was Stretched.'"

"The Night that Thady was Stretched," they all yelled.

"Have it afther your own wishes, gintlemin," said the piper, with a twinkle in his moist gray eye.

He struck up the tune. A fine, rollicking tune, as you know, with drink, divilment, and divarsion in the heart of it.

He walked along, beating time with his elbows, and working the bellows under his arm as though his life depended on it. There he marched, strutting along the road for all the world like a little gamecock, the natty legs of him clothed in green knee-breeches and gray stockings. Faith, you could almost see the beak of him, and the spurs on his feet that were thrown out at each step.

He was in the middle of a flourish, when all at once the pipes dropped from his hands, and he stood still in the middle of the road as though he had been touched by the finger of God.

A shrill laugh came through the night. A tearing kind of a laugh that always stays with you after you have heard it—sleeping and waking.

Shadow-like against the moonlight as it struck from the slope behind her stood a tall girl, her dark hair falling around her loosely in a wild tangle. Her eyes glittered whitely as they slanted to the moon rays.

Again the horrid sound rose on the air.

"Go on, Thady O'Rourke, go on!" It was the girl speaking.

"Go on, I tell ye. Sure, why wouldn't you be merry with my Michael drying in the wind at the four crossroads? Play on—it isn't a thrifle like a broken neck that would be stoppin' you."

"Faith, it was the start that you gave me, alannah. I will go on and that same quickly," quavered the piper. "Boys," said he, under his breath, "she is mad, and she might be puttin' the evil eye on us. It is betther to humor her."

"I'm comin' with ye, boys. I know where you are going. Sure, aren't ye getting ready to send the redcoats back to the pit from which they came before the light of that moon floods the valley of Aughrim twice more. I am comin' with ye."

The poor creature marched along just behind the piper, no man giving her the cross word.

Thady O'Rourke took up the tune again. But the life had gone out of him. The notes came in gasps, as though the little man were laboring for breath.

O'Riordan stepped up to him with a queer little smile on his face as the man stopped.

"Go on, Thady," said he, very quiet, looking steadily at him.

"Sure, it is tired that I am," replied the piper, as he wiped the sweat from his forehead, "and the divil another note do I play until I have had a rest."

"Go on, Thady," persisted O'Riordan evenly and quietly. "Go on."

"Well, if it is to plaze you, I will do my endeavors," said the piper, after he had looked at the other.

Again the notes rose, as they wound through a mountain defile. They were very high up now, and coming to the top of Croagh Ardagh, where they were to drill. The white moonlight bathed the tops of the hills at either side of them in a misty radiance, and as they broke through on to the level space, they could see, stretching far to the west, the shimmering veil of waters breathing under the silvery beams.

The little piper stopped again, his breath coming and going.

"Go on, Thady," said Rhoderick.

"I will not," said the piper, "sure, it is killin' an ould man that ye are."

"Go on—God blast you! go on," said his tormentor in a terrible voice. "Sure, you must finish what you have commenced."

"Arrah," said long Lanty ingratiatingly, throwing an eye on Rhoderick, "why don't you do what is axed of you? Isn't it . . ."

Rhoderick looked at him. It was

enough. The words fell away in a throaty crackle.

"Go on, Thady, go on," said Eileen. "Isn't to-night the great night for the pipes! 'Tis the night to be glad in the heart of ye. Play the sowls of the fine young men and the girls that are dead into purgathory. Play them in, I say. Play them in." Again her laugh broke wildly.

The little man turned from one to the other, his eyes looking for something in their faces.

"All right, boys, if it is your sport, sure, I am satisfied." And he tried a laugh. But the laugh was strangled in his throat.

"What is it you are afther now?"

"I'll tell you, Thady boy, what we'll have now. Give us 'The Rogue's Dead March.' How will that be to your likin's, boys?"

And Rhoderick turned to the faces of the men that were whitely set under the moon.

The word was taken up by a dozen throats as the little man buckled his pipes on his arm once more.

The men formed a sort of irregular circle around the player.

You know "The Rogue's Dead March." And you know how it came to be composed in the ould ancient days when Brian Boru was King of Ireland—but it is not wearyin' you I would be with what every one knows.

And Thady himself played the tune as though possessed. The sweat streamed down his face. But still he played on. And they kept him at it in the cruel way, until at last the pipes dropped from him.

"Thank ye, Thady," said Rhoderick, "sure, it is yourself has the touch. Lay down the pipes and take up the spade, for we have some diggin' for you to do." And he smiled pleasantly at him.

The old man moved forward slowly. All at once he screamed.

"Gintlemin! Gintlemin! What is it that you are goin' to do wid me?" And his face went gray under the moon.

"Nothing at all, honest man," laughed one of the men.

"Arrah, don't be foolish, Thady," said Billy Muldoon, his own face very gray. "What is it that the boys would be doin' with ye?"

"That's right, Billy," said the little snub-nosed man, "put the quiet spirit into him. Maybe he is not the only wan that'll want it before the night is out. And maybe it is diggin' for threasure we are. Sure, it is well known that some of us are fond of the yellow-boys." And the others laughed in delight.

"Well, boys, if it is your desire, I will do anything you want. But it is you that have the great humor entirely. First a piping and then a digging."

The men walked over to the other side of the open space. Four dark masses loomed up on the grass, looking black against their green setting. As they got closer it could be seen that by the side of each mass of earth there was a deep hole in the shape of a pear going down perhaps five or six feet.

"What are those, boys?" asked Muldoon.

"Nothing more or less than four traps for catching redcoats," said a big man, over the head of Thady.

"How do you bait them, boys?" asked Muldoon, the corners of his mouth moving queerly.

"Nothing easier in life," said Rhoderick. "It is well known that the divil looks well after his own, and it is the redcoats that look well after their friend the informer. All you have to do is to put an informer in each, when up come the redcoats, and there you are."

Lanty wheezed out a laugh. "Well, anyhow, it is as injanious a conthraption as the divil himself," he said. "But where are the informers?"

"Oh, sure, we are waitin' for them," said one of the men.

"Now, then, Thady, my bucko," said Rhoderick, "take up the spade."

"What for?" said the old man piteously.

"Well, we want another trap, and you are the man to make it."

"But, gintlemin, savin' your presence . . ."

He had hardly got the words out of his mouth when O'Riordan, with a terrible oath, had stepped up to him and struck him heavily in the mouth.

The spittle, flecked with blood, ran loosely from the old man's lips. Turning a gray look upon his tormentors, without

another word he picked up a spade and started digging, whilst the others laughed and talked about him.

"Sure, it is he that has the great hand with the spade."

"Well, he has sent enough fine men under the sod, anyhow," cried another.

"He might be ould Jimmy the sexton," said another.

"Ah, sure, it is the spade that is his instrument—not the pipes," laughed a fourth.

The old man labored in the soft earth. Gradually his feet and then his knees disappeared from view as he dug. The sweat poured coldly from his face, as though the death-dews were already there, his eyes turning from side to side at the men about him.

"Go on, Thady, go on," said O'Riordan encouragingly, and as softly as a mother might speak to her child, as the old fellow showed signs of exhaustion, and half fell, half scrambled to the edge of the pit.

"Take a rest now, Thady, whilst you are raising the tune with the pipes," said one of the men.

"Wan more tune before you go," shouted another in a very ecstasy of mirth.

The old man was given his pipes as he sat on the edge of the hole, his feet dangling in the pit. They did not tell him what to play this time, but as they waited they heard "The Passing of Owen Roe O'Neill" rise on the wind. The dirge swept eerily out over the edge of the green plot of ground into the spaces beyond.

"—— —— it! I can't bear it!" A man had broken from the others, his eyes staring, his hand clutching at his neck-clout. It was Pad the Mom.

"But you'll have to bear it," said O'Riordan.

"What is it that is throublin' you, honest man?" crooned Eileen, and she laughed quietly to herself.

"Nothing, nothing," muttered Pad as he went back again.

The notes rose and fell. There was an infinite sorrow in the music—the sorrow of the soul that is passing.

"Take up the spade now," said O'Riordan.

The old man went on with his task dumbly.

Gradually, as he threw out the dark earth, he disappeared, until only his neck was visible, his four friends looking on as though it was fascinated they were.

"Put down your spade now, Thady—you are goin' to have the long rest from your throubles."

The old man threw out his spade and scrambled out of the pit, falling exhausted on the edge, his little legs dangling into it.

"Well, boys, the night is flyin', and we have our drillin' to do. We have the thraps. Now for the bait."

The word had hardly passed Black Rhoderick's lips, when a heavy boot was thrust against the small of the piper's back, knocking him into the pit, where he stood clambering at the sides, with his cunning little head bobbing up and down over the edge. In a moment the men had flung themselves upon Muldoon, Lanty, Pad the Mom, and Jerry Condon, and had forced them, screaming and blaspheming, into the pits, and, seizing the spades, started to fling in the earth. Scream after scream tore through the night.

"Oh God! you are killin' me . . ."

"For the love of Christ, boys . . ."

"I didn't do it, I tell . . ."

The holes were filled in and the earth stamped down hard around the necks of the living men, who turned their eyes in horrid silence upon their sextons as they hurried away from the place, laughing and talking as though possessed.

But after the others had gone down the hill, Eileen O'Connor remained behind. For three days and three nights she kept her vigil with Death by the Heads on the Mountain, and as she sat she told them the things that had to be told. And what she said to them and what the Heads said to her is not known, and never will be known, but for three days and nights the people in the valley beneath thought they heard the voices on the wind, and when, at the long last, the soldiers found their way to Croagh Ardagh, the scaldy-crows had been there before them, and the sight that came to their eyes . . . but I don't think I will tell you the sight that came to the soldiers on the top of Croagh Ardagh.

# ARMISTICE DAYS IN PARIS

## BY MARY KING WADDINGTON

ARMISTICE . . . 11TH NOVEMBER, 1918

*Monday,* November 11th.

WE could not believe it this morning, when we heard the cannon telling Paris that the long tragedy was over and that "peace on earth, good-will toward men" would be more than words or prayers in our Christmas services this year. I was at the Embassy late yesterday afternoon, saying like so many others, that I was sorry it had come so soon! I would have liked a victory (it was so near), and a triumphant army crossing the Rhine, and burning and devastating at least a few villages and towns. We, who live in the devastated regions, and have seen and still see such terrible misery, all our beautiful plains and valleys a bare black mass, full of obus holes as deep as wells, and trenches with barbed wire still hanging on them, and the piteous bands of women and children, half-clothed, half-starved, frightened, but all flocking back to their "pays" in search of homes that no longer exist, have a very bitter feeling against the barbarians who brought so much suffering into our lives. It would be very difficult, indeed impossible, for any of us to have patience with the enemy and show ourselves generous victors. The Ambassador came in for a few moments, and told us the armistice would certainly be signed, and that the conditions were so hard that we would be more than satisfied when they were announced. Francis, who was at home on leave, was decidedly sceptical this morning when the first shots were heard, but as they continued in regular succession there was no doubt possible, and the shouts and hurrahs in the street would have told us if we hadn't heard the cannon. Flags appeared like magic at all the windows; everybody rushed into the street; everybody shook hands with everybody; a great many women were crying, some with joy, some poor things in anguish, thinking of those lying in their lonely graves all over France and Flanders, fallen too soon to know that their sacrifice had not been in vain. I wonder do they know; I think something must tell them and that they will hear in their long sleep the tramp of retreating armies, and know that at last their beloved country is free from the hordes of barbarians, who have left such terrible traces of their occupation.

We all went out, and the street—the wonderful Paris street which has seen so much—was most interesting. All sorts of pathetic little incidents. Our concierge has lost two sons, one early in the war, the youngest about two months ago. She was very brave, poor thing; put out her modest little flag, with the tears streaming down her cheeks. I can't tell you the effect the cannon made on us. We have heard it so often, that terrible long-distance gun, always a sinister menace of worse to come, and even when it was not in our quarter, we knew it meant death and destruction somewhere. We couldn't realize that this time it brought the heavenly message of peace. I was lunching with Mme. de J. across the river, and thought I never should get there. Impossible to get a taxi; all were full, and had already flags on their carriages, and a tricolor ribbon on the neck of the dog who so often sits up alongside of the driver. I finally got a place standing in a tram; just as I was getting in, two poilus, one limping badly, came along and wanted to get in, but neither had any money on him, so they were turning sadly away, when there came almost a roar from the people inside; hands were stretched out to help them in, all saying "montez, montez," and a voice, a man's, from a corner of one of the cars said "On vous payerait vos places en or aujourd'hui, mes amis. Où serions-nous sans vous? Vive le poilu." (We would pay your

places in gold to-day, my friends, where should we be without you?) The young fellows looked so pleased. We were only four at luncheon, one the Cte. d'I.—who had his beautiful château sacked very early in the war. Priceless treasures, books, papers, tapestries, pictures, the collection of years, carried off, or destroyed. He of course feels the armistice has come too soon; would have loved to see a victorious army cross the Rhine and burn a few châteaux and villages in Germany. I walked home by the Place de la Concorde, which was black with people, bands playing before the statues of Lille and Strasbourg, and processions of all kinds, men and women struggling through the dense mass of people! A group of girls in uniform carrying French and American flags were making their way through the crowd with difficulty, singing or rather humming a tune. A procession of boys and young men, some poilus too, coming in the other direction barred their way, saying: "Allons les gosses, un peu de courage. Chantez nous la Marseillaise." There was a pause, and then a fresh young voice began timidly the famous air. The crowd instantly joined in, and it was a mighty wave of sound that filled the place before the first verse was finished.

I heard laughing and nervous little screams as I went on, and cries of "Vive la France." A band of American soldiers, meeting a group of pretty little midinettes, had seized the girls by the waist, lifted them high in the air and kissed them on both cheeks, then they put them down. The crowd was delighted as the girls ran away laughing; a lady of mature years, who I think would not have been molested, looked smilingly at the Americans saying: "les beaux gars." Everywhere people were cheering and singing, but there was always a certain dignity and reserve which the French have shown so strongly all through the war. It was late when I got home; the Frances's came still later, they had been out with their friends the Dampierres who had been at the Chambre des Députés when the armistice was announced. They said it was a wonderful scene; the house packed, perfect silence when Clemenceau, his voice trembling with emotion, announced the armistice, then roars of applause that almost shook the house. They went off to dine with the Jeans the other side of the river.

*Wednesday* 13th.

Same beautiful weather. C. and I went to the first meeting of the Women's Peace Day Relief Committee, American Red Cross. On our way down, we met a procession toiling up the hill—our two boys, a friend and a poilu dragging along a cannon, quite a big one on wheels which they brought from the Place de la Concorde. Clemenceau had said they could be taken, "there would be plenty more." They are going to put it on the lawn at Mareuil, our poor lawn where German cavalry horses were picketed. When we got down to the Place de la Concorde, it didn't look as if any meeting would take place. Everybody was out on the balcony, looking down at the Place, which is always crowded and most interesting. One feels there the pulse of Paris, every emotion, every passing incident sends a thrill through the crowd. One of the ladies, talking to Charlotte of the various sights in the streets, said, "I saw a pretty sight to-day in the Avenue d'Iéna, two little fair English boys, their hats off, their cheeks flushed with the effort, dragging a cannon up the hill, with a poilu helping them, and everybody stopping to look at them." She was much interested when C. said to her proudly, "Those were my boys." We finally had our meeting. The chairman explained what the committee would have to do—apparently to keep on the same good work in France and the "regions dévastées" when the American Red Cross goes home.

*Saturday* 16th.

Life is still abnormal—no one seems able to settle down to anything and everybody has a different version of how the German Peace delegates were received, and how they behaved. Even for a German, it was an extraordinary want of tact on the part of Genl. W. to wear the decoration of the Légion d'Honneur, particularly as the wearer had been so well treated in France when he was wounded. He was asked to take it off, which surprised him and made him angry.

Francis went back to-night, having no

idea where he should join his corps. If they are sent to Germany, I think he would volunteer for a few months more, but everything is most uncertain. The armies move so quickly now. Charlotte and the boys have gone to the station with him and I am alone at home with Anzac, the little toy terrier, to keep me company. Poor little Zax went through the bombardment of Hazebrouck with the family, and was terrified with the noise and the falling shells. He was always the first to hear the noise of the Gothas, even before the British sergeant would give the alarm, and order all lights out, and everybody to the basement or cellars. He would run in and hide under Charlotte's petticoats. I don't mind the loneliness to-night, as this parting is nothing and we shall soon have our man back with all his arms and legs and eyes. One hardly dares to rejoice, so many of his friends have gone—others with an arm or a leg gone—I suppose we are all still nervous, and under the impression of the cannon. A sudden sharp noise in the street makes me start—! I hope I shall never again have the feeling of anguish and helplessness I had that first morning of the Bertha. We had had an awful night of Gothas, but had all gone to bed and slept peacefully once the berloque had sounded; we were wakened at eight in the morning by that terrible noise that shook the house as if it were made of paper. For a moment, my heart stopped beating; I couldn't get my breath. However, we lived through it, and through many others——

18th.

Yesterday was an interesting day; the civil procession, men and women, parading through the Champs-Elysées. Every description of society and work was represented. We breakfasted early, and went down to the Hôtel Crillon (American Red Cross) where we saw beautifully. The tribune from which Poincaré, Joffre, and other celebrities were to speak was directly opposite the balcony, but too far off to hear anything, except the cheers when well-known people like Joffre, Clemenceau, and others drove up. The procession was not pretty at all. No uniforms except the very sober ones of the Red Cross workers; very little color, a few flags and banners, and not much order; straggling groups of women. But it was curious; it expressed the relief and pride of thousands of people, who had borne bravely the burden and anguish of these four tragic years. Of course a great many women were in mourning. It was hours passing. We started for home about five, literally carried by the crowd—no taxi visible anywhere, but a good-natured crowd. We tried to cross at the rue de Berri, but the procession was still moving down, though it had started from the Arc de l'Etoile at one o'clock. It was a curious sight—as far as one could see up and down the avenue, the long line of women, walking really triumphantly down the Champs-Elysées between the rows of German cannon, but no cries of "à bas les Boches"—"Vive la France"—all quite quiet. We should never have got across if it had not been for our white "coupe-fil" which makes a passage through everywhere unless it is absolutely impossible. Two stalwart policemen opened a way for us through rows of women of all ages and sizes. They were all quite good-natured, one of them looking smilingly at me, saying, "Maman est fatiguée." We started again at six and went to the Te Deum of St. Honoré d'Eylau. The church was brilliantly illuminated, flags and banners everywhere, and the curé made his entrée with his clergy and choir-boys carrying the tricolor. It was most impressive, though the music was a little disappointing.

I was sorry not to have been at the American church in the Avenue de l'Alma, which they say was very fine—all the centre nave given up to the soldiers, a military band, and the hymn "Onward Christian Soldiers" sung by the whole congregation. Of course everybody is talking about the Kaiser and his flight into Holland. I must say I didn't think he would finish so ignobly. He had still such a "beau geste à faire" to put himself at the head of his army and confess himself beaten—the world against him, but he had kept his promise to his people—not one foreign soldier had set foot on German soil—then let himself be killed. When one remembers his parents; his mother so spirited, so keenly alive to the duties and example a great position entails, it is impossible to realize that her son could fail so utterly.

Almost all the soldiers we see regret that the armistice has come so soon. They say another fortnight of fighting would have meant the capitulation or annihilation of the whole German army. Could we go on with victory really ours, though not perhaps the great military victory that we all longed for. However the peace negotiations will show us how strong military Germany still is. The report seems to be gaining ground that President Wilson is coming over. It will be a curious precedent for the United States President to establish, and I shouldn't think it would be altogether approved of by the country.

*Wednesday* 20th.

Breakfasted with Mme. T. She is giving up her hospital which she has run since the beginning of the war. She has done a splendid work, been most generous and untiring. The general* is Alsatian-born, and I think she will interest herself very much in Alsace. It is going to be a very difficult question, and opinions are much divided; some people say all this generation of Alsatians are more German than French; don't want to become French again. I think they are in the minority. In the country generally there seems to be a wave of feeling for Alsace-Lorraine. Is it only a half-sentimental, half-poetic feeling for the lost provinces, or do they really feel that a part of their country that had been torn from them is at last restored to the mother country? It will take a great many years to eliminate all the German population. En attendant everything is being done for Alsace—Christmas-trees, distributions of toys, clothes and food. Our poor little villages in the north, which are still in terrible need, are being a little neglected, and the Germans are playing all sorts of tricks as they evacuate—burning, stealing, blowing up bridges and factories. It is incredible the harm they have done in so many small places. All over the departments of the Oise and Aisne and Somme, there are quantities of small farms and market-gardens. All the gardens have been ruined, everywhere fruit-trees razed to the ground, vines pulled up, and utter havoc. It is pitiful to see what is left of pretty prosperous little hamlets, where for generations peasants have toiled in the sun and the frost, tilling every inch of their two or three acres, quite satisfied with their life, unconscious of the passions and ambitions and strife in the outer world so near, and yet so far from them. Many of these people had never been two miles away from their own homes.

*Friday* 22d.

German fleet arrived in England, received in perfect silence, not a hostile demonstration of any kind. The British tars not too exultant when they boarded the famous dreadnoughts. It was a proud day for England, and well deserved. She guarded the seas magnificently. When one thinks of the thousands of transports that brought our American troops, artillery, provisions, ammunition, everything in fact that must come with big armies, it seems even now incredible that all should have arrived safely. Every one is talking peace negotiations. There is a great distrust of the Boche and many people are uncertain about America's attitude. Will she be stiff enough with the Germans?

*Wednesday* 27th.

Paris is making great preparations to receive King George—British flags are floating everywhere alongside of the tricolor and one sees many British soldiers, tall, well-set-up Tommies in the streets, rather a rare sight in these days, as the British officers don't care to have their men in Paris.

*Thursday* 28th, Thanksgiving Day.

I lunched with a friend at the Princess Hôtel on the corner of the rue de Presbourg, and the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, and we had an excellent view of the procession and the Avenue du Bois. The cavalry looked very well, a long blue line stretching up to the gates of the Bois. It was a cold, gray, showery morning, but that didn't prevent the people from turning out. There were crowds all along the route, with every description of cart, planks on trestles, ladders with children clinging to them like bunches of grapes on a vine; a great many people wearing little pins with French and English flags

* See "Impressions of Alsace under the Armistice," by Gen. Emile Taufflieb, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, May, 1919.

entwined. The King and his two sons must have arrived very punctually, for exactly at two o'clock we heard the cannon and saw the usual forerunners of all official cortéges, the Préfet de Police, and some smaller functionaries, civil and military, coming down the Avenue. The cortége was very simple, no escort, merely a squad of dragoons in front and behind the carriages—there were not more than a dozen. King George in tenue de campagne was in a victoria with President Poincaré, very well turned out, as all the Elysée carriages are. The tradition has remained since Marshal MacMahon's time. He looked very well—a little older, but sitting very straight, and returning the salutes most smilingly. The Prince of Wales and his brother, both too in uniform, followed in the next carriage, with one of the ministers, Clemenceau, I suppose. They were enjoying themselves immensely, smiling and saluting, taking in everything and much amused with the crowd, and the boys clustered on the lamp-posts, and the ladders. They were all most enthusiastically received. I think the King must have been very pleased. I went later in the afternoon to the American Embassy—where they had tea and dancing, with a very good military band, for two hundred American officers. The big room was crowded, and I wondered where so many "danseuses" had been found, but I soon discovered they were all nurses, canteen workers, chauffeuses, etc. They were all dressed alike in short dark skirts and white blouses, and there were a great many pretty faces. I said to a young soldier standing at the door:—"This is better than the trenches, I think." "I don't know," he said—"I never got so far, I wish I had."

*Saturday* 30th.

Our next royal visitors will be the King and Queen of the Belgians, they will have a great reception; they have both been so wonderfully plucky. It was hard for her, as she is German-born, a Hohenzollern. The question of mixed marriages, so often discussed, plays a great rôle now. Some French and English girls married in Germany have had awful experiences. Of course a woman must stand by her husband, but it must be awful to be wife and mother to a Boche. I heard a curious story the other day from a man who accompanied some of the poor people of the "pays évacués" who were struggling back to their homes. He talked to some of them—said there were many old men and women who didn't look as if they had strength to walk a few yards. He said to one old woman: "Why didn't you stay where you were, at least you were housed and fed—" "Ah, non, monsieur, I am very old, but if I have only a few days to live, I want to die in my own home." All said the same thing.

He noticed one young woman who was carrying a baby, but she didn't seem to notice it or care about it—looked straight before her with big tragic eyes. He said: "Vous avez un bel enfant"— "Non" was the answer. ("But yes, he is a strong fine child." "It is a Boche—I keep it because one mustn't abandon little children—I will bring him up and when he is big, I will send him to Germany to kill his father.") ("Mais si, il est beau, fort." "C'est un Boche, je le garde parce que on ne peut pas abandonner les petits; je l'éleverai, et quand il sera grand, je l'enverrai en Allemagne pour tuer son père.")

DECEMBER, 1918

*Thursday*, December 5th.

It is anything but December weather, mild, foggy. We hoped the sun would come out for the arrival of the King and Queen of the Belgians. It didn't, but there was no rain, so the cortége could be in open carriages. The ceremonial was exactly the same as for King George, except that this time Mme. Poincaré accompanied the President. They had a magnificent reception, the King of course in uniform with the President, the Queen with Mme. Poincaré. She looked very well, dressed in gray, a little pale but very smiling. One could hardly see anything except the head, she was smothered in flowers. There was the usual set of officials following and the crowd dispersed slowly, cheering whenever it could, on any pretext. When the soldiers marched back to their quarters, particularly the artillery and the 75, there was much cheering and many people gave the men cigarettes.

*Friday* 6th.

Bessie and I lunched with Mme. T. and discussed the Alsace-Lorraine question. It is going to be very delicate. When the first excitement of being French has passed and people settle down to any kind of normal life, there will be great jealousies and heart-burnings, before all the German functionaries are dismissed, and replaced by French and *Alsatians* as much as possible; but various names are being put forward which one doesn't quite understand, men from Bordeaux, Toulouse, etc., who can't know very much about Alsace.

*Sunday* 8th.

Our breakfast at Ségur's was pleasant. Dolia arrived this morning, looking very well. It is interesting to hear the talk on all sides. He says the discipline of the Austrian troops is very good and that the men are good fighters, but the officers. . . .

*Tuesday* 10th.

We had an agreeable luncheon at the Princess. Doctor Watson was there; we were delighted to see him. There were also Doctor M. Prince and Charlie Caroll. They all talked hard, a great deal about President Wilson and his journey. He will of course have a magnificent reception, but I hope he won't want the Allies to be too generous. I don't think Clemenceau will stand for much poetry in dealing with the Huns.

*Wednesday* 11th.

I was all the afternoon at the Vente for "L'Aisne dévastée." Of course all the Aisne ladies were there, Mmes. de Lubessac, d'Aramon, Firino, La Rochefoucauld, and others. It was crowded. I think they must have made very good affairs. Ctsse. d'Aramon is very plucky. Her place is quite destroyed, nothing left but a bit of wall and a cemetery. She had Germans there for months. They buried their soldiers, some French ones too, on the lawn under her drawing-room windows, and when they finally left, destroyed everything. Pinon the fine old Courval château has gone. All the beautiful trees which M. de Courval had planted with so much care cut down. It was pathetic to hear the scraps of conversation on all sides, ruin, devastation, misery. How can we ever build it all up again!

*Friday* 13th.

Paris is making splendid preparations for President Wilson. American flags everywhere, and hotels asking fabulous prices for windows. We had to-day a long, most interesting visit from our great friend Abbé Maréchal, who was shut up in Laon for four years. He is the Chanoine of the Cathedral and had some pretty hard experiences during the German occupation. They had very little to eat, and never knew from one day to another how the Germans would behave. The beautiful old Cathedral was not much hurt, though they had soldiers, and I think horses, at the bottom of the church. He looks worn and thinner, says no words can describe the effect on the people when they heard the French bugles in the distance, and saw the first blue uniforms actually at the gates. They had services several times in the Cathedral when Catholic German troops were stationed there. He never participated in them, but one day there was a grand Mass, a German bishop officiating. He was notified that he was invited and expected to be present. He slipped in, in one corner of his own church and came away as soon as the Mass was over.

*Saturday* 14th.

I walked about all the morning but didn't see Wilson, only the end of the cortége which was naturally just like the others—Mrs. Wilson, like the Queen of the Belgians, disappearing under a mass of flowers. The reception was extraordinary—all sorts of people out—flags everywhere, great American lorries piled with soldiers, standing at the corner of the Champs-Elysées, and the streets leading to it, and people seated or standing up on every description of bench or table. Ladders, chairs, carts with planks stretched across and chairs on top of them (they looked a most unsolid resting-place), wooden armchairs, with lighter cane chairs on them, barrels and even pails turned upside down. One of our friends was standing on a very rickety table, and said she had seen everything perfectly and that the cheering of the crowd was contagious. She found herself

waving frantically a small American flag she had bought from a boy in the street. All the people on her table were French and when they realized that she was an American, they all shook hands with her solemnly, saying: "Quel beau jour pour nos deux pays, madame."

The crowd was already dispersing as I stood there, and the street was most interesting. Everybody carrying away their chairs and tables. There were several women, evidently ladies just as well dressed as I was, carrying ladders. I walked about some little time and saw a great many people I knew. The general impression seems to be that it is a very good thing the President has come over—when he sees with his own eyes the misery and devastation of the "pays occupés," he will understand how impossible it would be for the French to have anything but the bitterest feelings toward such savage enemies. They say the Champs-Elysées and Place de la Concorde were féerique to-night, brilliantly lighted, the German cannon showing up well in the strong light.

*Monday* 16th.

Paris is still excited, crowds always on the route of the President. We had a nice visit from Jusserand before dinner. He looks extremely well; says the President was delighted with his reception.

*Wednesday* 18th.

Charlotte and I breakfasted at the Ritz with Mrs. M. A great many people there, every nationality and uniform under the sun. All the Americans delighted with the reception at the Embassy last night for the Wilsons. Both Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Sharpe were very well dressed, the whole thing beautifully done. Mrs. T. told me she didn't often go out at night, but she couldn't resist such an "historic evening." When she arrived a group of three was just coming out into the hall—Cardinal Amette, Marshal Foch, and Clemenceau. I don't believe any one will ever again see those three personalities under the same roof.

*Thursday* 19th.

To-day was our last royal reception for the King of Italy and the young Prince of Piedmont. The weather was just as unpropitious as it had been for all the Allies, not absolutely raining, nor snowing, but cold and dark and muddy. The King looked very well, always does sitting, as he holds himself well and one loses the sense of his shortness. The young Prince had a great success. It is an interesting young face, rather like his mother as I remember her, and he looked happy and smiling when he returned the salutes. There were a great many Italian flags, and I suppose Italians in the crowd, but I didn't hear any Italian spoken about me. I was a little surprised at the enthusiasm as I don't think there is much sympathy between the French and the Italians.

*Monday* 23rd.

The days are all alike, not cold but gray and damp. I lunched with Madeleine de L. to meet Harry White. He looks very well, a little older perhaps, but that happens to all of us—these awful years of war and mournings don't make any of us younger. He seems quite pleased to be in Paris again, and see all his old friends. We were very discreet, didn't ask him too many questions, and he wouldn't have answered them if we had. I think he understands already, even before the preliminary séances take place, what a difficult task the Peace Commissioners will have.

*Tuesday 24th,* Christmas Eve.

A horrid day—rain and melted snow; however Charlotte and I went out in quest of some last little things for our tree, and vaguely hoping that we might find a plum pudding left over at the last moment, but we always met the same response—"Nothing left, everything taken by the Americans." We had a quiet Christmas dinner. We four, three Sallandrouyes, and Henry O. who always dines with us on Xmas Day. My great nephew had sent me a turkey from the country. They were selling in the Paris markets at 100 fcs. a piece. I don't think I could have bought one at that price even for a Xmas *peace* dinner. We lit our small tree after dinner. It wouldn't have seemed Christmas without one. Charlotte and the boys went off to midnight mass—the first one since the war. In all the sad years, no lights were al-

lowed in the churches nor in the streets, and at midnight very few people were abroad. To-night it was very different, streets and churches full of people; the churches brilliantly illuminated, a great many soldiers, permissionnaires with their whole families, even babies in arms and everybody putting something, if only a penny, in the plate. I heard the noise of footsteps and voices in the street, even through the closed windows.

*Christmas Day.*

I went to the American church which was filled with soldiers. They didn't sing the old-fashioned Christmas hymn "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," which was a disappointment to me. It always takes me back to the first Christmasses in America (so many years ago), the first ones I remember at Cherry Lawn, New Jersey, and later ones at Oyster Bay, when Henrietta and I were the choir—she playing the organ and I singing with a collection of village children who had not much voice nor much idea of singing, but who soared the "Hallelujahs" and "Shout the glad tidings," and Faust the big Newfoundland dog would come and tell us if we were late! He knew quite well the last strokes of the bell.

We all four, Charlotte and I and the boys, dined with Mme. T. who had a real Christmas dinner—small Xmas trees on the table, a present for every one and a splendid plum pudding, with a fine blaze. There were three or four English and American officers, and we had a cheerful evening. The British officers spoke most contemptuously of the German naval officers who brought their ships to Portsmouth—said there wasn't an English sailor, from an admiral to a stoker, that wouldn't have sunk their ships and gone to the bottom with them sooner than hand them over to the enemy. I have heard that there were not many superior officers, mostly non-commissioned men who probably didn't have the same feeling. . . .

*Friday* 27th.

The papers are full of Wilson and his triumphant progress through London. Here we are rather disappointed and astonished that he didn't go to the "pays dévastés" before he went to England.

*Tuesday* 31st, New Year's Eve.

Usually such a festal night in Paris, balls and reveillons everywhere, and bells ringing in the New Year, but all is quiet to-night—no signs nor sounds of rejoicing—a few bells only to welcome the New Peace Year. One can hardly believe it yet. All these war years, New Year's Eve has been so fraught with memories and fears and mournings. One couldn't help wondering sometimes if it was right to continue the struggle, and face another year of strife and death, but no one dared voice such a feeling. To-night we feel that the sacrifice has not been in vain.

JANUARY, 1919

*January* 1st, New Year's Day.

It is a horrid day, but nobody cares. The New Year opens so happily for us. I went to the American church, heard a very good sermon from Bishop Perry, and we all breakfasted with Madame L. The poor woman who sells flowers at the corner of the Avenue de l'Alma (a war widow with three children) was radiant. She had sold all her stock. Every one was paying her much more than she asked. I dined with Frances Stanley and one or two British officers at Larue's in the rue Royale. The place was crowded with officers and a great many pretty women, very much dressed, with pearls and aigrettes, very short skirts and pretty little shoes, not at all the war public we were accustomed to see—nurses and canteen workers, pretty too, but severely attired in uniform—just coming in for the meal and going away before the closing hour. That was not changed; at 9:30 some of the lights were put out, waiters brought coats and hats and by 9:45, the restaurant was emptied. It was blowing and raining, impossible to get a cab—all were taken at once by the officers who streamed out of the café. After waiting quite a time, one of our Englishmen reappeared saying he had got a private car with footman as well as chauffeur, who would take us to the Etoile for a consideration (and a very fair consideration), if we would come at once. We accepted of course gladly and were whirled up the Champs-Elysées, the chauffeur and footman looking so pleased we felt that they had been well treated. I suppose all our

chauffeurs do the same thing when we are out.

*Tuesday* 7th.

Always the same horrid weather and no means of getting about. Circulation impossible. I went to the American Red Cross to ask about some cases they are sending for us to Hazebrouck (as the misery in all that part of France is terrible), and it was crowded with American officers all saying the same thing. "I say, old fellow, when are you going home?" "I am off to-morrow, just got my orders." I dined with Gen. T. just back from Strasbourg. General T. is Alsatian, was born there. It is going to be a very difficult question for the French Government—there must be some Alsatians who are Germans in every sense of the word. For forty years, they have known only German rule, have had very little communication with France, nothing to feed the flame of patriotism. They tell us that quantities of girls between sixteen and twenty are engaged to Germans. It is quite natural; they have never seen any French, and have grown up with all these men who are soldiers now.

*Friday* 10th.

Charlotte decided quite suddenly to go off to Hazebrouck last night. Her friend Mlle. de B. one of the Hazebrouck ladies, President of the Croix Rouge, whose house has been knocked to pieces by the bombardment, has been in Paris for a few days, trying to get some things together for the refugees. She was going back last night, and was most anxious to take Charlotte with her so that she might see with her own eyes the condition of the people. She has two or three rooms in one corner of her house which have no shell-holes and where the window-panes are not broken. I am afraid they had a very cold, long journey.

*Sunday* 12th.

We had an interesting luncheon at Ségur's. He, the only man; his Belgian niece Mme. de Mérode and her daughter were there. They had not left Brussels since the German occupation, remained in their own house, quite unmolested, though always in dread of what might be in store for them. They had some hours of anguish, when some of the principal inhabitants of Brussels were deported and imprisoned. They saw all the diplomats who had remained, and followed, hour by hour, the trial and execution of Miss Cavell, the English nurse. Couldn't believe (no one could) such an atrocious crime could be committed in the nineteenth century, even by Germans. The Spanish ambassador, the Marquis de Villacota, kept them informed of everything that was taking place. He did all he could to prevent the execution of the nurse and was really ill when he realized that his last appeal was in vain. Bissing, the governor, wouldn't see him, said it was not possible to approach the Kaiser on the subject; he then tried to make some impression on Lanken, whom we had all known here as military attaché. *He* finally agreed to make one more effort with Bissing, but there was nothing to be done but to pray that the unfortunate woman would be killed at once—a bullet in her heart. The whole world knows how bravely and calmly she met her fate.

I had a few visits at tea-time; one or two American officers and Harry White. He didn't say much about the Peace Conference, but we all did, and opinions differed very much. He has implicit confidence in President Wilson; says he is the only man who can deal with the situation. It is a terrible responsibility for any one man, but unless he sees the ruins of all our northern towns and villages, and the miles of black burnt plains in our beautiful valleys of the Somme and the Aisne, he can't understand all we have gone through and the hatred in our hearts for the Germans.

*Monday* 13th.

Charlotte came home last night by express-train from Lille. She found Hazebrouck half in ruins; the house of Mlle. D. where she stayed, much damaged, holes in the roof and the walls. They lived in two small rooms, which had escaped shells, but there were no panes of glass in her windows. It was such a charming old-fashioned house, as I remember it, half French, half Flemish, with high rooms, big windows, a lovely garden—almost a park, at the back—and an enormous Flemish kitchen built separately from the house in the court with

rows of glistening coppers shining in the firelight. However, it can be repaired; not like some of the others, which have simply collapsed, a heap of stones. She says the misery in all that region is terrible. There are many "œuvres," and a great deal of help has been given in the way of clothes, provisions and tools, but it is a drop in the ocean. Lille she found less damaged than she expected, but Armentières, La Bassée, Bailleul, and the neighboring villages don't exist—but the people do, and the women and children find their way back to their homes, tramping along the road, and taking little paths in woods and across fields, to find—what?

*Sunday* 19th.

The armistice is prolonged for another month, and people say with much stiffer terms for the Germans, but no one really knows anything; the papers say very little, and one always has the feeling that what they do say is arranged to give satisfaction to the public, which is getting uncomfortable. The Germans are so long in carrying out what they promised.

*Thursday* 23rd.

I have been very mondaine this week, have had two big dinners—that meant festal garments of some description. I could not go and dine with the President of the United States (Le Roi, as they call him here) in a cloth dress, which is all I have worn since the war; however, a brocade dress made before the war was produced from the depths of a trunk and was remodelled sufficiently to be possible, I having some difficulty in making the dressmaker understand that it must not be in the present fashion, up to my knees almost in front, with the ridiculous little fish-tail for a train. I must have the "robe classique" of a grandmother. Mme. F.'s dinner on Tuesday was pleasant, all the women American married to Frenchmen, except the Duchesse d'Houdancourt who, born French, married an Englishman, who wasn't there.

I had Lord Robert Cecil next to me, who is always interesting, though of course the Peace Conference men can't say anything about anything; we could only talk of all the horrors we had been through and our hopes and fears for the future. "Why fears now," he said, "when victory is ours?" "On account of the commercial and business spirit of our time. Soon the soldiers will all come home—normal life will begin again as soon as it is possible; people will get accustomed to the lonely graves and ruined hamlets all over France, and those awful years of fighting will gradually fade away into a dim past, which many people won't care even to recall." Then the conversation became general and we plunged into a discussion as to how far Germany was to be boycotted and kept out of all trading with civilized nations.

Wednesday's dinner at the Hôtel Crillon given by Secretary and Mrs. Lansing in honor of the President and Mrs. Wilson, was very handsome and agreeable. There were a great many interesting people. I sat directly opposite the President, so was able to have a very good impression of him. He seemed to talk easily with his neighbors; has a clever, thoughtful face—perfectly the American type. I had a little talk with him after dinner, and complimented him in my dual nationality (French-American) on his speech at the Senate, which gave much pleasure to the French people. He said he was very glad people were pleased, as every word came from his heart; he could never say enough what he thought of the French soldiers and the French nation. I was sorry not to have a little longer talk with him, but all the men went off to smoke. I found Mrs. Wilson very easy, with a simple, polite manner. There was a reception (all men) in the evening—all members of the Peace Conference. A great many people, generals, admirals, finance commissioners, etc., were introduced to me, and I enjoyed my evening very much. I so rarely see that type of American.

*Monday* 27th.

Yesterday was a horrid day of snow and slush, but I managed to get over to Ségur's for breakfast, by bribing the taxi-chauffeur of course. They are perfectly unsupportable. Ségur being of the "vieux régime," breakfasts at twelve o'clock, and fumes if one is five minutes late. I always tell him I begin to put my hat on on Saturday night, or else I should never get there on time. We were all women

to-day. He said the talk of the club was interesting. One of Marshal Foch's aides-de-camp was there telling them of the conditions of the second armistice. Foch was much pleased when the German delegates arrived; they said they were quite prepared to discuss the conditions. The Marshal replied that there was no discussion; the terms were there—"à prendre ou à laisser." They demurred a little, wanted time to consult. He said he would allow one hour for them to make up their minds. Before the hour was ended one of them drew out of his pocket the paper, already signed.

The month of January is finishing, and we are apparently no nearer the peace than we were at the end of the year. I think people are a little disappointed. It is very difficult to know what to do with the quantity of demobilized men, who are coming back all the time, a great many, particularly those who have been in the trenches, have no health; none of them have any money, and all find it very difficult to get anything to do. They give up their uniforms when they come home, but the clothes they give them in exchange are often impossible coats and trousers made of such poor stuff they can't stand any wear, and shoes—when they can get them—made apparently of paper. Private societies and committees do a great deal, but they can't dress and employ millions. Of course these men are discontented; they feel that *they* have won the war and can't understand that more is not being done for them. Perhaps when peace is actually signed, things will be easier.

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# IN MOROCCO

## BY EDITH WHARTON

[THIRD PAPER]

## FEZ

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

### I

### THE FIRST VISION

MANY-WALLED Fez rose up before us out of the plain toward the end of the day.

The walls and towers we saw were those of the upper town, Fez Eldjid (the New), which lies on the edge of the plateau and hides from view Old Fez, tumbling down below it into the ravine of the Oued Fez. Thus approached, the city presents to view only a long line of ramparts and fortresses merging into the wide tawny plain and framed in barren mountains.

Not a house is visible outside the walls, except, at a respectful distance, the few unobtrusive buildings of the European colony; and not a village breaks the desolation of the mountains.

As we drew nearer, the walls towered close over us, and skirting them we came to a bare space outside a great horseshoe gate, and found ourselves suddenly in the foreground of a picture by Carpaccio or Bellini. Where else had one seen just those rows of white-turbaned majestic figures, squatting in the dust under lofty walls, all the pale faces ringed in curling beards turned to the story-teller in the centre of the group? Transform the story-teller into a rapt young Venetian, and you have the audience and the foreground of Carpaccio's "Preaching of St. Stephen," even to the camels craning inquisitive necks above the turbans. Every step of the way in North Africa corroborates the close observation of the early travellers, whether painters or narrators, and shows the unchanged character of the Oriental life that the Vene-

tians pictured, and Leo Africanus and Windus and Charles Cochelet described.

There was time, before sunset, to go up to the hill from which the ruined tombs of the Merinid Sultans look down over the city they made glorious. After the savage massacre of foreign residents in 1912 the French encircled the heights commanding Fez with one of their admirably engineered military roads, and in a few minutes our motor had climbed to the point from which the great dynasty of artist-Sultans dreamed of looking down forever on their capital.

Nothing endures in Islam, except what human inertia has left standing and its own solidity has preserved from the elements. Or rather, nothing remains intact, and nothing wholly perishes; but the architecture, like all else, lingers on half-ruined and half-unchanged. The Merinid tombs, however, are only hollow shells and broken walls, grown part of the brown cliff they cling to. No one thinks of them save as an added touch of picturesqueness where all is picturesque: they survive as the best point from which to look down at Fez.

There it lies, outspread in golden light, roofs, terraces, and towers sliding over the plain's edge in a rush dammed here and there by barriers of cypress and ilex, but growing more precipitous as the ravine of the Fez narrows downward with the fall of the river. It is as though some powerful enchanter, after decreeing that the city should be hurled into the depths, had been moved by its beauty, and with a wave of his wand held it suspended above destruction.

At first the eye takes in only this impression of a great city over a green abyss; then the complex scene begins to define itself. All around are the outer lines of ramparts, walls beyond walls, their crenellations climbing the heights, their angle fortresses dominating the precipices. Almost on a level with us lies the upper city, the aristocratic Fez Eldjid of painted palaces and gardens; then, as the houses close in and descend more abruptly, terraces, minarets, domes, and long reed-thatched roofs of the bazaars, all gather around the green-tiled tomb of Moulay Idriss, and the tower of the Almohad mosque of El Kairouiyin, which adjoin each other in the depths of Fez, and form its central sanctuary.

From the Merinid hill we had noticed a long façade among the cypresses and fruit-trees of Eldjid. This was Bou-Jeloud, the old summer-palace of the Sultan's harem, now the residence of the Resident-General, where lodgings had been prepared for us.

The road descended again, crossing the Oued Fez by one of the fine old single-arch bridges that mark the architectural link between Morocco and Spain. We skirted high walls, wayside pools and dripping mill-wheels; then one of the city gates engulfed us, and we were in the waste spaces of intramural Fez, formerly the lines of defence of a rich and perpetually menaced city, now chiefly used for refuse-heaps, open-air fondaks, and dreaming-places for rows of Lazaruses rolled in their cerements in the dust.

Through another gate and more walls we came to an arch in the inner line of defence. Beyond that, the motor paused before a green door, where a Cadi in a silken caftan received us. Across squares of orange-trees divided by running water we were led to an arcaded apartment hung with Moroccan embroideries and lined with wide divans; the hall of reception of the Resident-General. Through its arches were other tiled distances, fountains, arcades; beyond, in greener depths, the bright blossoms of a flower-garden. Such was our first sight of Bou-Jeloud, once the summer-palace of the wives of Moulay Hafid.

Upstairs, from a room walled and ceiled with cedar, and decorated with the bold rose-pink embroideries of Salé and the intricate old needlework of Fez, I looked out over the upper city toward the mauve and tawny mountains.

Just below the window the flat roofs of a group of little houses descended like the steps of an irregular staircase. Between them rose a few cypresses and a green minaret; out of the court of one house an ancient fig-tree thrust its twisted arms.

The sun had set, and one after another bright figures appeared on the roofs. The children came first, hung with silver amulets and amber beads, and pursued by negresses in striped turbans, who bustled

up with rugs and matting; then the mothers followed more indolently, released from their ashy mufflings and showing, under light veils, long earrings from the *Mellah** and caftans of pale green or peach color.

The houses were humble ones, such as grow up in the cracks of a wealthy quarter, and their inhabitants doubtless small folk; but in the enchanted African twilight the terraces blossomed like gardens, and when the moon rose and the muezzin called from the minaret, the domestic squabbles and the shrill cries from roof to roof became part of a story in Bagdad, overheard a thousand years ago by that arch-detective Haroun el Raschid.

## II

### FEZ ELDJID

It is usual to speak of Fez as very old, and the term seems justified when one remembers that the palace of Bou-Jeloud stands on the site of an Almoravid Kasbah of the eleventh century, that when that Kasbah was erected Fez Elbali had already existed for three hundred years, that El Kairouiyin is the contemporary of Sant' Ambrogio of Milan, and that the original mosque of Moulay Idriss II was built over his grave in the eighth century.

Fez is, in fact, the oldest city in Morocco without a Phoenician or a Roman past, and has preserved more traces than any other of its architectural flowering-time; yet it would be truer to say of it, as of all Moroccan cities, that it has no age, since its seemingly immutable shape is forever crumbling and being renewed on the old lines.

When we rode forth the next day to visit some of the palaces of Eldjid our pink-saddled mules carried us at once out of the bounds of time. How associate anything so precise and Occidental as years or centuries with these visions of frail splendor seen through cypresses and roses? The Caïds in their multiple muslins, who received us in secret doorways and led us by many passages into the sudden wonder of gardens and fountains; the bright-earringed negresses peering down from painted balconies; the pilgrims and clients dozing in the sun against hot walls; the deserted halls with plaster lace-work and gold pendentives in tiled niches; the Venetian chandeliers and tawdry rococo beds; the terraces from which pigeons whirled up in a white cloud while we walked on a carpet of their feathers—were all these the ghosts of vanished state, or the actual setting of the life of some rich merchant with "business connections" in Liverpool and Lyons, or some government official at that very moment speeding to Meknez or Casablanca in his sixty h. p. motor?

We visited old palaces and new, inhabited and abandoned, and over all lay the same fine dust of oblivion, like the silvery mould on an overripe fruit. Overripeness is indeed the characteristic of this rich and stagnant civilization. Buildings, people, customs, seem all about to crumble and fall of their own weight: the present is a perpetually prolonged past. To touch the past with one's hands is realized only in dreams; and in Morocco the dream-feeling envelopes one at every step. One trembles continually lest the "Person from Porlock" should step in.

He is undoubtedly on the way; but Fez had not heard of him when we rode out that morning. Fez Eldjid, the "New Fez" of palaces and government buildings, was founded in the fourteenth century by the Merinid princes, and probably looks much as it did then. The palaces in their overgrown gardens, with pale-green trellises dividing the rose-beds from the blue-and-white tiled paths, and fountains in fluted basins of Italian marble, all had the same drowsy charm; yet the oldest were built not more than a century or two ago, others within the last fifty years; and at Marrakech, later in our journey, we were to visit a sumptuous dwelling where plaster-cutters and ceramists from Fez were actually repeating, with wonderful skill and spontaneity, the old ornamentation of which the threads run back to Rome and Damascus.

Of really old private dwellings, palaces or rich men's houses, there are surprisingly few in Morocco. It is hard to guess the age of some of the featureless houses propping each other's flanks in old Fez or old Salé; but people rich enough to re-

* The Ghetto in African towns. All the jewellers in Morocco are Jews.

build have always done so, and the passion for building seems allied, in this country of inconsequences, to the supine indifference that lets existing constructions crumble back to clay. "Dust to dust" should have been the motto of the Moroccan palace-builders.

Fez possesses one old secular building, a fine fondak of the fifteenth century; but in Morocco, as a rule, only mosques and the tombs of saints are preserved—none too carefully—and even the strong stone buildings of the Almohads have been allowed to fall to ruin, as at Chella and Rabat. This indifference to the completed object—which is like a kind of collective exaggeration of the artist's indifference to his completed work—has resulted in the total disappearance of the furniture and works of art which must have filled the beautiful buildings of the Merenid period. Neither pottery nor brass-work nor enamels nor fine hangings survive; there is no parallel in Morocco to the textiles of Syria, the potteries of Persia, the Byzantine ivories or enamels. It has been said that the Arab is always a nomad, who lives in his house as if it were a tent; but this is not a conclusive answer to any one who knows the passion of the modern Moroccan for European furniture. When one reads the list of the treasures contained in the palaces of the mediæval Sultans of Egypt one feels sure that, if artists were lacking in Morocco, the princes and merchants who brought skilled craftsmen across the desert to build their cities must also have imported treasures to adorn them. Yet, as far as is known, the famous fourteenth-century bronze chandelier of Tetuan, and the fine old ritual furniture reported to be contained in certain mosques, are the only important works of art in Morocco later in date than the Roman *sloughi* of Volubilis.

## III

### FEZ ELBALI

The distances in Fez are so great and the streets so narrow, and in some quarters so crowded, that all but saints or humble folk go about on mule-back.

In the afternoon, accordingly, the pink mules came again, and we set out for the long tunnel-like street that leads down the hill to the Fez Elbali.

"Look out—'ware heads!" our leader would call back at every turn, as our way shrank to a black passage under a house bestriding the street, or a caravan of donkeys laden with obstructive reeds or branches of dates made the passers-by flatten themselves against the walls.

On each side of the street the houses hung over us like fortresses, leaning across the narrow strip of blue and throwing out great beams and buttresses to prop each other's bulging sides. Windows there were none on the lower floors; only here and there an iron-barred slit stuffed with rags and immemorial filth, from which a lean cat would suddenly spring out, and scuttle off under an archway like a witch's familiar.

Some of these descending lanes were packed with people, others as deserted as a cemetery; and it was strange to pass from the thronged street leading to the bazaars to the profound and secretive silence of a quarter of well-to-do dwelling-houses, where only a few veiled women attended by negro slaves moved noiselessly over the clean cobblestones, and the sound of fountains and runnels came from hidden courtyards and over garden-walls topped with pomegranate boughs.

This noise of water is as characteristic of Fez as of Damascus. The Oued Fez rushes through the heart of the town, bridged, canalized, built over, and ever and again bursting out into tumultuous falls and pools shadowed with foliage. The central artery of the city is not a street but a waterfall; and tales are told of the dark uses to which, even now, the underground currents are put by some of the dwellers behind the blank walls and scented gardens of those highly respectable streets.

The crowd in Oriental cities is made up of many elements, and in Morocco Turks, Jews and infidels, Berbers of the mountains, fanatics of the confraternities, Soudanese blacks and haggard Blue Men of the Souss, jostle the merchants and government officials with that democratic familiarity which goes side by side with abject servility in this land of perpetual contradictions. But Fez is above all the city of wealth and learning, of universi-

ties and counting-houses, and the merchant and the *oulama**—the sedentary and luxurious types—prevail.

The slippered Fazi merchant, wrapped in white muslins and securely mounted on a broad velvet saddle-cloth anchored to the back of a broad mule, is as unlike the Arab horseman of the desert as Mr. Tracy Tupman was unlike the Musketeers of Dumas. Ease, music, money-making, the affairs of his harem and the bringing-up of his children, are his chief interests, and his plump pale face with long-lashed hazel eyes, his curling beard and fat womanish hands, recall the portly potentates of Hindu miniatures, dreaming among houris beside lotus-tanks.

These personages, when they ride abroad, are preceded by a swarthy footman, who keeps his hand on the embroidered bridle; and the government officers and dignitaries of the *Makhzen*† are usually escorted by several mounted officers of their household, with a servant to each mule. The cry of the runners scatters the crowd, and even the panniered donkeys and perpetually astonished camels somehow contrive to become two-dimensional while the white procession goes by.

Then the populace closes in again, so quickly and closely that it seems impossible it could ever have been parted, and negro water-carriers, muffled women, beggars streaming with sores, sinewy and greasy "saints," Soudanese sorcerers hung with amulets made of sardine-boxes and hares'-feet, long-lashed boys of the Chleuh in clean embroidered caftans, Jews in black robes and skull-caps, university students carrying their prayer-carpets, bangled and spangled black women, scrofulous children with gazelle eyes and mangy skulls, and blind men tapping along with linked arms and howling out verses of the Koran, surge together in a mass drawn by irresistible suction to the point where the bazaars converge about the mosques of Moulay Idriss and El Kairouiyin.

Seen from a terrace of the upper town, the long thatched roofing of El Attarine, the central bazaar of Fez, promises fantastic revelations of native life; but the dun-colored crowds moving through its checkered twilight, the lack of ornamented shop-fronts and gaily adorned coffee-houses, and the absence of the painted coffers and vivid embroideries of Tunis, remind one that Morocco is a melancholy country, and Fez a profoundly melancholy city.

*Dust and ashes, dust and ashes*, echoes from the gray walls, the mouldering thatch of the *souks*, the long lamentable song of the blind beggars sitting in rows under the feet of the camels and asses. No young men stroll through the bazaar in bright caftans, with roses and jasmine behind their ears, no pedlars offer lemonade and sweetmeats and golden fritters, no flower-sellers pursue one with tight bunches of orange-blossom and little pink roses. The well-to-do ride by in white, and the rest of the population goes mournfully in earth-color.

But gradually one falls under the spell of another influence—the influence of the Atlas and the desert. Unknown Africa seems much nearer to Morocco than to the white towns of Tunis and the smiling oases of South Algeria. One feels the nearness of Marrakech at Fez, and at Marrakech that of Timbuctoo.

Fez is sombre, and the bazaars clustered about its holiest sanctuaries form its most sombre quarter. Dusk falls there early, and oil-lanterns twinkle in the merchants' niches while the clear African daylight still lies on the gardens of upper Fez. This twilight adds to the mystery of the *souks*, making them, in spite of profane noise and crowding and filth, an impressive approach to the sacred places.

Until a year or two ago, the precincts around Moulay Idriss and El Kairouiyin were *horm*, that is, cut off from the unbeliever. Heavy beams of wood barred the end of each *souk*, shutting off the sanctuaries, and the Christian could only conjecture what lay beyond.

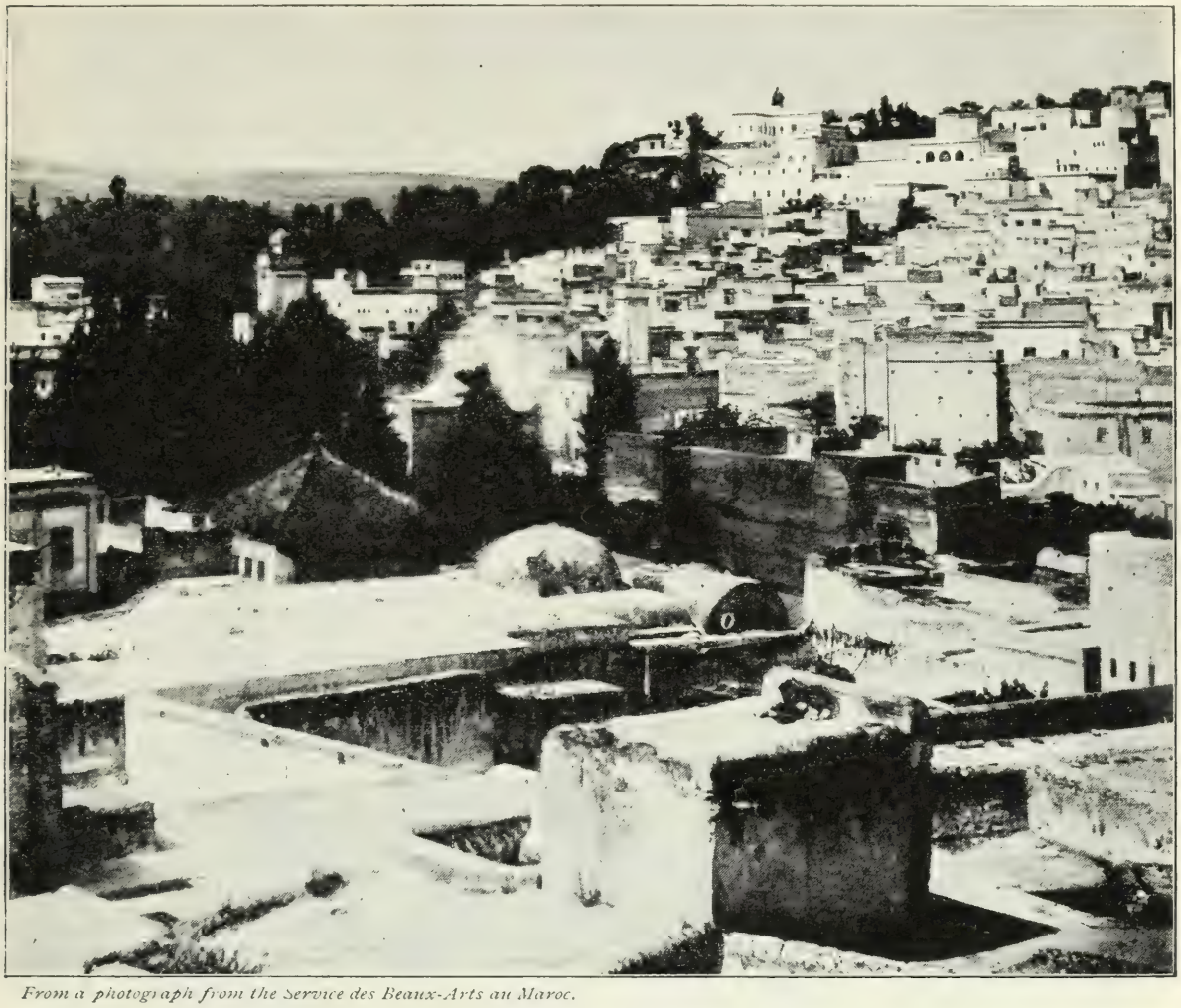
Now he knows in part; for, though the beams have not been lowered, all comers may pass under them to the lanes about the mosques, and even pause a moment in their open doorways. Farther one may not go, for the shrines of Morocco are still closed to unbelievers; but whoever knows Cordova, or has stood under the arches of the Great Mosque of Kai-

* Learned man, doctor of the university.
† The Sultan's government.

rouan, can reconstruct something of the hidden beauties of its namesake, the "Mosque Kairouan" of western Africa.

Once under the bars, the richness of the old Moorish Fez presses upon one with overwhelming beauty. Here is the graceful tiled fountain of Nedjarine, glittering with the unapproachable blues and greens of ceramic mosaics; near it, the courtyard of the Fondak Nedjarine, oldest and stateliest of Moroccan inns, with triple galleries of sculptured cedar rising above arcades of stone. A little farther on lights and incense draw one to a threshold where it is well not to linger unduly. Under a deep archway, between booths where gay votive candles are sold, the glimmer of hanging lamps falls on patches of gilding and mosaic, and on veiled women prostrating themselves before an invisible shrine—for this is the vestibule of the mosque of Moulay Idriss, where, on certain days of the week, women are admitted to pray.

Moulay Idriss was not built over the grave of the Fatimite prophet, first of the name, whose bones lie in the Zerhoun above his sacred town. The mosque of Fez grew up around the tomb of his posthumous son, Moulay Idriss II, who, descending from the hills, fell upon a camp of Berbers on an affluent of the Sebou, and there laid the foundations of Fez, and of the Moroccan Empire.



*From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.*

Fez Eldjid (the upper city).

Of the original monument it is said that little remains. The *zaouïa** which encloses it dates from the reign of Moulay-Ismaël, the seventeenth-century Sultan of Meknez, and the mosque itself, and the green minaret shooting up from the very centre of old Fez, were not built until 1820. But a rich surface of age has already formed on all these disparate build-

* Moslem monastery.

ings, and the over-gorgeous details of the shrines and fountains set in their outer walls are blended into harmony by a film of incense-smoke, candle-drippings, and the grease of countless venerating lips and hands.

Featureless walls of mean houses close in again at the next turn; but a few steps farther another archway reveals another secret scene. This time it is a corner of the jealously guarded court of ablutions in the great mosque El Kairouiyin, with the twin green-roofed pavilions that are so like those of the Alhambra.

Those who have walked around the outer walls of the mosque of the other Kairouan, and recall the successive doors opening into the forecourt and into the mosque itself, will be able to guess at the plan of the church of Fez. The great Almohad sanctuary of Tunisia is singularly free from parasitic buildings, and may be approached as easily as that of Cordova; but the approaches of El Kairouiyin are so built up that one never knows at which turn of the labyrinth one may catch sight of its court of fountains, or peep down the endless colonnades of which the Arabs say: "The man who should try to count the columns of Kairouiyin would go mad."

Marble floors, heavy whitewashed piers, prostrate figures in the penumbra, rows of yellow slippers outside in the sunlight—out of such glimpses one must reconstruct a vision of the long vistas of arches, the blues and golds of the *mirhab*,* the lustre of bronze chandeliers, and the ivory inlaying of the twelfth-century *minbar*† of ebony and sandalwood.

No Christian footstep has yet profaned Kairouiyin, but fairly definite information as to its plan has been gleaned by students of Moroccan art. The number of its "countless" columns has been counted, and it is known that, to the right of the *mirhab*, carved cedar doors open into a mortuary chapel called "the mosque of the dead"—and also that in this chapel, on Fridays, old books and precious manuscripts are sold by auction.

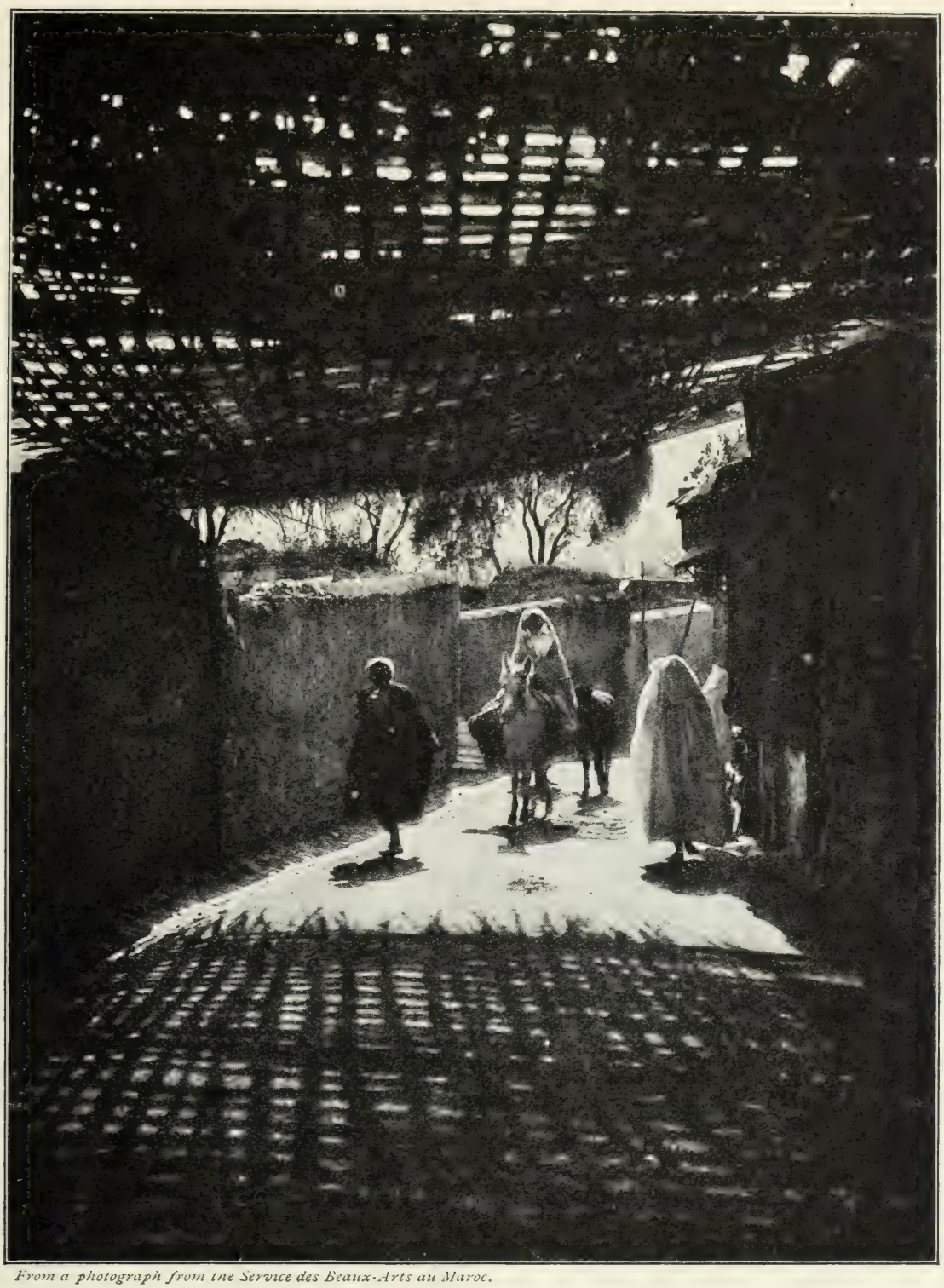
This odd association of uses recalls the fact that Kairouiyin is not only a church but a library, the University of Fez as well as its cathedral. The beautiful Medersas with which the Merinids adorned the city are simply the lodging-houses of the students; the classes are all held in the courts and galleries adjoining the mosque.

El Kairouiyin was originally an oratory built in the ninth century by Fatmah, whose father had migrated from Kairouan to Fez. Later it was enlarged, and its cupola was surmounted by the talismans which protect sacred edifices against rats, scorpions and serpents; but in spite of these precautions all animal life was not successfully exorcised from it. In the twelfth century, when the great gate Ech Chemmâïn was building, a well was discovered under its foundations. The mouth of the well was obstructed by an immense tortoise; but when the workmen attempted to take the tortoise out she said: "Burn me rather than take me away from here." They respected her wishes and built her into the foundations; and since then women who suffer from the back-ache have only to come and sit on the bench above the well to be cured.

The actual mosque, or "praying-hall," is said to be formed of a rectangle or double cube of 90 metres by 45, and this vast space is equally divided by rows of horseshoe arches resting on whitewashed piers of which the lower part is swathed in finely patterned matting from Salé. Fifteen monumental doorways lead into the mosque. Their doors are of cedar, heavily barred and ornamented with wrought iron, and one of them bears the name of the artisan, and the date 531 of the Hegira (the first half of the twelfth century). The mosque also contains the two halls of audience of the Cadi, of which one has a graceful exterior façade with coupled lights under horseshoe arches; the library, whose 20,000 volumes are reported to have dwindled to about a thousand; the chapel where the Masters of the Koran recite the sacred text in fulfilment of pious bequests; the "museum" in the upper part of the minaret, wherein a remarkable collection of ancient astronomical instruments is said to be preserved; and the *mestonda*, or raised hall above the court, where women come to pray.

But the crown of El Kairouiyin is the Merenid court of ablutions. This inaccessible wonder lies close under the Medersa Attarine, one of the oldest and most

* Niche in the sanctuary of mosques.
† Movable pulpit.



*From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.*

A reed-roofed street.

beautiful collegiate buildings of Fez; and through the kindness of the Director of Fine Arts, who was with us, we were taken up to the roof of the Medersa and allowed to look down into the enclosure.

It is so closely guarded from below that from our secret coign of vantage we seemed to be looking down into the heart of forbidden things. Spacious and serene the great tiled cloister lay beneath us, water spilling over from a central basin of marble with a cool sound to which lesser fountains made answer from under the pyramidal green roofs of the twin pavilions. It was near the prayer-hour, and worshippers were flocking in, laying off their shoes and burnouses, washing their faces at the fountains and

their feet in the central tank, or stretching themselves out in the shadow of the enclosing arcade.

This, then, was the famous court "so cool in the great heats that seated by thy beautiful jet of water I feel the perfection of bliss"—as the learned doctor Abou Abd Allah el Maghili sang of it; the court in which the students gather from the adjoining halls after having committed to memory the principles of grammar in prose and verse, the "science of the reading of the Koran," the invention, exposition and ornaments of style, law, medicine, theology, metaphysics and astronomy, as well as the talismanic numbers, and the art of ascertaining by calculation the influences of the angels, the spirits and the heavenly bodies, "the names of the victor and the vanquished, and of the desired object and the person who desires it."

Such is the twentieth-century curriculum of the University of Fez. Repetition is the rule of Arab education as it is of Arab ornament. The teaching of the University is based entirely on the mediæval principle of mnemonics; and as there are no examinations, no degrees, no limits to the duration of any given course, nor is any disgrace attached to slowness in learning, it is not surprising that many students, coming as youths, linger by the fountain of Kairouiyin till their hair is gray. One well-known *oulama* has lately finished his studies after twenty-seven years at the University, and is justly proud of the length of his stay. The life of the scholar is easy, the way of knowledge is long, the contrast exquisite between the foul lanes and noisy bazaars outside and this cool heaven of learning. No wonder the students of Kairouiyin say with the tortoise: "Burn me rather than take me away."

## IV

### EL ANDALOUS AND THE POTTERS' FIELD

Outside the sacred precincts of Moulay Idriss and Kairouiyin, on the other side of the Oued Fez, lies El Andalous, the mosque which the Andalusian Moors built when they settled in Fez in the ninth century.

It stands apart from the bazaars, on higher ground, and though it is not *horm* we found it less easy to see than the more famous mosques, since the Christian loiterer in its doorways is more quickly noticed. The Fazi are not yet used to seeing unbelievers near their sacred places. It is only in the tumult and confusion of the *souks* that one can linger on the edge of the inner mysteries without becoming aware of attracting sullen looks; and my only impression of El Andalous is of a magnificent Almohad door and the rich blur of an interior in which there was no time to single out the details.

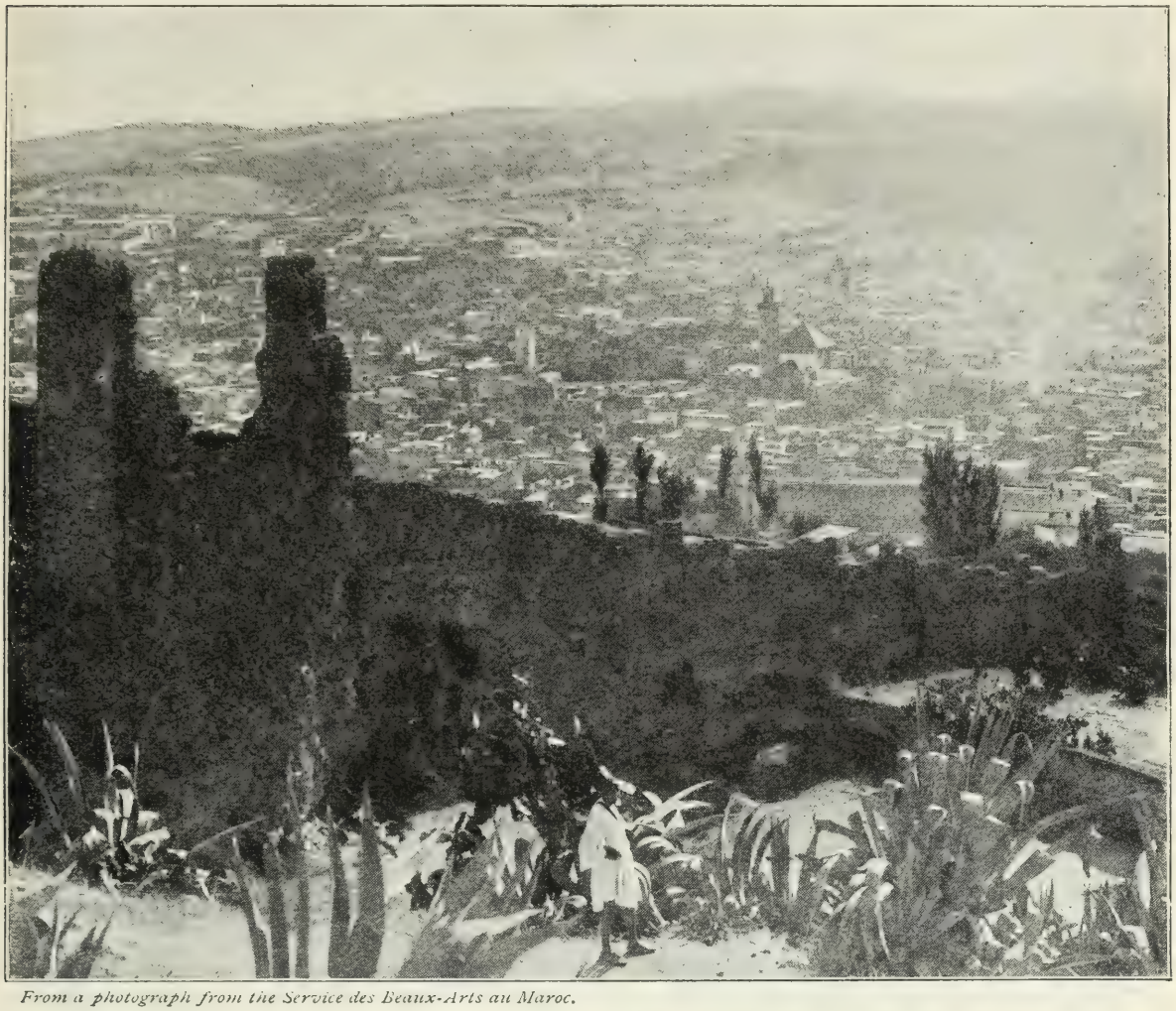
Turning from its forbidden and forbidding threshold we rode on through a poor quarter which leads to the great gate of Bab F'touh. Beyond the gate rises a dusty rocky slope extending to the outer walls—one of those grim intramural deserts that girdle Fez with desolation. This one is strewn with gravestones, not enclosed, but, as in most Moroccan cemeteries, simply cropping up like nettles between the rocks and out of the flaming dust. Here and there among slabs rises a well-curb or a crumbling *koubba*. A solitary palm shoots up beside one of the shrines. And between the crowded graves the caravan trail crosses from the outer to the inner gate, and perpetual lines of camels and donkeys trample the dead a little deeper into the dusty earth.

This Bab F'touh cemetery is also a kind of fondak. Poor caravans camp there under the fierce red walls in a mire of offal and chicken-feathers and stripped date-branches prowled through by wolfish dogs and buzzed over by fat blue flies. Camel-drivers squat beside iron kettles over heaps of embers, sorcerers from the Sahara offer their amulets to negro women, peddlers with portable wooden booths sell greasy cakes that look as if they had been made out of the garbage of the caravans, and in and out among the unknown dead and sleeping saints circulates the squalid indifferent life of the living poor.

A walled lane leads down from Bab F'touh to a lower slope, where the Fazi potters have their baking-kilns. Under a series of grassy terraces overgrown with olives we saw the archaic ovens and dripping wheels which produce the earthenware sold in the *souks*. It is a primitive and homely ware, still fine in shape, though dull in color and monotonous in

pattern; and stacked on the red earth under the olives, the rows of jars and cups, in their unglazed and unpainted state, showed their classical descent more plainly than after they have been decorated.

This green quiet hollow, where turbaned figures were moving attentively among the primitive ovens, so near to the region of flies and offal we had just left, woke an old phrase in our memories, and as our mules stumbled back over the graves of Bab F'touh we understood the grim meaning of the words: "They carried him out and buried him in the Potters' Field."



*From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.*

Elbali from the ramparts.

## V

### MEDERSAS, BAZAARS AND AN OASIS

Fez, for two centuries and more, was in a double sense the capital of Morocco: the centre of its trade as well as of its culture.

Culture, in fact, came to northwest Africa chiefly through the Merinid princes. The Almohads had erected great monuments from Rabat to Marrakech, and had fortified Fez; but their "mighty wasteful empire" fell apart like those that had preceded it. Stability had to come from the west; it was not till the Arabs had learned it through the Moors that Morocco produced a dynasty strong and enlightened enough to carry out the dream of its founders.

Whichever way the discussion sways as to the priority of eastern or western influences on Moroccan art—whether it came to her from Syria, and was thence passed on to Spain, or was first formed in Spain, and afterward modified by the Moroccan imagination—there can at least be no doubt that Fazi art and culture, in their prime, are partly the reflection of European civilization.

Fugitives from Spain came to the new city when Moulay Idriss founded it. One part of the town was given to them, and the river divided the Elbali of the Almohads into the two quarters of Kairouiyin and Andalous, which still retain their old names. But the full intellectual and artistic flowering of Fez was delayed till the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. It seems as though the seeds of the new springtime of art, blown across the sea from reawakening Europe, had at last given the weltering tribes of the desert the force to create their own type of beauty.

Nine Medersas sprang up in Fez, six of them built by the princes who were also creating the exquisite collegiate buildings of Salé, Rabat and old Meknez, and the enchanting mosque and minaret of Chella. The power of these rulers also was in perpetual flux; they were always at war with the Sultans of Tlemçen, the Christians of Spain, the princes of northern Algeria and Tunis. But during the fourteenth century they established a rule wide and firm enough to permit of the great outburst of art and learning which produced the Medersas of Fez.

Until a year or two ago these collegiate buildings were as inaccessible as the mosques; but now that the French government has undertaken their restoration strangers may visit them under the guidance of the Fine Arts Department.

All are built on the same plan, the plan of Salé and Rabat, which (as Mr. Tranchant de Lunel* has pointed out) became, with slight modifications, that of the rich private houses of Morocco. But interesting as they are in plan and the application of ornament, their main beauty lies in their details: in the union of chiselled plaster with the delicate mosaic work of niches and revêtements; the web-like arabesques of the upper walls and the bold, almost Gothic sculpture of the cedar architraves and corbels supporting them. And when all these details are enumerated, and also the fretted panels of cedar, the bronze doors with their great shield-like bosses, and the honeycombings and rufflings of the gilded ceilings, there still remains the general tinge of dry disintegration, as though all were perishing of a desert fever—that, and the final wonder of seeing before one, in such a setting, the continuance of the very life that went on there when the tiles were set and the gold was new on the ceilings.

For these tottering Medersas, already in the hands of the restorers, are still inhabited. As long as the stairway holds and the balcony has not rotted from its corbels, the students of the University see no reason for abandoning their lodgings above the cool fountain and the house of prayer. The strange men giving incomprehensible orders for unnecessary repairs need not disturb their meditations; and when the hammering grows too loud the *oulamas* have only to pass through the silk market or the *souk* of the embroiderers to the mosque of Kairouiyin, and go on weaving the pattern of their dreams by the fountain of perfect bliss.

One reads of the bazaars of Fez that they have been for centuries the central market of the country. Here are to be found not only the silks and pottery, the Jewish goldsmiths' work, the arms and embroidered saddlery which the city itself produces, but "morocco" from Marrakech, rugs, tent-hangings and matting from Rabat and Salé, grain baskets from Moulay Idriss, daggers from the Souss, and whatever European wares the native markets consume. One looks on the plan of Fez, at the space covered by the bazaars; one breasts the swarms that pour through them from dawn to dusk—and one remains perplexed, disappointed. They are less "Oriental" than one had expected, if "Oriental" means color and gaiety.

Sometimes, on occasion, it does mean that: as, for instance, when a procession passes bearing the gifts for a Jewish wedding. The gray crowd makes way for a group of musicians in brilliant caftans, and following them comes a long file of women with uncovered faces and bejewelled necks, balancing on their heads the dishes the guests have sent to the feast—*kouskous*, sweet creams and syrups, "gazelles' horns" of sugar and almonds—in delicately woven baskets, each covered with several squares of bright gauze edged with gold. Then one remembers the marketing of the

* In *France-Marocco, No.* 1.



*From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.*

The Nedjarine Fountain.

Lady of "The Three Calendars," and Fez again becomes the Bagdad of El Raschid.

But when no exceptional events, processions, ceremonies and the like brighten the underworld of the *souks*, their look is uniformly melancholy. The gay bazaars, the gaily-painted houses, the flowers and flute-playing of north Africa, are found in her Mediterranean ports, in contact with European influences. The farther west she extends, the more she becomes self-contained, sombre, uninfluenced, a gloomy fanatic with her back to the walls of the Atlantic and the Atlas. Color and laughter lie mostly along the trade-routes, where the peoples of the world come and go in curiosity and rivalry. This ashen

crowd swarming gloomily through the dark tunnels represents the real Moghreb that is close to the wild tribes of the "hinterland" and the grim feudal fortresses of the Atlas. How close, one has only to go out to Sefrou on a market-day to see.

Sefrou is a military outpost in an oasis under the Atlas, about forty miles south of Fez. To most people the word "oasis" evokes palms and sand; but though Morocco possesses many oases it has no pure sand and few palms. I remember it as a considerable event when I discovered one from my lofty window at Bou-Jeloud.

The *bled* is made of very different stuff from the sand-ocean of the Sahara. The light plays few tricks with it. Its monotony is wearisome rather than impressive, and the fact that it is seldom without some form of dwarfish vegetation makes the transition less startling when the alluvial green is finally reached. One had always half expected it, and it does not spring at a djinn's wave out of sterile gold.

But the fact brings its own compensations. Moroccan oases differ one from another far more than those of South Algeria and Tunisia. Some have no palms, others but a few, others are real palm-oases, though even in the south (at least on the hither side of the great Atlas) none spreads out a dense uniform roofing of metal-blue fronds like the date-oases of Biskra or Tozeur. As for Sefrou, which Foucauld called the most beautiful oasis of Morocco, it is just an extremely fertile valley with vineyards and orchards stretching up to a fine background of mountains. But the fact that it lies just below the Atlas makes it an important market-place and centre of caravans.

Though so near Fez it is still almost on the disputed border between the loyal and the "unsubmissive" tribes, those that are *Blad-Makhzen* (of the Sultan's government) and those that are against it. Until recently, therefore, it has been inaccessible to visitors, and even now a strongly fortified French post dominates the height above the town. Looking down from the fort, one distinguishes, through masses of many-tinted green, a suburb of Arab houses in gardens, and below, on the river, Sefrou itself, a stout little walled town with angle-towers defiantly thrust forth toward the Atlas. It is just outside these walls that the market is held.

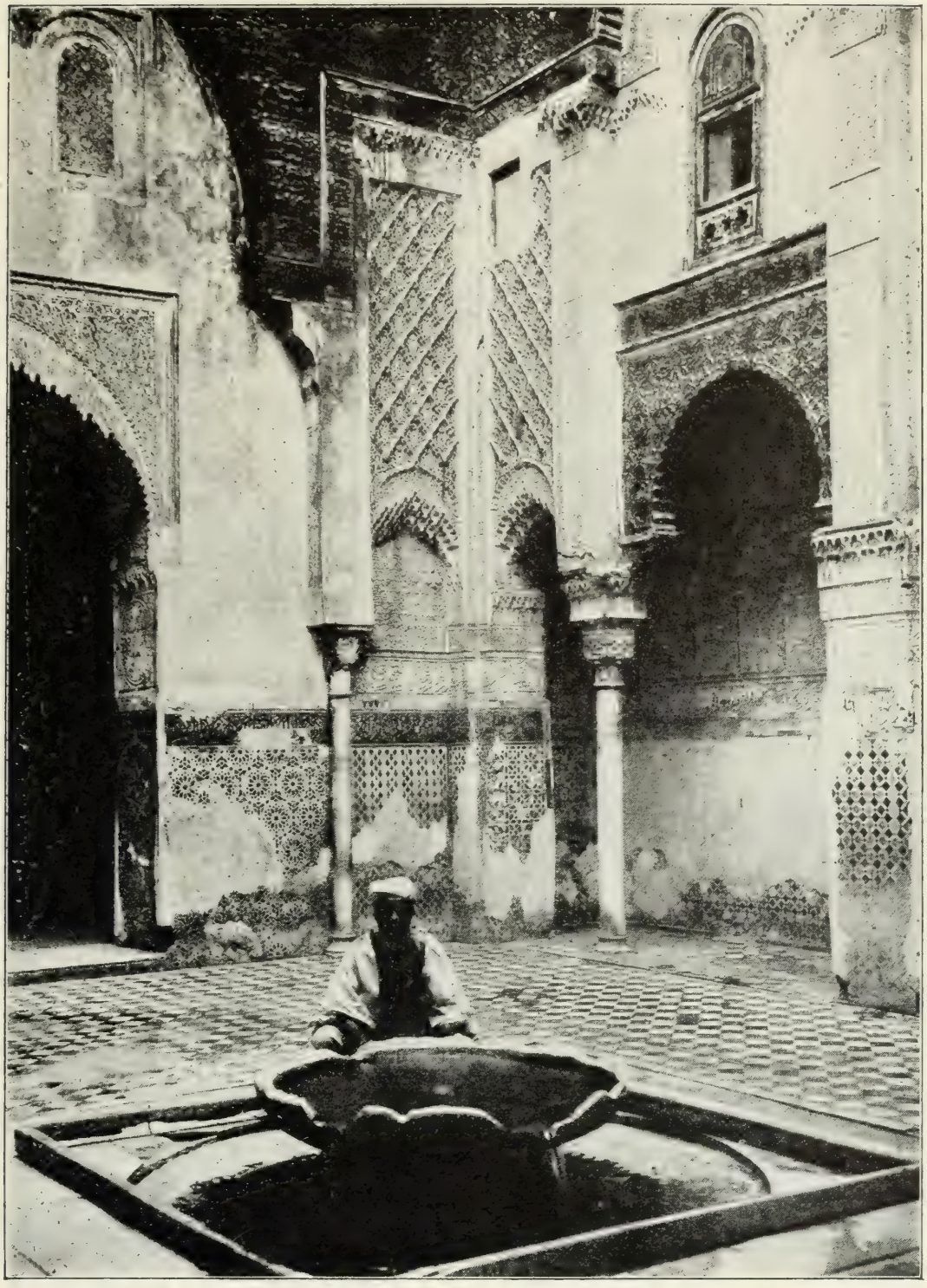
It was swarming with hill-people the day we were there, and strange was the contrast between the crowd inside the circle of picketed horses and the white-robed cockneys from Rabat who fill the market-place of Salé. Here at last we were in touch with un-Arab Morocco, with Berbers of the *bled* and the hills, whose women know no veils and no seclusion, and who, under a thin surface of Mahometanism, preserve their old stone and animal worship, and all the gross fetichistic beliefs from which Mahomet dreamed of freeing Africa.

The men were lean and weather-bitten, some with negroid lips, others with beaked noses and gaunt cheek-bones, all muscular and fierce-looking. Some were wrapped in the black cloaks worn by the Blue Men of the Sahara,* with a great orange sun embroidered on the back; some tunicked like the Egyptian fellah, under a rough striped outer garment trimmed with bright tufts and tassels of wool. The men of the Rif had a braided lock on the shoulder, those of the Atlas a ringlet over each ear, and brown woollen scarfs wound round their temples, leaving the shaven crown bare.

The women, squatting among their kids and poultry and cheeses, glanced at us with brilliant hennaed eyes and smiles that lifted their short upper lips maliciously. Their thin faces were painted in stripes and patterns of indigo. Silver necklets covered their throats, long earrings dangled under the wool-embroidered kerchiefs bound about their temples with a twist of camel's hair, and below the cotton shifts fastened on their shoulders with silver clasps their legs were bare to the knee, or covered with leather leggings to protect them from the thorny *bled*.

They seemed abler bargainers than the men, and the play of expression on their dramatic and intensely feminine faces as they wheedled the price of a calf out of a fierce hillsman, or haggled over a heap of dates that a Jew with greasy ringlets was trying to secure for his secret distillery,

* So called because of the indigo dye of their tunics, which leaves a permanent stain on their bodies.



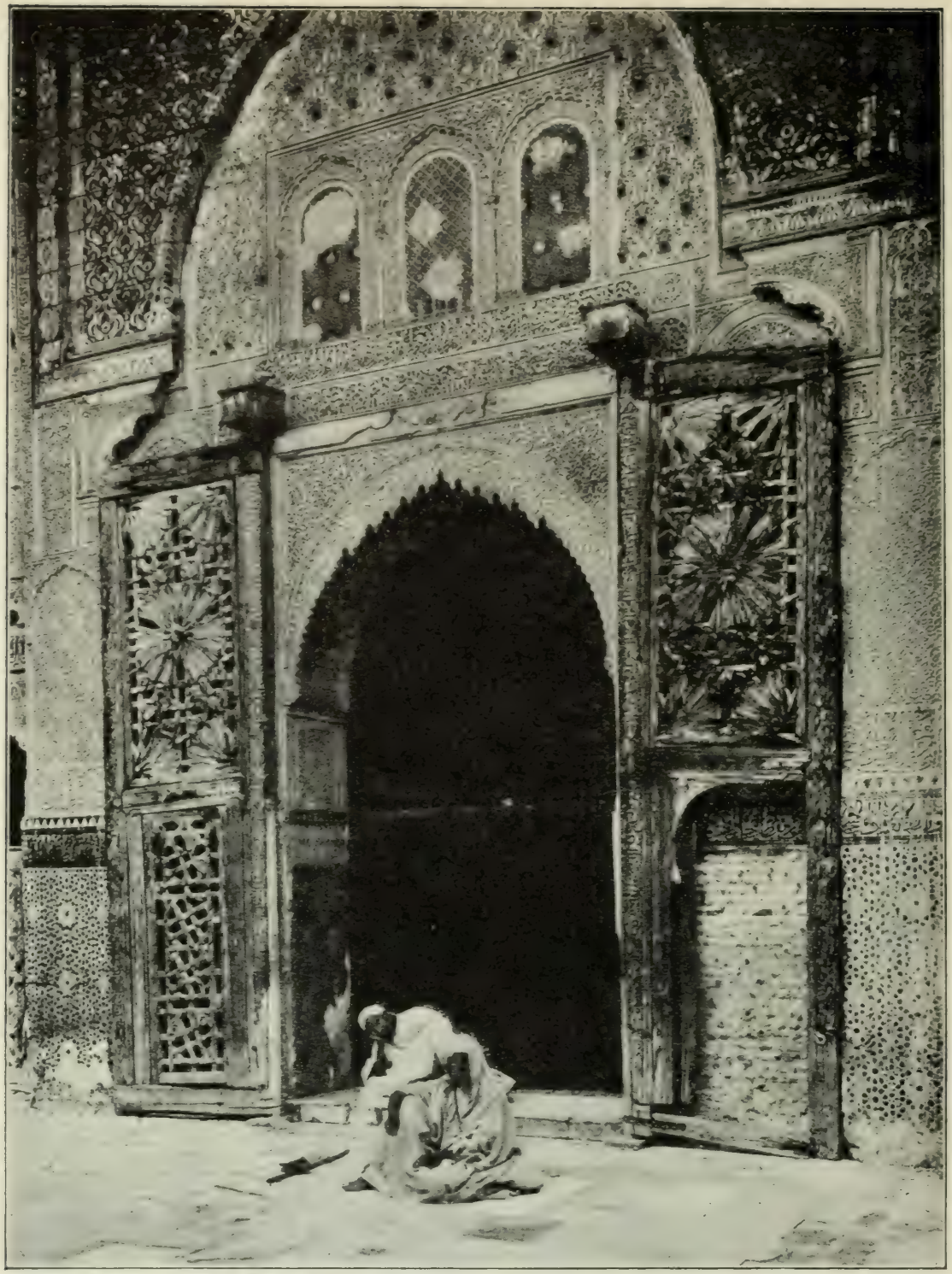
*From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.*

Court of the Medersa el Attarine.

showed that they knew their superiority and enjoyed it.

Jews abounded in the market-place and also in the town. Sefrou contains a large Israelite colony, and after we had wandered through the steep streets, over gushing waterfalls spanned by "ass-backed" Spanish bridges, and through a thatched *souk*, smelling strong of camels and the desert, the French commissioner (the only European in Sefrou) suggested that it might interest us to visit the *Mellah*.

It was our first sight of a typical Jewish quarter in Africa. The *Mellah* of Fez was almost entirely destroyed during the massacres of 1912 (which incidentally included a *pogrom*), and its distinctive character, happily for the inhabitants, has disappeared in the rebuilding. North African Jews are still compelled to live in

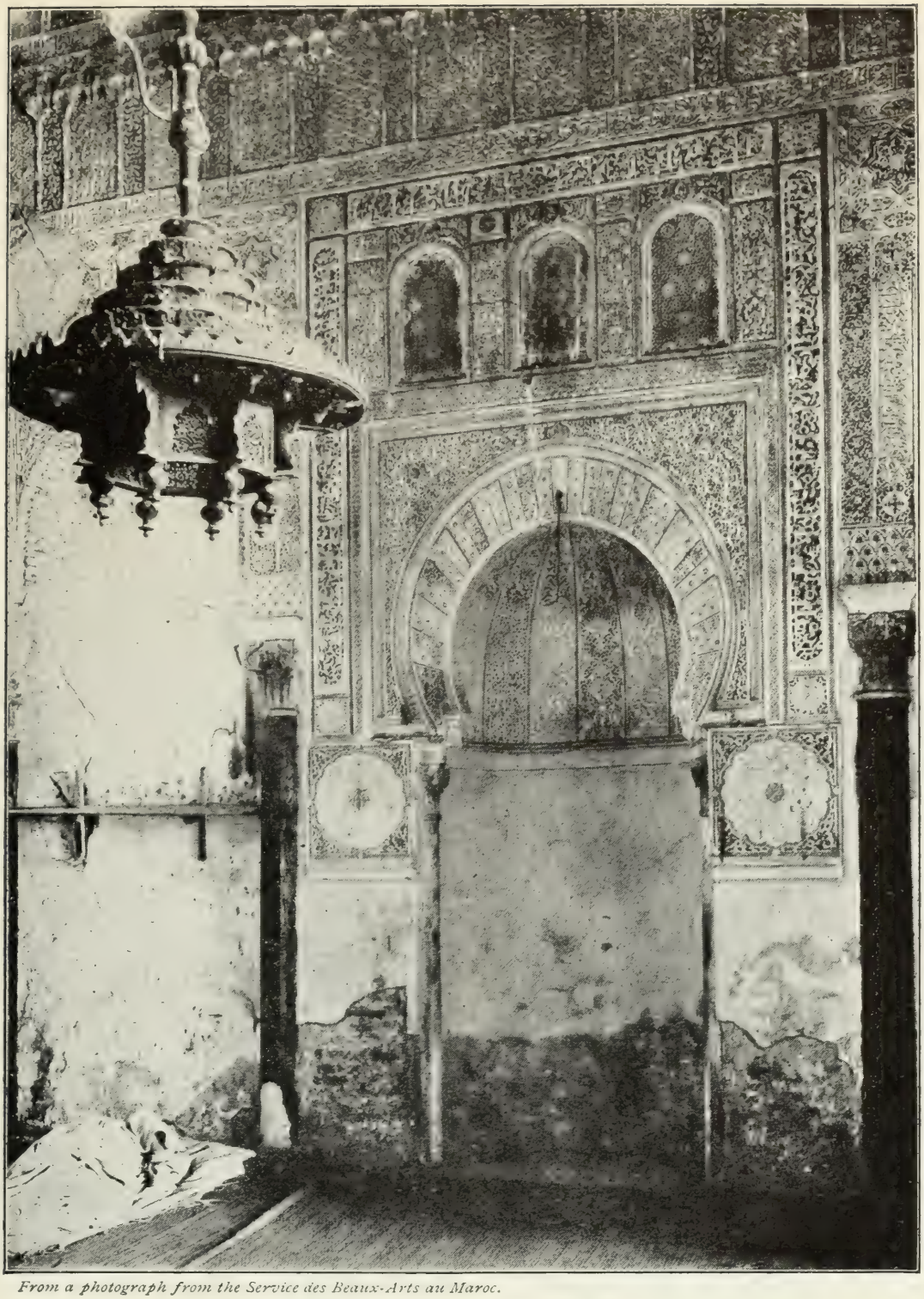


*From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.*

Medersa Bonananya.

ghettos, into which they are locked at night, as in France and Germany in the Middle Ages; and until lately the men have been compelled to go unarmed, to wear black gabardines and black slippers, to take off their shoes when they passed near a mosque or a saint's tomb, and in various other ways to manifest their subjection to the ruling race. Nowhere else do they live in conditions of such demoralizing promiscuity as in some of the cities of Morocco. They have so long been subject to unrestricted extortion on the part of the Moslems that even the wealthy Jews (who are numerous) have sunk to the habits and appearance of the poorest; and Sefrou, which has come so recently under French control, offers a good specimen of a *Mellah* before foreign sanitation has lighted up its dark places.

Dark indeed they were. After wander-



*From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.*

The Praying-chapel in the Medersa el Attarine.

ing through narrow and malodorous lanes, and slipping about in the offal of the *souks*, we were suddenly led under an arch over which should have been written "All light abandon—" and which made all we had seen before seem clean and bright and airy.

The beneficent African sun dries up and purifies the immemorial filth of Africa; where that sun enters there is none of the foulness of damp. But into the *Mellah* of Sefrou it never comes, for the streets form a sort of subterranean rabbit-warren under the upper stories of a solid agglomeration of tall houses—a buried city lit even at midday by oil-lamps hanging in the goldsmith's shops and under the archways of the black and reeking staircases.

It was a Jewish feast-day. The Hebrew stalls in the *souks* were closed, and the whole population of the *Mellah* thronged its tunnels in holiday dress.

Hurrying past us were young women with plump white faces and lovely eyes, turbaned in brilliant gauzes, with draperies of dirty curtain muslin over tawdry brocaded caftans. Their paler children swarmed about them, little long-ear-ringed girls like wax dolls dressed in scraps of old finery, little boys in tattered caftans with long-lashed eyes and wily smiles; and, waddling in the rear, their unwieldy grandmothers, huge lumps of tallowy flesh who were probably still in the thirties.

With them were the men of the family, in black gabardines and skull-caps: sallow striplings, incalculably aged ancestors, round-bellied husbands and fathers bumping along like black balloons; all hastening to the low doorways dressed with lamps and paper garlands behind which the feast was spread.

One is told that in cities like Fez and Marrakech the Hebrew quarter conceals flowery patios and gilded rooms with the heavy European furniture that rich Jews delight in. Perhaps even in the *Mellah* of Sefrou, among the ragged figures shuffling past us, there were some few with bags of gold in their walls and rich stuffs hid away in painted coffers; but for patios and flowers and daylight there seemed no room in the dark *bolgia* they inhabit. No wonder the babies of the Moroccan ghettos are nursed on date-brandy, and their elders doze away to death under its consoling spell.

## VI

### THE LAST GLIMPSE

It is well to bid good-by to Fez at night—a moonlight night for choice.

Then, after dining at the Arab inn of Fez Eldjid—where it might be inconvenient to lodge, but where it is extremely pleasant to eat *kouskous* under a grape-trellis in a tiled and fountained patio—this pleasure over, one may set out on foot and stray down the lanes toward Fez Elbali.

Not long ago the gates between the different quarters of the city used to be locked every night at nine o'clock, and the merchant who went out to dine in another part of the town had to lodge with his host. Now this custom has been given up, and one may roam about untroubled through the old quarters, grown as silent as the grave after the intense life of the bazaars has ceased at nightfall.

Nobody is in the streets: wandering from ghostly passage to passage, one hears no step but that of the watchman with staff and lantern. Presently there appears, far off, a light like a low-flying firefly; as it comes nearer, it is seen to proceed from the *Mellah* lamp of open work brass that a servant carries ahead of two merchants on their way home from Elbali. The merchants are grave men: they move softly and slowly on their fat slippered feet, pausing from time to time in confidential talk. At last they stop before a house wall with a low blue door barred by heavy hasps of iron. The servant lifts the lamp and knocks. There is a long delay; then, with infinite caution, the door is opened a few inches, and another lifted light shines faintly on lustrous tiled walls, and on the face of a woman slave who quickly veils herself. Evidently the master is a man of standing, and the house well guarded. The two merchants touch each other on the right shoulder, one of them passes in, and his friend goes on through the moonlight, his servant's lantern dancing ahead.

But here we are in an open space looking down one of the descents to El Attarine. A misty radiance washes the tall houses, the garden-walls, the archways; even the moonlight does not whiten Fez, but only turns its gray to tarnished silver. Overhead in a tower window a single light twinkles: women's voices rise and fall on the roofs. In a rich man's doorway slaves are sleeping, huddled on the tiles. A cock crows from somebody's dunghill; a skeleton dog prowls by for garbage.

Everywhere is the loud rush or the low crooning of water, and over every wall comes the scent of jasmine and rose. Far off, from the red purgatory between the walls, sounds the savage thrum-thrum of a negro orgy; here all is peace and perfume. A minaret springs up between the roofs like a palm, and from its balcony the little white figure bends over and drops a blessing on all the loveliness and all the squalor.

[Mrs. Wharton's fourth article, "Marrakech," will appear in the October number.]

# "WADE IN, SANITARY!"

## THE STORY OF A DIVISION SURGEON IN FRANCE

BY RICHARD DERBY

Lt.-Col., M. C., U. S. A., Division Surgeon, Second Division

"Down the picket-guarded lane
Rolled the comfort-laden wain,
Cheered by shouts that shook the plain,
Soldier-like and merry:
Phrases such as camps may teach,
Sabre-cuts of Saxon speech,
Such as 'Bully!' 'Them's the peach!'
'Wade in, Sanitary!'"

—Bret Harte.

DURING the winter of 1917–1918, the Second Division, made up of a Marine and Infantry Brigade, together with the divisional trains, underwent its preliminary training in an area in the Vosges formerly used by the French for this purpose. In March the division, augmented by its artillery, was put into the front line between Verdun and St. Mihiel. We held this front until the middle of May, when we were relieved and sent up to the Fifth French Army, northwest of Paris.

While in the area about Chaumont-en-Vexin, on May 28, came a rumor that the Huns had attacked on a thirty-mile front between Soissons and Rheims. The next day this rumor was corroborated, and we heard that the enemy had broken through at the Chemin des Dames, captured twenty-five thousand French prisoners, and was advancing without opposition. On the morning of May 30 came an order that the division was to hold itself in readiness to move at a moment's notice. The enemy was reported to be within a few kilometres of Château-Thierry.

That order gave rise to a thrill which it would be hard to describe. Our entry into the war had not been too late. At last the test was at hand. Our division had been picked to be thrown across the path of one of the most determined advances of the Hun. We welcomed the test. The division was like a football team on the eve of its most important game. A team trained to the minute and fretting against the restraint which would lift only with the referee's whistle.

It was an excited group of officers collected in the office of the chief of staff that same evening when orders arrived directing the movement of the division. We stood about Colonel Preston Brown, who, with a green eye-shade pulled down over his face, read out the various embarkation points from which the different units of the division would embus during the night.

By sunrise the division was moving toward the designated concentration point at Meaux. I went by automobile with my chief, Colonel Marrow, through Pontoise, St. Denis, Sévran, and Claye. As we passed the long line of dust-enveloped buses, from the sounds of singing and joking that came from them one would have supposed this an excursion to a country fair rather than a movement into one of the grimmest battles of the war. We reached Meaux at noon.

All day long successive units of the division passed through Meaux and went out to the northeast. The roads in every direction were very much congested; troops marching toward the north and refugees moving to the south. There was a continuous procession of all sorts and kinds of oxen-drawn vehicles filled with women and children. Flocks of sheep, herds of cattle, and small collections of geese and chickens made up the motley array. The Marne, as it crosses under the La Ferté-Meaux road at Trilport, was filled with a slow-moving, densely packed column of canal-boats, moving steadily toward the south and safety.

On the night of May 31, the infantry units of the division were on the march or in bivouac along the Meaux-Vincy road. The train was halted just outside of Meaux, and during the night there were many hostile aeroplanes aloft which bombed the city and attempted to locate the position of the troops. Orders ob-

tained from the headquarters of the Sixth French Army directed that the division should take up a position between Gandelu and Montigny, northeast of Meaux. Division headquarters was established at May-en-Multien. During the night of the 31st, however, these orders were changed and the division was ordered to concentrate at a point on the Paris-Metz road beyond Montreuil-aux-Lions.

The next morning I was summoned to division headquarters at Montreuil-aux-Lions to direct the evacuation of the forward area. I was delighted, for my chief had insisted on my being with him at Meaux, from which distance it was impossible to co-ordinate the medical activities at the front. My first duty on reaching Montreuil was to visit Field Hospital One at Bézu-le-Guéry. Bézu was a village of not more than fifty buildings, placed on the heights to the north of the Marne. It was built about one winding street. At the extreme northern end was a small church with a two-storied schoolhouse adjoining. These two buildings were taken over by the hospital and served a most useful purpose during the five weeks that the division fought on this front.

The schoolroom was high-ceilinged with one wall a blackboard. It was a room of ghosts. Under date of May 29, still stood the composition lesson of that day. "Un jour de grand vent." It must have been much more than a day of great wind to the children attending that last class. It must have been a day of great alarm, borne on the wings of a mighty Hun advance. Under the caption, "La Pensée," the lesson went on: "L'homme libre obeit à sa conscience et aux lois de son pays." Almost in the presence of the enemy, the children of France were being taught the righteousness of their fathers' cause. Then came a column of words, the last word unfinished. The lesson had been interrupted. As I gazed upon the blackboard I saw again the figures of the little children leaning over their desks and writing industriously in their copy-books. I saw the teacher pouring her soul into the sentences on the board. I heard the approach of a horse. He was reined up at the door. The loud knock was followed by the appearance in the doorway of a French soldier, who told of the oncoming enemy hordes and counselled immediate flight. Something else told me that the flight was dignified, not precipitate, that the children were reminded that it was ennobling to suffer "pour la France," and that the interrupted lesson would be continued "après la victoire."

On June 10 division headquarters moved from Montreuil-aux-Loins to Genevrois Ferme, within a very short distance of Bézu-le-Guéry. I went to the latter place, and shared the office and sleeping-quarters of the director of ambulance companies, Major Miller. Bézu was situated in almost the exact centre of the sector which we were holding and was easily accessible by good roads from any point of the front. It was an ideal location for the triage, or sorting station, for the co-ordination of the ambulance section, and for the general work of the medical activities of the front area.

In going from Bézu to the regimental aid station of the 9th Infantry at Beaurepaire Ferme, you passed through Villiers-sur-Marne and by the gateway of Madame Huard's "Home on the Field of Honor." Many times during those June days was I carried back to the early part of September, 1914, when similar scenes had been enacted in this same locality. There was the lovely old château, with its beautiful grounds and trees. And there on the lawn, placidly cropping the much overgrown grass, was the old gray donkey who, after the first battle of the Marne, had rounded up and led to the shelter of his mistress's home that pathetic group of the invaders' cast-off animals.

A little up the road from the château still lived Father Poupard with his wife and daughter and grandchildren. During the month of June the old man was evacuated by one of our ambulances because of sickness. Louis, one of his two orphan grandchildren, for whom he had walked all the way from Château-Thierry to Epernay and back, had grown to be a fine big boy.

Ambulance Company Fifteen used Madame Huard's château as their headquarters. I had wanted to establish here our hospital for non-transportable wounded, but it was considered by the

commanding-general, division surgeon, and French corps surgeon to be too close to the front line. This hospital was doing excellent work at La Ferté-sous-Jouarre. The operating-room and wards were installed in the buildings of the French hospital, while Bessoneau tents, set up in the garden, housed the X-ray plant and the combined admission and resuscitation ward.

Ambulances were unloading at the gate when I visited this hospital late on the afternoon of June 11. I followed the four litter cases that were gently lifted out and carried to the admission ward, which was nearly full of wounded men awaiting operation. The new arrivals were placed on litter racks, which ran the length of the tent on either side of the centre aisle. Each litter rack was draped with blankets which fell to the ground, and so conserved and centralized the heat from a stove placed beneath the litter. In this way the *réchauffement* of the wounded man began from the moment that he entered the hospital, and the necessary formalities in recording and taking the history of a new arrival were not allowed to interfere with his being thoroughly warmed first. This tent was presided over by an admitting officer with a staff of one nurse and half a dozen enlisted men of the Medical Department. We had nurses at this time, who did most splendid and devoted work. Later, as the hospital-corps men became more skilled, we were able to dispense with their services entirely. The consulting surgeon of the division, Major Lee, divided his time between this tent and the operating-room. He personally saw each new arrival, examined him, and prescribed preoperative treatment. He sorted the patients out and decided, according to urgency, upon their operative priority. As the turn of each came he was carried to the adjoining tent where an X-ray photograph was taken, or fluoroscopic examination made, and the exact position of the foreign body located and noted upon the patient's history card. Thus, when he went to the operating-room, the history and examination were complete.

In one corner of the tent a badly shocked patient was receiving an infusion of normal salt solution into the median basilic vein of his arm. A nurse was holding aloft the glass container from which the fluid steadily flowed, while a surgeon bent over the patient's arm and controlled the flow. Farther down the line a young fellow, who looked more dead than alive from a severe hemorrhage, was receiving a transfusion of blood, voluntarily offered by a soldier of one of the divisions in training in our rear. The blood had been collected in a glass flask, preserved by the addition of citrate of soda, and sent forward to meet just such an emergency as this. I stood spellbound and watched the suffusion of pink, the token of returning life, that gradually showed itself in those alabaster white cheeks. As the contents of the flask steadily lowered and the color of the cheeks deepened, I could only think that the day of miracles was not past.

In the operating-room three tables were in use. The three teams, made up each of a surgeon, his assistant, and a nurse—the instrument passer—looked jaded from their long, exhausting day. On one table a perforating wound of the chest was being sewed up. On another an intestinal resection had just been completed by the operator, while his assistant was searching for a shell fragment deeply embedded in the upper thigh. On a third patient, whom I had seen less than an hour before passing through Field Hospital One at Bézu, a ligation of the brachial artery was being performed. Cases of similar gravity had been operated upon during the day, making a total of forty at this time. There was an equal number in the admission ward awaiting attention.

In another hour the night shift of operators would go on duty and would find enough work to keep them going hard until the following morning. At this time the three operating teams were working in twelve-hour shifts, but we soon found that this was too long and tiring a period, so we reduced the number of teams from three to two, and put them on eight-hour shifts.

The mortality in this hospital was necessarily very high, for only the most seriously wounded were held here. All who could stand the transportation were sent on back to Juilly. Many died here

whose condition never justified an operation. As against these, many a man whose condition was desperate upon arrival so improved under *réchauffement* and other anti-shock treatment that he was able to live through an operation which saved his life.

Heavy fighting continued through the month of June; the 4th Brigade steadily increasing its hold upon the Bois de Belleau, until on the 25th, in one last furious assault, the Hun was driven out of it completely.

Then came the turn of the 3d Brigade, composed of the 9th and 23d Infantry, to assume the offensive and straighten out and advance their front, which lay to the south of the Paris-Metz road. The preparation for the attack on Vaux was very thorough, and involved as careful planning on the part of the Medical Department as by the infantry or artillery. On the days just preceding the proposed offensive I reconnoitred carefully the front covered by the regiments, going up to the villages of Bourbelin and Monneaux and selecting sites in them for aid and dressing stations, picking out the most protected roads for the evacuation of the wounded, and arranging for stretcher-bearer relay posts.

At 6 P. M., July 1, the attack was launched, preceded by several hours' artillery preparation concentrated upon the village of Vaux. All objectives were reached on schedule time. The enemy retaliated by throwing down a gruelling barrage across our lines of communication. Ambulances which had been sent up to Monneaux the night before were not able to leave there until after nine o'clock because of the heavy shelling of the road.

Most of the casualties, as is usually the case, occurred in the early part of the advance and numbered about four hundred. They were evacuated promptly and began coming into the regimental aid station of the 9th Infantry at Beaurepaire Ferme around seven o'clock. The battalion aid station of the 3d Battalion of the 23d Infantry was situated on the ground floor of a cottage in the village of Bourbelin. This village came under heavy artillery fire shortly after the attack was launched.

Just before seven I received word at the division report centre at Mouette Ferme that Lieutenant Brown, one of the medical officers with the 3d Battalion of the 23d Infantry, had been killed. I started in my side car for Bourbelin at once. The valley in which Monneaux and Vaux were placed was filled with smoke, and the air pulsated and throbbed with the din and roar of the combined artillery fire. The wooded top of Hill 204 rose above the sea of smoke out to the northeast. It was the only landmark clearly discernible in the thick haze. Walking wounded were coming in along the road from Bourbelin and the Bois de la Marette, and as I passed them I directed them to the aid station at Ferme Beaurepaire.

As I approached Bourbelin I could see the curtain of smoke, which represented the enemy's barrage, lying across the Paris-Metz road. The road leading into the village, which yesterday had been practically untouched by shell-fire, was now filled with craters which made the going next to impossible. Shells were breaking in the village and hissing overhead to break on the Paris-Metz road to the west. The aid station was near the southern and western end of the village. The two small front rooms on the ground floor were being used as dressing-rooms. One of these, in which Lieutenant Brown had been attending wounded, had received a direct hit. He had been killed instantly but no one else hurt.

Captain Claude A. Martin, the battalion surgeon, was hard at work with insufficient aid, so I turned to and lent a helping hand. The floor space was so covered with wounded that it was difficult to get around among them. The light from a few candles was not sufficient to see well what one was doing. It was work under most trying and difficult conditions, but through it all Captain Martin maintained his usual bubbling spirits, cracking jokes and bantering with his men as though nothing of unusual moment were happening. We had no sooner made material headway in emptying the room than others were brought in to take their place. And so the work went on until I was called elsewhere.

Later that night I returned to this station to find that it had received another direct hit upon the roof, which had

brought the ceiling down and wounded Lieutenant Thomas who had taken Lieutenant Brown's place. Captain Martin was again laboring unaided. The enemy was using gas as well as H. E. I had gotten a whiff of it as I entered the village for the second time. You could differentiate the gas from the H. E. explosion by the hollower and less intense sound of the former. As we worked, such a shell exploded close by, and we hurriedly helped the wounded men on with their masks and pulled on our own. The work went on, punctuated only by the hiss of shells overhead or the explosion of one nearer at hand. As soon as an ambulance was signalled, out went its load followed by a temporary lull in the work until the blanket at the door was pushed aside and a wounded man brought in by a stretcher-bearer from the front.

Captain Martin received the D. S. C. as a result of his splendid work during the first two days of July at Bourbelin. In the heavy fighting in which the 3d Battalion of the 23d Infantry had taken part during the month of June and the first week of July, Captain Martin had literally had two of his medical officers killed at his very elbow. If he had not been a tower of strength and made of the finest stuff, he would have broken under the strain. He came from Jefferson Davis Park, La. He told me his history once. He had stood on his own feet from boyhood. He had gone into business at an early age and had not been satisfied. He gave up a future in business, in which success was assured, and supported himself through his medical training. He was used to hard knocks and sudden reversals of fortune. The words fear and failure were not in his vocabulary. He inspired his men and associates in like measure. He was an ideal medical officer, and one who refused to accept anything short of success.

I met him one day at Bézu after his battalion had been subjected to a seven-hour gas bombardment. His eyes were red and bloodshot and his voice hoarse. I rated him roundly for not having changed his clothing and taken a bath. I told him that he must practise what he was supposed to preach.

"But, major, I must attend to my men first," was his only answer, and not until the last of his men had gone through would he think of himself.

On July 5, the relief of the division by the 26th was begun. The next day orders came to stand fast, as an enemy offensive between Rheims and Château-Thierry was expected. The relief was continued on the 7th, and by the next day the division was completely out and the 26th Division holding the sector. The threatened German offensive did not break until the 14th.

All through June our infantry and artillery had fought valiantly with little or no protection from above. I frequently saw hostile planes flying low over our artillery positions and recording gun emplacements without molestation, aside from rifle-fire from the ground. Occasionally a few French planes were aloft, but very few days went by when one or more observations of our positions were not made by hostile planes. During the first week of July, however, we appreciated a great difference in the air protection afforded the division.

The arrival of an American squadron cheered the hearts of every one. The loud, strident hum of Nieuports was heard from daylight until dusk, and with their arrival passed the supremacy of the air from the Hun to the Yankee. This supremacy was won at a crucial time, for during the next ten days occurred those great troop movements which resulted in the death-blow to Prussian militarism—the combined American and French offensive at Soissons on July 18. Without the systematic blinding of the enemy's eyes, which the American squadron insured, the masking of the troop movement and the perfect element of surprise with which the attack was attended could never have been achieved. With this squadron was my brother-in-law, Quentin Roosevelt, a *chasse pilote*. Little did I realize on the 14th that the young eagle was doing battle in the sky just to the northeast of where I was. That day I was invalided back to Doctor Blake's hospital in Paris. It was not until two days later that I heard of his great last fight. He fell, but the photographic plane which he was protecting, reached safety and brought most important information regarding the German attack that was launched that night.

# THE CALL OF THE GODS

By Stuart Rivers

Author of "A Leading Lady of the Discards"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

IN the theatrical business after a man's acquaintances stop hailing him as "Smith, ol' boy," or "Billy, ol' scout," and preface his name with a polite "Mister," he can, without going any further for the information, know that he has reached the end of either one of two extremes—success or failure. Possibly this is not quite so true when fortune takes an upward swing, but when he is, with shirt and trouser cuffs a bit frayed, addressed with a certain lack of familiarity, it is a safe bet that he will never see his name shine on Broadway in electric lights or be pointed out in the Lambs' Club as one of the select of the select.

In rare cases they sometimes jump over the traces, smash all the rules on the calendar, and make good at the last moment; but it is not often, because the old saying about a dog and new tricks applies particularly to an actor who has shot his wad, and it is one of the hardest things in the world to make a manager believe that he can do anything except his "speciality."

Thus, when Elliot Conway came into his fortieth year and the office boys around at the different booking-offices or the casting directors at some of the studios began calling him "Mister Conway," he should have taken warning and shifted his occupation; but he had never done a great deal of thinking throughout his rather matter-of-fact life, but had rather been content to let things slide and follow wherever his nose led. When he was still a boy this had been to barnstorming in the Middle West, in a company that carried its own sets in a canvas-covered wagon; later he had drifted to Broadway and had "gone on the road" year after year, until he knew hotel clerks by their first names in almost every State in the Union. Still later, and in the days when the old Biograph was at its height, Conway had wandered into pictures, but there, as unaggressive as always, he had been content to do extra work, which, if you do in the beginning, you will continue to do until the end of time.

No doubt there is a perfectly sane reason why one man succeeds, according to the world's standards, while another, apparently just as clever in every respect, fails most dismally at the job fate wished him into. It may be only the way the cards happen to fall, or it may be ambition, but this last is only another way of saying that a man must have unbounded hope—the hope supreme—if he is to crowd past the rest of the bunch on that most precarious upward climb and finally sit, dangling his feet over the edge, at the top rung of the ladder.

It was this quality Elliot Conway lacked. He had never been inspired in his life, nor had he, even when he was doing his best, reached out mentally and hoped for better things to come. In other words, he was satisfied, and when a man is satisfied he is beaten and unconsciously acknowledges himself to be a failure.

In some respects the trouble lay with the man himself; but still it is rather hard to blame a person for the nature that was infused into his system at the beginning, and Conway's nature was of that kind which never demand the love and companionship of women, but are seemingly content to live their solitary lives without ever coming into closer touch with what was to him the mysterious feminine than a most casual nodding acquaintance. In his work, of course, he had known all kinds of girls, and, again, from his point of view, they had all been good, with some a little better than the rest—a few had even looked into his eyes and tried to

make him read the song of their hearts, but Conway had never understood, because, as he sometimes told himself, he wasn't the kind of a man women fall in love with.

And yet, as he sat on the chair in the corner of Well's agency, with his legs crossed and the felt hat in his lap, he was not unattractive in the least degree. True, his hair was streaked here and there with gray and his face, in its deeply drawn lines, showed the life that was behind him, but his lean figure still bore a note of youthfulness, and a casual guesser might have missed his age short of a full ten years.

A more keen observer, however, could have detected the other ten, but in the examination they would probably have found other things quite as interesting as the number of years he had lived, for a little smile lurked in the depths of Conway's eyes and the wrinkles around the corners of his rather large mouth spoke enthusiastically of a fine quality of humor and understanding, doing more than offset the somewhat messy tie, the coat collar that was not quite a fit, and the hair at the back of his neck that was in sore need of a barber's attentions.

After a monotonous and seemingly endless wait, a man's head appeared at the little window over which was nailed the significant sign: "Casting Director."

"There won't be anything doing today," he said after looking for a moment at the half-dozen occupants of the row of chairs. "You might come in Friday. We may have something then."

With the others Conway rose to his feet, then hesitated for an instant as the rest of the company filed slowly out into the hall.

"Do you think there will be anything for me on Friday?" he asked, approaching the window, his hat still in his hand.

The other looked into the man's face critically, then nodded slightly. "You have a dress suit, haven't you, Mr. Conway?"

"Oh, yes—full wardrobe."

"Suppose you come in Friday. There's going to be a ballroom set in McNair's new picture. I may be able to fit you in—" After a slight hesitation he added: "Ah—it's five dollars."

"That'll be all right," Conway nodded. "Very much obliged. I'll be in Friday, then."

He reached the street to find a mean, wet snow-storm whirling in from Broadway, and, after standing undecided in the doorway for some minutes, he turned up the collar of his rather thin coat and, guarding his eyes from the blast with the hat brim, headed for his room in the lodging-house on West Forty-fourth Street.

"Rotten day to go around," he muttered to himself as he reached the high, brown-stone stoop and climbed the steps. "Nothing doing to-day, I guess—maybe it'll clear up this afternoon." He turned and watched the driving snowflakes for a moment, then, with a little shake of his head, he entered the house and climbed the two dingy flights of stairs to his room.

"Maybe there'll be a couple of days in McNair's picture," he muttered aloud, voicing his thoughts as he slipped the wet coat from his shoulders and hung it over the back of a chair. "Be all right——"

A knock, interrupting his musings, sounded on the door, and the man, stepping across the room, swung it open. The faint light in the hall at first only afforded him a vague impression of a woman in a dark skirt and a white waist, but in a moment he saw that she was young, quite pretty, and with a heavy mass of reddish-brown hair crowning the white oval of her face.

"I beg your pardon," she began with a little laugh, "but I wonder if I can borrow a match from you?"

"Certainly," the man answered, searching in his pockets for a box of safety-matches. "Very glad."

"Oh, but I just want one," the girl exclaimed as he held the box toward her. "I just want to light the gas."

"These don't scratch without the box," he explained. "You can bring them back if you like."

"Well—thanks," and she received the matches, gave him a quick little smile, and disappeared up the gloomy hall.

Conway closed the door and walked back to the dresser, where he stood looking absently into the glass at his reflection. Finally a little smile played around

the corners of his mouth, and, not thinking what he was doing, produced a package of tobacco and, after rolling a cigarette, fumbled about in his pockets for a light. Realizing his absent-mindedness in a moment, he placed the cigarette on the edge of the dresser-top and, turning, stood staring at the door until, a few minutes later, the expected knock sounded gently on the panel.

"Thank you very much," the girl said as he opened the door. "I just had to light the gas in my room. It's so cold I couldn't stand it."

"Here—I've got something that will fix you up," the man answered, turning back into the room and unearthing a round tin arrangement that had been designed to fit over a gas-jet. "This was here when I moved in, but I didn't find it until I'd bought a gas-stove. I don't need it."

"Are you sure?" The girl eyed the contraption and nodded. "That's better. You have no idea how cold it is in that room."

"You're perfectly welcome to it. It isn't mine, anyway." A slight hesitation on his own part and he continued: "If you want me to, I'll come in and fix it."

"Why—thank you ever so much," she repeated with another laugh. "I wish you would, if you're sure you don't mind bothering. I'm trying to study, and I can't when my nose is as cold as it is now."

Conway laughed in response to her mood and followed her up the hall to a little inside room that was hardly big enough for a bed and a trunk, without squeezing in a chair, a dresser, and a table, not to consider the two humans. In spite of its confined space, however, there was an air of cosiness to the little apartment that Conway felt instinctively as soon as he crossed the threshold. Also there was a faint, intangible odor of perfume someway different than he was accustomed to in the dressing-rooms of the moving-picture studios. The whole air of the place was different, like a new world into which he was voyaging for the first time in his life. In a dim way he seemed to realize this, for he looked curiously about at the few pictures pinned to the walls, the sofa-cushion crumpled into a ball at one corner of the bed, and the few girl treasures on the dresser.

"If it wasn't for the trunk," she laughed, following his glances, "and the bed, and maybe the dresser, I'd have lots of room."

"You ought to see some I've lived in," Conway answered. "And mine weren't fixed up either."

"Gracious!" the girl returned. "I hope you don't think this one is fixed up! I've been too busy since I came to New York to think of anything."

He laughed again and, stepping onto the chair, unscrewed the little tip from the gas-jet. "By the way," he added, "you know you can't have light and heat at the same time with this thing; it's either one or the other."

"Heat, by all means!" she answered quickly, watching him as he placed the tin in position. "I can at least think in the dark, but that's more than I can do in the cold!"

It was dingy enough in the little room after the heater was lighted and was throwing out its blue flame, but the girl declared the light from the window looking out upon the narrow court was quite sufficient for daytime study, and at night she could take the heater off and put it on again. "Get warm, then study until I'm cold," she explained with another of her funny, quick little laughs.

"What are you studying?" Conway wanted to know as he stepped down from the chair.

"Why—you see, I came to New York to go on the stage," she answered, suddenly growing serious. "But I haven't had any success so far. One of the men I met advised me to put in my spare time studying some books on the stage and reading about stage people. That's what I am doing now; but when he said 'spare time' I don't suppose he knew it was going to mean *all* of my time!"

"That's very interesting," Conway observed, studying the girl's face. "I'm in the theatrical business myself."

"Are you? Do you mean that you have a theatre——"

"Oh, no! No, I'm sorry to say. No; I'm an actor."

"You don't mean it! Why— Oh,

please sit down and tell me more about it! Where do you act now?"

"I don't act now," he answered, laughing a little at her quaint phrasing. "I've been in pictures for the last few years. Before that I was on the road."

"Pictures? Do you mean the movies?"

Conway nodded, then, thinking he read her thoughts, he added quickly: "Oh, you wouldn't know me. I'm only one of the extra people!"

The girl, with a tiny frown between her straight brows, stared for a moment, then motioned to the trunk with one of her slim hands. "Tell me all about it!" she demanded. "Please do! You know, I've never met any one who was really on the stage—only amateurs, at home—and you have no idea how lost I've felt since I've been here trying to make believe I'm an actress. Would it be asking too much of you to help me a little—with some suggestions?"

"Not at all, if I can do any good," Conway answered. He was finding it strangely easy to laugh with this girl and he had a queer feeling that he had known her for a long time. "I don't know if——"

"Excuse me," she interrupted as the man perched himself on the trunk. "But you can smoke if you want to—men don't talk very long unless they can smoke."

"Thanks. You let me know if I stay too long. I was going to say that I'm afraid my information won't be very valuable. To be perfectly truthful, I'm not a howling success myself, but still I think I see where I've made some big mistakes."

When he was trudging home through the swirling snow Conway would never have believed that he could sit on the edge of a trunk and talk for a whole hour to a perfectly strange girl, but he was doing it, and fairly successfully, and what is more he was telling her some of those old-time ambitions that he had hardly ever voiced even to himself—the ambitions of the half-forgotten, barnstorming days, when he used to look out across the line of the smoky oil-lamps that did duty for footlights and see in those few, scattered faces an audience of some great city, and he, a very Booth himself, playing upon their feelings as a bow upon the strings of a violin. Conway had almost forgotten he had ever dreamed those old fancies or had ever been an awkward, overgrown lad who had run away from the harvest to join those strolling mummers.

And the girl—it was all pure gold to her—tucked her feet under her dress as she curled up on the bed, drinking in his words with breathless interest and, child-like, demanding more when he showed the slightest sign of stopping.

"It's been hard work," he concluded with a shake of his head as he remembered those weary hours on some jerky, dusty train far off the trail of civilization. "Yes, I guess I used to have hopes that I'd be a head-liner, but—well, things just kind of slid along until after awhile I guess you just don't care. When I went into pictures I should have waited until I got a chance at something worth while, but the extra work came along first, and in those days no one took pictures very seriously. It was a mistake, but it's a living. Now, with you, if you decide to go into it, unless you're pressed for money, I wouldn't take any extra work; wait until you get some bits to do. The other is five dollars a day, though, and sometimes five dollars that way is worth a hundred when you have to starve a month before you get it."

"No," the girl answered, "I'm not pressed for money—at least, not quite yet. You see— I haven't told you my name, have I? It's Louise Mitchell——"

"And mine is Elliot Conway," the man put in.

"I'm very glad to know you, Mr. Conway," the girl said, laughing. "I'm afraid our introduction wasn't very prim, but you won't mind? Well—anyway, my home is out in Michigan—Ann Arbor, and last summer my aunt Louise died and left me five hundred dollars. I've always wanted to go on the stage, but of course I couldn't in Ann Arbor, and so I finally got my father to let me come to New York and try and see what I could do. I have enough money left to wait awhile; but do you think that I could make a success on the stage?"

It was a fairly large question, but Conway, after a look into the blue eyes, answered it, as he should, in the affirmative.

"Why, yes. After you get a start, I don't see why you wouldn't do very well."

"Oh, do you really think so!" Louise exclaimed. "Of course, I did all right in high school, when we had the class play, but I've been waiting to ask some one that question—some one who knows about the real stage and real actresses."

"Why not!" Conway asked himself, dispelling his feeling of guilt as he watched the changing expressions on the girl's face. "Why couldn't she do as well as some of the rest of them!" Aloud he continued: "Have you been around to the different agencies?"

"Some of them," was her answer. "But most of the ones I found said they didn't take any one but experienced people."

"Oh, you must try some of the smaller ones. Get a piece of paper and I'll tell you where you can go this afternoon, though it isn't a very good afternoon to go around. Anyway, you can leave your name and address and you can go back later on. You'll have to have some photographs taken, but you can do that some other time."

The girl scribbled busily as the man dictated half a dozen names and addresses of those agencies that supply people for parts in companies no one ever hears of, but that was distinctly a minor detail to the girl, to whom each new name opened up a vista of rioting dreams and hopes. A half-hour later Conway watched her as she went down the stairs and waved in return as she stopped at the turn of the balustrade to smile.

"Good luck," he called softly.

"Thanks," she answered, her laughter reaching him in a bubbling note of good fellowship. "I'm going to stop in when I get back and tell you what success I have."

"Fine," he answered. "Please do. I'll be sitting here waiting to hear the returns."

She laughed again and disappeared, leaving the man leaning over the railing with a smile on his lips that was still in evidence many minutes after he had closed the door of his room and was rolling a cigarette as he looked quizzically at his reflection in the mirror.

"She's—kind of—different," he mused aloud as he applied a match to the twisted paper. "Hope she stays—bully kid—mighty nice."

He turned from the dresser and seated himself in a chair to cross one lean leg over the other and unearth a magazine from under the stray collars, the half-empty packages of tobacco, and the tangled neckties that littered the table-top.

During the long gray afternoon the smile reappeared many times on Conway's lips as he recalled to mind the girl's eager, laughing blue eyes, the enthusiastic little oval face, and the quick, funny little smile that was forever dimpling her curving red lips. The whispering snowflakes swirled about the window-panes, heaping little mounts of white on the ledges and gradually silencing the city's undercurrent of noise. The man in the loose-fitting clothes sat crouched far down in his chair, the magazine forgotten upon his knees—he was thinking.

It had been a lonesome sort of an existence he had led, friendless and selfish. Suppose he died! Who was there to give a tinker's damn about it! He would be carried to the morgue, or wherever they carried dead bodies, and that would end it. Some one else would come and take the room, the landlady would probably sell his clothes to an old-clothes man, and —no, there wasn't a single soul that would give a rap one way or another.

Conway stirred uneasily and attempted to resume the story in the magazine, but his mind had been upset; someway he was almost unnerved; nothing was normal any longer, and he tried to remember back and find out the cause of the change. Surely it was not Louise! She had, to the contrary, cheered him up and brought a ray of sunshine into his gray, uninteresting life that was as welcome as it was rare.

"Rats!" he exclaimed under his breath. "You're getting old; that's what's the matter with you! When a man begins to think of the mistakes he's made it's a sure sign that he's getting old. I ought to have gone over to Fort Lee. Thomas may be doing something more with that picture." He cast a speculative eye out of the window and regarded the leaden sky gloomily. "Guess not," he added

after a silence. "Rotten day. Wish I hadn't sent that girl—wish I hadn't sent Louise out in all this snow. Hope she gets back all right."

After considering the dangers of a snow-storm on Broadway, he rose from his chair and, walking out into the hall, peered down the dingy recesses of the stairway. Not a sign of life broke the gloom, and his senses were only greeted by the faint, intangible, musty smell of the lodging-house.

Loath to return to the chair by the depressing window, he walked on tiptoe up the hall and stood for some minutes in doubt, staring silently at the door of Louise Mitchell's room. To him it was the embodiment of all things desirable and at the same time unattainable, and the expression on Conway's face was much the same as that of a small boy who, penniless and empty, stares through the plate glass at a man frying pancakes on a griddle. It was some moments later that he returned to his own room, but not before he had again inspected the lower recesses of the floor below.

It was nearly five o'clock before Louise climbed the stairway and paused on the top landing to catch her breath. At first no answer came to her knocking on Conway's door, and she was almost ready to pass on up the hall when she heard the man moving about inside the room.

"Hello!" he exclaimed as he threw open the door. "I'm afraid I fell asleep in the chair. You didn't have any trouble? The—snow? I was beginning to get a little nervous."

"Oh, goodness!" she gasped with a little sigh. "I'm so glad to have any one say that again I don't know what to do! My mother is always frightened to death whenever I go out, and since I've been here in New York——"

"I know," Conway put in as she hesitated. "I've lived in New York a long time; I know."

"Don't it make you terrible lonesome, and don't you hate it sometimes and wish you were back home— But I forgot; I want to tell you about the agents! Won't you come into my room? I'll call you as soon as I get on a pair of dry shoes; and my skirt is fairly soaked to the knees."

"I'll wait right here," the man answered as he drank in the girl's personality with hungry eyes.

"I won't be a minute," she declared as she disappeared into her room, but it was nearer fifteen before Conway saw the door open and Louise beckon to him with one crooked finger.

"Well," she began when he had taken his seat on the trunk, "I went to every one you told me to, and they were as nice as they could be; they all said I was to come back! Isn't that fine?"

"Great," he answered, but he could not help smiling when he remembered how many thousands of times he had been asked to do the same thing. "Now, all you have to do is to keep going enough, and some day you'll get the chance you want."

"I hope so," she answered earnestly, "because even all the money I have can't last forever, and pretty soon I'll have to earn some more."

"Never mind, you can always go into pictures. But, in the meantime, what are you going to do about dinner? You can't go out again in all this snow—at least, you don't want to, do you?"

"Indeed I don't," she exclaimed. "The snow is terrible!" A moment of hesitation and she glanced quickly into the man's face, adding: "What are you going to do? Maybe I can do the same thing!"

"Exactly what I was thinking," he answered, and this time his laugh had actually taken on a boyish quality which, if he had stopped to analyze it, would have surprised him more than anything had ever done in his life. "I'll tell you what we can do. I've been thinking it over. Suppose I go around to the delicatessen store and lay in a stock of things, and we can have supper here, and afterward——"

"Yes—please go on!" she exclaimed as Conway stopped. "And afterward—What were you going to say?"

"Well—afterward—" Again he hesitated, and the girl tossed her head impatiently.

"*Please* tell me what you were going to say!"

"Why, afterward—well, I thought, maybe—if you are interested in stage things—I would read you a play I wrote

some years ago. I've never done anything with it, never exactly finished it even, but I was thinking this afternoon, after you left, that maybe you'd like to hear it?"

"Don't you know I'd love to hear it!" she exclaimed, her eyes snapping with interest. "And the supper here will be lots of fun! It will be Dutch treat, of course, because I invited myself to the party."

"But it's your party, in your room," he protested. "I ought to pay for being allowed to come!"

"Dutch treat!" she repeated.

"Very well." He gave in. "I'll go out and get the grub. Will a couple of bottles of beer be all right?"

"I'll let you drink the beer," she answered as she rummaged in her handbag. "I drank it once, but it's bitter! Only be sure and get lots of other things, because I'm as hungry as an off ox, as my father says. Is this enough?" and she held out a five-dollar bill.

"Enough for the rest of the week," he laughed. "I've gone two weeks myself on one of those. I'll bring back the change."

Never in his life had Conway realized how much satisfaction one can derive from buying dabs of this and dabs of that in a delicatessen store. The clerk was a particularly nice sort of clerk, and the suggestions he made seemed little short of genius. It was a bit of cheese here and a bit of bologna there, with a bottle of olives, and, yes, he'd take a bottle of milk. Those pigs' feet were very nice, and Conway agreed and added a pair to his collection.

"I think that's enough," he finally admitted. "Anyway, it's all I can carry," and the store was left behind as he faced the blinding storm with his two arms clasped madly around a dozen paper bags.

It was nothing less than a feast that followed, but first everything had to be arranged just so on the table that was spead with a clean towel for the occasion. Conway remembered that he had entered a different world and assisted clumsily to garnish the pigs' feet with olives and celery, to deal out the circles of sausage in neat piles and dust out Louise's pin-tray to serve as a butter-dish. One couldn't just rip open a paper bag and eat, not in this world; the feminine touch would have been lacking, and Conway was rapidly beginning to realize that a feminine touch was very necessary to make things complete.

Not that he stopped to ask himself the why and the wherefore of it, but he was happy, and a dozen times during the meal he laughed gayly at nothing at all as he met the girl's blue eyes. Later in the evening he went into his room and delved deep into the recesses of his trunk for the manuscript. It was crumpled a bit and travel-worn, for he had not thought of it for months past, but after a hasty glance through the pages he returned down the hall and climbed back on the trunk to give the first reading of his first play.

What did it matter if Louise knew less than nothing about play-writing, construction, or continuity; she gave little pleased gasps of admiration as the plot, or rather the semblance of plot, dissolved itself, and Conway met her eyes, frankly pleased at this new and quite strange praise, for during his life praise had been sadly lacking and it was like a draft of wine to a famished soul.

"Of course, you are going to do something with it now!" Louise exclaimed when the last page had been turned and the man sat holding the bundle of papers in his hand. "You're going to finish it all nice and neat and sell it! Don't you think that would be fine! You don't know how much I like it! And you really wrote it yourself? Imagine! I think it's perfectly wonderful!"

"It don't sound so very bad," Conway answered, so drunk with the admiration his eyes fairly glistened. "Of course, there are parts that can stand fixing up a little. For instance, you remember—here——"

And for an hour more they discussed the details of play-making with the fluent ignorance of babes in the wood. Strangely enough, Louise, possibly with a woman's intuition, put her finger on the weak points, and especially in the dialogue.

"She wouldn't say that," she declared positively, her finger on the line as she leaned over his shoulder. "She would say something like this——"

And Conway agreed with her, making a pencilled notation on the margin of the paper. "We'll write it together," he said suddenly, turning his head and looking up into her face. "Would you like that?"

"Love it!" she exclaimed. "If I can be of any help."

The little clock on the dresser pointed out that it was half after eleven long hours before it had any right to be even nine, and Conway reluctantly took his departure after saying good night four times as he stood in the open doorway. When he reached his own room and lighted the gas it was not to climb immediately into bed, but, sitting at the table, from which he swept the clutter of collars and ties with one movement of his hand, he spread the play out before him and slaved until the small hours of the morning with an inspiration for work such as had never entered his life or being before.



"Nothing doing to-day, I guess—maybe it'll clear up this afternoon."—Page 347.

The days dragged themselves into weeks, the weeks into months, and it was spring. At least it was spring everywhere in the land save in the hall of the lodging-house on West Forty-fourth Street that was still dingy, still musty and damp, and the same intangible odor lurked in the recesses of the floors. The play had been finished, had been mailed out, and had returned a score of times, and after each one of these tragedies it was Louise who dispelled the resulting gloom with a laugh and declared that the play was just as good as ever only no one had had enough sense to find it out.

The man and the girl were inseparable except when he was working. Louise, so far, had found no channel for her genius; but if Conway could spare a moment in the afternoon a walk in the park would be mutually agreed upon, and they fed peanuts to some portly old gray squirrels or watched the children along the Mall. In the evening it would be a moving-picture theatre or a couple of hours' work together in Louise's room on

the new play that was to eclipse the old one completely and was to become the true masterpiece of the stage.

Conway, with a shock that had held him spellbound for an hour, had come into the realization that he was in love with Louise. In consequence of the discovery he had not seen her for one whole afternoon, but had gone for a walk by himself and thrashed out the problem to his satisfaction. He realized that he was in love with her, but he also made up his mind that for her to be in love with him was an utter and absurd impossibility, therefore he was to remain dumb on the subject of love and continue to live in his happiness as long as he could make it last.

"No," he had muttered to himself as he stood on a busy down-town corner, jostled and shoved by the hurrying crowd. "The best way is to keep mum. If she finds it out—the whole thing's off. She'd call me a fool and wouldn't let me see her again. A girl like Louise isn't falling in love with a fellow like me, that's a cinch!" And he sealed his decision with a little lift of his head and turned in his tracks to retrace his steps toward the lodging-house.

What Louise thought on the subject would have been, to any woman, as plain as though it were written on the wall, but Conway was not a woman, nor had he ever been trained to judge things from a woman's point of view.

Louise's stock of money, though, was running low, and it worried her. Three or four hundred dollars is a great deal, and it will, if properly managed, go a tremendous distance, but if the owner of such a reserve fund decides that her dress is not quite becoming enough, or if a new hat would add a jot to her appearance, and if this happens with too great frequency, the bank will run dry, and in a surprisingly short span of time.

And so, with exactly fifteen dollars left, Louise decided to go into pictures, and that same afternoon she broached the subject to Conway.

"But I thought you were going to wait for a chance on the stage?" he asked, looking at her in perplexity.

"I—well—well, there's no use in making any fuss about it, but I haven't very much money left—only about fifteen dollars."

"Whew!" The man whistled. "This is bad! Why didn't you speak of this before?"

"I forgot all about it."

"Well, of course, you can go into pictures. You better come around with me to-morrow morning and we'll see what we can do."

So the question was shelved for the day, that was far too beautiful to have a cloud in the sky, and after a time they found the fat old squirrel with one eye missing and laughed together like a pair of children at the new green things that were poking their noses through the winter coverings.

The next morning, or even the next and the next morning, proved to hold but little encouragement. Something might turn up in a month or so; they were going to start a new picture on the fifteenth; there might be something in that. No, no extra work at present; and had she ever done anything in pictures?

Conway looked into the mirror above his dresser many times during those days and regretted as he never had before his inability to produce money in civilized quantities. If the play would only sell! But that thing of caprice added to the general gloom by returning in the midst of the financial wreck, bringing with it, or so it seemed, bad luck, for the following morning the landlady appeared at Louise's door and threw out some very broad hints that she could use the rent quite nicely, and, as it had been due the day before——

Louise could only promise that she would have it as soon as possible, then she closed the door and threw herself on the bed to drown her sorrows in a flood of tears.

"Oh—say!" Conway exclaimed, finding her thus some fifteen minutes later. "Please—don't!"

"I want to go home!" Louise sobbed into the pillow. "And I can't, because I haven't any money to buy a ticket."

The man thought this over for a long silence, then he offered a suggestion. "Couldn't you wire to your father for money?" he said.

"Never!" Louise gasped, suddenly sit-



*Drawn by George Wright.*

"You can't have light and heat at the same time with this thing; it's either one or the other."—Page 348.

ting upright. "I wouldn't, for worlds! You don't think I should, do you?"

"Certainly not!" Conway returned with feeling. "But we'll have to think of something, won't we?" Another silence, during which the girl dabbed at her swollen eyes with a bit of handkerchief. Finally the man continued. "I have some money coming to-morrow. Do you —would you take it for your ticket? You could pay me back whenever you wanted to. That is, if you think you ought to pay it back. I'd like you to keep it, if you would."

Louise caught her lower lip between her white teeth and stared at him for a brief moment with the tears again starting in the blue eyes. "N-o," she wailed. "I—I—" But the rest was drowned in the depths of the pillow, and Conway gnawed at one finger nail as he tried to join at least one train of thought together.

"Please, Louise," he finally began. "Please don't cry any more. It—it hurts like anything to see you do that! Why won't you take my money? We've been awfully good friends, and I should think you would at least let me do that much for you! God knows I don't want to see you go. I don't know what I'll do without you, but I'd do anything on earth to get you home, if you want to get there."

"Are you going to miss me?" the girl asked suddenly, looking at him from the corners of her eyes.

"Certainly," he answered. "We've been pretty good friends. Sometimes I've wondered what you saw in an old fellow like me to be——"

"You're not old!" she exclaimed indignantly. "I won't like you if you say that any more. Old! The idea!"

"Well," he put in wonderingly, "I'm old enough."

"You're not!" she gasped, sitting erect once more and brushing the hair out of her eyes. "I won't have you say that!"

"Well," he began again. "Anyway, I'm not as young as I was once. I'd like to chop about—well, a good many years off my reckoning. If I could do that, you wouldn't—" He paused, on the verge of breaking that vow he had made to himself that afternoon as he stood on the busy street corner.

"I wouldn't what?" Louise wanted to know, leaning forward a little and staring into the man's face.

"I don't know," he answered, confused. "I—wasn't going to say anything."

"You were; what was it?"

"Nothing," he protested, refusing to meet her eyes.

Slowly Louise struggled down from the bed and for a long silence stood facing the man, looking down into his face. "Was—were you going to say that—that if you were—younger, that you—love me?" Her voice broke a little as she spoke, hurried and breathless.

He could only nod in answer, but in a moment, with a little cry, the girl dropped down on her knees and buried her head against the man's arm.

"Why didn't you tell me!" she sobbed. "We've wasted all this time—and I thought you didn't care!"

"I—I don't understand," Conway whispered. "You—you thought I didn't care?"

"Of course!" she exclaimed, looking into his face. "How did I know you loved me when you wouldn't speak and wouldn't speak."

"But I don't understand!" he asked again, meeting her eyes with a puzzled frown.

"Don't understand! Don't you know that I've loved you ever since that first night when you came in here to fix the heater? And ever since then I've been wondering if you cared for me!"

"You love *me?*" Conway asked incredulously, a look of wonder and awe crossing his face. "But why in the world do you love *me?*"

"Because. I guess that's the only reason I've got."

"But—why? I'm an old actor without any future ahead of me! Why, I'm——"

"S—h!" she hushed, her slim fingers pressed against his mouth. "I won't listen! And besides you have a wonderful future ahead of you. You're going to be a famous playwright!"

The man disregarded this possibility, and after a moment he asked again: "And you really mean that—what you said?" He waited for her to nod, then added: "But—Louise, I love you, too!"

He reached down and gathered the little body into his arms, and for a tense,

breathless moment his lips were pressed against hers.

"My God!" he said in a stifled whisper. "I never dreamed of anything like this! I never dreamed of it! I never thought any one could really fall in love with *me!*"

"I did," was the girl's answer. "And I guess plenty more thought the same thing if you'd given them the chance. Isn't it wonderful! And won't it be wonderful when you begin to sell your plays! We can work together on them!"

"Yes," he said, a new light in his eyes. "Yes, I *can* sell my plays! Anything is possible after this! I think I could even make a success on the stage! I might go to see Martin; I used to know



They fed peanuts to some portly old gray squirrels.—Page 353.



"Why didn't you tell me! . . . We've wasted all this time."—Page 356.

him pretty well. But first I'll have to get a suit of clothes. I can get that to-morrow, can't I?"

"And shoes," she added.

"Yes, and shoes," he returned, his mind years ahead in the future. "I'll go to see Martin to-morrow. And—do you mind if I kiss you again; the last was very nice!"

In rare cases they sometimes jump over the traces, smash all the rules in the calendar, and make good at the last minute; so, when Elliot Conway, well into his forty-fifth year, emerged from the little shoe-shop on Forty-second Street, carrying his old shoes done up in a paper bundle, he heard a somewhat familiar voice calling his name.

"Hello, there, ol' boy!" it said. "Hey, Conway, you're just the man I'm looking for!"

Conway turned and faced a short,

plump little man in a brown derby hat. "Hello, Feeney!" he answered. "How is everything?"

"Pretty fair—kind'a slow. Say, didn't you send me a play a couple of months ago called the 'Color Line'?"

"Yes," Conway nodded. "That's mine. Why?"

"Say, d'y know I didn't know who sent that thing in to me. Lost track of it somehow. Haven't sold it yet? Good. Say, I want another crack at that play; I think I can place it."

Conway watched Mr. Feeney's back until it was swallowed up by the shifting, restless crowd, then he moved slowly to the edge of the sidewalk, tucked his bundle under one arm, and produced the tobacco and cigarette-papers. "God in heaven!" he muttered after a time. "I wonder if it's true—and I wonder what Louise'll say!"

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# TRANSMUTATION

## By Leslie Nelson Jennings

Lord, I have worn upon my hair
  The blue dust of Your raftered skies;
On promontories of the dawn
  I've stood, and dared to meet Your eyes.

Lord, I have seen Your glories there—
  The golden ecstacy of sun,
The rapt devotionals of night—
  Lord, I have known them, every one.

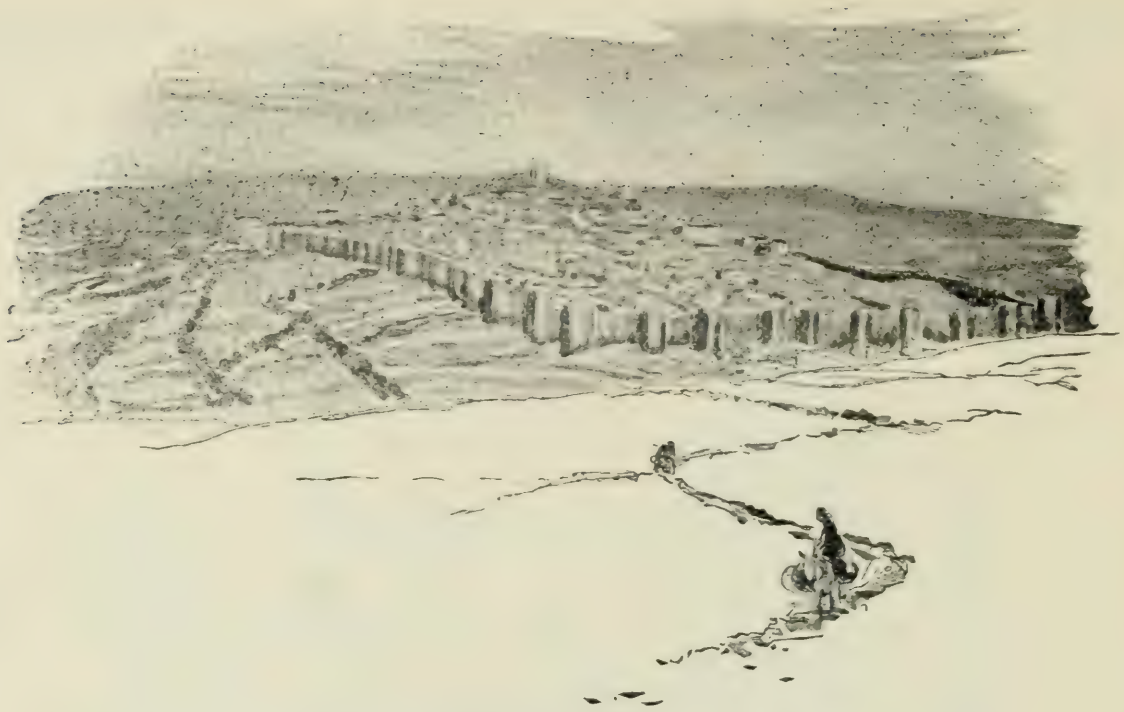
My soul has beaten like a bird
  Against Your strange, invisible bars;
And like a bird has folded wings
  Beneath a wildering weight of stars.

From roof-tops of the world I've heard
  The great wheel turn, and felt my face
Glow in the radiance of Your fires,
  Blench on the crumbling edge of space.

Such has been mine. And now I ask
  The key to that low-lintelled door
Where all dear patterns are. O Lord,
  My lips would taste the earth once more!

I have not found the perfect full,
  I have not spanned the perfect round—
Tangle me with the roots of trees,
  Give me the warm grasp of the ground!

Lord, is it death to touch the loom?
  Then as a weaver let me die.
He has not lived who has not grown
  Out of the earth into the sky!



# A HILL-TOWN OF OLD CASTILE

By Ernest C. Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

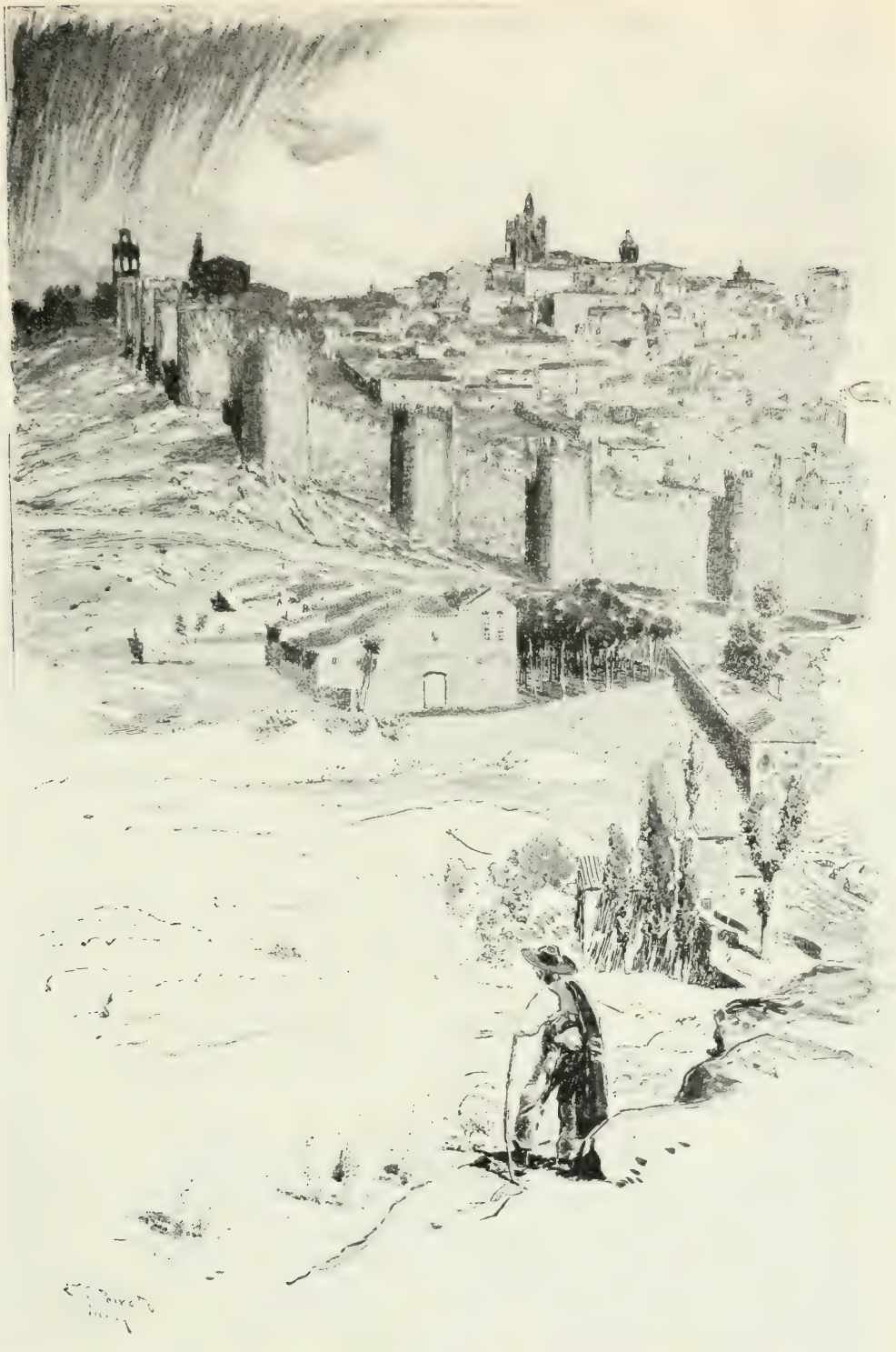
OUR windows in the Fonda del Inglès (why Inglès we could never discover, for we saw no Englishmen nor heard one word of our native language while in the house) were a constant source of pleasure.

They faced the Cathedral whose castellated west front rose just opposite, massive, square, and fortress-like, obscuring the sun till midday. Its heterogeneous architecture, thoroughly characteristic of Spain, displays a Romanesque portal capped with a Gothic arch, in whose spandrils popes sail on barocco clouds; all this in turn being surmounted by a course of niches with Renaissance saints. At each side of the doorway queer, hairy "wild men"—relics of the earliest builders—stand guard. They are aided in their work by quaint old stone lions crouching on pedestals and securely fastened by means of heavy iron chains to the tower buttresses, doubtless to prevent them from running away.

The façade itself is solemn and severe.

High atop of it, we watched with interest the habitation of the bell-ringer whose windows, enlivened with flowers and hung with neat white curtains, fill the interstices of the battlements. On the unfinished south tower he has arranged a spacious pergola, where he may tranquilly enjoy the freshest breeze in all the township. How often do his old rheumatic legs descend those endless steps to tread the pavements of the city? Not many times a moon, I'm sure. For life seems cosey away up there above the city's noise, with the smoke curling from the little chimney and the washing drying under the Spanish tiles. And the bells must be gay company, swinging over and over, pealing and chiming every half-hour or so for the countless Cathedral masses.

The plaza in front of the church is neatly paved in tessellated stone with a broad walk leading up to the main portal. To the left a house of modernish appearance blocks the way, but to the right an ancient palace, retaining all its mediæval features, never ceased to hold our fancy. Its few windows, placed high above the ground and even then enclosed with stout iron grilles, and its great, donjon-like tower forming a buttressed corner, give it the air of reclusion and safety from attack needful to a feudal



Massive walls and towers that girdle it without a breach.—Page 362.

dwelling. In the arch above its door a great stone knight in pourpoint and doublet, spear in hand, with his helmet on one side and his shield upon the other, looks down upon the passer-by.

The great doors themselves stand always closed, defying intrusion, studded as they are with huge iron nails, but furnished with three ponderous knockers, two above for equestrians—the most frequent visitors these—and one on a smaller postern-gate below for pedestrians. Nor do the upper knockers remain to-day merely for show.

Many a time we watched a horseman approach, strike the knocker, and then wait. Presently the great door would swing quietly open and horse and rider disappear within. And if you should enter with him you would find yourself in a sort of big stone antechamber, common to every Castilian *casa solar* or town house of the nobles, and you would see the rider dismount at a

stepping-block, while a groom took his horse and led it down an incline into the stables in the cellar below. The visitor would then mount a few steps and disappear within the house.

This mediæval atmosphere lingers in every corner of Avila.

You will find it in the narrow, twisting streets, with their primitive shops filled with rude potteries, with coarsely woven basket-ware, with big sleeping-blankets and trappings for mules and donkeys. It pervades the calm cloisters of Santo Tomás where the Dominican Fathers walk in silence, and it permeates the half-abandoned Romanesque churches with their naïve statues and crumbling tombs of saints. It haunts the palaces round the Plaza de la Fruta: the home of the Abranti, with mounted knights and vassal wild men carved above the entrance, the home of the Condi di Crescenti with battlemented tower and fine old Plateresque court, whose staircases of stone are hung with rare tapestries and whose rooms are furnished as befits so historic a pile.

You will find it, too, in every external aspect of the city, for, from every point of view, the town settles itself behind massive walls and towers that girdle it without a breach.

Even its people have retained their ancient air. Sit on a Sunday afternoon in El Rastro and watch the types go by: the red-cheeked country lasses in groups, with their hair braided across the backs of their heads, decked with huge earrings and wearing bright shawls and kerchiefs, saffron, purple, and sapphire, their hips padded with numberless petticoats reaching just to the ankle, and watch them coquette with the young men tightly modelled in short jacket and trousers, their swarthy faces shaded by broad sombreros. Then, too, observe the shepherds in black velvet hats and leather apron-breeches, draped in cloaks and leaning on their staffs; the bold gypsy women in reds and yellows; the dark silhouettes of donkeys and horses, gayly harnessed, cut against the sunny shimmer of the golden city walls. And once in a while, among the wagons, there will pass a mule-cart (last descendant of the travelling-coach), with a woven worsted covering of black and ochre, alive with trembling pompoms. Inside you will discover women and men and children lounging on big mattresses among shawls and blankets and pillows, off for their mountain homes in the Sierras leagues away.

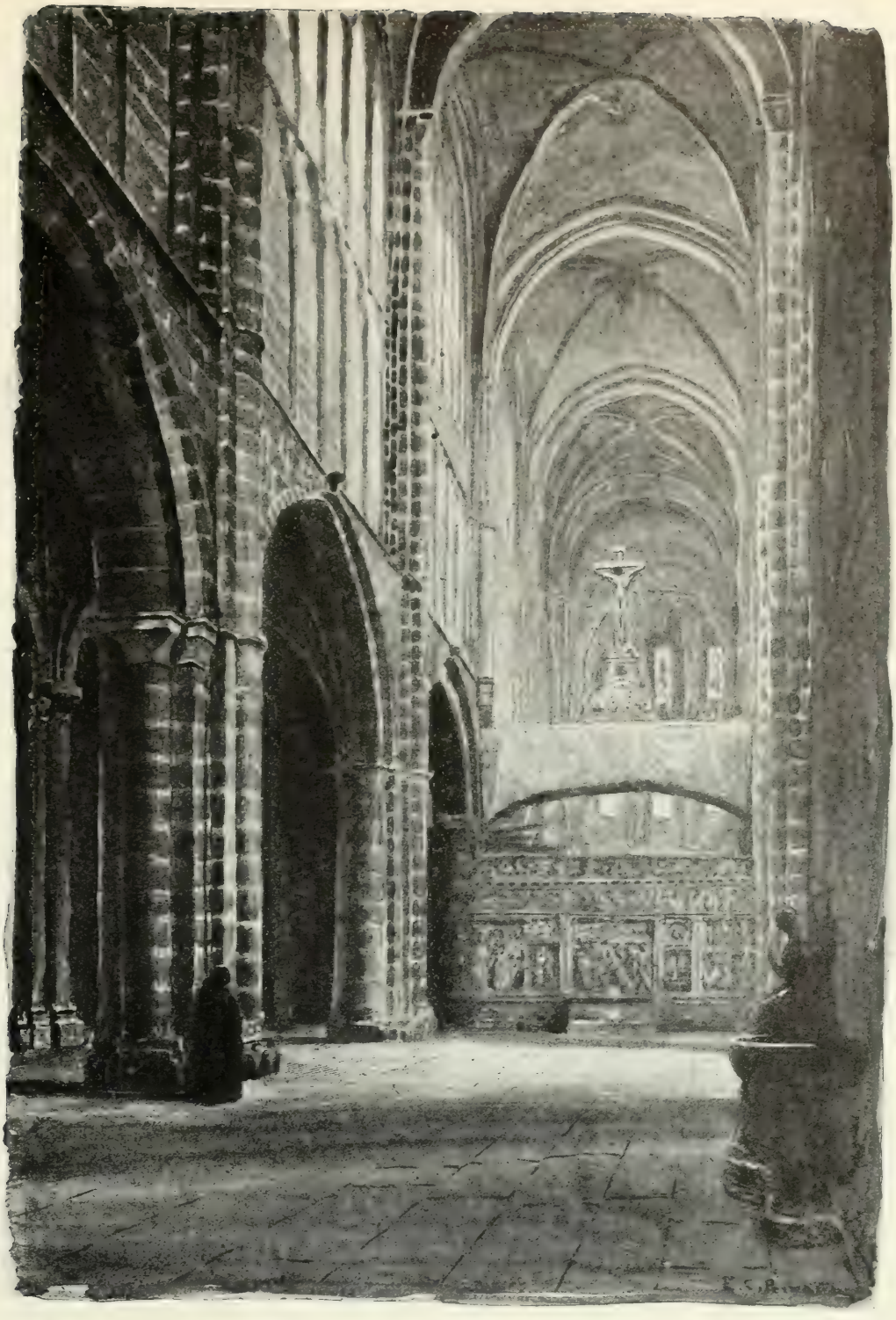
And look behind you out over the open valley and the same spirit pervades the scene—a landscape such as Patinir depicted, broad yet filled with infinite detail, the silver Adaja winding its flowing loops between soft willows; the dazzling roads, flanked by tall poplars, leading away to distant villages whose pink roofs can dimly be discerned perched on rocky eminences or sheltered in warm hollows; cypresses standing like grim sentinels on craggy hill slopes, and far away the blue Sierras, serrated and cloud-swept, dim and romantic like vision-mountains of the sky.

We arrived in Avila for the Sunday after Corpus. On that holiday, a Thursday, there had been a violent storm, so the processions had been adjourned till Sunday.

In the morning from our window we watched men sprinkle ochre-colored sand before the Cathedral—this for the clergy to walk upon—and then strew it with masses of wild lavender and rose leaves. At the windows and on all the balconies surrounding the Plaza maids appeared to *poner* or hang out bright, rich stuffs that are used to decorate the house-fronts on festive occasions. Soon the clergy of the different parishes began to appear with their standards, crosses, and carved figures of patron saints carried on stalwart shoulders.

The great doors of the Cathedral swung open, a carriage drove up, and from it stepped the bishop in his gorgeous purple robes, received at the portal by the monsignori and by the principal officers of the garrison. Inside the church the sombre majesty of the choir was all aglow with countless candles and fragrant with incense, the pillars and walls richly dressed with old rose brocade. Before carved choir-screens peasants knelt devoutly upon the pavement in picturesque groups, and in dim chapels and by the sacristy door men could be seen with bowed heads, among them knots of officers whose decorations glowed like jewels upon their coats.

The mystic ceremony proceeded behind the glowing screens. The richly vested clergy, shrouded in clouds of incense, could be dimly seen moving about against the



The sombre majesty of the choir.—Page 362.

golden shimmer of Berruguete's retablo among figures of saints and evangelists. A great wagon on golden wheels was now brought forth, decorated with silver temples placed one upon another and enriched with angels and cherubim and all aglow with candles. The host was put upon it. The clergy fell in to their allotted places; the organ notes swelled to their grandest diapasons; the procession formed and from the gloom of the church emerged with its crosses and banners, its saints and flowers and golden vestments and palio, into the dazzling southern sunshine, while the people fell upon their knees as it took its way through the city streets.

As the shadows lengthened on this Sunday afternoon we wandered down to Santo Tomás outside the city walls. A ring at the cloister gate and soon we were seated quietly talking to Brother Eugenio, whom we had known before—talking of

New Orleans and New York, where he had visited. Just before high mass he took us to the convent church and found us good places on the few benches placed within the nave.

As I entered its gloom from the bright sunlight of outdoors I blinked for several minutes before I could distinguish anything. Then, out of the depth of shadow, figures took shape; women of the sisterhoods in black with white straps across their shoulders; peasants squatted upon the pavement in the ample circles of their skirts; men leaning on canes with bowed heads, and groups of children trying to keep quiet and only partially succeeding. Above them groined arches met in dim perspective. No one crowded nearer than the transept rail within whose sacred precinct Fancelli's marble monument to Prince John, only son of Ferdinand and Isabella, gleamed white and ghostly, the calm effigy, hands clasped, and occupying the very centre of the church, lying in eternal peace facing the high altar, raised in a gallery above and guarded by angels. Here were buried the dearest hopes of the Catholic kings, just as the boy had been knighted and prepared with such care for his royal work before the Conquest of Granada.

Then from the *coro alto* above the west door came the peal of men's voices, and, turning, we distinguished in shadowy gothic stalls six-score Dominican brothers, in white and black, chanting and praying in unison. Later they left the choir and disappeared, only to appear again in the space about the tomb of Prince John. Two by two and followed by their bishop (a Dominican missionary in the Far East) they then formed a procession and, followed by a reverent crowd, walked out into the cloisters.

Here Brother Eugenio was again awaiting us, and together we watched the solemn procession make its tour of the three beautiful cloister-courts emblazoned with the arms of the Catholic kings, founders of the convent. The pavements were carpeted with wild lavender, and at each corner stood a rustic "station" before which the procession halted, while the brothers, dropping upon their knees in their long white robes, seemed actually a part of the cowled figures on the mediæval tombs.

A few days later we were treated to quite a different scene. This was the *feria*, or animal fair, held twice a year just outside the city walls.

To the southward of Avila the country is as I have described it from the Rastro. But quite different is the view to the northward. As you leave the gate of San Vicente, with its massive crenellated towers spanned by a high, bridge-like parapet, you turn sharply to an eminence on the left and there dominate an extensive upland plateau stretching northward for many a league—a barren, rocky wilderness, practically treeless and almost devoid of grass, a veritable plain of Old Castile.

From the base of the towering city walls, here seen to splendid advantage—their great *cubos* or towers aligning themselves with martial precision—the land drops rapidly downward, intersected at different levels by roads leading up to the various city gates.

On this declivity, since sunrise, the country people had been gathering from far and wide, bringing with them their animals. And what an array it was! Up under the very shadow of the walls or nestled in rocky foundations of the towers, and straggling thence down the stony heights, were herds of goats and flocks of sheep, huddled in compact masses, broken here and there by the silhouettes of shepherds bargaining with traders from town. Below, more sombre masses of horses, mules, and donkeys were tethered in the shade of a few lime trees planted along the roads; while lower still, on flatter levels, great droves of cattle cut huge silhouettes against the sun-baked rocks. Trains and caravans of animals kept coming in, under the watchful eye of shouting drovers, assisted by boys heading off stragglers and having no end of trouble keeping the herds together.

Impromptu booths had been erected here and there, where blankets and bags, harness and saddles, whips and rope were sold, and one or two queer mushroom tents sheltered temporary *fondas* where the well-to-do could eat. The poorer people had brought their own food with them and could be seen sitting in picturesque groups munching their bread and cheese.



A corner of the *feria*.

And such quaint costumes! Not the gay colors of Andalusia, to be sure, nor the reds, yellows, and greens that one is accustomed to associate with Spanish pictures, but dark, sombre, and tragic, black and dull blue predominating, costumes befitting the hardy peasants that struggle incessantly for a livelihood in these inhospitable regions. Most of the men wore berets and short smock-frocks bound round and round the

waist from armpit to hips (though it was June) with fold upon fold of black flannel —reminders of the icy winds that prevail in winter and sweep these treeless plateaux. Their feet are wrapped in cloths which are bound to the legs with leather thongs. Almost all carry over their shoulders heavy plaided blankets in which they sleep at night, either out-of-doors or in the *posada* courts, and which they throw about them in statuesque folds when the cool wind springs up at eventide.

For three days this busy scene went on. Then came the grand stampede for home. Droves that had come in from the country went off cityward; drovers who had come in with cattle went away with pockets well lined; long trains of animals and hurrying flocks of sheep could be seen in all directions, raising clouds of golden dust along the sun-baked roads as they briskly trotted off to their stables in the Sierras or on the cool upland plateaux, and the big ochre walls of Avila looked down upon deserted plains once more.



The procession . . . emerged with its crosses and banners.—Page 363.

# THE FAKIR

## By Philip Curtiss

Illustration by Frank Snapp

IT had been with the best intentions in the world that Doctor Macpherson had agreed to speak at the Ludington Business Men's banquet, but the minute that he arose at the end of the table he knew it to be a ludicrous mistake. He had taken three days out of the fullest month of his life to prepare this address, but as he laid out his notes and caught the eyes of his hearers he knew that, among them, not one would understand one single thing that he had to say.

For an instant he felt a temptation to ignore his notes entirely, to tell a few stories, and round out his hour with obvious witticisms and flattering platitudes. A lesser man would have done exactly that thing and considered it a fine stroke of eleventh-hour strategy, but as the temptation flashed through Macpherson's mind a still bolder concept struck him. Like the clergyman in the fable, he suddenly realized that for him to say anything which they could understand would be to disappoint his hearers. By reason of his learned profession, they regarded him as a mystic intellect, as something Masonic in mentality, and that was exactly what he was expected to say—something absolutely and magnificently beyond them.

If Doctor Macpherson had caught himself doing such a thing intentionally he would have earned his own loathing, but he had prepared his talk in all honesty. Asked, naturally, to speak on some theme connected with his own research he had chosen the topic "Fanatics." In contrast with his regular work it had seemed almost buoyantly light and popular, but, after listening to the reception of the addresses which had preceded his, he knew that he might just as well have chosen "Preconcepts of Immortality."

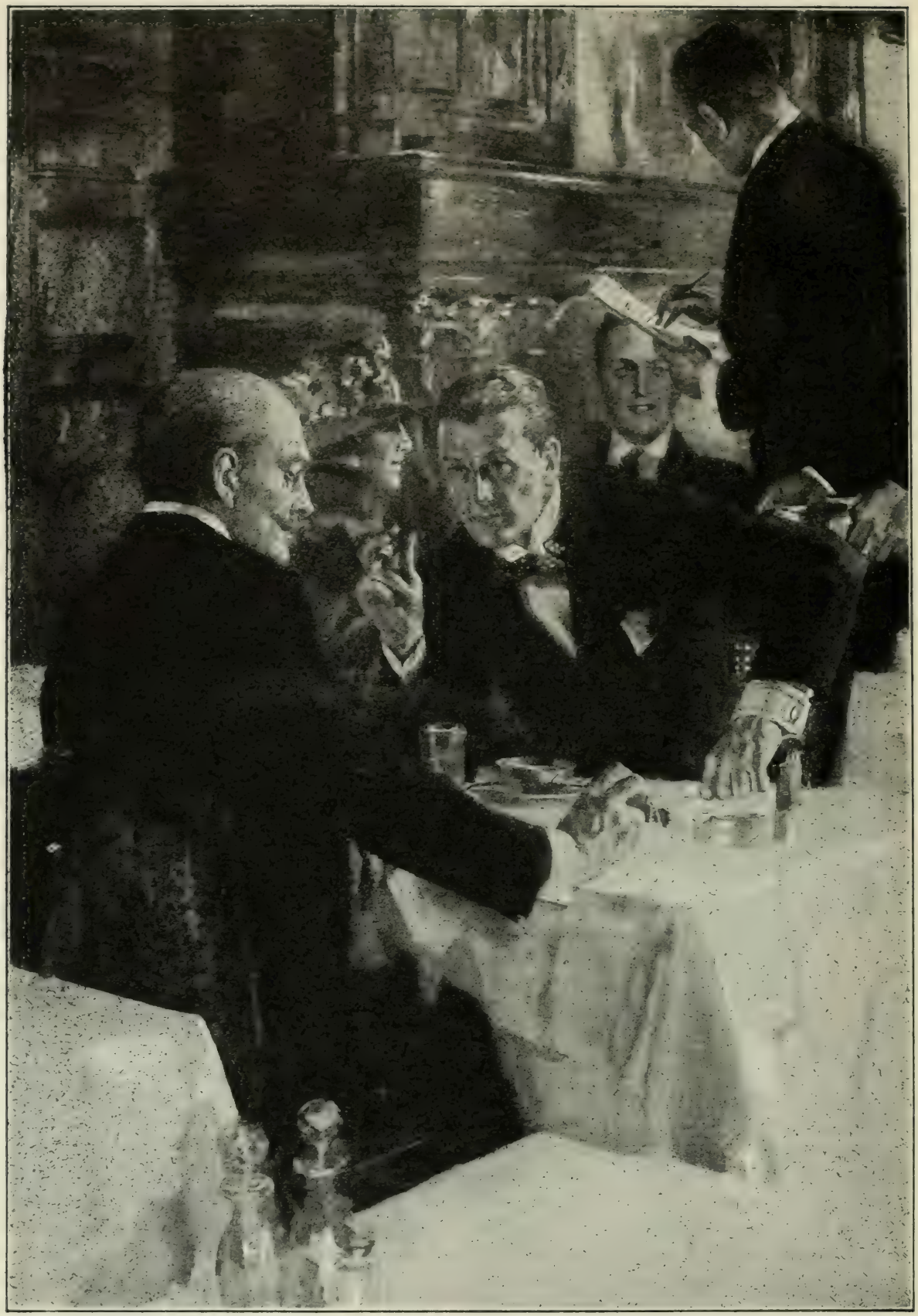
The mistake had been made, however, and he had at least the respect for his subject and the courtesy for his audience to begin his talk exactly as he had prepared it:

"The axiom that the exception proves the rule contains in real life only a limited and somewhat apocryphal element of truth——"

As a speaker, Doctor Macpherson was neither diffident nor oratorical. He had perfect command of his subject and could have given his present talk without fear before a critical audience of savants. Given, then, an audience which, so far from being critical, did not even pretend to grasp what he was saying, the speaker, with his trained psychologist's mind, was able to give his address and, at the same time, study his hearers as keenly as if he had been merely an onlooker. Parts of his talk were touched with a humor rare and subtle, although somewhat academic, but the first and the second were greeted with the same unsmiling benignance which greeted the whole address, and thereafter the speaker gave them forth merely for his own grim enjoyment.

He was quickening his pace, in fact—shortening his illustrations and jumping more briefly to his conclusions—when he slowly recognized that his observation had been wrong in just one particular. Among the faces before him was one which really showed a response to what he was saying, one which relaxed at merely explanatory matter and tightened correspondingly at the deductions.

Like a true experimenter, the doctor did not, for a time, address his remarks to the one sympathetic listener, as a speaker's temptation is always to do. The face was a mobile one, it showed a sort of professional geniality, and the doctor knew that, very possibly, he was, himself, giving the listener his cues—by merely the inflections of his voice and the expressions of his own face. For a time he watched his discovery furtively, but at last, conceding that this one hearer was



*Drawn by Frank Snapp.*

"I'm perfectly free to admit that my methods are loud, but, by George, I'm doing good."—Page 376.

really enjoying his words, he gave his attention to him unreservedly.

The man, in fact, was one who would, on any grounds, have stood out markedly from his neighbors. The diners in general were commercial men of varying ability but unvarying provincialism, while the one exception was distinctly a metropolitan type. Evening clothes predominated along the table, relieved by occasional dinner-jackets and a few ancient "Prince Alberts," which argued for their wearers a churchly habit in social affairs. The man in question, however, was dressed in a blue-serge suit and his hair was brushed trimly back, while a wing collar and a dotted bow tie gave him somewhat the air of a golfing broker. Unlike the others, he looked and sat in the attitude of a busy man of the world, to whom this banquet had been an unconsidered although enjoyable incident.

As Macpherson gave in to the temptation of glancing continuously toward this one hearer, he gained in proportion the suggestion of recognition. By one of those subconscious flashes which one can never time or analyze he felt increasingly that he had recognized the man from the first, then dismissed the idea as being merely the result of the subtly established sympathy of their glances.

The address was finished at last and, curiously enough, the one hearer who had apparently understood it was the only one who did not applaud. The man in serge sat motionless looking down at the table-cloth while the rest clapped vociferously. They did their duty as they had planned to do it when the evening began, but no time was lost in passing the perfunctory vote of thanks, and the dinner broke up in the usual clatter of talk and chair-scraping.

The toastmaster turned effusively to Macpherson and thereby held him for an aftermath which Macpherson dreaded —the onslaught of those pests who inevitably beset a speaker at the close of an address. They came like flies and in the usual types. A few were "rising young business men" who never lost a chance to participate in anything public and wanted merely to shake the great man's hand with a "welcome to our city" manner, but others were fussy little men who wanted to ask the speaker questions to which they already knew the answers and so display their own broad view-point. They were recruited principally from among the frock-coat wearers, and were the "Pro Bono Publicos" and "Taxpayers" who wrote letters to newspapers.

Macpherson, however, had the skill to avoid an argument. He was disposing of the first of his assailants tactfully and rapidly when the approach of the man in blue serge gave him the opportunity to dispose of the rest. He stood on the edge of the group, smiling at the situation, and when the doctor nodded to him came up immediately.

"Doctor," he began, "I enjoyed your talk immensely, but I wanted to ask you about what you said of bluffers—of pretenses."

The doctor did not, for a moment, identify his reference, and the stranger assisted his memory.

"Something about idealism."

"Oh," corrected the doctor, "affectations."

Then, because he could not better the words of his own address, he quoted them:

"I said that 'Affectation is not necessarily a despicable quality. There is a certain form of affectation which amounts almost to idealism.'"

The stranger's face implied the question which he did not immediately find words to formulate, and, as the doctor had already learned his lesson that evening, he cast about for a rudimentary illustration.

"Take, for example, an affected manner of speech. That is the commonest of all affectations and is generally ridiculed and condemned. If it is affected merely to attract attention it should be ridiculed and condemned. But sometimes a person affects or copies a manner of speech because he is living mentally in a class superior to that in which he lives physically, and speech is the obvious method of expression."

In spite of his best efforts, the doctor found himself falling into technicalities. He laughed and made a heroic effort to become plainer still.

"For instance, a little shop-girl waits on grand ladies in a department store and copies their accent. Her natural as-

sociates say that she is 'putting on airs,' and her superiors think her absurd. As a matter of fact, from her view-point, the life of those grand ladies is something beautiful and noble. To live their life is her dream, her ambition, her ideal. It may be a mistaken one, but after all it is an honest ideal. As the first step she copies their speech as some day she hopes to copy their clothes, their motors, their jewels. She is very honestly living her dream."

As the doctor talked, the man in serge listened with an intentness even greater than that which he had shown during the address. This time it was a genuine absorption, almost a boyish absorption, and on nearer view the scientist saw that the face was a much more primitive one than he had observed it to be. With closer inspection there came over Macpherson the suspicion that the man-of-the-world appearance had been only veneer, for when the stranger forgot himself his whole figure shrank. From the cultured gentleman he had fallen into a border class hard to define. He suggested as much as anything a professional man of low origin, and the doctor had a suspicion that in a moment more he would shrink into something else. The changes were so shadowy and yet so unmistakable that he was about to ask the man's name when one of the insistent pests had his way and the blue serge man faded good-humoredly into the background.

The pest was persistent with his trivial questions. The colored waiters were clearing the hall before he released his hold, and the doctor needed no further excuse to make his escape. He concluded his courtesies with the toastmaster, stepped into his car at the street entrance, and leaned back in relief. He was willing enough to forget the whole evening, and he did forget it except the one personality vivid enough to cling in his memory —the man in blue serge whose face, now more than ever, became persistently familiar.

The doctor ran over in his mind the list of the younger men at the university, the new instructors, hoping to find his clew there, but as he sought fruitlessly his car slowed and swerved and a stream of light broke into his vision. A street-car passed. It was on its last trip and was empty but inside the doctor caught a glimpse of the conductor standing, head bent, figuring his receipts, and of a multicolored line of advertisements. By a flash the latter were just what was needed to supply the missing link of memory and Macpherson laughed aloud. He had identified his interrogator. For three months he had not sat in a street-car or opened a newspaper without meeting the eyes of that very man who had puzzled him. Wherever he looked, whatever he read, he met that face, but in the pictures, instead of the pleasant man of the world, the face was that of a harsh, stern accuser. It glared at the reader and pointed a finger like a highwayman's pistol. Above the picture was printed the sentence:

"I TEACH YOU TO THINK."

Below the picture, in flamboyant script, was the signature

*"J. Alden Crum."*

So that was J. Alden Crum. That pleasant man in blue serge was the charlatan who had come very near to making the little city of Ludington famous, for his advertisements were not by any means confined to the town where he made his headquarters. One met them in metropolitan papers and in metropolitan subways, always giving some cryptic address in Ludington.

Like, probably, a hundred local men of his class and position, the doctor had frequently wondered who this prodigal advertiser might be, but when opportunity had offered to do so he had always forgotten to ask.

This sudden identification of the man whom he had picked out as the most intellectual of the whole evening was, for a moment, disconcerting to the doctor's pride, but the next minute the dramatic ludicrousness of it struck him and he laughed again.

He was still laughing when his car stopped at his own house and he put his key in the lock. The arrangement of the lights told him that his wife and the servants had gone to bed, but he himself was

a night-owl, so he stepped to the library and threw a log on the dying fire. He lighted a pipe, poured out the tiny glass of Scotch whiskey which formed, every night, his racial and scholarly potion, and then sank back in a deep leather chair.

In fact, if J. Alden Crum had at that moment seen Doctor Ian Macpherson, he would have regarded him even more slavishly than he had at the business men's banquet. Slouched in his chair, in his evening clothes, with his pipe, his glass, and his littered papers, he formed a picture for which brighter minds than J. Alden Crum's could have found no better title than that of "a gentleman and a scholar."

Except, however, for the intellect of his eyes and the refinement of his whole person, there was little about Doctor Macpherson to mark him as the great scholar which he really was. He was a tall, lean, muscular man at the best strength of middle age. A heavy, reddish mustache of military type added to his appearance of physical strength, while his face had that tanned and weather-beaten appearance which some men's faces will always retain without any contact with the wind whatsoever. If J. Alden Crum at the dinner had suggested a golfing broker, Doctor Macpherson in his library suggested nothing so much as a yachtsman dreaming of his last cruise.

It was not of yachts, however, that Doctor Macpherson was thinking. He was thinking of J. Alden Crum and of the chance meeting which had added almost a piratical spice to the mental adventures which formed his keenest interest in life. In his scholarly conscience he knew that he ought to despise the man, but yet by some finer code he could not despise him at all. He found him more than amusing; he found in him something wistful. The recollection of that intimate study which he had made of Crum's face expanded under the warmth of meditation until, still half laughing at himself, he reached over the table for the evening paper to track Crum to his advertising lair.

He did not have far to seek, for Crum's advertisement always occupied the same place on the same page, which, by its size, it completely dominated, but the doctor now studied it critically. There was the same threatening portrait, the same smug signature, and the same preposterous slogan, but the newspaper gave a few details which the street-cars had lacked.

> Who Wins In Life's Battles?
> The Man Of Brains—Brains.
>
> The Stoutest Soldier Is But A *Pawn* In The Trenches.
> He Uses His Hands.
>
> The General Wins Those Battles And Reaps The Laurels.
> He Uses His *Head*.
>
> Do You Want To Be A *Soldier* Or A *General?*
> I Put You Among The Generals.
>
> I Teach You To Use Your *Brains*.

And to accomplish all this it was apparently only necessary to send one's address to J. Alden Crum, Department J-X.

With something akin to disgust Macpherson tossed the newspaper on the table, but still he smiled, for Doctor Macpherson had good reason to smile these days. A professor in deeper psychology who rides in a limousine and looks like a yachtsman has some reason for mental content. A professor in deeper psychology who is invited to address business men's associations, may feel that he is not without recompense; but there was, for Professor Macpherson's elation, a greater reason than these. Within the last month there had come to him inklings of a certain event which, if it should come to pass, would, in one moment, completely crown his life's work, would give him the certainty that his brain and his effort had driven the peg in human progress which he had always intended to drive. He would have recognition of the fact that his accomplishment was actual, that it was stamped and sealed.

He had no certainty of that event. It depended on that fickleness which is present in even the best of human judgment; but, for some time past, first hints and then assurances had come to him in such increasing numbers and from such widely scattered sources that there was growing up in him that confidence which always

does grow before positive achievement. The matter was out of his hands now, but his own part he had finished to the utmost limit of his capacity and to the complete approval of his sober judgment. He had always done that for his own part. He had done it from the very beginning of his professional life with no less sincerity than he did it now; but, with maturing mind and aging experience, he had gained a surety which the utmost confidence of youth had never been able to grasp.

Macpherson's life had been one of sure strokes in every direction, for when the business men had extended their invitation they had done it in recognition of only the least of his achievements. They had honored the man with very little realization of what he had done to deserve honor. Personally they knew him not as a scholar, but as a gentleman of wealth and leisure, a good customer and an excellent citizen, who was occasionally lauded in the newspapers for vague honors bestowed on him in far places.

In point of fact, Macpherson made special effort to separate his profession from his social and business life. He was one of those modern students who make it a point to destroy the cloister tradition by being, almost flagrantly, men of the world. He had married a woman of wealth, but criticism had been forestalled by the fact that he had always made money in his own profession. He held a chair in a small but heavily endowed university, and his writings, recognized at first as standard text-books, had come of late to be recognized as significant utterances in the world of thought.

Doctor Macpherson, in short, was a man big enough to laugh at a creature like J. Alden Crum, but by the same token big enough to be haunted by him. A psychologist gains from his profession exactly the same instincts that a detective gains from his, and Doctor Macpherson had a sure conviction that his acquaintance with the charlatan was not over. He was not in the least surprised when, a few days later, Crum called him up on the telephone to ask him to dinner at Ludington's chief hotel and, as the doctor had already debated the possibility, he accepted.

Before the hour of dinner arrived, nevertheless, Macpherson was several times tempted to suggest that it be held in some less conspicuous place; but tact argued against that, and when the doctor reached the hotel he was glad that it had, for Crum's delight at being a host was almost pathetic. He met his guest in the lobby, once more the man of the world, the social trifler; but at the same time there was about him an air of the promoter, an air of the man who wishes to get something diplomatically, which was delicious in its completeness. He was all suaveness and solicitude as he helped the doctor to dispose of his overcoat, and the manner of the head waiter, as they entered the dining-room, showed that the way had been paved with more than silver. Crum was a man who could not help showing his familiarity with the great world by calling the waiters by their first names, but beyond that he was discretion itself, and the dinner went off with fine inconsequence.

It was not, in fact, until the cigars were chosen, after much imperiousness on the part of Crum, that the latter came to the moment which Doctor Macpherson had known from the first to be inevitable. As if clearing the table for action the promoter leaned back and began in a fresh tone of voice:

"Doctor, I don't think you recognized me the other evening."

He smiled in the manner of one who is laying his cards on the table, who abandons all pretenses, who says, "Come on, now, just man to man." At any rate, it was not hard for the doctor to smile too and his answer was obvious.

"No, I am afraid that I didn't."

His smile also implied that he had discovered things since, that no more needed to be said on that subject, but while Crum did not abandon the line which he had laid out he led up to it gradually.

"Doctor, you made a big hit with me the other night by that one sentence that I asked you about. I can quote it now. 'There is a form of affectation which amounts almost to idealism.' That got me and I'll tell you why."

He leaned back, not so much hesitating for words as to give his words the effect of explosion; then fired his main shot:

"Doctor, I know what you think of me."

He expected his boldness to score, but the psychologist's carefully schooled expressions did not respond as definitely as he had expected. He wavered, in doubt.

"You know my stuff, don't you? You've seen my advertisements?" Macpherson nodded and, reassured, Crum hammered it home.

"I know what you think of me. You think I'm a fakir."

No face on earth could have remained impassive before such accurate self-accusation, but, while his eyes twinkled, Macpherson still remained tactful.

"I can't say that until I know more of your methods. I haven't seen anything except your advertisements. You might tell me——"

Crum interrupted with a broad grin.

"Just what happens to anybody who sends a postal to Department J-X?"

Macpherson nodded.

"Exactly."

Crum's tone became lightness itself, as if that were the least of his business.

"Oh, that?" he explained. "That's simple enough. I'm selling a book."

Macpherson held silence, but Crum was undaunted.

"The book's all right. It's perfectly straight. It's selected passages from the great thinkers—Plato, Bacon, Herbert Spencer—that sort of stuff. Only, of course," he added, "it takes a lot of literature, a lot of persuasion to get them to buy it. I'll show you if you want to."

He drew a circular from his pocket—such a leaflet as any wild-cat publisher might put out, but Macpherson took it in at a glance and laid it aside. The man himself was the only novelty.

"Does it pay?" he asked bluntly.

Crum's answer was disarmingly honest.

"It will when I get it swinging. It's being done every day. Of course, my advertising bills are enormous."

"They must be," agreed Macpherson. "I see your notices all over the city."

Crum made a deprecating gesture.

"Oh, that? That's local. That's done with a different purpose. I don't sell enough in Ludington to buy my cigars, but I have to do it just the same. There's logic in it. In the first place, I get my credit here, and I have to show them where at least a part of the money goes. But that's not the main reason. The main reason is that Ludington is a little bit of a city, and when a man in some other place sees my advertisements he asks himself: 'Why Ludington? Why is a great big book like that coming from a little rube burg? How did it ever get by the big publishers in New York? What's funny about it?'

"Then sooner or later he meets somebody from Ludington, or his cousin comes here, or he talks to a drummer on the train, and he says, 'By the way, speaking of Ludington, who is this J. Alden Crum?' If the man from Ludington, or the cousin who's been here, or the drummer says, 'Search me. Never heard of him,' that man's faith is lost.

"On the other hand, I stamp myself all over the place. No one can be in Ludington ten minutes without seeing my face, and when they ask, 'Who's this Crum?' the drummer answers, 'Oh, my gosh, in Ludington you don't hear anything else.' They think I own the town."

Once in his own element, the promoter swept on rapturously.

"There's two ways to do a mail-order business. One is to get right in the heart of New York, because, to most people who'd buy anything by mail, anything that comes from 'New Yawk' must be wonderful. And, better still, find a building that bears your own name. Any man named Hudson could make a fortune selling icicles—just put on his ads 'Hudson & Company, Hudson Terminal, New York City.' If I could find a ten-story shack named 'The Crum Building' I'd move there to-morrow."

He paused for breath, mentally speaking, but Macpherson, who wished to keep him on this subject, prompted him.

"And the second way?"

"Oh, the second way? Get a town to mean you. You be the beer that made Milwaukee famous. And say—that's a marvellous ad. Make people think of you the minute they think of the town. You can't think of Akron, Ohio, without thinking of rubber tires, or New Haven without thinking of Yale University, or Borneo without thinking of the wild man. This bunk of printing the picture of your

plant's no good. They all look alike. It's the words and the slogans that stick. I defy you to say 'biscuit' without thinking 'Uneeda.'"

In his enthusiasm the promoter had apparently forgotten his opening remarks, but his guest preferred to have him forget them. He was only interesting when he was unaffected, and Macpherson threw in suggestions to keep him stimulated.

"May I ask one thing? How did you ever get into this business?"

The other man shrugged.

"Oh, that? I suppose I just grew into it. I had a business college once, or at least I was working for a man who did, and you know that depends a lot on advertising. Then people began to start correspondence schools right and left, and this fellow advertised to teach bookkeeping by mail. Oh, it was straight enough. He knew his business and he meant to give them their money's worth, but he tried to do it all himself. It swamped him and the postal authorities put him out of business. Then I was in real estate for a while—developing tracts for building-lots—I was never a man who would be content to work for a salary. Then I thought of starting a correspondence school myself, but the big schools got all of the legitimate business. Besides, the regular colleges are doing it on the side now, and no business can compete with philanthropy. It was quite by accident that I found a publisher who had these books on his hands. I bought them for nothing—in the original lot—and just used the correspondence-school methods."

In spite of Macpherson's efforts, the story came to its end apparently just when the speaker wished to have it, for he took up his first train of thought.

"Now, doctor," he said, rubbing his hands, "what I started to say was this. I know what you were thinking when you came here to-night. You thought I was just a fakir, a bunco man. No, you needn't apologize. You had a right to think it. But, do you know? the other night you said something that I have been trying to put into words all my life. Because a man makes money like I do people always think that we do it with our tongue in our cheek and winking our eye. Of course, we do have to know which side our bread's buttered on. You do. Every one does. But let me tell you something. I've sold goods of some sort all my life, and no man on earth can sell goods that he doesn't believe in.

"You asked me how I came into this business, but I didn't tell you the real reason. I have been a reader all my life, and if I could write a book I'd give my right hand, if it was only a treatise on hair-cutting. You think I am selling books to make money—and I am—but I also sell them because I love them. I love books. You can't name a book in English literature that I haven't read—Scott, Dickens, Longfellow—I've read 'em all and up to recently that was the only kind I read. But one day, about three years ago, I was in a fellow's office and on a calendar I saw that line from Emerson: 'If a man can make a mouse-trap or save a republic better than his fellows, though he live in the depth of the forest, the world will beat a path to his door.'"

"Is that Emerson?" asked Macpherson.

Crum laughed.

"Anyway, that's what the calendar claimed."

He became instantly serious.

"Well, say, nothing I have ever seen struck me the way that line did. I went right out and ordered a whole set of Emerson, and inside of a month I had read everything he ever wrote."

The promoter leaned across the table and accented his words with his finger.

"Now, doctor, there is exactly my point. When you come down to it, there isn't a cheaper thing in print than a wall motto. They're bunk, and they're sold to make money, but if I hadn't seen that calendar I wouldn't have read Emerson, would I?"

The question was one of those which do not call for an answer and the promoter charged on:

"I got simply dippy over Emerson. It was *he* who taught *me* to think. I had that line put on my letter-heads. It's there to-day—'If a man can make a mouse-trap or save a republic better than his fellows, though he live in the depth of the forest the world will beat a path to his door.'"

"I carried a volume of Emerson in my pocket, and if I've got one I've got a hundred of my friends to reading him."

Again Crum seemed to be wandering, but he was not. All came in good time.

"And now, sir, the proposition is this: When I saw that lot of books at the printer's—the books I'm selling now—did I buy them because they were cheap? No. I bought them because they had guts. I read one of them from cover to cover. I sat up till three o'clock one morning finishing it, and when I closed it I was all in a glow as if I'd seen a fine show.

"Now I know the real thing when I see it, but I also know that the finest book in the world can't get over just by itself. You've got to push it. In modern times you've got to use modern methods. Those books have been in the bookstores for years, but the average man would say: 'High-brow, nothing doing.' "

Crum made a gesture and twisted his mouth to suit his last words, then lighted a fresh cigar and went on.

"I know how to get hold of the low-brows because I'm one of them. I put it up to them as a matter of dollars and cents. I use the same methods that I would use to sell clothing, and it gets them. Those books have sold by the car-load, and say, doc, you'd ought to see some of the letters that I've got. You wouldn't think that I was a bunco man then. I've made men sit up and read. When they've paid good money for a thing, they'll read it and then they go mad over it."

Carried away by his own style, Crum talked as he would to a customer, but again he pulled himself together with a laugh and became the social man of the world. He held a match for Macpherson's second cigar and began once more with his old-time suavity.

"Doctor, have you ever written a book?"

Macpherson smiled, for he had done little else for twenty years.

"Yes," he replied, "I have written several."

As Crum had expected to come in the rôle of a fairy godfather, the answer was disconcerting. His jaw dropped, but he was equal to the emergency.

"That's just the point," he exclaimed; then, recollecting himself, he added anxiously: "You don't mind my talking plainly, do you?"

"Not a bit," answered Macpherson.

"Well, doctor," repeated Crum, "that's just the point. Here we have lived together in the same town for years. You may have written a dozen books, but I am the average man and I have never heard of them. The man in the street has never heard of them. That's just my business—to be the go-between for the man in the street and the man like you.

"The trouble with you is you're too modest. You're locked in your library. In a town like this you're wasted. Your light is hidden under a bushel and I am the man to turn over the bushel. I know good stuff when I see it, and the other night before you had got half through I said to myself: 'Here's my man.' And you *are* my man, doctor. We need each other."

He held out his hands, palms upward, like the plates of a balancing scale.

"Here's you. You've got something to sell. You've got the brains and the knowledge and the ability to put your thoughts into fine language, but you're not a business man. You haven't time to be.

"Then here's me. Beside you I am a piker, a lowbrow, but I know how to sell goods.

"Now, to put it plainly. I know the kind of stuff you write and it's the real gilt-edge article. Hundreds of thousands of people are looking for education today. They would just eat that stuff, but they'll never see it. You'll never reach them. You write the books that tell what everybody knows but has never thought out the way you have. You write the secrets of the human brain, and who reads them? A few professors in colleges and a few members of learned societies.

"And what do you get out of them? A few hundred dollars. And, doctor, I could make you thousands—thousands. I could make your name known all over the country. I could put your picture in every newspaper. You don't want to talk to just your own kind. You want to talk to the man in the street. You want to talk to humanity."

As Crum had threatened to do, he had talked very plainly, but, unseen by him, Macpherson's attitude had gradually stiffened and when he spoke his tone was dry.

"And just what is your plan?"

The tone at least was not lost on the promoter, and he hastened to resume his air of crisp geniality.

"My plan is just this. I want you to write a book on the way people think—on the processes of the mind, just like the talk you gave the other night, only perhaps in simpler words. Fill it full of plain, every-day stories like that one about the shop-girl. That was fine stuff. Tell about the fanatics. Tell what makes people crazy and what keeps them sane. Do just what I do in my literature. Make people sit up and think."

He hammered the table to beat in his climax and then leaned back for an answer; but Macpherson sat in silence, watching the smoke from his cigar, his eyes crinkling curiously. Crum misunderstood his hesitation and again tried to reassure him.

"I know how you feel, doctor—professional ethics and all that. You don't want to link up your name with such a proposition; and I'm perfectly free to admit that my methods are loud, but, by George, I'm doing good. I'm doing good to thousands of people."

It was his last words which roused the professor. He looked Crum in the eyes and asked evenly:

"Do you want me to talk plainly, too?"

Crum flushed, but he had to feign eagerness.

"Why, certainly."

"Well, then," continued Macpherson, "how much do you charge for that book—the one you sell now?"

The promoter looked down at the table, but he knew that it would be useless to lie.

"Five dollars."

"Exactly," replied Macpherson. "And it cost you about—what? Twenty cents?"

Crum smiled.

"It didn't cost me a great deal."

Macpherson nodded.

"And, furthermore, is there anything in the pamphlets you send out to show that all you sell can be obtained for nothing at any public library—or in fifty-cent school-book editions?"

Crum bridled.

"That's got nothing to do with it. The stuff has always been in the libraries, but they didn't go after it."

But with that he abandoned altruism. Almost in exasperation he broke out:

"Now, look here, doctor. We won't talk any more about that. Just put it down as plain business. In two months you could write the book that I want. It will be honest stuff—just what you would write anyway—but inside a year we will be making thousands a week. If you want me to, I will give you my check for five thousand dollars to-morrow. Will your regular publishers do that?"

The lines of Macpherson's mouth stiffened.

"I don't think it will be necessary to discuss that," he replied, but still Crum refused to be convinced. He regarded the doctor a moment with a look he thought masterly, then abandoned it for a tone which was almost wheedling.

"Why, doctor, I'm thinking of you almost more than I am of myself. I never heard a speech that taught me the things that yours did. I lay awake half the night thinking of it and I said to myself: 'With his brains and my business ability we can do anything.'

"Why, doctor, it's a crime what you're doing now. I tell you you're lost in a teacher's job. I can make a national figure of you. I can make you talk to hundreds of thousands where you now talk to dozens. Isn't that side of it worth considering?"

He leaned back, completely convinced by his own tumult of words, but Macpherson had hardly heard them. He looked at Crum quizzically. His only problem was his temptation to tell the charlatan what he really thought of him. A dozen times he almost succumbed to it, his intended words more bitter every time. A dozen times, equally, he tried to think of suave evasions; then suddenly he caught a look in Crum's eye which gave him his cue.

"Mr. Crum," he said with a quietness that was ominous, "you make me this

offer because you think that I can recognize and state the facts of life as they are. Is that so?"

Crum started, rather alarmed.

"Why, yes," he assented, but somewhat weakly.

"Very well; then," continued Macpherson. "I will tell you a truth of life now. I cannot accept your offer. I might give you a dozen evasive reasons for this, but as we both value the truth I will tell you the real reason. I cannot accept your offer, because it is plain, downright quackery. The other night I picked you out as the man of the keenest intelligence at that dinner, and I still believe that my judgment is true. If I thought that you really believed what you said I would talk differently, but you are far too clever a man to believe it. I cannot accept your offer, but equally I cannot insult your intelligence. I confess that I find your career very interesting, and I have enjoyed this dinner exceedingly, but as to any business relations—well, you yourself have given me the word—your methods are fake."

Macpherson finished, but he kept looking steadily at Crum and his eyes did not apologize for his words. He sat as if physically ready to back every word he had said, but his estimate of the situation had been correct. For a second the promoter flushed, then he broke into a loud laugh.

"Cards on the table, doctor," he exclaimed. "You've got me there. I won't pull any more bunk."

Then again his manner changed.

"But look here, Macpherson"—and apparently he chose the word with studied insolence—"let me talk truth, too. We'll forget the philanthropy. I won't say any more about lofty ambitions, but just as two men of the world, if you want to talk truth, just look at it this way. Do you want to make twenty-five thousand dollars and be known all over the United States as the author of my book, or do you want to stay just a professor in a little jerk-water college?"

"Neither," replied Macpherson, and quietly but none the less decisively arose from the table.

Crum stared for a moment with narrowing eyes, but in the lobby he offered his hand amicably enough.

"I'm sorry you took it that way, professor. Good night. No hard feelings, I hope."

"None at all," said the doctor, slipping into his overcoat.

But as he went out of the door Crum watched his retreating back and sneered:

"The big stiff!"

He was still gazing vindictively when Naylor, city editor of the Ludington *News* came rushing breathlessly through the other door. As a profitable advertiser Crum stopped him with playful familiarity.

"Whither so fast, little one?"

But Naylor looked at him wildly.

"Have you seen Doctor Macpherson? They said he was here."

"Doctor Macpherson?" said the promoter, once more all importance. "Why, yes, he just dined with me. Is any one dead?"

"Dead? No," answered Naylor excitedly. "He's been awarded the Nobel prize."

"The Nobel prize?" Crum repeated aghast.

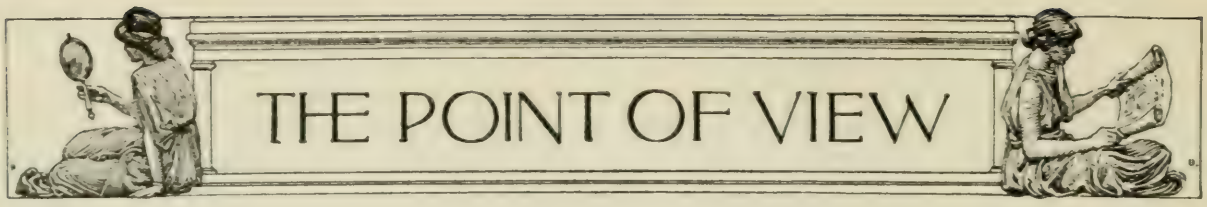
"The Nobel prize," insisted Naylor. "Forty thousand dollars and the greatest honor in the world."

He tore off toward the telephone-booths, but Crum stood rooted to the spot.

"Forty thousand dollars!" he repeated to himself.

Then the little atom that was genuine in the man took the upper hand and he smiled.

"Though he live in the depth of the forest, the world will beat a path to his door."




A CONSERVATIVE is a property-minded person incapable of heroism or crime, with a constitutional penchant for saying no. He is useful as a trustee or an undertaker, but he usually contributes more to the respectability than the gayety of the dinner-table, unless he be hoist by the petards of some hoiden radical.

Where are the Radicals of Yesterday?

Conservatism in the old is a forgivable weakness; in the young it indicates either jackal traits or an unseasonable bloating of worldly wealth.

It is with considerable concern, therefore, that I observe lately that the status of a radical is not what it used to be—though I confess that certain persons, older than I, have for some time now been cognizant of a crescent odium connected with it and have quietly edged over to the right centre. Indeed, I understand that this phenomenon is quite characteristic of a progressive world, and the young radicals of to-day have, time out of mind, become the old conservatives of to-morrow.

It has always been pleasant to consider, however, that this fate was never reserved for me, but that in my case even old age would discover me still in the second rank of the radicals and still making the other old fellows squirm a bit with my indifference to property when it comes into conflict with personal rights. Alas, it is not to be. Not that my mind has ossified; not that I have lost my point of view; not that all my old programme has come to pass; but the dishes at present served in the radical camp are unpalatable. Their aims and interests have changed.

Time was when shorter hours for labor meant that the bread-winner would have time to read, to play with his children, to talk to his wife. Now it seems to have for its end the working overtime at increased wages in furtherance of an ambition to become a capitalist!

That friendly interest in the proletariat, nourished by the radicals of old, was founded on a desire to further the brotherhood of man; but the present proletariat appear interested rather in accomplishing the economic supremacy of their class and the exploitation of the rest of us for their private financial gain. That attitude smacks of the conservative rather than the liberal and wakes far more opposition than support from true idealists.

No, radicalism is not what it used to be. Many of the radicals then were responsible and constructive and some of them were disinterested. The present specimens have no capacity for philosophy. They are simply partisans engaged, not in speculations looking to a wider distribution of wealth and opportunity, but to the overthrowing of existing political systems, the rendering impotent of character as a force in the world, and the discarding of invaluable products of evolution like the modern system of credit, the limited company, or the common law. This is a good deal to trade in for a mess of pottage—unless one is pretty hungry.

Perhaps this was the opinion of those old giants who used to rail at the labor-unions and rant about the unwarrantable interference of the government in fixing rates on railroads, when they considered the radicals of years gone by. The complaints of the last generation about the next always appear amusing afterward. The endangered plutocracy always survives intact and ultimately is usually the gainer by innovations which it opposed. Perhaps, too, the radicals of the hour are no more unworthy relatively than were the radicals of yesterday in their time—only more superlative. Or it may be that a tendency toward conservatism is one of the inevitable aftermaths of the war which will pass presently. Patriotism and the abolition of nations appear incompatible, and we have lately wagered nearly all we have on patriotism.

Perhaps the radicals are laying emphasis on the wrong things for the moment; at any rate they are being treated harshly and not getting much sympathy. No one who rocks the boat just now is inviting anything but abuse from the crew; but the happy time cannot be far off when, with the precarious period of reconstruction behind us and prosperity rampant, the plutocrats will once

more wax fat and insolent and contend that they are divinely appointed stewards to own the earth.

That is the day against which we radicals of the second rank are keeping our powder dry.

"AND so Susan Smith is asking for a divorce?" said my Aunt Anstiss. "Well, I suppose all we can wonder at is that she's lasted as long as she has."

"And this from you, Aunt Anstiss!" I mocked.

Home and the Glue-Pot

She looked at me through her glasses with her clear blue eyes. "You've known Susan from babyhood; you grew up together. You know what her training was and what it resulted in. From the day Susan was born she had a new toy every day—two for Sundays; and every day she broke the toy of the day before and threw it away. When you children broke your toys, down came the glue-pot and stuck them together. You had to make them do."

"Do you approve of glue-pots in marriage, Aunt Anstiss?" I laughed.

"I approve of glue-pots everywhere," she answered energetically. "This mortal world isn't perfect, and there are lots of things that we've got to make do instead of throwing them away. Glue-pots tend to self-restraint, and this age has run to self-indulgence. Why, bless my soul, when a child from the time it can walk and talk is free to gratify every craving, how are you going to expect it to grow to anything worth while? Susan belongs to a class of women that the war so far has not ennobled; the degenerate result of a new nation with more wealth and luxury than it could assimilate. There's been so much of it that it's floated our homes off on its tide almost into oblivion. Children are born in hospitals, they grow up in schools, they give their parties at club-houses, they come out at hotels, they amuse themselves by dashing off some hundred miles or so and eating at strange tables. They are married in the biggest church they can find. Home has been a place to sleep in, take one's morning bath and breakfast, and then forget. And I believe that the less home you have, in inverse ratio, the more divorce. Susan's only a leaf in the current. Before you get a vital race again you've got to establish homes."

"Susan doesn't come naturally by frivolity," I answered. "Think of her Puritan ancestors!"

"They had to cut the trees and forge the nails to make their homes, and guard it from bears and Indians when it was done; they knew what home meant. I guess some of Susan's great-grandfathers have had pretty restless graves these last forty-five years while Susan has been tossing away money and time and opportunity to satisfy her material desires for toys and candy when she was little, and for dresses and cars and beaux when she was grown. Do you remember her wedding?"

"I remember Lucella's," I answered.

Aunt Anstiss's shrewd eyes softened. "I'll never forget that," she answered with a drop in her voice. "I never saw a wedding like it. Do you remember the lambent clearness of that September afternoon, and just how the fall flowers looked in the garden when some one opened the white wicket gate and let Lucella, between her two rows of bridesmaids, walk down the garden-path to meet Charles and the clergyman by the big lilac bush? Charles isn't a genius and neither is Lucella, but they knew what they were promising that day under God's heaven, and they've held to their allegiance. They've built a home and they've lived in it, even when some of the gilt chipped off. They'd have to after a wedding like that. Do you remember the supper we had in the garden after the ceremony—just friends that loved her; and then instead of racing and chasing and rice-throwing, how you all fell away one by one, and I alone said good-bye to my girl—twilight dropping down over the earth and a great full moon hanging in the sky—before I left her with Charles in the house where Lucella was born! Since the Garden of Eden, I don't think there was such a wedding. They couldn't get away from its memory. A home began that night."

"And Susan's wedding was the big church kind in the city, with all the fuss and feathers money could buy."

"Yes," said Aunt Anstiss, brisk again, "and that was all it did buy. It never bought a home. Marriage is a good deal like socialism; to make it work you've got to go into it with the idea of giving, not with the desire to see what you can get out of it. If Susan had tried as hard to amuse her hus-

band as she has to amuse all the foolish fellows who've dangled after her, or if she'd pampered Archibald a tenth part as much as she's pampered herself, there'd be one less case for the divorce courts."

"We need to cut out hundreds of cases," I said, "if we're going to stop being the laughing-stock of the world."

"We will," nodded Aunt Anstiss. "The trouble is that girls have packed their wedding-chests with excitement and left out patience. They haven't weighed things. If Susan would stop to weigh Archibald now she'd find so much sterling silver under the tarnish she's let grow on it, that she'd be willing patiently to polish it up again and not throw him in the scrap-heap."

"We're learning patience now," I said, "through suffering as we wouldn't learn it in any other way."

"Yes, we are," assented Aunt Anstiss softly—she had a son and a grandson in France—"and it's going to be our salvation, even though we suffer for it, for it will bring back home and the glue-pot. See the miraculous mending that has been going on in the bodies of our wounded boys! That's not all material work; it is part of the spiritual healing of the world which is going further than bodies; it's going to touch souls and wake them out of responsibility-evading self-indulgence to the self-control that comes from mending untoward conditions. A world in earnest doesn't need an undue amount of frivolous luxury and amusement; it's glad to own a hearthstone."

"What puzzles me sometimes," I wondered, "is how men and women are going to make homes now that the war is over. There's a little girl I know, twenty-one years old, who married her man out of camp and sent him across two weeks after they were married. In the war-saving-stamp drive I went into an office for some leaflets, and there she was before a desk with two telephones on it, in sole charge of the place. While she sent the first car she could corral for my leaflets I sat and watched. In the ten minutes I waited she had furnished two speakers for different places, settled a quarrel over the telephone, closed down one booth and opened a new one, all as quietly as if she were in her own drawing-room serving tea. What's going to become of all that executive ability that this stress brought out? Will she be content to turn it all back into the old grooves of housekeeping? How are they going to manage to merge such vigorous individualities?"

"I don't know how and I don't have to," answered Aunt Anstiss placidly. "It's a spiritual age we're facing, and the relations between men and women are going to be spiritualized along with everything else. I'm sick to death of the sex talk that's flooded everything for the last twenty years."

"I suppose it's all part of the material unrest," I pondered.

"And material unrest always tends to disintegration. If materialism and self-indulgence made for easy divorce, the spiritual awakening is going to bring a self-restraint that will open a purer, higher, broader marriage relation. Men will be more humble and more appreciative after what they have gone through and women will put maternal tenderness in place of selfish passion. Love and devotion and unselfishness were growing all through the war. I don't believe a woman is going to want to live in restaurants after this, when she has a home with a hero in it to cherish."

"Yes," I murmured.

"Living must be simpler, at least for one generation," went on Aunt Anstiss. "After so many years of excitement we may crave a little quiet and simplicity. We may even find that a man and his wife can be comfortable and happy without three houses and three cars and nine servants merely to minister to their two perishable bodies."

"There certainly will be a new man and a new woman," I agreed.

"And a new kind of new woman. I'll wager that the Susan Smith type of woman has had its day, and that easy divorce has had its death blow.

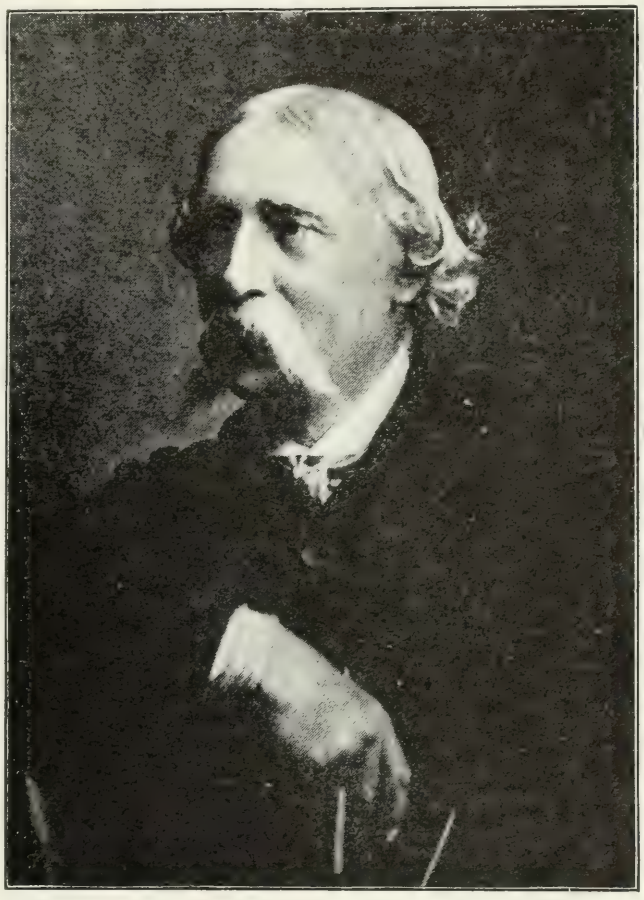
"Our soldiers brought back the age of knighthood. Did they ever love their mothers better? They were full of reverence for the girls who gave all their eager young strength to help them in their fight for liberty? And aren't they going to worship the women who cared for them? It can't be otherwise. The past is dead and we are looking forward with the courage of our Puritan ancestors into a new world of patience and devotion and unselfish giving, into a world of home-making and of home-keeping."

# THE FIELD OF ART

## TALFOURD—THE ARTIST OF THE BROWNINGS

By Eliza L. Johnston

IT was in 1859, when the Brownings were staying in Rome, and when, alas! that idyllic love story of the two poets was drawing all too soon to its close, that the vignette heads—the best-known and liked of all the Browning portraits—were drawn by Field Talfourd. Even in national biography, that colossal compilation of the lives of English celebrities, his name does not appear, although that of his better-known elder brother, Sir Thomas Noone Talfourd, is there, so, before he disappears too far "down the back entry of Time," a sketch of the life of this almost forgotten artist may be found interesting.



Field Talfourd.

He began life in a civil engineer's office in 1832, but shortly afterward left it and came with an elder brother and some other friends to what was then known as Canada West, now the Province of Ontario. The only way of getting to that part of the country was via the Erie Canal, and having started from England in early February, their progress was impeded by finding that celebrated waterway frozen over. Having, however, after some difficulty, reached their destination, he lived in what was practically the backwoods, enduring all the hardships of the pioneers; but apparently never repudiating or casting behind him the requirements of his early life and training. In the Report of the Woman's Historical Society in Toronto, Canada, in 1913–1914, part of the diary of a British naval sea-captain, William Wright, one of the old settlers in that part of the country, was published, and under the date of August 13, 1835, we find this entry: "Dr. Foster and Field Talfourd. Called and dined with us." However, the life of "The Settlers in Canada," glorified by Captain Marryat, after the first novelty had worn off, probably did not appeal to the artist nature, and knowing his ability even then for successful portraiture, he left the backwoods and made his way slowly back to England, by way of Detroit and New York, pursuing his loved art wherever he had time and opportunity, and always successfully.

A journal in manuscript exists in which our artist records a second trip to America. In 1853 he made a tour through the eastern part of the United States, some of the West India Islands, and Mexico. The journal opens in this shipshape manner:

"W. H. Tayleur and Field Talfourd sail

for Mexico February 2nd, 1853, on board West India Steamer *Parana* 2,500 Tons, Captain Wooley. About 70 passengers."

All through the journal, kept in the conventional style, the artist feeling for color-effect and line comes out. The complexion of the natives in the West Indies, is thus spoken of: "A Colour which is libelled by the appellation of black." . . . "A word of this extraordinary colour. An Orleans plum, ripe with the bloom on, is the only comparison I can make and it is a perfect one. I confidently use it. Black, olive, yellow are all false." Little pencil sketches of the different places and people who interest him illustrate the text, done in the finicky fine style of that day. Here a negress with a laundry-basket on her head, there a long stretch of sea and shore with suggestions of a sunset. Further on a Mississippi steamer and a cabin interior, with a description rivalling in splendor that of Mark Twain in his "Life on the Mississippi."



Robert Browning.
From the drawing made in Rome by Field Talfourd in 1859.

Under the date of February 24, 1853, we have something which has a distinctly familiar sound to-day. Describing some of his travelling companions he says: "There is a Colonel too returning from a Mission to Santa Anna whom he has been attempting to induce to take the reins in that ill-governed or rather *un*-governed State—Mexico. I believe he has not been altogether successful."

He returns to the United States by way of Vera Cruz and New Orleans, sails up the Mississippi, visits a number of the principal cities, and unlike most of the English visitors of that day manages to say something complimentary of each place. Coming to Buffalo he writes, under date of May 23, 1853: "Buffalo is a Magnificent City, streets wide, buildings solid and tasteful. Stopped at the Clarendon Theatre, 'Ion' poor house." This is a mistake, or perhaps a slip of the pen, for the theatre was, as the *Buffalo Commercial* of that date shows, the New Metropolitan Theatre, and the hotel in the same street near by where the artist probably stopped was the Clarendon. "Ion" was the play written by his brother, Sir Thomas Noone Talfourd, which was so successfully revived by Mary Anderson at a later day.

Washington is also visited, and under date of June 23, 1853, we have this entry: "The Capitol, Wide Street Pennsylvania Avenue, dullness. We call upon Mr. Crampton, the British Minister. . . . Mr. Crampton asked us to dine with him on Sunday when we met . . . a gentleman who came out with Lord Ellesmere, the man who invented a machine for dividing an inch into a million parts. This was an evening to remember. Mr. Crampton is a gentleman and an artist. He showed us Calloni's beautiful Lithographs, and it was late ere we found ourselves carriageless on the way to the Hotel." Some political interest attaches to the Mr. Crampton he speaks of (who was afterward Lord Cowley). A few months

later, when the Crimean war broke out, it was alleged that he had violated the laws of the United States by recruiting for the British army. The President, Franklin Pierce, demanded his recall, to which the British Government, after a somewhat warm discussion, acceded, but they refrained from sending another Minister to Washington until Buchanan became President. This conduct of Minister Crampton's may have merited rebuke, but in the light of recent events, and in comparison to the pernicious activity of those high in the diplomatic service of some other nations at Washington in a later day, Mr. Crampton's indiscretion may now be classed with the Hebrew gentleman's celebrated "fuss about a small piece of pork."

Of course, he visits Mount Vernon, at that time still in the hands of private owners, and deplores the fact that "the house is already fallen into decay," and further states, "I heard with surprise that the property has been bought by a Company, and the Mortal remains of America's greatest man will henceforward yield a great interest and be looked upon as fancy stock. An hotel is to be built here, and Mount Vernon bids fair to become a fashionable resort." How correctly informed our artist was those better acquainted with the facts than the writer can tell, but happily we know that patriotic sentiment saved it from such a sordid fate.

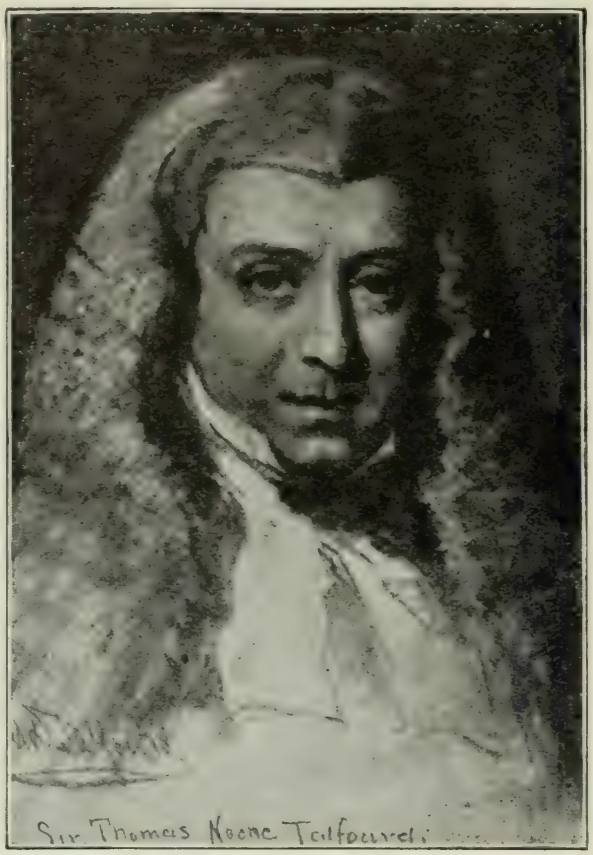
Boston is the last city in which he stayed after this journey of 3,000 miles (which, insignificant as it may appear now, was more than a bit of travel for that day), and he seems to have taken a particular liking to the place, and, among other complimentary remarks, he says: "Boston stands alone among the Cities of the United States. The Genius of the place seems to have kept its origin in mind, and to the traveller from the old country the whole sensation of the place is peculiarly refreshing. Seldom have I seen a finer town in our own Country. Perhaps with the exception of Edinburgh—never."

He then writes, "on the 6th of July at 12 noon we weighed anchor for England in the Steamer *Niagara*," and the journal, after a few more ordinary items, suddenly breaks off unfinished, but, curiously enough, on this voyage one of his travelling companions was Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne, who wrote to her mother, Mrs. Peabody, thus: "I spoke in my note from Halifax of Mr. Crampton and a gentleman whom I thought his attaché. Mr. Crampton we lost at Halifax, but the supposed attaché remained and I was glad, for he was the most interesting person in the steamer," and after some more favorable comments she concludes: "He seemed never at a loss on any subject soever, and when the passengers were trying feats of strength and physical prowess to pass the time I saw Mr. Talfourd exhibit marvellous power as a gymnast in performing a feat no one else



Elizabeth Barrett Browning.
From the drawing made in Rome by Field Talfourd in 1859.

would even attempt." Evidently the friendship thus formed was continued, for, later, in a letter to his wife, May 17, 1860, Mrs. Hawthorne writes: "Today I met at breakfast Mr. Field Talfourd who promises to send you his portrait of Mrs. Browning. He was very agreeable and seemed delighted to see me again." The portrait of Mrs. Browning done in Rome was greatly prized by her husband. The head of Browning was also drawn at this time, but Field Talfourd carried it back to his studio in London. Owing to Mrs. Browning's illness and death, and other matters intervening, Browning did not claim it then, but later made a number of unsuccessful attempts to find Field Talfourd. Early in 1874 the artist died very suddenly, and the contents of his studio were scattered and sold. Browning being abroad did not hear of Field Talfourd's death until too late to claim his portrait, which, by that time, was beyond hope of being traced. Some nine years later, as related by the poet's friend, Mr. Edmund Gosse, the sculptor, Hamo Thornycroft, called his attention to a large crayon portrait in a second-hand dealer's shop in Hammersmith. There was something familiar about the face, and a clew was furnished by the dealer, who remembered being told that it "was one of them poets!" Mr. Gosse, without warning the poet, took the portrait to No. 19 Warwick Crescent, and at the first glimpse Browning exclaimed: "At last! here is the long-lost portrait of me!" The portrait has since been placed with Mrs. Browning's in the National Portrait Gallery. The portrait of his better-known brother, Sir Thomas Noone Talfourd, was one of Field Talfourd's earlier efforts and has never before been published, but many pen-portraits of the judge exist in the writings of his contemporaries, for he seems to have had an extraordinary gift for recognizing genius, and was beloved by his literary friends. The first edition of "Pickwick Papers," Browning's "Pippa Passes," and Bulwer's "Lady of Lyons" were all dedicated to him. Dickens speaks of him with great affection, and the lovable oddities and sterling qualities, the initials and the profession of Tommy Traddles—who also became a judge—all seem to be a suggestion of Sergeant Talfourd. It was at his house that Browning met Kenyon, who introduced him to Elizabeth Barrett.




Sir Thomas Noone Talfourd.
From an unpublished drawing by his brother, Field Talfourd.

Leigh Hunt pays him tribute in three sonnets, in one of which, describing a performance of "Ion" and the applauding audience, he says:

"Ever and Aye, hands stung with tear-thrilled eyes
Snapping the silence burst in crashing thunder."

And on his sudden death from apoplexy while addressing the grand jury, speaking of the need of brotherly love in the world, Douglas Jerrold's obituary verses in *Punch* ended thus:

Gallant Heart, but happier Nobler,
Hold the doom 'twas his to meet.
Who declaring Heaven's own message
Died upon the Judgment seat.
On his lips that holy lesson
All his life had taught he cried,
"Help the humble—help the needy—
Help with Love." So Talfourd died.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 6.

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# 1920

# SCRIBNER'S *for* January

*Remarkable Features of the New Year Beginning in This Number*

## THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S OWN LETTERS

The Magazine hit of recent months will be continued with more of these vitally interesting Letters—the perfect expression of his great personality. In January a collection entitled "ROOSEVELT AND LABOR—IN FAVOR OF UNIONS BUT AGAINST VIOLENCE."

## JOHN FOX'S LAST NOVEL, ERSKINE DALE—PIONEER

This is the last novel written by John Fox and is the consummation of his career as a writer of real American fiction. The scene is laid in Virginia and Kentucky in Colonial and Revolutionary days. The hero is a type of the times—a real pioneer raised among Indians, a fighter with George Rogers Clark, and an officer in the Revolutionary War. This romantic love story will begin in the January number.

## HENRY VAN DYKE IN EVERY NUMBER IN 1920

Doctor van Dyke begins in this number a series of twelve papers dealing with the great events of these stirring times. As an essayist and commentator he has been particularly well equipped by his career as teacher, preacher, and diplomat.

## SIR SIDNEY COLVIN'S PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

Sir Sidney, now in his seventy-fifth year, has been for more than half a century acquainted with most of the leading men in literature and art. This is the first of three papers and contains recollections of Ruskin, Burne-Jones, Rossetti, Browning, and Gladstone.

## MAJOR E. ALEXANDER POWELL ON ITALY AND FIUME

Major Powell has just returned from a journey through Italy and the Balkans. This is the first of several papers on much-disputed peoples and territories.

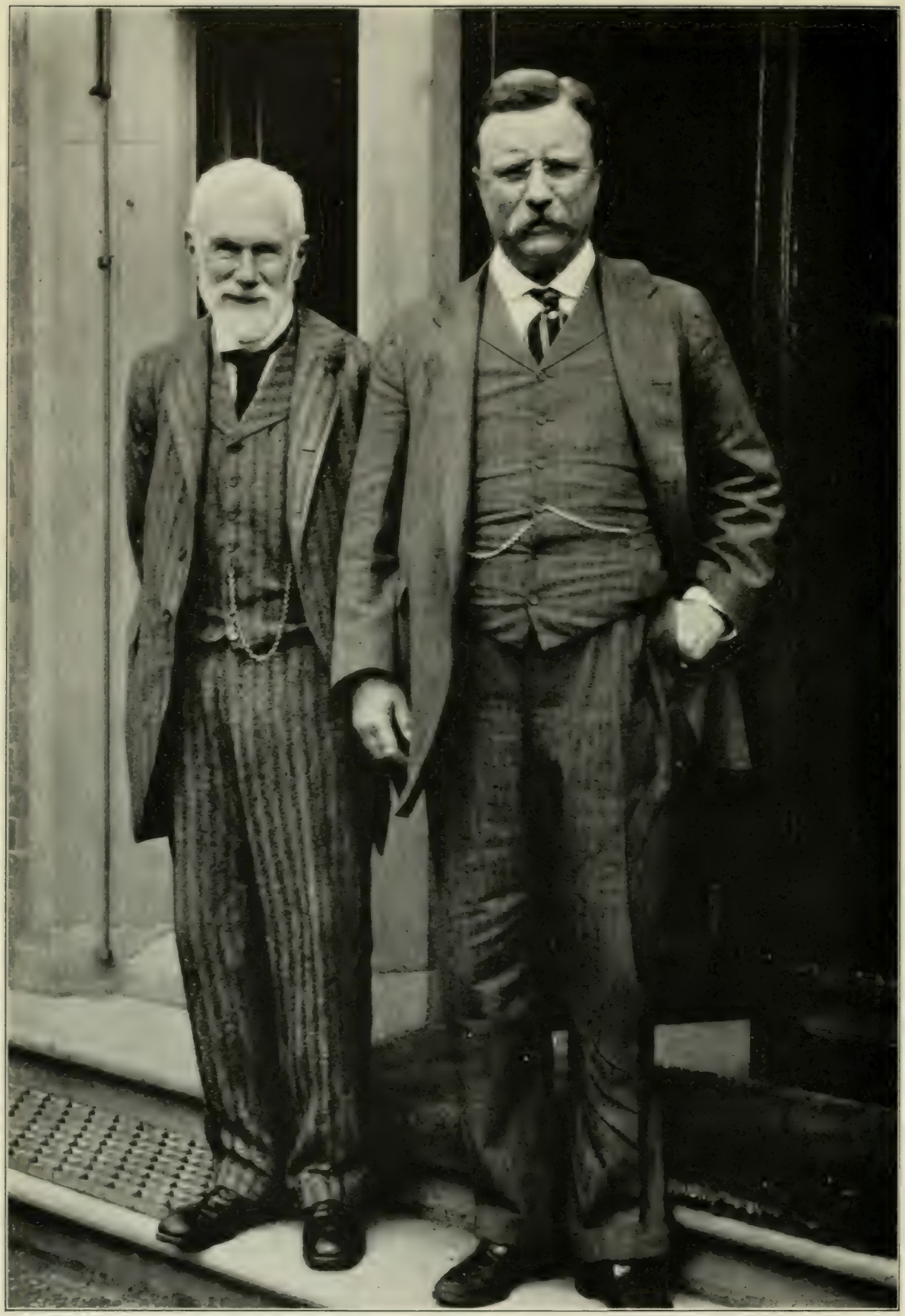
## GENERAL CHARLES H. SHERRILL IN THE PACIFIC

General Sherrill, on his way to the Far East, stopped at Hawaii and writes a charming paper entitled "At the Pacific Cross-Roads."

BRANDER MATTHEWS comments on The Centenary of a Famous Question—"Who Reads an American Book?"

ILLUSTRATED SHORT STORIES, POEMS, SHORT ESSAYS, THE POINT OF VIEW, THE FIELD OF ART (by CAPTAIN PEIXOTTO), and THE FINANCIAL SITUATION add to the variety and completeness of this number.

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*From a photograph taken by Mrs. Charles Trevelyan.*

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND THE RIGHT HONORABLE SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN ON THE TERRACE OF WELCOMBE, JUNE 4, 1910.

Sir George in a letter says of this and the other "snapshots": "I value these photographs very greatly; for they express the moral qualities in our famous friend which no man ever had in greater measure; the homely great qualities of honesty, probity, and the kindliness which inspires affection in others. I think, likewise, one can read in that face the signs of his fourth great attribute, courage, moral and physical."

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXVI OCTOBER, 1919 NO. 4

# THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HIS TIME

## SHOWN IN HIS OWN LETTERS

BY JOSEPH BUCKLIN BISHOP

Author of "The Panama Gateway," etc.

## ROOSEVELT AND TREVELYAN

[SECOND PAPER]

NO part of Theodore Roosevelt's voluminous correspondence is more interesting than that which he conducted with the literary men and women of his time. In this the catholic intellectual side of the man, his eager and all-embracing joy in the things of the mind, is revealed. An insatiable reader of books, he rejoiced greatly in the society of the writers of them. Whenever a book appeared that pleased him, the author, if within hailing distance, was certain to receive a letter of cordial appreciation and an urgent invitation to the White House or Oyster Bay in order that personal acquaintance might be made. While he was President there was scarcely a writer of even moderate fame with whom he had not established friendly relations. Many a young American author was both enchanted and amazed at discovering the minute knowledge which Roosevelt had of his works, and the genuine personal interest he took in him and in them.

To his intimate friends it seemed, literally, that he read every book that was published the day after it appeared, so rare was it that one could be named to him which he had not read. His usual reply was that he had not only read that particular one but several others on the same subject or by the same author. "Were you ever able to mention a book to the President that he had not read?" asked a lady of her neighbor at a dinner in the White House during the Roosevelt administration. When the reply was in the negative, the lady continued: "I have dined here many times and talked much with him, and I have never discovered a book that was unknown to him. On one occasion I thought I had found one which he surely could not have seen. It was a rare book by an Icelandic author, and I came here confident that I should at last be able to tell the President something that he did not know. Luckily, I found myself seated next to him at table and when what seemed to be the opportune moment came, I said: 'Mr. President, are you interested in Icelandic literature?' With a bounce in his chair he turned an eager countenance upon me and said: 'Am I not!' and then proceeded to tell me not only all about my one lonely Icelandic book but dozens of others that I had never heard of."

He did not merely read books—he absorbed them and made their contents a part of his knowledge for all time, ready for instant use at a moment's notice. A book on a particular subject aroused

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thoughts of his own along the same lines, and when he wrote a letter of praise to the author the chances were that he gave him at the same time ideas and suggestions more or less novel to him, for the wide range of his reading had left few fields of knowledge untouched.

During the years of his presidency and those which followed he was in regular correspondence with the leaders in literary and intellectual life both in this country and in Europe. A bulky volume could be made of his correspondence with English writers alone. Among these the one with whom letters were most frequently exchanged, and during the longest period, was the Right Honorable Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Baronet, O. M., the English statesman and writer of many books, including "The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay," "The Early Life of Charles James Fox," and "The History of the American Revolution." It was while Trevelyan was engaged in the preparation of the last-named work that the correspondence became intimate.

In this series of letters, covering a period of nearly twenty years, Roosevelt's characteristics as a letter-writer are conspicuously displayed, because in Trevelyan he had a correspondent who was peculiarly responsive to his own intellectual tastes and knowledge. "Thurlow is a fine fellow," says Doctor Johnson. "He fairly puts his mind to yours." Roosevelt might have said the same of Trevelyan. Each put his mind to the other's, and the result was a correspondence of rare interest and value. Trevelyan himself said of it in a letter to me under date of April 23, 1919, gladly granting me permission to quote from his letters:

"My vocation was only to return the balls struck over the net by the hand of a master! I deliberately think that better letters of that class were never written. Take for instance that one shortly before his Presidential contest, when he says that he would rather be a real President for three years and a half than a figurehead for seven years and a half. What wisdom is in this letter, and what courage! If there is a finer and truer description of a statesman's creed extant in the world, I do not know it."

The passage referred to was in a letter which Roosevelt wrote to Trevelyan on May 28, 1904, from which I shall quote again presently: "I certainly would not be willing to hold the Presidency at the cost of failing to do the things which make the real reason why I care to hold it at all. I had much rather be a real President for three years and a half than a figurehead for seven years and a half. I think I can truthfully say that I now have to my credit a sum of substantial achievement —and the rest must take care of itself."

The correspondence began while Roosevelt was Governor of New York, and I am much indebted to Sir George for an account of its beginning and the original of the first letter which Roosevelt wrote to him. He had sent to the Governor a copy of the first part of "The American Revolution," and on January 16, 1899, Roosevelt wrote:

My dear Sir George:

I have just received a copy of "The American Revolution," for which pray accept my sincere thanks. I am rather busy now, but as I have never failed hitherto to read everything you have written, I doubt if more than a day or two passes before I have gone through your whole book. You are one of the few blessed exceptions to the rule that the readable historian is not truthful. I think that in point of combining literary interest with historic accuracy you must come near satisfying even Mr. Frederick Harrison!

At the bottom of the letter there appears this memorandum:

"This is the hero! I suppose he will some day be President. I sent the book to him as he was so kind to Charles."

Writing to me in explanation of this, on June 6, 1919, Sir George says: "At the foot of the 1899 letter there is a curious contemporary pencil note in my handwriting with a prophecy that came off. By 'the hero' I suppose I referred to his conduct in the Spanish war."

Roosevelt's enjoyment and approval of Trevelyan's "History of the American Revolution" was warmly expressed in a letter that he wrote to him on December

12, 1903, after he had finished reading the second part. "I feel," he said, "that it is far and away the best account of the Revolution written by anyone. For interest, for delightful humor, for absolute fairmindedness, for exactness of narrative, for profound insight (and for the English!)—why, my dear Sir, no other book on the Revolution so much as approaches it. There are two or three points you raise which I should like to discuss with you, but they are not important."

Writing again to Trevelyan, on January 23, 1904, he attributed to Sir George a published article entitled "Clio" which had been written by his youngest son, George Macaulay Trevelyan, himself an author of distinction. In this letter Roosevelt gave expression with much feeling and spirit to his views on the proper writing of history, with lively comments upon pedantic writers of it:

ROOSEVELT ON PEDANTS AND HISTORY

"In a very small way I have been waging war with their kind (pedants) on this side of the water for a number of years. We have a preposterous little historical organization which, when I was just out of Harvard and very ignorant, I joined. Fortunately I had enough good sense, or obstinacy, or something, to retain a subconscious belief that inasmuch as books were meant to be read, good books ought to be interesting, and the best books capable in addition of giving one a lift upward in some direction. After a while it dawned on me that all of the conscientious, industrious, painstaking little pedants, who would have been useful people in a rather small way if they had understood their own limitations, had become because of their conceit distinctly noxious. They solemnly believed that if there were only enough of them, and that if they only collected enough facts of all kinds and sorts, there would cease to be any need hereafter for great writers, great thinkers. They looked for instance at a conglomerate narrative history of America—a book which is either literature or science in the sense in which a second-rate cyclopedia is literature and science—as showing an 'advance' upon Francis Parkman—Heaven save the mark! Each of them was a good enough day laborer, trundling his barrowful of bricks and worthy of his hire; as long as they saw themselves as they were they were worthy of all respect; but when they imagined that by their activity they rendered the work of an architect unnecessary, they became both absurd and mischievous.

"Unfortunately with us it is these small men who do most of the historic teaching in the colleges. They have done much real harm in preventing the development of students who might have a large grasp of what history should really be. They represent what is in itself the excellent revolt against superficiality and lack of research, but they have grown into the opposite and equally noxious belief that research is all in all, that accumulation of facts is everything, and that the ideal history of the future will consist not even of the work of one huge pedant but of a multitude of articles by a multitude of small pedants. They are honestly unconscious that all they are doing is to gather bricks and stones, and that whether their work will or will not amount to anything really worthy depends entirely upon whether or not some great master builder hereafter arrives who will be able to go over their material, to reject the immense majority of it, and out of what is left to fashion some edifice of majesty and beauty instinct with the truth that both charms and teaches. A thousand of them would not in the aggregate begin to add to the wisdom of mankind what another Macaulay, should one arise, would add. The great historian must of course have the scientific spirit which gives the power of research, which enables one to marshal and weigh the facts; but unless his finished work is literature of a very high type small will be his claim to greatness."

This letter deeply interested Trevelyan, who greatly admired Roosevelt's eloquent disquisition on history, which struck him as very unlike the letters written by the rulers of states on the European side of the Atlantic; at all events, since Frederic the Second of Prussia brought his literary correspondence to a close. In regard to

the mistake about authorship, Sir George wrote, February 10, 1904:

"A letter has seldom given greater pleasure than yours to me. In the first place I entirely concurred in all you wrote, and was greatly stirred and fired by the style in which it was written. And, in the next place, the article was not by me, but by my youngest son. He is called George *Macaulay* Trevelyan; and he is the first who ever gained a fellowship at Trinity College, Cambridge, for *history;* and that fellowship he obtained two years younger than others. His life and times of Wickliffe, which had a really great success, was written at one and twenty; and this year he is going to publish a book which he will, no doubt, do himself the honour to send you; and which I think will justify the praise you give to his article. Next month he will marry (young for an Englishman) the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Ward—She pleases herself by the recollection that her grandfather, Doctor Arnold, saw the Lays of Rome in Manuscript, and persuaded Macaulay to publish them. He had the same apprehension with regard to the Essays. I shall show George your letter; but I am very careful to keep what you write to me for our own private delectation.

"We have just parted from Henry James. He comes to us every year, and is never tired of this beautiful and classical neighbourhood. In one of his early books he gives a charming description of Warwickshire and Stratford on Avon;—in his 'Portraits of Places,' which, with the little companion volume, 'Foreign Parts,' forms what is, personally, my favourite book of travels. I thank you once more for the immense pleasure which your letter gave to me and my wife, and will give to my son."

Replying to this letter, on May 28, 1904, Roosevelt wrote: "My blunder in my last letter brought me a better reward than I deserved, because owing to it I have read your son's 'Age of Wickliffe' with great pleasure. Pray congratulate him from me upon all that he is doing."

It was a standing wonder with Roosevelt's intimates that such a thing as intellectual weariness was unknown to him. Reading never tired him as it does most persons, and the reason why it did not he gave in this letter to Trevelyan, on May 28, 1904:

"I find reading a great comfort. People often say to me that they do not see how I find time for it, to which I answer them (much more truthfully than they believe) that to me it is a dissipation, which I have sometimes to try to avoid, instead of an irksome duty. Of course I have been so busy for the last ten years, so absorbed in political work, that I have simply given up reading any book that I do not find interesting. But there are a great many books which ordinarily pass for 'dry' which to me possess much interest—notably history and anthropology; and these give me ease and relaxation that I can get in no other way, not even on horseback!"

In the same letter he made an allusion to a difference between the governmental systems of the United States and England which called out an interesting comment from Trevelyan. The President wrote:

"There is one point of inferiority in our system to yours which has been very little touched upon, and that is the way in which the Presidential office tends to put a premium upon a man's keeping out of trouble rather than upon his accomplishing results. If a man has a very decided character, has a strongly accentuated career, it is normally the case of course that he makes ardent friends and bitter enemies; and unfortunately human nature is such that more enemies will leave their party because of enmity to its head than friends will come in from the opposite party because they think well of that same head. In consequence, the dark horse, the neutral-tinted individual, is very apt to win against the man of pronounced views and active life. The electorate is very apt to vote with its back to the future! Now all this does not apply to the same extent with your Prime Minister. It is not possible for the politicians to throw over the real party leader and put up a dummy or some gray-tinted person under your system; or at least, though perhaps it is possible, the oppor-

tunity and the temptation are much less."

To this Trevelyan replied under date of November 10, 1904:

"With regard to what you say of the difference between us and you in the selection of the man who is to govern, I should express it by saying that in America the country elects the *ruler*, and in England the country elects the *party*."

Referring to the visit of John Morley to the White House, a short time previous, Trevelyan wrote in the same letter:

"There is much for which you are to be envied; and among other things, for having John Morley as a guest. Thirty years ago I thought him and Henry Sidgwick the most delightful company of our generation; and Sidgwick is gone. For ten years I sat next Morley in the House of Commons, and it was a great antidote to the dreariness and bad rhetoric which was the prevailing atmosphere of that, as I suppose of all national assemblies. I have never heard from him a sentence, or read from him a letter, which was dull or common."

Roosevelt's reply to this letter, under date of November 24, 1904, gives an interesting glimpse of his reading during the campaign for his election to the presidency:

"I was saying the other day to John Morley how much I regretted that it did not seem likely that you could get over here. By the way, Morley spent three or four days with us, and I found him as delightful a companion as one could wish to have, and I quite understand the comfort he must have been to you when you sat beside him in the House. Incidentally, it is rather a relief to have you speak as you do about the tedious and trivial quality of most of the eloquence in the House. I am glad to find that it is characteristic of all parliamentary bodies, and not merely of those of my own country!

"In my hours of leisure (during the campaign) I did a good deal of reading. I re-read your history of our Revolution and liked it more than ever, but came to the conclusion that you had painted us a little too favorably. I also re-read both your Macaulay and your Fox, and then re-read Macaulay's 'History.' When I had finished it I felt a higher regard for him as a great writer, and as in the truest sense of the word a great philosophical historian, than I have ever felt before. It is a pretty good test of such a history to have a President who is also a candidate for the Presidency, read it in the midst of a campaign.

"I read a number of other books during the campaign; Rhodes's excellent history, for instance, and a good deal of Dickens. In the American characters in 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' Dickens made a mistake in generalizing and insisting that all Americans were represented by his figures, which, of course, is as nonsensical as to say that Pecksniff, Bill Sykes, and Sir Mulberry Hawk, taken in the aggregate, typify all of English society. But all the same I would like to have 'Martin Chuzzlewit' studied as a tract in America."

### AN HISTORIC HOUSE

Roosevelt's allusion to Macaulay called forth from Trevelyan this remarkably interesting reply:

WALLINGTON, NORTHUMBERLAND,
December 8, 1904.

I ventured to copy out and read to my sister, Lady Knutsford, the passage in your letter about your re-reading of Macaulay's history. It is a curious proof of Macaulay's goodness that, as she and I get old—older than he ever was—our affection for him seems rather to grow than to lessen. To those whom he loved, he was the most lovable of mankind. This would be a good house in which to read him; for the place was a seat of Sir John Fenwick, whose fate Macaulay described with such fulness. A few years before the Act of Attainder Wallington was bought by my great grandfather's great grandfather, Sir William Blackett, from Sir John Fenwick; a principal part of the purchase money being an annuity on Sir John Fenwick's life of 2,000 pounds a year. Blackett pulled down the castle, and built the house in which I live. He was a famous Whig, and (I suppose) voted in every division with his party on Fenwick's Bill of Attainder. But I hope not.

There is a still older literary association with Wallington. In the "Reeves Tale" of Chaucer, about the two young rascals who went out to "Trompington, not fer fro Cantebrigge," the leading scapegrace of the pair of undergraduates is called "Alein de Strother," and Chaucer says that he came "Of a town" (township) "Far in the North, I cannot tellen where." This was Allan de Strother, a very great personage indeed, who lived at Wallington, and was a friend of Chaucer's at Edward the III's court. The story is taken from Boccaccio, and Chaucer evidently put in de Strother's name as chaff. There can be no other explanation. A Fenwick married the Strother heiress; and from the Fenwicks the place came into our family. I should dearly love to show it you, and still more to show you Macaulay's books with their marginal notes. Personally, I think those notes better than his writings, his speeches, his conversation, or his letters. Goodness, how they light the books up! Frederick Myers said to me of Macaulay: "He always seems to have read in the state of eagerness in which I am during the first five minutes of a great author."

I write about these things inasmuch as I am sure you have enough about politics from your other correspondents. But I must express the delight with which I read the sentence: "A great free people owes it to itself and to mankind not to sink into helplessness before the powers of evil." In the present state of the world that makes for peace, and not for war; and it is one of the phrases which will stick to the memory of mankind.

A few days after his inauguration as President, March 9, 1905, Roosevelt wrote a long letter to Trevelyan, giving a description of the inauguration exercises, mentioning his efforts to bring about peace between Russia and Japan, and saying:

"Of course I greatly enjoyed inauguration day, and indeed I have thoroughly enjoyed being President. But I believe I can also say that I am thoroughly alive to the tremendous responsibilities of my position. Life is a long campaign where every victory merely leaves the ground free for another battle, and sooner or later defeat comes to every man, unless death forestalls it. But the final defeat does not and should not cancel the triumphs, if the latter have been substantial and for a cause worth championing.

"I suppose that almost always and in almost every country there has been cause for anxiety. The most marvelous growth in population and material prosperity, and, I believe, in the average of human happiness, that the world has ever seen in any race, has taken place among the English-speaking peoples since the time when Goldsmith gave poetic expression to the general feeling of gloom which prevailed among educated men at what they were pleased to consider the morbid growth of the cities and the decadence of the men in England. Much good has gone hand in hand with the evil of the tremendous industrial development of the day. I do not think the average American multi-millionaire a very high type, and I do not much admire him. But in his place he is well enough; and I am inclined to think that on the whole our people are, spiritually as well as materially, on the average better and not worse off than they were a hundred years ago."

Trevelyan's reply to this letter contained, as usual, much interesting material:

LONDON, March 30, 1905.

Always and especially now that you have such an all important rôle as the newspapers indicate with reference to Russia, it is certainly a great advantage to be exempt from the wearing, distracting, and sometimes most ignoble details of parliamentary warfare. It was very painful to see Mr. Gladstone exposed to such an ordeal when he had affairs of vast moment upon his hands. I really think that you can have no conception what he went through when he was conducting such pieces of work as the Alabama Treaty; the Egyptian Occupation; the life and death crisis with Russia over the affairs of Pendjdeh; and (above all) in his old age, the frightful problem of Ireland.

Think only of one circumstance, that, while he was passing his last very great measure, the Irish Land Act of 1881, and at the same time was face to face with what was practically a fierce revolution in Ireland, he was daily involved in the sor-

did detraction and humiliation (if a great man who is doing his duty according to his lights can be humiliated) of the Bradlaugh difficulty with all its clouds of calumny and virulence.

I know that you have your own share of the troubles and annoyances which beset every ruler who is working for the country, and not for himself; but I am glad to think that you can choose your own time for making a communication to the public, and are not bound to engage in controversy with every coxcomb in a white tie and evening clothes who comes down after dinner to worry a Minister who has been working continuously since he rose from a bad night's sleep.

I have ventured to send you a small book, "Cawnpore." I wrote it at five and twenty, having lived for a year in India, which was still scarred with the mutiny, among friends, many no older than myself, who had played a part all through that extraordinary period. One of them told me that the twelve months, during which the crisis lasted, flew like as many weeks. He was in Calcutta. If he had been in Lucknow, or outside Delhi, the time might have seemed longer. An Irish member of Parliament, who served with the French army in 1870 and 1871, told me that he was in Dijon during the battle. He and another officer were posted in a high church tower to observe the field of action, and send expresses to the generals engaged. All of a sudden the two officers were surprised by an ominous and sudden darkening of the atmosphere, which seemed to be an unnatural and unaccountable phenomenon. As a matter of fact, it was the approach of night; so absorbing was the interest of watching a battle without sharing the bodily danger. I do not know whether that effect is usual; but people whose business kept them in Calcutta appear to have felt it during the mutiny.

I do not know whether I am correct in addressing you as "Excellency" but I like doing it because of Charles Lee's objecting to that title being applied to Washington.

### THE TITLE OF "EXCELLENCY"

Trevelyan's inquiry about the title of "Excellency" touched a sensitive point with the President, for almost from the moment of taking office he had protested against its use. Replying on May 13, 1905, he wrote:

"I would rather not be called Excellency, and this partly because the title does not belong to me and partly from vanity! The President of the United States ought to have no title; and if he did have a title it ought to be a bigger one. Whenever an important prince comes here he is apt to bring a shoal of 'Excellencies' in his train. Just as I should object to having the simple dignity of the White House changed for such attractions as might lie in a second-rate palace, so I feel that the President of a great democratic republic should have no title but President. He could not have a title that would not be either too much or too little. Let him be called the President, and nothing more.

"I suppose each of us is inclined to envy the advantages of a system different from that under which he himself lives. I was much struck by your congratulations upon my being free from 'the wearing, distracting, and sometimes most ignoble details of parliamentary warfare.' They must be wearing and distracting, and often ignoble, but upon my word I can hardly believe they are worse than what comes to any American President in the matter of patronage. I have done all I could, and I think I may say more than any other President has ever done, in the direction of getting rid of the system of appointing and removing men for political considerations. But enough remains to cause me many hours of sordid and disagreeable work, which yet must be done under penalty of losing the good will of men with whom it is necessary that I should work.

"I can quite understand how Mr. Gladstone suffered at some great crisis like that with Russia, or in the Egyptian matter, or the Irish matter, when he was forced to submit to the insolence of men his inferiors in every respect, men not deserving serious notice by him, who yet had the power to force him into controversy. But as I say, each man knows where his own shoe pinches. I have had a most vivid realization of what it must have meant to Abraham Lincoln, in the

midst of the heartbreaking anxieties of the Civil War, to have to take up his time trying to satisfy the candidates for postmaster at Chicago, or worse still in meeting the demands of the Germans or the Irish, or one section or another of Republicans or War Democrats, that such and such an officer should be given promotion or some special position. It is of course easy for the mugwump or goo-goo who has no knowledge whatever of public affairs to say that the proper thing is to refuse to deal with such men or to pay any heed to such considerations. But in practical life one has to work with the instruments at hand, and it is impossible wholly to disregard what have by long usage come to be established customs. Lincoln had to face the fact that great bodies of his supporters would have been wholly unable to understand him if he had refused to treat them with consideration when they wished to discuss such questions of patronage. You have your difficulties from men who are thrust into positions to which they are not entitled because of their social standing, or the social standing of those on whom they are dependent or with whom they are connected. We have our difficulties with men of an entirely different class for whom the demands are made because of the political services which they have rendered. I suppose that those suffering from either system are tempted at times to think that they would prefer the other. But after all the great fact to remember is that really we are both living under free government, and while both of these governments, and the people behind the governments, differ somewhat from one another, they are closer kin than either is to any other folk. There are numerous and grave evils incident to free government, but after all is said and done I cannot imagine any real man being willing to live under any other system."

### A TRIBUTE TO JOHN HAY

The news of John Hay's death called forth from Trevelyan one of the most notable letters of the correspondence:

WALLINGTON, July 15, 1905.

I have felt very much for you about John Hay; the more so as the last letter with which you honored me was hopeful with regard to him. Some of his recent letters were very interesting. In 1903, speaking of my having left politics, he says: "As for me, like the Thane of Cawdor, 'I am chained to the stake, and bear-like must fight my course.' I am tired—even to the marrow of my bones; but at present there seems no way out; and in truth I have been wonderfully favored by fortune. Almost everything I set out to do, five years ago, is done; and I ought to be thankful."

Last January he wrote to me with much feeling about the noble compliment which you paid him by announcing that he was to remain Secretary of State until 1909. "I have no idea, however," he says, "that my term of office will extend to that length. In fact, I have grave doubts whether this tenement of clay which I inhabit will hold together that long. I wish I could look forward to so cheery a prospect as that of visiting Stratford on Avon in your company; but that prospect also is dim. Walking with Henry Adams the other day, I expressed my fear that, by the time I got out of office, I should have lost the faculty of enjoyment. As you know Adams, you can understand the dry malice with which he replied: 'Make your mind easy on that score, sonny! You've lost it now.'"

It is a very serious matter in free countries, full of able men struggling to the front, the great age of successful statesmen. I am satisfied that a good man, with an early chance, is most valuable any time on from five or six and twenty, and seldom good for much after five and sixty. Politics is like war, inasmuch as when a man shrinks from anything great or small, which requires doing, from considerations of health and strength, he is no longer a true campaigner. Our generation in England was curiously affected by the question of age. Mr. Gladstone, in gifts and faculties, was exactly a whole generation better than his time of life; and, while the Liberal party in some respects gained by it, it in some respects was damaged. In his later years he sometimes retained in important offices old colleagues who, though they were actually his juniors, were entirely worn out; and it

was noticeable how certain clever men and ambitious outsiders were thrown into very unfortunate political courses by the sense of being overshadowed by him, and not being favorites with him. When John Morley, and Bryce, and I were men of fifty he was old enough, and more, to be our father; and he regarded us with great indulgence—at times even to the verge of spoiling us—as so many promising sons. We certainly were very fond of him. But I cannot help wishing that he had retired from office long before he did, and had allowed the Liberal party to work out its own salvation, make its own mistakes, and learn from its own experience.

When the treaty of peace between Russia and Japan was signed in September, 1905, Roosevelt wrote a long letter to Trevelyan describing the negotiations. In the same letter he wrote: "Your letter about John Hay interested me very much. I think he will be missed more and more instead of less and less as time goes on by all who knew him." Two other passages on his recent reading are worth quoting:

"Last night I was reading the poems of William Morris. Of course they are rather absurd and one gets tired of them very soon; but there are some of them which have a kind of pre-Raphaelite attraction of their own. I also happened to pick up the fifth volume of Lecky. It seems to me that in the opening page he takes rather too sordid a view of the characteristics which we have a right to expect of a modern statesman. It does not seem to me that it is fair to say that passionate earnestness and self-devotion, delicateness of conscience, and lofty aim are likely to prove a hindrance instead of a help to a statesman or a politician. Of course if he has no balance of common-sense, then the man will go to pieces; but it will be because he is a fool, not because he has some of the qualities of a moral hero. Undoubtedly many great statesmen whose names are written in history in imperishable—though personally I think in rather unpleasant—character, have lacked these characteristics, yet there are other great men who certainly have possessed them. But I suppose Lecky was thinking of the creatures analogous to our mugwumps; the people who actually pride themselves on a fantastic and visionary morality, utterly unbalanced by common-sense; the people who attracted the scorn of Macaulay's eminently sane and healthy mind."

What Trevelyan thought of the peace victory, of Washington, Lincoln, and Morris, and incidentally of Lowell, appeared in his next letter:

WALLINGTON, September 25, 1905.

Your letter was extraordinarily interesting and acceptable. What a thing you have done! It is unique in history; but it is in the footsteps of the pair whom you like to follow. Washington, so far as I can see (for it is a period in your history which is dim enough to me), prevented a terrible war with England in 1795, at the cost of a great part of his popularity, and at a time of life when his enormous personal position, and the moral dignity by which he was universally and for so long before surrounded wherever his name was known, rendered the brutalities and vulgarities of political detraction, as directed against him, humiliating and almost grotesque. Lincoln, again, under immense temptations and difficulties, prevented another desolating war with us at the time of the *Trent*. The whole case is wonderfully well put by Lowell in his "Bridge and Monument"—the *cleverest* thing, I think, he ever did.

"We recollect how sailors' rights were won:
Yard locked in yard, hot gun-lip kissing gun."

That is the way to write!

I agree with you about Morris's poems. Himself, and his wall papers, were the real things of value which he gave to the world. He wrote most excellent letters, and lived a high and inspiring life. That life has been written in two volumes by Mackail, son-in-law to Burne-Jones. I read it with the greatest interest, and, on the chance of your not having it, I have directed a copy to be sent you, which I hope you will accept as my tribute to you as a peace-maker.

In acknowledging a volume of his essays, containing one on the "Greek War,"

that Trevelyan had sent him, Roosevelt gave his own views on the Greeks, on October 7, 1905:

"I am not quite sure that I agree even with your carefully guarded statement as to your liking to have lived in Greece in the classic age. The proviso you put in includes a great deal! We should have to get rid not only of our present conventions of morality, but of what has come to be our ordinary instincts of humanity, in order to tolerate even the best and simplest of the society of that day; and we should have to lose entirely the beautiful love of husband and wife, with all that it has so incalculably meant for the home. What a strange thing it is that those wonderful Greeks, so brilliant that I suppose Galton is right in placing the average Athenian in point of intellect as far above the average civilized man of our countries as the latter is above the upper class barbarian, yet lacked the self-restraint and political common sense necessary to enable them to hold their own against any strong aggressive power."

Several letters which passed between the two men at this time contain references to books read and liked by both, with comments on the same:

ROOSEVELT TO TREVELYAN

November 8, 1905.

Sometimes I get discouraged by the enormous amount of utterly worthless written matter published in America, in all kinds of forms, from Sunday newspapers through magazines to books. It is such a veritable ocean of worthlessness that one tends to lose sight of some really good things that are published. I send you herewith three little volumes that have appeared during the last year, each of which seems to have some real stuff in it. The "From Epicurus to Christ" seems to me to go pretty well down toward the heart of things in getting at the worth, even in very brief fashion, of those ancient philosophies which stand at the base of our present moral structure. The other two volumes deal more lightly with lighter subjects, for they are only collections of essays; but I have enjoyed them so that I am sure I shall like to reread them now and then. I send them to you on the off chance of your liking them.

I have just finished a fortnight's trip in the Southern States, where I was received with the utmost enthusiasm. As far as I know I did not flinch from one of my principles; but I did do my best to show the Southern people not only that I was earnestly desirous of doing what was best for them, but that I felt a profound sympathy and admiration for them; and they met me half way. This does not mean any political change at all in the South, and it means but a slight permanent change in the attitude of the Southerners; but I think it does mean this slight permanent change, and it marks one more step toward what I believe will some day come about—the complete reunion of the two sections.

TREVELYAN TO ROOSEVELT

Palace Hotel, Rome,
December 1, 1905.

I am greatly pleased and honored by your sending me those books which you have *proved* yourself. I am afraid that the trash, of which you speak in America as flooding the press is produced not alone in America of English-speaking nations. The best signs in England are the innumerable reprints of good old books, which continue to be issued side by side with much balderdash. The very titles of the volumes which you have been kind enough to send me testify to our tastes in common. For the last five or six years—after caring nothing for philosophy all my life, except in the exquisite literary setting of Plato—I have acquired a deep and intense passion for Cicero's philosophical writings. Perhaps it is that he was an old public man, who had gone through all the most virile and stirring human experiences, and had retained his eagerness for truth and his lofty views of man's destiny. His ethical illustrations are all taken from high political and warlike events, and the diction is divine, and inspiring and suggestive as no other writing. I have brought here the "Tusculan Disputations," and the "De Naturâ Deorum"; and in truth I now regard this wonderful city, which I know as perhaps

none but specialists know it, with a perceptibly increased interest and respect on Cicero's account.

We have a glorious view from a fifth floor window on the Pincian hill, straight across the heart of Rome. On the Janiculan summit opposite—where no Pope or Emperor ever was allowed to be placed—Garibaldi sits on his charger, nobly sculptured in bronze, overlooking all the city from the point where he fought the French in 1849. *I* saw him once carried by four gens d'armes, within three feet of me; one by each arm, and one with an arm under each knee. It was an arrest, by the Italian authorities, to which he submitted in order to save bloodshed after the battle of Mentana. And now he stands there, the master of all he sees; and he deserves it, too; for though his material did not allow him any certainty of military success, he had the sacred fire which kept everything alive till the work was done. Last night we ate our Thanksgiving Turkey and cranberry sauce with your Ambassador and Ambassadress—very old friends of ours. They lived for many years next door to us in London. How my wife and I would have wished you there! and what I would give to take you, as I took John Morley, to the Forum and the Palatine!! Nine out of ten people at the sights here are Americans; very humble folk, especially the women, but most intelligent and eager, and essentially refined. It is a pleasure to see them poring over their guide-books and reading them aloud to each other.

WELCOMBE, STRATFORD ON AVON,
Jan. 8, 1906.

On our return from Italy I found the books you had been good enough to send me; and primarily the "American Hunter," copy No. 3, which in itself is an honour. That honour is greatly enhanced by the inscription which you have written. The portrait is a great acquisition. It could not be improved; and, if for no other reason, the book would be to me a valued possession. But I like it extremely, and have enjoyed every word of it. The hunting books I care for I have always cared for much; but they are very few, and this is among the very best. The whole about the cougars is as good as it possibly can be; and there is a melancholy romance about the Yellowstone Park which produced a great impression on me. I never miss spending five minutes, when I visit our Zoological Gardens, in front of the Bisons. What a sequence of ideas the sight of those animals presents! But I think your bears round the refuse in the hotels are almost a more significant testimony to the irresistible, unideal, triumph of civilization. However, romance has lasted my time; and the last six weeks have proved to me that Rome at any rate is romantic as ever. To have produced Rome is, and I suppose always will remain, the most remarkable feat accomplished by mankind. It is a place where no one can feel old, and no one unhappy.

Have you got "Sponge's Sporting Tour"? Many years ago I had a bad Typhoid fever; and, as then was the custom, it was concealed from me what was the matter with me. But I gradually lost all interest in books, and in most other human things; when suddenly there came on me a craving to read "Sponge," which I had read a dozen times, and have read several times since; and I even then read it with delight. I never understand how "Jorrocks" can be placed on a level with it. Macaulay—whose knowledge of a horse was confined to a pretty clear recognition of the difference between its head and its tail—was much interested in "Sponge." If you *have* read the book, I will send you something else which you may like.

ROOSEVELT TO TREVELYAN

WHITE HOUSE, January 22, 1906.

Yes, Mrs. Roosevelt and I are both as fond as you are of the immortal "Soapy Sponge"; but I shall be very grateful if you will send me that copy, because the only copy we have in the house is one Mrs. Roosevelt inherited from her father. It is a rather cheap American edition, though with the Cruikshank pictures, and we have read it until it has practically tumbled to pieces. So you see I am greedily closing with your offer.

I find it a great comfort to like all kinds of books, and to be able to get half an hour or an hour's complete rest and com-

plete detachment from the fighting of the moment, by plunging into the genius and misdeeds of Marlborough, or the wicked perversity of James II, or the brilliant battle for human freedom fought by Fox —or in short, anything that Macaulay wrote or that you have written, or any one of the novels of Scott and of some of the novels of Thackeray and Dickens; or to turn to Hawthorne or Poe; or to Longfellow, who I think has been underestimated of late years, by the way.

TREVELYAN TO ROOSEVELT

LONDON, March 15, 1906.

I have been an unconscionable time in sending you "Soapy Sponge"; but it was not my fault. As long as I was in the country I could not get it in the right shape. The new re-prints had the engravings reduced in size, and the type—the dear old type—altered. Soon after my arrival in London I picked up the right edition at a book stall, and since then have been getting it bound.

In November, 1906, President Roosevelt made a visit to the Isthmus of Panama, to inspect the work of building the canal, making the journey on the battleship *Louisiana*. While on the return trip he wrote a letter, November 23, to Trevelyan, in which, after describing what he had seen on the Isthmus, he said:

"In a very amusing and very kindly, and on the whole not unjust book in which Captain Younghusband describes the Philippines, he spoke of our army out there as looking not like an army in the European sense but like the inhabitants of a Rocky Mountain mining town. I know just what he meant, and the comparison was not unjust, and in some ways was more exact than he realized. Our army in service now wears a flannel shirt, light or heavy khaki trousers, leggins and a soft slouch hat, and each man on the average believes in his work and has much power of initiative. Well, in dress and traits the five thousand men on the Isthmus keep making me think of our army as I have actually seen it busily at work at some half war-like, half administrative problem. Of course there are many exceptions, but in the average the white man on the Isthmus feels that he is doing a big job which will reflect credit on the country, and is working with hearty good will. He is well housed and well fed. He often has his wife and children with him, in which case he lives in a really delightful cottage, the home life being just such as one reads about in Octave Thanet's stories of the West and of American labor people.

"I do not like a sea voyage myself, tho of course I am interested very much in this great battleship and in her officers and crew. The other day we dined at the chief petty officers' mess, and the men are of the type which make the strength of our navy and of yours.

"I have had a good deal of time for reading, naturally, and among other things have gone over Milton's prose works. What a radical republican, and what a staunch partisan, and what an intense Protestant the fine old fellow was, subject to the inevitable limitations of his time and place, he was curiously modern too. He advocated liberty of conscience to a degree that few were then able to advocate, or at least few of those who were not only philosophers like Milton, but also like Milton in active public life, and his plea for liberty of the press is good reading now. His essay on divorce is curious rather than convincing, and while it is extremely modern in some ways it is not modern at all in the contemptuous arrogance of its attitude toward women. Personally I like his 'Eikonoklastes,' but then I am a radical about punishing people like Charles the Second or Jefferson Davis. It may be very unwise to kill either, but it is eminently righteous to do so—so far, that is, as anything is righteous which is not in its deepest and truest sense also expedient.

"I have also been reading Dill's account of Roman society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius. You, my dear Sir, who are so blessed as to read all the best of the Greeks or Latins in the original must not look down too scornfully upon us who have to make believe that we are contented with Emerson's view of translations. I am now trying to get some really good English editions of Tacitus. I want to see if it is possible to pick up some old edition with good print and good binding.

"After I read Milton and Tacitus until I feel that I can stand them no longer I devour short stories or novels. In the novels I am sorry to say I usually have to go back to those I have read already."

To this letter Trevelyan replied:

COMFORT IN GROWING OLD

WALLINGTON, Dec. 12, 1906.

I was unusually glad to get your letter, for I seemed to detect in it the note of out-doors zest and freshness which betokened that you had what to you, at any rate, was something of a holiday. It interested me extremely to read your impressions of the Isthmus; and one felt proud of what man can do to make this world more habitable when one compared your account of the health of the employees, and their families, with the story of Darien which Macaulay tells with such extraordinary picturesqueness in the XXIVth chapter of his history. Spain is not so formidable to you as she was to those poor souls of Scotch settlers in 1699: and *you* have had a hand in bringing that result about. Captain Younghusband's description of your army in the Philippines is curious. I fancy that must have been very much the appearance of the legionary in remote quarters under the Roman Empire. But it pleased me most to know that you had dined at the petty officers' mess on the *Louisiana*. I should like to have seen the faces round the Board of Admiralty if, as a junior Lord, in the year 1869, I had accepted the hospitality of the Warrant officers! They must be a fine set with you, as with us; and I am glad to think that they live exceedingly well.

I am leading a very tranquil life, finishing my next part of the American Revolution. It is most fascinating work describing the French element in the great affair. The statesmen at Versailles are in interesting contrast to Nathanael Greene and Jonathan Trumbull. Those ancient heroes do not lose by the comparison.

Almost our last visitors here were Charles Francis and Mrs. Adams. He went on to inspect Flodden, as he is very fond of battle-fields. He has seen some warm work in his time, or omitted to see it; for he slept all through Pickett's charge with his tired cavalry in the rear of the line. I am glad to say he is older than I am. Very few of my contemporaries are still going; except Bryce, and John Morley, and the Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman (fine fellow that he is!) and one or two of the tougher Judges. All who held any humbler rank have been mustered out of employment on account of their advanced years. Even a friend of mine has been superannuated from being President of the Society of Antiquaries, which seems *the ne plus ultra* of superannuation. There is great comfort in being old. A man feels responsible for his own contemporaries, and critical of those among them who get more than their deserts; but he has no feeling beyond a mild amusement as connected with personal matters in a younger generation—except a genuine pleasure in seeing young merit rewarded. One troubles oneself little about the actors, but retains one's interest in the cause. I look up to you as a reader of Milton's prose. I never have taken to sixteenth or seventeenth century prose; but I may some day; for I never read Chaucer till three years ago, and I have since read him twice through aloud, and he has spoiled me for any other poetry. *As for classical history, have you ever tried beginning Grote's Greece at the 35th chapter, the Ionic Revolt; leaving out all that precedes it,* much of which is hopelessly unreadable? The interest of what then follows, through volume after volume, is unequalled in all the world.

Hints of the wide range of Roosevelt's reading are conveyed in these two letters:

WHITE HOUSE, April 10, 1907.

Do you know Negris' History of Julian the Apostate? Julian's career has always been interesting to me, and I was particularly interested in seeing it treated by an Italian of Negris' type. By the way, while I knew that one of your diplomatists, Rennell Rodd, was a poet, I did not realize that he was a historian until the other day Mrs. Roosevelt presented me with a couple of volumes of his on those curious Frankish principalities

which existed in Greece for a couple of centuries as the sequence of the Fourth Crusade. It has always been to me an interesting episode in history, altho it led absolutely nowhere, and as far as I can see had almost no practical effect whatever—beyond fixing in the minds of Chaucer and his contemporaries the idea that feudal titles sat naturally on the heroes of old Greece.

Oyster Bay, June 20, 1907.

Some little time ago I received your son's volume on Garibaldi which you so kindly sent me. I have been delighted with it, especially because I was able to read it in connection with De la Gorce's "History of the French Republic," which in a couple of chapters gives the French-clerical view of the transaction. By the way, I suppose you are familiar with De la Gorce's "History of the Second Republic and Second Empire." To me it is a most interesting and attractive work, and the man ranks high among historians in spite of his pronounced clerical sympathies and his distrust of democracy.

### ROOSEVELT ON REVOLUTIONARY HEROES

In October, 1907, Roosevelt received an additional volume of Trevelyan's "American Revolution," which in acknowledging, he said: "I look forward to reading it as eagerly as any girl ever looked forward to reading the last volume of a favorite novel." A few weeks later, November 11, 1907, he wrote a letter to Trevelyan which contains interesting views of his own on some of the personages of the Revolution:

"I have now read through your last volume. It is a little difficult to say just what I feel about your history without subjecting you to the discomfort always felt by a fastidious man when he suspects he is overpraised. Yet I can not refrain from expressing my sincere opinion that you have not only written the final history of our Revolution, but that you have done what is given to so very, very few men to do—that you have written one of the few histories which can deservedly be called great. I do not want to be misled by national feeling; and yet I can not help believing that the American Revolution was one of the great historic events which will always stand forth in the story of mankind; and now we have been fortunate enough to see that rare combination of a great historic event treated by a great writer, a great student, a great historian. How fortunate we should be if Napier had written not merely the Peninsula War, but all of Napoleon's campaigns! How fortunate we should be if there had been a Thucydides to write of Alexander as he actually wrote of the Peloponnesian War! How I wish that some man could arise to do for the great English civil war of the 17th century, or for the American civil war of the 19th century, what Macaulay did for the English revolution and its hero! Well, it seems to me that you have done just this for the American Revolution.

"By the way, I am especially pleased at the justice you did to Lord Grey, he who cut up Wayne's troops with the bayonet, and thereby taught Wayne a lesson which Stony Point and the Fallen Timbers afterward showed he had learned in good fashion. Was this Grey the ancestor of either your present Foreign Secretary or present Governor General in Canada? I have always felt a keen sympathy with the men who receive no credit for their great and brilliant deeds simply because an inexorable fate has compelled them to fight on the losing side. The very greatest captains in history, the Hannibals and Napoleons, leave a fame undimmed by the fact of final failure, for their colossal might forces the unwilling attention of mankind, and the recognition of the fact that no human greatness can in the end prevail against the stars in their courses. But the lesser men are generally judged merely by success. In the Revolutionary War, for instance, I have never felt that Cornwallis received justice, or that minor men like Tarleton and Grey received justice. (I am putting them together from a military standpoint and without any intention at the moment of alluding to any possible difference of character among them.) It was not possible that Cornwallis should win, as events actually were; yet he defeated army after army, battling always against superior numbers, conquered the Southern States—tho no man with his resources

could have held them down—and succumbed only when neither he nor anyone else could have altered the final outcome by further resistance. Tarleton was a most dashing leader of dragoons in partisan warfare; and if he was often ruthlessly unsparing, so were many among his opponents.

"I also thank you for the very interesting 'Marginal Notes by Lord Macaulay.' It is the kind of book that I rejoice in, especially when I have many things to worry me, and do not feel like reading books that are too long or too serious unless they are also very interesting!"

TREVELYAN'S REPLY

PALACE HOTEL, ROME, NOV. 27, 1907.

Yesterday I had the immense double pleasure of a letter from you, which was as gratifying personally as I ever received; and of arriving for a six weeks holiday—from happy labours—in this wonderful and most attractive of cities. What a delight it would be to show you about it! for I know it as well as Horace knew it—as well as you know Washington. And yet, in my inmost heart, I wish that that opportunity might not come until I am a lustrum older—too old to be your cicerone. Now that you have expressed your approbation of my last volume I may say that, while writing it, I was conscious of having a firmer and larger grasp of the subject than in the previous volumes. I have noted what you say about Cornwallis for quotation in the next volume, which, if I can violate all literary precedent by writing a book of any value after seventy years of age, will be the last volume.

I am reminded, by this place, of the circumstances that there is, *at last*, a good history of the great days of Rome. It is by Professor Ferrero of Bologna, "La Grandeur et Decadence de Rome." It is well translated into French, in which I am reading it; and the first two volumes are translated into English. I read them aloud, every word; and a book of greater interest, more vigorously and credibly written, it is difficult to imagine. I should strongly recommend it for your periods of comparative leisure—of those you may from time to time have. I hope I may say with how much sympathy I watch the great difficulties that are upon you, tempered by the certainty that you are the same in all fortunes and circumstances. The financial tornado into which my book fluttered from the publishers will, I suppose, be to its disadvantage; but that matters less in the case of a long, continuous work.

LOVING-CUP FOR TREVELYAN

In December, 1907, the President united with Secretary Root and Senator Lodge in the present of a silver loving-cup to Trevelyan, with the inscription: "To the Historian of the American Revolution from his friends—Theodore Roosevelt, Henry Cabot Lodge, and Elihu Root." The first mention of it occurs in the letter which the President wrote to Trevelyan, on December 9, 1907, in which he informs him that he had read Ferrero's book on Rome "last year":

"I read Ferrero's work last year and I entirely agree with you that it would be impossible to imagine a book of greater interest, more vigorous, or conveying more clearly the conviction of its essential truth. I quoted it in one of my public speeches, in Keokuk, the other day. While I like it in translation, I think it is so big a book that I want it in the original, and accordingly I some little time ago ordered it in the Italian. It is the first history of that period of Rome which I have thought really satisfactory.

"Root and Lodge and I are sending you a trifling token of our affection and esteem which I hope you will receive about Christmas.

"Within the last fortnight I have again reread your last volume from beginning to end, and I am more pleased with it than ever."

The loving-cup was acknowledged in two letters by Trevelyan:

ROME, December 22, 1907.

I have received your letter, which was as great, and as agreeable, a surprise as ever befell me. I can think nothing a greater honour than being remembered in this kindly and courteous fashion, by three such men; and it is a real reward for the trouble and thought I have so long

given to this work of mine that it should have pleased such judges. We are starting for England about the 5th of January, and your Christmas present will reach me at our beautiful home at Stratford on Avon, where we earnestly hope some day to receive each and all the donors.

LONDON, January 9, 1908.

On our return yesterday from the Continent we found the box. The pleasure and pride which its contents gave us surpasses, I think, anything of the sort that I remember. The cup is a noble piece; and the simplicity and singular beauty of proportion, struck us much while fresh from Italian Museums, and impressed us with the notion that there must be much artistic feeling among silver-workers in America. I look forward to your seeing it on our dinner table. We always have silver for our ornaments there; and none more valued than this. Such an expression from three such men, will make it a real heir-loom to a coming generation which is well able to appreciate it.

Roosevelt's reading of the third volume of the "American Revolution" was the inspiring cause of two letters which come very near to being the most interesting of the series:

ROOSEVELT TO TREVELYAN

January 1, 1908.

I look forward eagerly to your next volume. With one of the smaller fights with which you will have to deal, that of King's Mountain, I am fairly well acquainted. I made rather a study of it, as well as of the western campaigns of George Rogers Clark during the Revolution, in a book I wrote called "The Winning of the West." I look forward to seeing what you say of Tarleton. My admiration for that dashing, even tho somewhat ruthless, cavalryman has steadily grown. In my library his volume stands side by side with the memoirs of Lighthorse Harry Lee—where it belongs. As you so well say, men are very apt to consider as cruel any form of killing to which they are unaccustomed. The British thought the sharpshooters who picked off their officers were nothing short of murderers; and the Americans stigmatized as a massacre any fight that was won by unsparing use of saber or bayonet, whether under Tarleton or Grey. It seems to me you have been eminently just to Burgoyne, Howe and Clinton. It is nonsense to attack them as so many British historians, and with still less excuse so many American historians, have done. They were not military men of the first rank; but very few such are produced in any war; and many far less deserving men to whom the fates were kind, now hold respectable positions as victors in the histories of commonplace campaigns against mediocrities. I shall be interested in seeing what you say of Rawdon. His name always possesses for me an attraction which I suppose is due to a subconscious feeling that he *must* be connected in some way with his namesake, that fundamentally good fellow Captain Crawley.

I look forward especially to your account of Cornwallis. Green and Cornwallis were the two commanders who stood next to Washington. Wayne got his growth after the Revolutionary War had ended. It seems to me that there has never been a more satisfactory summing up of Washington as a soldier than is contained in your pages 284 to 286. How well you have done Benedict Arnold! How will you deal with his fall; with the money-paid treason of the rider of the war storm? What a base web was shot thru the woof of his wild daring! He was at heart a Lucifer, that child of thunder and lover of the battle's hottest heat; and dreadful it is to think that when he fell his fall should have been, not that of the lightning-blasted Son of the Morning, but that of a mere Mammon or Belial. Your etching of Morgan's riflemen is fine. The Victors of King's Mountain were just such men, but without a Morgan to train them.

Now, for a bit of brag. My Rough Riders, hunters of the mountains and horsemen of the plains, could not, taken as a whole, have walked quite as well as Morgan's men, nor yet have starved as well, tho they were good enough at both. But they rode without thought horses that Morgan's men would not have ventured so much as to try to get on, and I

firmly believe that they were fully as formidable in battle. Mine was a volunteer regiment, and at least half of the officers at the outset were very bad, so that in a long campaign I should have had to make a complete change among them—a change that was already well begun when the regiment was disbanded. But as compared with any volunteer regiment of the Revolution, of the Civil War during a like short period of service—four months—I think its record stood well. It was raised, drilled—so far as it was drilled—armed and equipped, kept two weeks on transports, and put thru two victorious aggressive (not defensive) fights, in which it lost over a third of its officers and nearly a fourth of its men, and this within sixty days. The men already knew how to ride, shoot, and live in the open; and they had the fighting edge.

You speak of the Indians just as they should be spoken of; altho I am not sure that from your account men will realize what formidable and terrible foes they usually were on their own ground.

I was especially delighted with your account of Franklin abroad, and of the unfortunate diplomats whom Congress first sent to Europe. You have, it seems to me, done justice as regards the civilian agents of the Revolution.

Now, poor André! His tragedy was like that of Nathan Hale; and the tragedy was the same in the case of the brilliant young patrician, brilliant, fearless, devoted, and the plain, straightforward yeoman who just as bravely gave up his life in performing the same kind of duty. It was not a pleasant kind of duty; and the penalty was rightly the same in each case; and the countrymen of each man are also right to hold him in honor and to commemorate his memory by a monument. Among our monstrosities in the statue line in New York we have one really by a master; it is Nathan Hale's. By the way, it is one of the sad ironies of history that a difference in the outcome of a war should necessarily in so many cases utterly change the way the descendants of the two sides look at one another's heroes. In Canada, for instance, Wolfe and Montcalm are equally national heroes now, because the English conquered the French and yet live in the country on terms of absolute equality with them, so that of necessity, if they are to have a common national tie, they must have as common heroes for both peoples the heroes of each people.

So in a very striking fashion it is with us and the memories of the Civil War. My father's people were all Union men. My mother's brothers fought in the Confederate navy, one being an admiral therein, and the other firing the last gun fired by the *Alabama* before she sank. When I recently visited Vicksburg in Mississippi, the State of Jefferson Davis, I was greeted with just as much enthusiasm as if it had been Massachusetts or Ohio. I went out to the national park which commemorates the battle and siege and was shown around it by Stephen Lee, the present head of the Confederate veterans' organization, and had as guard of honor both ex-Confederate and ex-Union soldiers. After for many years talking about the fact that the deeds of valor shown by the men in gray and the men in blue are now the common heritage of all our people, those who talked and those who listened have now gradually grown first to believe with their minds, and then to feel with their hearts, the truth of what they have spoken. But where such results flow from battles as flowed from Bannockburn and Yorktown, centuries must pass before the wound not only scars over but becomes completely forgotten, and the memory becomes a bond of union and not a cause of division. It is our business to shorten the time as much as possible; and no one has done better work toward this end than you yourself.

This Christmas I was given an original proclamation issued in 1776 by my great-great-grandfather, the first governor (or, as he was called, President) of the Revolutionary State of Georgia. Two among my forbears were soldiers who fought under Marion and Sumter, one was in the Continental army of the North, and one a member of the Continental Congress. They were plain people, farmers or merchants, for the most part, tho I suppose one or two would have been ranked among the gentry. In 1698 one of these was "Landgrave" of South Carolina under Louis's absurd constitution.

TREVELYAN'S REPLY

WELCOMBE, STRATFORD ON AVON,
Jan. 18, 1908.

I am extraordinarily complimented by the minute and detailed interest which you express as to the manner in which I shall treat of the heroes of that part of the War of Independence which still remains to be told. I shall like to go over ground, some of which you have trodden—if that expression can be applied to your rate of movement when writing about military affairs; and I shall like very much to read what you said about the Southern battles. But you must not expect too much. Remember that I shall be *seventy* on the 20th of next July; and no good history—and, so far as I know, only one good book of any sort—was ever produced in our language by an author who had passed that age. But I shall work in a leisurely, unanxious, and enjoyable manner—encouraged to it by the kindness and favor which has been shown me by Americans, and most of all by you. Of one thing I am quite resolved, that the next volume shall, and ought to, end the work; and I have prepared the ground carefully to obtain that result, if time is given me to bring it about.

Your account of the Rough Riders is very enlightening to one who has never seen fighting. What a rough business the whole thing must be, and how unlike most of the books! But the more I read, the more I am impressed with the belief that the actual conduct of a fight with fire-arms is, and has always been, essentially the same in all ages and countries. It is now beginning to be understood that the colossal successes of the early French Republic, and of Napoleon, were mainly won by the straighter shooting, in line of skirmish, of soldiers who individually were more intelligent than Austrians and Russians, and than Prussians of the old régime. As to André, I have a central idea about Washington's action in the matter which I am anxious to put on paper. I was much struck by your comparison between the mutual feelings left by struggles which ended in *union*, like those in Canada and the War of the Secession, and those which end in a *separation*, like yours and ours. I am glad that you think I have done something towards that work of conciliation in which you have borne so signal a part.

A MARVELLOUS AFRICAN LETTER

While on a hunting tour in Africa in 1910 Roosevelt wrote to Trevelyan a letter which may quite accurately, I am sure, be called the supreme gem of this correspondence. In sending it to me for publication, Sir George says of it: "It is faultlessly written and perfectly legible. I received it at Rome where my wife and I enjoyed the privilege of seeing not a little of Mrs. and Miss Roosevelt. When I opened the pencilled envelope I expected a story of great game shooting, written by the light of a camp fire; instead of a story about an hippopotamus or lion, it was a wonderfully wise and eloquent comparison of Carlyle's and Macaulay's views of Frederic the Great; and marvellous in sagacity as being written years before the German war. Though surprised by the contents of the letter, I was very far from being disappointed. It must be remembered that this scathing judgment upon the Silesian and Polish policy of Frederic the Great, and the approval of that policy by Carlyle, and the condemnation of it by Macaulay, was put on record by Mr. Roosevelt nearly five years before the cult and tradition of the Hohenzollern family, and the deification and worship of Frederic the Great, culminated in the invasion, the spoliation and the torture of Belgium."

NORTH OF KENIA, B. E. A., Sept. 10, 1909.

MY DEAR TREVELYAN:

No ex-President, and no ex-Prime Minister, for that matter, ever enjoyed six months as I have enjoyed the six months now ending. We have had great sport with the noblest game in all the world; the country is fascinating; and it is most interesting to see, and admire, your government officials at work—while your settlers, especially those from South Africa or Australia, are in all essentials just like my own beloved westerners.

I always take in my saddle pocket some volume (I am too old now to be satisfied merely with a hunter's life), and among

the most worn are the volumes of Macaulay. Upon my word, the more often I read him, whether the History or the Essays, the greater my admiration becomes. I read him primarily for pleasure, as I do all books; but I get any amount of profit from him, incidentally. Of all the authors I know I believe I should first choose him as the man whose writings will most help a man of action who desires to be both efficient and decent, to keep straight and yet be of some account in the world. I have also been reading Carlyle; and the more I read him the more hearty grows my contempt for his profound untruthfulness and for his shrieking deification of shams. What a contrast he offers to that real and great historian, your uncle! If only Carlyle were alive how I would like to review his Frederick the Great with the same freedom of epithet which he practised! and with all the sincerity and truthfulness to which he paid such lip worship, and in the practice of which he so wholly failed. Some of his writing is really fine; his battles for instance; but a far more truthful idea of the real Frederick can be gained from Macaulay's concise and brilliant essay, than from Carlyle's five long, brilliant and utterly disingenuous volumes. What I can't stand is his hypocrisy; his everlasting praise of veracity, accompanying the constant practice of every species of mendacity in order to give a false color to history and a false twist to ethics. He actually reprobates, with sanctimonious piety, the French for doing wrong much less than that which he imputes to Frederick for righteousness. When he speaks of his hero—indeed of any of his heroes—he always uses morality as a synonym for ruthless efficiency, and sincerity as a synonym for shameless lack of scruple; but in dealing with people whom he does not like, the words at once revert to their ordinary uses, and he himself appears as the sternest rebuker of evil and treachery; whereas your uncle was a great teacher of uprightness and sound principle joined with that common sense the lack of which makes morality a mere balloon on the winds of chance.

The porters are just bringing in to camp the skin and tusks of a bull elephant I killed three days ago, and Kermit got another yesterday. We have killed 17 lions between us.

Sir George, to whom I am indebted beyond measure in the preparation of this correspondence for publication, not only for contributions of inestimable value, but for suggestions scarcely less valuable, prompted by his affection and admiration for Roosevelt, sends to me also this memorable tribute to Roosevelt by King George of England, uttered at an extemporized luncheon at Lord Rosebery's:

"On the 26th of April 1910 I was in a small company with a gentleman who ten days afterwards became the first Personage in the country, and who himself was a famous master of the gun. Some question arose about Mr. Roosevelt as a rifle-shot; and the principal guest at table said, very quietly, 'I know on good authority that he always shoots straight when there is danger.' I well remember the pleasure with which I heard these generous and manly words."

On October 14, 1912, Roosevelt, while on a speaking tour in the West as the Progressive candidate for the presidency, was shot and slightly wounded by a half-crazed fanatic in Milwaukee. Four days later, when it was known that the injury was not dangerous, Trevelyan wrote:

Wallington, Oct. 18, 1912.

I have been unable to forbear sending you a few lines; although perhaps I ought to have waited. This matter has given me the full measure of the personal affection which I bear towards you. It had been already proved to me, in part, by the deep, constant, and overpowering interest, and earnest hopes, with which for the last six months I have followed all that I could learn of your public action. But this dreadful event, and your bearing after it, have made me as proud of your friendship as I am sadly interested in your health and comfort. I say no more; because quiet words, if they are true, are best under the greatest, as under the daily and slightest, conditions of life. My privilege in knowing Mrs. Roosevelt, and your daughter and son, intensify, if pos-

sible, my feeling; and in this, as in all else, my wife is one with me.

On the Saturday before the news came I was passing through London, and lunched at Brooks's with Edward Grey. I was greatly pleased, but not surprised, to find that his personal feeling about you is the same as mine.

In replying to this letter Roosevelt gave expression to views about the assassination of public men which his intimate friends had often heard him utter. It was a frequent saying of his: "There are worse deaths than for a man to be killed in the service of his country":

Oyster Bay, October 29, 1912.

Your letter touched and pleased me very much. I shall always keep it. I have not yet reached the point where it is wise for me to write with my own hand, so I shall only send you these few typewritten lines of greeting.

It is just as you say; prominence in public life inevitably means that creatures of morbid and semi-criminal type are incited thereby to murderous assault. But, my dear Sir George, I must say I have never understood public men who get nervous about assassination. For the last eleven years I have of course thoroughly understood that I might at any time be shot, and probably would be shot some time. I think I have come off uncommonly well. But what I cannot understand is any serious-minded public man not being so absorbed in the great and vital questions with which he has to deal as to exclude thoughts of assassination. I do not think this is a question of courage at all. I think it is a question of the major interest driving out the minor interest. It is exactly as it is in the army. I can readily understand any enlisted man having qualms about his own safety, but the minute that a man gets command of others and has responsibilities for more than his own personal safety, especially when he becomes a Colonel or a General, I don't see how, in the middle of his wearing anxieties, he has a chance to wonder whether he personally will be shot. As I say, it is not a question of courage: it is a question of perspective, of proper proportion. If tomorrow I were to go fox-hunting I would probably feel a little more need of hardening my heart when I approached an uncommonly stiff jump than I would have felt thirty years ago; just because there would be no responsibility in the matter, no duties to be first considered, nothing whatever to appeal to me except the chance of a smash-up as balanced against the fun of the hunting and the galloping. But if I had a division of cavalry and were in battle with it, so far as I thought selfishly at all, it would be as to whether I were handling the cavalry creditably. It would not be as to whether I was in danger of being shot. So that I never have felt that public men who were shot whether they were killed or not, were entitled to any especial sympathy; and I do most emphatically feel that when in danger it is their business to act in the manner which we accept as commonplace when the actor is an enlisted man of the Army or Navy, or a policeman, or a fireman, or a railroad man, or a miner, or a deep-sea fisherman.

I am really pleased at what you tell me about Edward Grey. I have felt toward him almost as I feel toward you—and that is as strongly as I feel toward any man not in my immediate family.

In acknowledging the receipt of a portrait of Macaulay, Roosevelt wrote on March 19, 1913:

"Your letter and the really delightful picture of Macaulay have both come. I shall put your letter in an envelope pasted to the back of it. You say well that it brings out his homely, shrewd, and above all his kindly look; but it brings out something more; it brings out the great power of the man. As you know, I am rather a fanatic about Macaulay. Of course in a man with such an active life, and a man who wrote so much, there will be occasional expressions or convictions with which I do not agree; but in most cases I think these were matters as to which it was impossible that he and I should have the same understanding. In all the essentials he seems to me more and more as I grow older a *very* great political philosopher and statesman, no less than one of the two or three very greatest historians. Of course I am undoubtedly



*From a snap-shot photograph by Mrs. Charles Trevelyan.*

Roosevelt and Trevelyan at Welcombe.

Sir George in a letter says: "The young man, standing behind, and looking over my left shoulder, is my youngest son, George Macaulay Trevelyan, for whose writings Mr. Roosevelt had the same indulgence that he extended to the writings of all our family."

partly influenced by the fact that he typifies common sense mixed with high idealism, but also the sane and tempered radicalism which seem to me to make for true progress. I am always having to fight the silly reactionaries and the inert, fatuous creatures who will not think seriously; and on the other hand to try to exercise some control over the lunatic fringe among the reformers."

In a published interview in May, 1915, Roosevelt said of the proposal to forbid the shipment of munitions of war to the

Allies: "The manufacture and shipment of arms and ammunition to any belligerents is moral or immoral according to the use to which the arms are to be put. If they are to be used to prevent the redress of hideous wrongs inflicted on Belgium, then it is immoral to ship them. If they are to be used for the redress of those wrongs and the restoration of Belgium to her deeply-wronged and unoffending people, then it is eminently moral to send them." Commenting on this utterance, Trevelyan wrote, on May 13, 1915:

WELCOMBE, STRATFORD ON AVON,
May 13, 1915.

This morning I read the sentence in which you set forth the *moral* side of the Munitions of War question—whether they were to be employed for the rescue of Belgium, or for her continued enslavement. The reading of it kindled into a flame the smouldering consciousness which always underlies my feelings—the consciousness that there is a man in the world who is never wanting in chivalry, humanity, and the dictates of high national duty. You know that you are my hero, and always will be; and there is no need to enlarge on that topic. When Senator Lodge was with me at Wallington in the summer we had some comfortable talk about the sentiments towards you which we possess in common. I would pray "God bless you" in your great objects; but that word is of ill omen to me. We had a noble battalion of regular infantry quartered at Stratford on Avon, to be "acclimatised" from India. In the course of six or seven weeks I became entirely at home with them, officers and men alike; and then they all marched off to the war past our front gate, along the Warwick road, with their baggage and Maxim guns, bidding me goodbye with jolly cries and assurances all down the long column. I bade the Colonel—a grand soldier—"God bless you" at the head of his regiment. Then the news came. At the landing in the Dardanelles the Colonel, the senior Major, and the Brigadier General were killed at once; and almost every marked young fellow in that mess has gone to join them. I now know what the feelings of a stay at home citizen of seventy-six years of age must have been when your young men went to battle in 1861–5.

The correspondence had now entered the period of the European war and the letters took on a new interest. Replying to Trevelyan's letter of May 13, Roosevelt wrote on May 29, 1915:

"Your letter was very welcome. I do not in the least deserve what you say of me; but I am glad that you should think as you do, all the more so because I am out of sympathy with the great majority of my countrymen, and especially with those who claim the foremost place in light and leading. I am not in the least a hero, my dear fellow. I am a perfectly commonplace man and I know it; I am just a decent American citizen who tries to stand for what is decent in his own country and in other countries and who owes very much to you and to certain men like you who are not fellow-countrymen of his.

"That's a dreadful tragedy of which you speak in connection with that noble battalion of regular infantry and the fate they encountered at the Dardanelles.

"Booth was at my house just at the time of the outbreak of the war last year. To think of the horror that has befallen his partner!

"Your son lunched here the Sunday before he sailed. As you know, he is one of the young men whom I especially admire."

In 1918 Roosevelt had four sons and a son-in-law in the war, and Trevelyan's youngest son, George Macaulay Trevelyan, had been in it since 1915. This common interest and anxiety naturally drew them more closely than ever together and the letters reveal an added tone of tender affection. When in the spring of 1918 the news came of the wounding of two of the Roosevelt boys, Trevelyan sent to Roosevelt a letter of sympathy to which the latter replied on April 9:

"Yes; you know exactly how I feel about Archie's wounds. In this great and terrible war we are indeed proud that events here so shaped themselves that our four sons are at the front, and Ethel's husband also; we would not for anything



*From a snap-shot photograph by Mrs. Charles Trevelyan.*

Trevelyan and Roosevelt at Welcombe walking on the Terrace in a high wind.

have them anywhere else; but I fear we would welcome their return home, each with an arm or leg off, so that they could feel that they had played their parts manfully, and yet we could have them back! Archie's arm was badly fractured, and a shell splinter went into his knee; he continued in command for some time, until the loss of blood overcame him; it was fourteen hours before he reached a hospital; a French general gave him the croix de guerre while he was on the operating table. The rest in the hospital will do him good. Ted was knocked down by a shell, but was merely bruised. He and Quentin are now in the battle to beat back this huge German drive.

"I have heard again and again of

George's high and gallant valor; indeed you must feel equal pride and anxiety over him."

Writing to me on June 6, 1919, and referring to the above letter, Sir George gives this graphic picture of a most interesting incident of the war:

"This letter was in my mind on last Friday, the 30th of May. We were travelling to this place from Stratford on Avon, and we spent an hour or two in Birmingham, and went to the Cathedral, where the Lord Mayor and Corporation had come to do honour to Commemoration day. Some hundred and fifty young Americans, without side-arms, marched past us in single file up the centre of the nave, the last twenty or thirty of them carrying immense armfuls and handfuls of most beautiful flowers. They took their seats in long rows beneath the mural tablet bearing the fine inscription to the famous Loyalist exile, 'Peter Oliver formerly His Majesty's Chief Justice of the Province of Massachusetts Bay in New England.' There they sat, unconscious of the historical contrast; and, as I watched their calm grave young faces, lighted by the glorious and inimitable windows of Burne-Jones, I thought how Theodore Roosevelt would have loved to see them, and they him."

The record of this memorable correspondence closes with the beautiful and touching tribute to his friend which Trevelyan paid in a letter to Senator Lodge, on January 10, 1919, a few days after Roosevelt's death, and which I am privileged, through the courtesy of the senator, to reproduce here. The uncle alluded to is, of course, Lord Macaulay, of whom he was very fond, and who figures so largely in the correspondence. The lines from Wordsworth are the same that Senator Lodge quoted in his fine memorial address on Roosevelt before the two houses of Congress on February 2, 1919. Writing to me about this coincidence, the senator says: "It is a curious thing, but I had already looked up the 'Lines on Fox,' and made up my mind to quote from it when I got his letter; so it seemed our thoughts ran the same way":

"I cannot let another morning go past without writing to express my deep thoughts of your feeling about the death of your friend and countryman. I have just received a very fine and specific letter from Bryce, who is greatly affected by the news. Personally I never felt anything so deeply since the death of my uncle; for I never had known a very great elementary personal character so intimately, and with so strong a mutual affection. Happily there is a poem in the world which exactly expresses my feeling on such an occasion—an occasion which may come only once in half a century. Do read it, for it would come home to you; I mean the 'Lines Composed at Grasmere, during a walk one Evening, after a stormy day, the Author having just read in a Newspaper that the dissolution of Mr. Fox was hourly expected.' Wordsworth, to my mind, never reached so high a point; and few, or no poets, a higher:

> A power is passing from the Earth
> To breathless Nature's dark abyss.

"He seems gone, just when he might have been of such vast service as the mouthpiece of your famous and high-principled party."



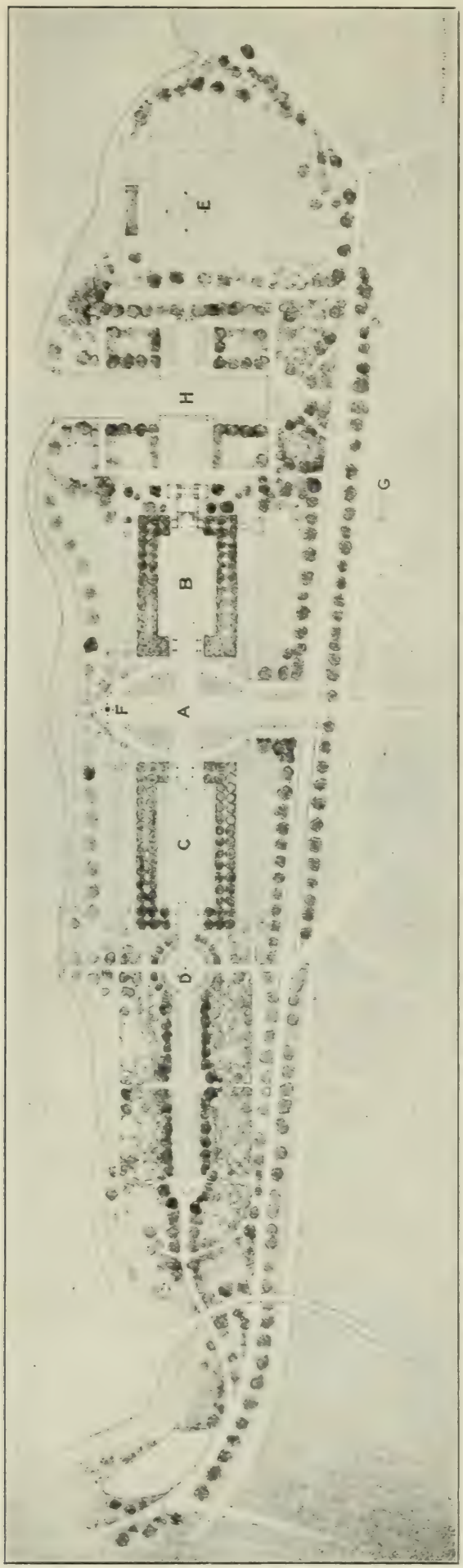
On the axis of the main approach, standing out in firm silhouette against the background of the bay and the distant hills of Centre Island, should be a great flagpole with a monumental base, which will be forever reminiscent of the Colonel's intense love for the American flag.

# THE PLANS FOR THE GREAT ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL PARK

## AT HIS HOME TOWN, OYSTER BAY, N. Y.

### Electus D. Litchfield and Rogers, Architects
### James L. Greenleaf, Consulting Landscape Architect

IN his lifetime Colonel Roosevelt loved it all, its woods and fields, the shores of Long Island Sound, the flowers and the birds. He loved the outdoor life and he wanted others to love and share and benefit by it. During his lifetime, in fact, he endeavored to obtain an outdoor park for his friends and neighbors at Oyster Bay, and with his passing, a wider significance will be given to this cherished aim of his. The creation of this park, as one phase of a general memorial project, will give




A. Central plaza. B. Outdoor auditorium. C. Pool. D. Fountain. E. Baseball ground and tennis-courts. F. Flagpole. G. Railroad station. H. Boat slip and landings.

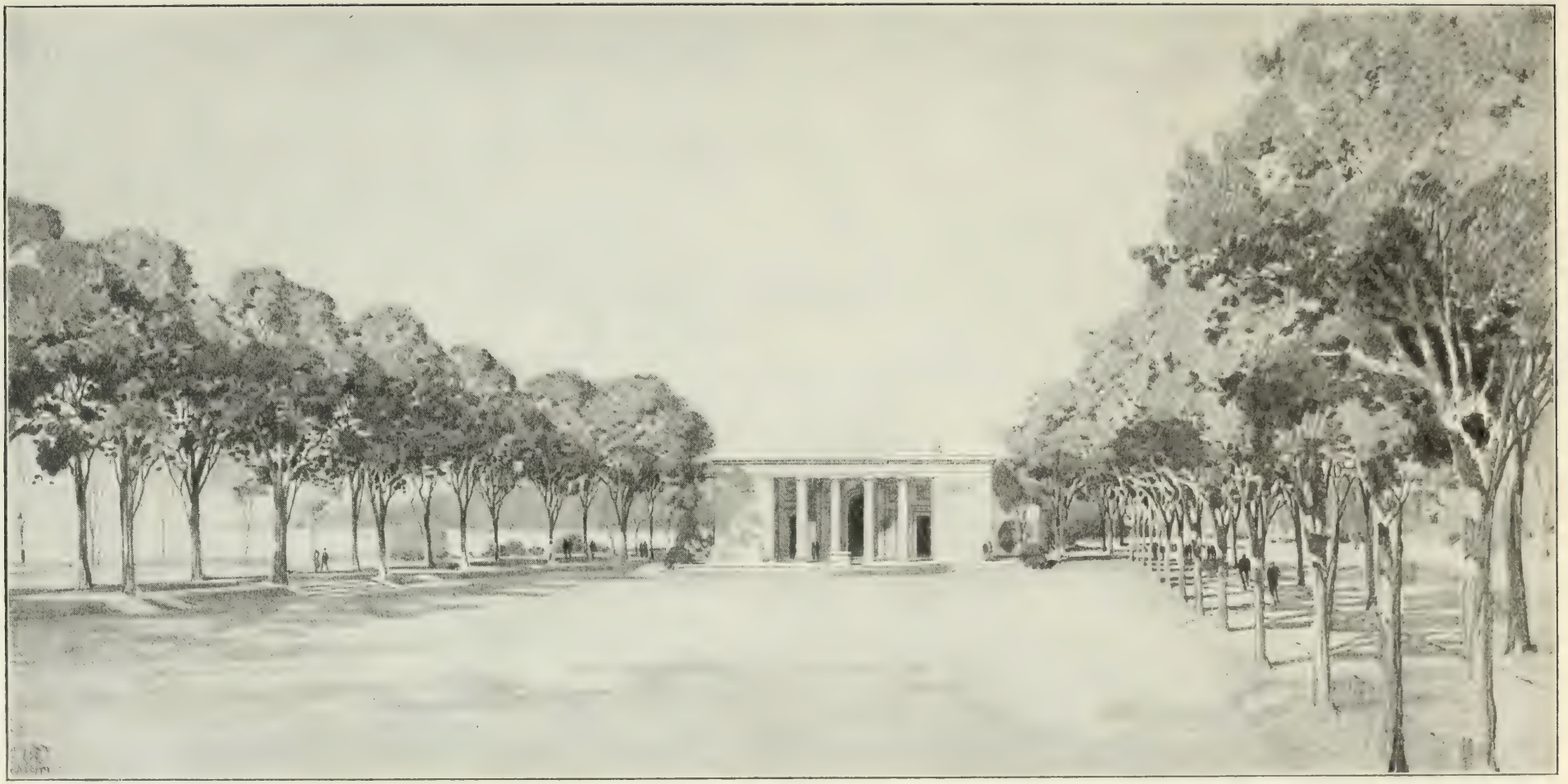
The site for this memorial has an outlook of great beauty. It may be developed in either a naturalistic or formal manner or there may be a combination of the two. It is important to stress considerably the formal theory of its composition if we are to obtain not only the greatest beauty but a distinctly memorial feeling in the design. Other things being equal, the best things in art are invariably the simplest, and the plans here shown embody but few main elements.

his fellow citizens opportunity for rest and recreation and upbuilding of mind and body; and ultimately, perhaps the inclusion of his estate of Sagamore Hill, which will be preserved like Mount Vernon and Mr. Lincoln's home at Springfield.

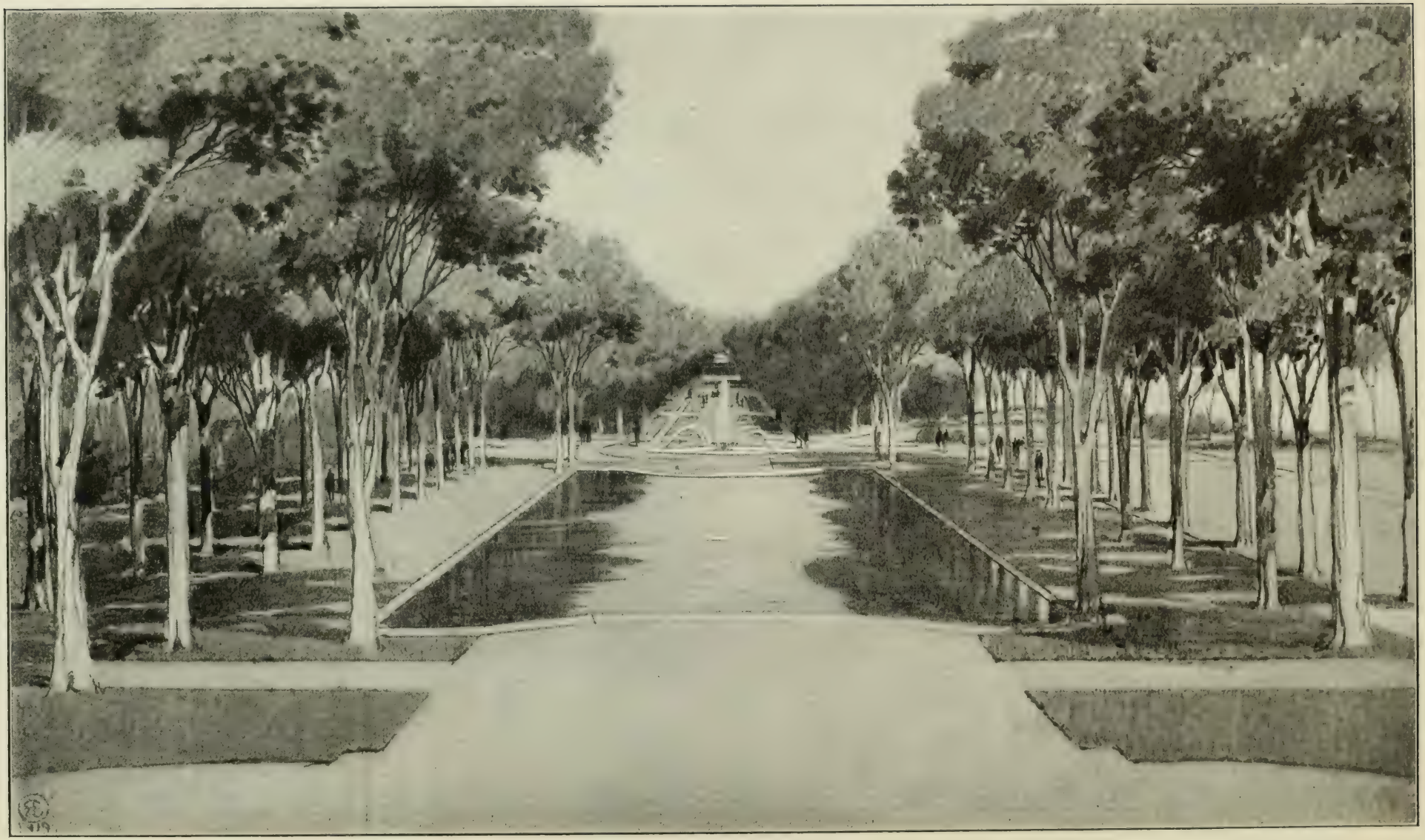
Among the features which Mr. Loeb and other members of the Roosevelt Memorial Committee have definitely suggested as desirable are a playground equipped with swings and other apparatus for the use of children, a baseball diamond and grandstand, tennis-courts, bathing-beach, and possibly a public boat-house. In addition to these recreational and more or less utilitarian features, it has been suggested that the park should contain an open-air forum, fountain, lagoons, and other features of a dignified memorial character.

A park which would provide in the best and most beautiful way amusement facilities for the people of Oyster Bay would be something which would have had the approval of Colonel Roosevelt, and this should certainly be part of the plan, but we should go further and make the memorial much more than this. It should have as a whole a dignity and beauty, and in some way, if possible, a living interest, which will make it in all respects a distinct and enduring memorial.

Colonel Roosevelt was a very practical man, but he was also a very spiritually-minded one. He was responsible for the adoption of the great McKim-Burnham plan for the development of Washington and the charming restoration of the White House, and for the adoption by the government of a new standard of artistic accomplishment in the design of our American currency.



Aside from the playground and amusement space, which is separated from the rest of the composition by the existing canal, which should be improved and beautified, the scheme consists of an outdoor auditorium, the walls being formed by a double colonnade of high-foliaged elms, between whose trunks one may look out upon the bay and toward Sagamore Hill, and whose foliage will cast beautiful shadows upon the green lawn carpet.



The architects have calculated on the use of tall trunked elms for much of the formal part of the composition. At the end of the lagoon there may well be an interesting fountain and beyond it a long approach from the west between thickly planted native American shrubs and low-growing trees, laurel, wild honeysuckle, dogwood, beech, and ash forming a dense dark foliage in brilliant contrast to the gravel walks, the reflection of the sky in the lagoons, and the bright deep blue of the bay itself.



# A PICTURE OF OLD AGE

By John Finley

The photograph taken and the poem written by him at Ramleh, Palestine

GRAY tombs of those one loved in life;
Ruins of castles of earth's strife;
A gnarled and stricken barren tree;
Dim eyes that scan eternity.



The east front of the Lincoln Memorial, Washington, D. C.

Henry Bacon, Architect.



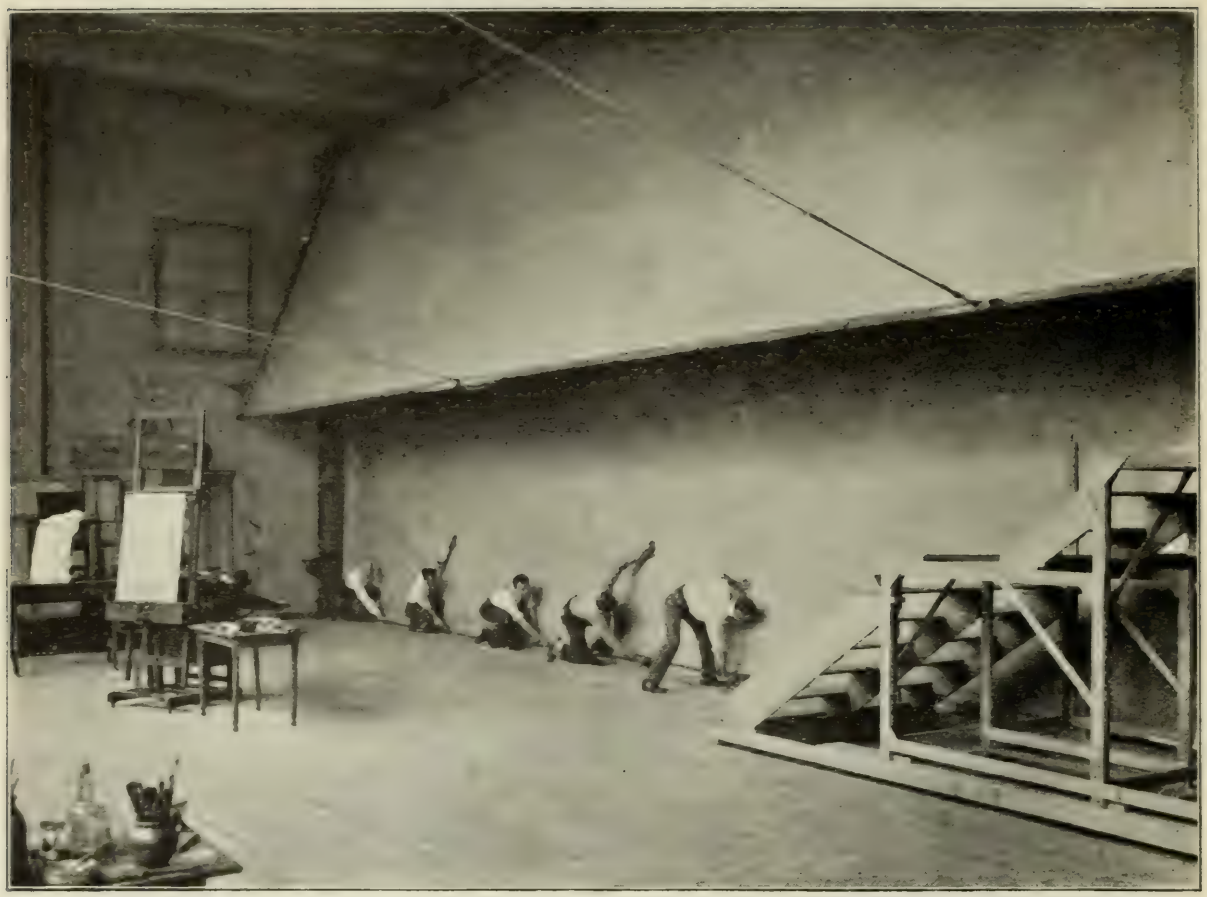
Henry Bacon.
Architect of the Lincoln Memorial at Washington, D. C.

# THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

HENRY BACON, who was chosen to prepare the design by the Lincoln Memorial Commission, is a New York architect who was born in Illinois and acquired his education as an architect in this country and as a Rotch Travelling Scholar. He is a member of the National Academy of Design.

The Lincoln Memorial Commission, created by Act of Congress, approved February 9, 1911, called for suggestions from the Commission of Fine Arts as to the most suitable site in Washington, D. C., for a memorial and the best methods of selecting the architects, artists, and sculptors to make and execute the designs.

Potomac Park site, by the shore of the Potomac River, was selected, which makes the Lincoln Memorial a part of a general scheme which embraces the Capitol and the Washington Monument. The east front is shown on the opposite page, and on the following pages is told how the great decorations by Jules Guérin and the gigantic statue of Lincoln by Daniel Chester French were carried out. The building is now completed, the decorations in place and the statue is being put in place, and the memorial will soon be ready for dedication.



Looking toward the east end of Mr. Guérin's great studio.
Men stretching one of the two big canvases; above the men the other one is seen guyed out from the wall.

# THE GUÉRIN DECORATIONS FOR THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

## HOW THEY WERE DONE

By Jesse Lynch Williams

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE DECORATION BY JULES GUÉRIN REPRODUCED IN COLOR AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THERE will be plenty of expert appreciation of the Lincoln Memorial, not only this year, but throughout the years, the centuries to come, unless it is destroyed by revolution. So when the perennial procession of sight-seers at the national capital enter Mr. Bacon's building, approach Mr. French's statue, look up at Mr. Guérin's decorations, our fellow countrymen will know, even though perhaps not all can feel, how noble and reverent and beautiful these celebrated works of art are. They will be told by authority what to think.

But many a visitor will also think about the complex practical problems involved, and will want to know how they were solved. For a thing of beauty is not only a joy forever, but a curiosity for every one, whether he can feel joy from beauty or not.

I had an old friend's privilege of dropping in and looking on during the past three or four years at the various stages of Jules Guérin's share in this notable achievement; and I should think that



Looking west showing the wonderful north light of this huge workshop, also showing one of the two decorations well under way.

the things which interested me in the mere mechanical intricacy of his job would also interest other laymen. Like me they may have gazed at celestial ceilings abroad, not only with a crick in the neck and a certain awed anxiety to get all that was coming to them æsthetically, but also with a vulgar curiosity to know how those historic masterpieces got up there.

The old master's murals were painted directly upon the walls. Our modern masters usually do them on canvas in their studios. They are not put up until finished. Even the most devout worshippers of mediæval art must admit that in this respect at least, art has advanced; that is, if the lovers of old art love it enough to desire its preservation. Witness, for example, the cruel crumbling of Leonardo's "Last Supper," patched and restored a score of times.

Now when a canvas is nearly as long as a tennis court—each of the two decorations in the Lincoln Memorial is twelve feet by sixty feet—it is difficult to find in all New York or elsewhere a studio big enough to hold them. And indeed none was found that suited this fastidious painter. So he had a new atelier built according to plans and specifications of his own. It is eighty-five feet long, and thirty-two wide, with a ceiling twenty-five feet high, and is interesting and unusual in other ways:

A substantial building of modern steel and concrete construction, located where one would never think of looking for studios, at the corner of two of New York's busiest up-town streets, with two car lines intersecting and two traffic policemen, as busy as semaphores in a switch-yard. No passer-by would see it, however, even if told where to look, because it is hidden far overhead upon the roof of a tall office-building. It is near the painter's city home, and can be conveniently reached from his country home in summer. He can get into one subway station at the Grand Central and get out at another in this office-building. Thus, he explains, in rainy

weather he can keep dry all the way. But the real reason, on the contrary, is that it is near the Players' Club.

The studio is approached, like an office, by one of a row of elevators commanded by a starter saying "Up" as numerous hurrying footsteps scrape the floor of the lobby. Ascending past the usual tiers of similar corridors, with glimpses of ground-glass doors and names thereon, the visitor gets out at the top, turns a corner, climbs a flight of stairs, and there, tucked away above the self-absorbed commerce of the busy town, is the spacious quiet of the clear-lighted studio, with the painter equally busy and absorbed in compelling color and line to express Freedom, Fraternity, and Immortality.

To one who has played with color on canvas in leisure moments it was appalling to contemplate stretching a canvas that weighed three hundred pounds. Well, it required the combined aid of eight able-bodied men. Both canvases were stretched before work was begun on either, because the painter wanted to work on them together, that is alternately, in order to insure color unity. One of the canvases was attached to a swinging frame, so that it could be suspended on high horizontally while work was done on the other. Each could be lowered or raised, when in position, by an arrangement of cogs and pulleys worked by a crank in the corner, like a back-drop at the theatre, except that it was held rigidly in place for painting. Some of this ingenious machinery is of his own invention. In passing, it has often interested me to observe how practical these so-called "impractical artists" are —about things that interest them. Another painter friend of mine has a well-equipped machine-shop adjoining his studio at Cornish, and he turns out work like that of a professional mechanic, ex-



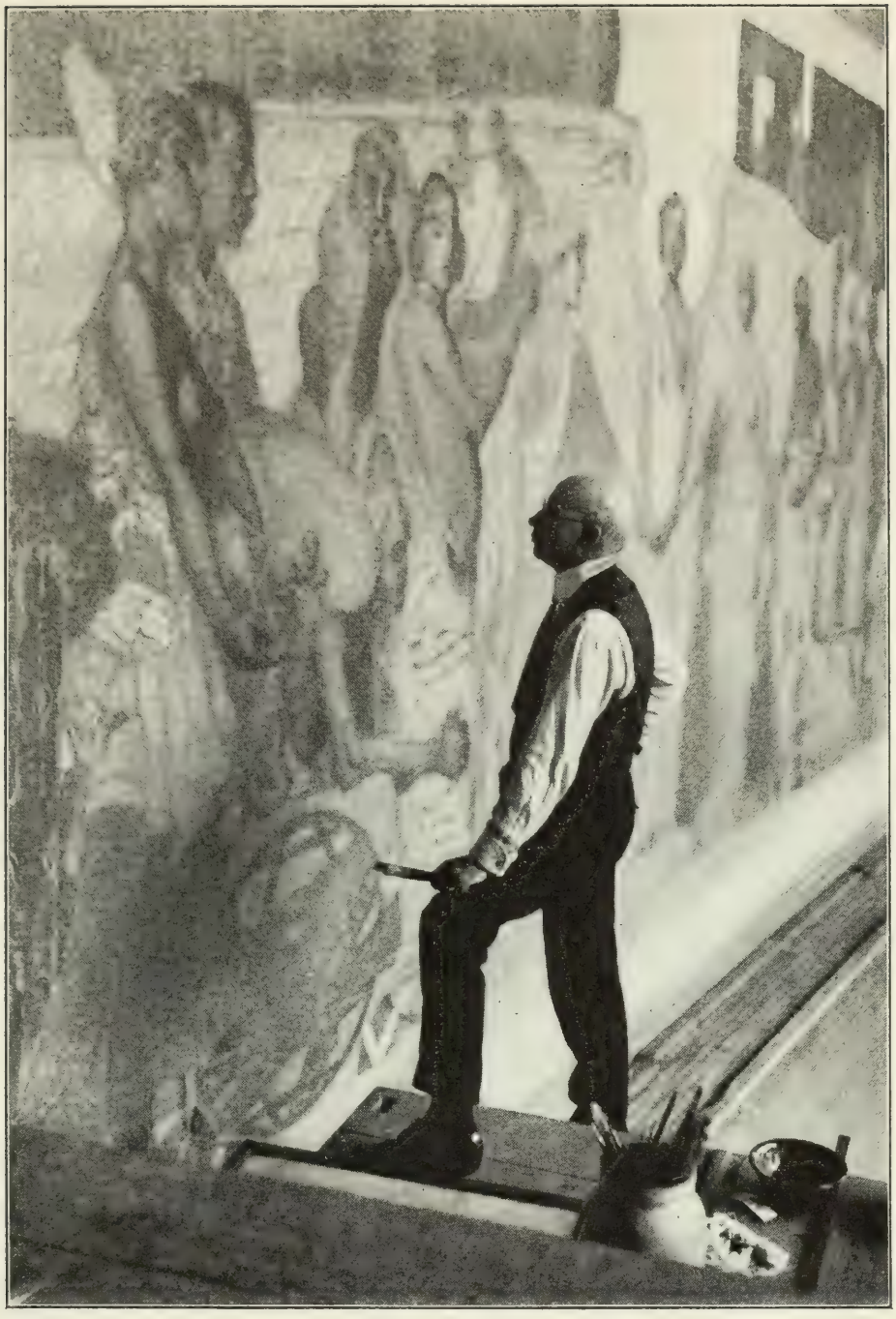
The artist at work on the movable painting scaffold.

On the opposite page the central portion of this composition is reproduced in color.



Central group of the decoration for the south wall of the Lincoln Memorial.

This reproduction was made for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE by Charles W. Beck, Jr., direct from the painting before it was removed from Mr. Guérin's studio.



Jules Guérin.

cept that it is better lasting and better looking.

It also impressed me to discover that these two strips of bare canvas cost four hundred dollars apiece. This recital of materialistic details will, I fear, offend certain art-lovers, but it will interest artists. I have tried it on them. And I would rather interest those who can make beauty than those who can buy it.

Now that the work is over the combined weight of these strips of canvas is a hundred and fifty pounds greater than before they were painted. Their gain in value I shall not attempt to estimate. That is a good deal of paint even for such large surfaces, but there is a sound art reason for such prodigality. Wall decorations, of course, are viewed from a distance, and these panels are placed about twenty-eight feet above the average beholder's eye. In the opinion of this painter it is necessary to put the paint on thick to secure the proper carrying quality. If painted as thin as the average framed picture in a home, the color would be ineffective at such a distance as is necessary to make a large-scale com-

position also effective. For the same reason the figures are outlined with a "cutting line." This line, which was noticeable in the studio, entirely disappears when one looks at the decoration in the Lincoln Memorial; but without it the figures themselves would disappear, or, at any rate dissolve more or less into the background.

Before any of the actual work on canvas is begun, however, before a commission is awarded, in fact, sketches of a proposed decoration are always submitted to the jury or committee in charge. In this case they were done in one-twelfth scale. That is, instead of sixty feet long they were sixty inches long, and twelve inches instead of twelve feet wide. These miniatures, complete in design and color, with all the figures drawn to scale, were accepted not only by the committee, but by the artist himself. That is, he changed scarcely anything of importance as he worked the idea out in full-sized detail. Happy is the man who can plan a piece of work and not let the work seduce him into alluring changes.

But before deciding definitely to go ahead, in order to satisfy himself and Mr. Bacon as to the all-important question of scale, photographic enlargements were made of various figures and groups of figures, in various sizes. These solar prints, as they are called, were taken down to Washington and tried out at the Memorial building itself. Figures seven feet high were put up on the wall, then others of seven and a half, eight feet, and so on by gradations of six inches up to figures of ten feet. In this way only, by the actual visual effect, can even the most trained of projective imaginations feel sure how a thing will scale. That is, which size "feels right" in a given space and composition. For such things are fundamentally a matter of emotion, not of mathematics. That is why this peculiar sense, the art-sense,' cannot be made; it must be born—and then cultivated.

The architect and the painter agreed that figures averaging eight and a half feet would scale right. These two usually agree. So far as I know, and I know them both well, they have never yet fought. They agreed, slept over it, and came back to take a fresh and final look next morning to make sure. That decided it. They were sure.

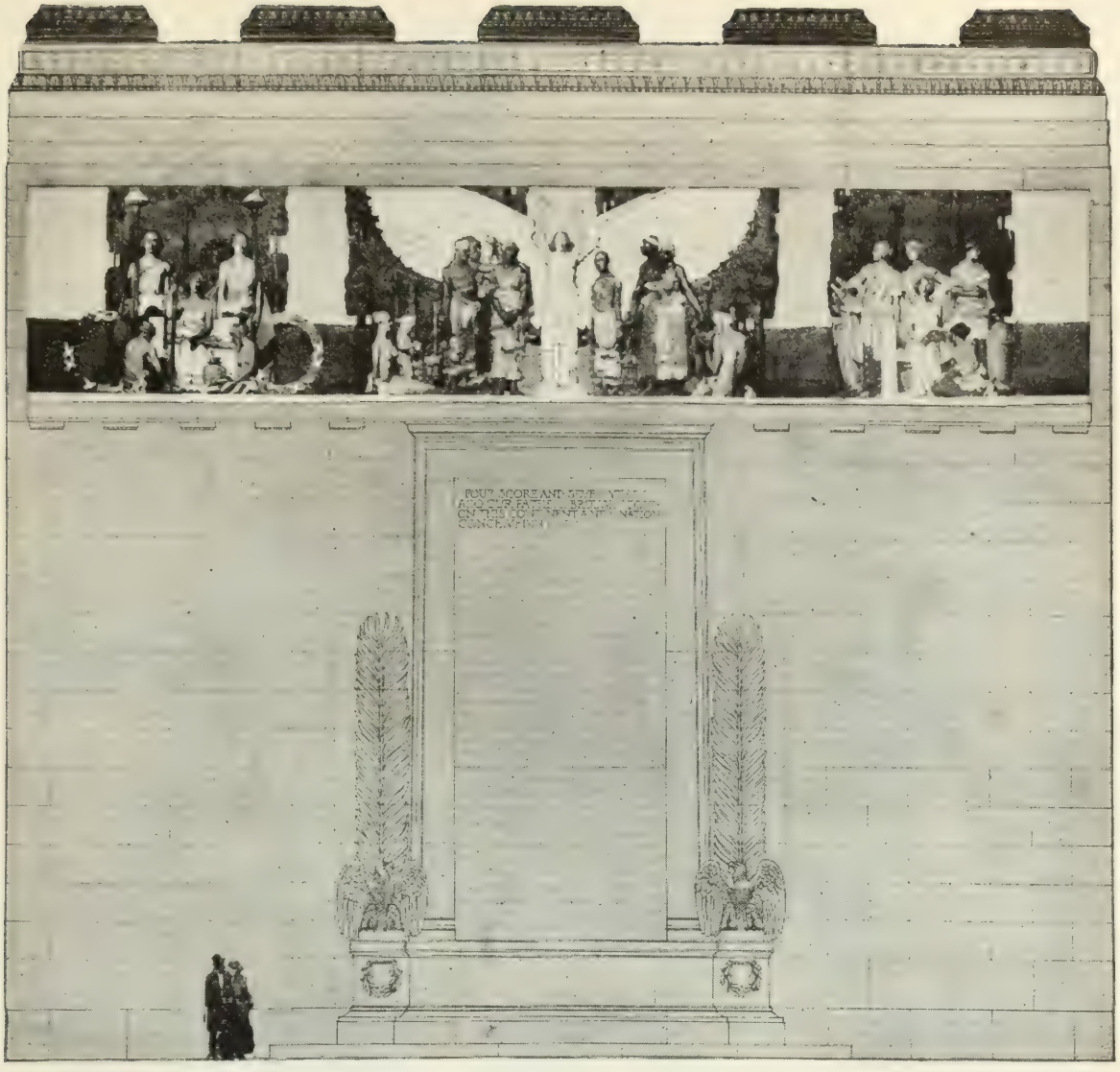
So now all the painter had to do about the decoration was to go home and put in two or three years painting it, which he did.

As in the case of Michael Angelo's frescos, and, I suppose, all other mural decorations since and before, the approved sketch was first "squared up," that is, checkerboarded with thin lines. Then the canvas was covered with squares of the same proportions, namely, twelve times as large, to guide the artist in reproducing his design. Unlike many of the old masters, however, and most of the new, Mr. Guérin employed no young assistant painters, even for filling in broad spaces of simple background, or for carrying out repeated motives. He painted every stroke of it himself, and he takes great pride in this.

There are forty-eight figures in the two panels. This required securing almost as many different models, a considerable task. Because even when you find the type you want, you cannot always hire it. It may be a man in a box at the opera. It may be a sales-girl in a department store.

An unusual problem in this decoration lay in the fact that the Lincoln Memorial, though roofed, is not enclosed. Its colonnaded façade is open summer and winter. The paint had to be put on in such a way that it would stay on, despite the vicissitudes of a notorious national climate. So every ounce of paint was mixed with wax. This was a simple concoction of white wax and kerosene, stirred to the consistency of vaseline; this was mixed with all colors, and has rendered the decorations absolutely weather-proof. The wax will harden, but it will never allow the paint to crack or crumble. Chemically similar wax found in the tombs of the kings in Egypt is still pliable.

Wax has been employed in another interesting way in the Lincoln Memorial. Although light comes in through the open entrance, a top light was desired, but a glass sky-light effect was objectionable. The roof is composed of white marble slabs, three feet by five feet, and only five-eighths of an inch thick. A certain amount of light filtered through, but not



The decoration for the north wall.

Photographed and set in a drawing of the wall to show relative scale and relation to the wall; the two people, drawn to scale, on the base of the drawing, help to give an idea of the size of the painting.

enough. Consequently these thin slabs were boiled in white wax—in huge iron vats, a dozen or more slabs at a time, boiled for forty-eight hours. The result was somewhat like the difference between the opacity of plain paper and the transparency of oiled paper, but in this case the soft translucence of the marble is like light through alabaster.

When the decorations were at last finished in the studio I was curious and, in fact, quite concerned about getting them down to Washington and up safely on the walls. Two large wooden drums were built, twenty inches in diameter. They were more like reels because they had protecting sides. Upon these the now thoroughly dried canvases were rolled and stoutly covered. Then they were sent off by express.

For the final task of fastening the decorations in their appointed places, first the space was heavily coated with a mixture made of white lead and Venetian varnish, then the drums, lifted upon scaffolding, were gradually unrolled from the centre out, and the canvases pressed home and tamped with bricks covered with felt. Every day for three days they were retamped. Occasional wrinkles could not be avoided, but they could always be carried along from important spots in the canvas to places where a slight cutting out would not matter, because the painter was on hand with his paints to retouch and obliterate all scars.

All of which may now be proved, to the enduring fame of our master mural painter and the "joy forever" of the rest of us, when we make the pilgrimage to this superb shrine of the greatest American.



One of the plaster-cast models for the Lincoln statue by Daniel Chester French.

# MAKING A GREAT STATUE

## HOW FRENCH'S LINCOLN WAS PUT INTO MARBLE

By W. M. Berger

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MR. BERGER

IF the person who in his daily walks passes many times the statues and monuments which adorn the public places of our great cities, giving but little thought to them, were to push open, by chance, the great door leading into one of the studios where these works of art are in process of development, his first feeling would be, perhaps, one of amazement at beholding an interior quite opposite to that which his imagination had pictured.

Here he will not find a trace of the artistic settings and luxurious surroundings associated in his mind with the studios of some of our successful painters. On the contrary, his impression is rather apt to be that of a vast workshop, where, amid the apparent confusion of great masses of rough and uncut marble, fantastic shapes of plaster and clay (surrounded by scaffolding and ladders, forges and benches, and the indescribable litter of chips and broken stone), he may discern dimly through fine clouds of marble dust and

smoke crowds of workmen in blouses, unconventional overalls and paper caps, busily engaged with their humming pneumatic chisels, hammers, and measuring instruments in liberating from these rude blocks of stone the form of some graceful nymph, or, perhaps, the robust figure of one of our distinguished statesmen.

It is in such a studio that the great statue of Abraham Lincoln by Daniel Chester French (the most monumental work in marble ever attempted in America) has been in process of development during the past year. The statue is in the centre of the great Lincoln Memorial Building in Washington, recently completed from the design by Henry Bacon, the distinguished architect of New York.

So great a work as this enormous statue, which with its marble base rises to the imposing height of over thirty feet, could only be intrusted to the hands of marble-cutters of the greatest experience, and for this reason the co-operation of the most skilful sculptors was sought. And so it was decided by Mr. French and his associates to obtain the services of the Piccirilli brothers; and in their spacious studios this great work, occupying a year of incessant labor, has been successfully completed.

This remarkable family of sculptors consists of six brothers, sons of Giuseppe Piccirilli, who came to New York in 1888, after a long apprenticeship as a marble-cutter in Italy, and became at once well known among our best sculptors. The family has been for nearly a generation famous in artistic circles, not alone for the great ability shown in executing the important work of other sculptors, but for the original work accomplished by the different members of the family; for each is an artist of exceptional ability, and their work is in many of our museums and upon some of our greatest public buildings.

Consequently, with their great experience and skill the difficulties which might



Interior of one of the principal studios.

The left hand and leg, partially developed, can be seen. The working model from which the measurements are taken is at the left, partially cut off from view by a huge block of marble.



Daniel Chester French, who modelled the Lincoln statue, modelling one of the figures for the Victory Arch.



At work on the head from the full-size plaster model.

have embarrassed the ordinary sculptor were easily overcome.

The enormous amount of work entailed in the carving of this, the latest masterpiece by Mr. French, can hardly be realized by a view only of the completed statue which in its simple dignity gives one the impression of ease and simplicity in the execution.

To form an adequate idea of what the construction of a statue of such heroic dimensions means (the height of which, without the pedestal, is twenty-two feet, and its weight two hundred and seventy



A corner of the studio showing the forge and anvil.

In the foreground the marble figure, "The Spirit of the Alps," by Attilio Piccirilli, now in the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts, New York.

tons), it must be considered that such a result would be impossible from a single block of marble, if indeed such an enormous block could be found and transported. It was necessary to employ twenty-eight blocks of the finest Georgia marble weighing from five to forty-two tons and measuring, in all, four thousand three hundred and sixty cubic feet!

The original model by Mr. French was but two feet six inches high; later he made a working model, enlarged to five feet, and this was used as a basis of measurement, and was carefully divided and



The Piccirilli brothers at work on the original models for the new Parliament building at Winnipeg.
At the right the Victory and Quadriga by Piccirilli and Paul Wayland Bartlett, now on the Victory Arch, New York.

marked by tiny points (over two hundred thousand of these points being necessary in this instance). By specially constructed instruments these measurements were applied, with the utmost care and minuteness, to the great blocks until by patient cutting an exact reproduction on an immense scale was obtained.

In passing from one studio to another, and seeing the work progressing in separate stages, it might seem that the ultimate joining of so many different parts would present insurmountable difficulties; but so exact had the intricate measurements been made that, when the anxious moment, so long awaited, arrived, each part so perfectly adjusted itself that the completed statue presented to the observer the solid and harmonious work of one hand.

No doubt the most interesting part of the statue, in its disjoined state, is the massive head, which is over four feet in height, and which even in its elementary stages, and presenting almost a Rodin-like effect in its partial relief from the marble, gives the feeling, not of a mass of chiselled stone, but rather, from its life-like dignity, of actually standing before the great statesman. And when the final strokes by the artisan have been given, and Mr. French himself has removed all traces of points and carefully modelled the surfaces to an exact semblance of nature, it is not a difficult thing to bring to mind and feel the force of Emerson's criticism made many years ago when looking at his own bust by French:

"This is indeed the face that I shave."

Not the least interesting thing connected with the work of cutting the Lincoln statue is the great studio, situated in a quiet up-town street of the Bronx, not far from one of the principal avenues.



The lunch hour.

Built around a substantial brownstone house formerly the dwelling of the Piccirilli family, and flanking on either side a picturesque courtyard, rise the great studios.

Once within this busy hive, where the sculptors and their many assistants work early and late, you leave behind for a while the life of the city and feel transported into an entirely foreign atmosphere; and it is not a great stretch of the imagination to feel that this place resembles, with its mountains of marble

and granite, its antique busts and plaster reproductions of Greek and Roman art, more the ancient "botega" where the old Italian masters of the Renaissance carved their masterpieces, than anything which our modern city can offer; for the methods of work employed by the sculptors of to-day have changed but little from that time, with the exception of some few mechanical appliances, which enable them to accomplish their work with greater facility.

Aside from handling the works of other sculptors with which the studios are continually crowded, the six Piccirilli brothers are invariably engaged in their own private studios on the original creations for which they have become famous; and during the past year, while dividing their time between the work on the Lincoln statue and numerous other works of lesser dimensions, they have found time to finish the great statues intended for the new Parliament Building erected in Winnipeg.

The harmonious manner in which they perform their work, one frequently replacing another, has always been a great source of wonderment to their most intimate friends. But with all the close application to the thousand and one details necessary to the management of so great an undertaking as theirs, there is one moment in the strenuous day when all work relaxes and every one is invited to partake of the midday luncheon.

In the basement kitchen of the old house, looking out upon the courtyard, with its urns and pots of ivy, with its satyrs and nymphs peeping through the windows, is the great table spread with its snowy cloth; and seated about (with one of the brothers doing the duty of host, and at the same time frequently acting as *chef de cuisine*, and the indispensable Tom, the majordomo of the establishment, ready to attend to the wants of the guests) are almost always to be found, in company with the sculptors in blouses, paper caps, and all, some of New York's sculptors, architects, and patrons of art.

And as the steaming spaghetti or appetizing raviolli is being passed around you yield yourself quickly to the infectious cheerfulness which surrounds you and listen with delight to the anecdotes and gossip of the studios.

When at last the coffee has been served and the hearty hand-shakes from the brothers and their guests have been given, and you pass again through the studios, casting a last fleeting glance at the imposing statues, you feel how the many difficulties which attend the erection of such a stupendous work as the Lincoln statue are overcome by dint of skilful labor and diligent application.

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# LINCOLN MEMORIAL

## By Stephen Berrien Stanton

Lincoln, before thy shrine once more arise
The stir and circumstance of ugly war;
Rudely upon thy peace-directed eyes
Thy country's thunder-cloud obtrudes once more.

White is thy cenotaph, as was thy soul;
And pure the marble as befits thy name—
Thy country's cause inscribed on history's scroll
Shall never bring to thee the blush of shame.

The patient purpose of the homely face
Which broods upon that dimming page of time
Be as a beacon to these latter days,
Fill hearts that falter with thy faith sublime.

*August*, 1918.

# EUROPEAN UNREST AND THE RETURNED SOLDIER

By Henry de Man

Author of "The Remaking of a Mind," Lieutenant Belgian Army, Member Belgian Commission on Reconstruction

ON the ship which took me from Europe to America last spring I made friends with a distinguished member of one of the sub-committees of the American Peace Delegation. He had been investigating social conditions in the main countries of western Europe for several months. His conclusions were optimistic. To him the social unrest in Europe was a purely psychological problem. He compared the state of mind of the European people with that of a cow that had been chased around a pasture by a mad dog. Something similar had been happening to western Europe for more than four years. Little wonder, he said, that the cow should be panting still and feeling restless, depressed, and hypersensitive. Why, the poor animal has neither had time to recover her breath nor her wits! Let her rest a little, treat her to a few handfuls of nice fresh grass, and she will soon take to grazing and producing good milk again. So far my American friend!

An English companion-traveller, with a Socialistic turn of mind, took a quite different view. He was a downright pessimist. Psychology, he said, has nothing to do with the case. It is a question of economics pure and simple. Europe is ruined through the loss of four years' industrial output, a loss for which she cannot make good with her present backward methods of production. But there is more. The immense majority of the European people want to get rid of the capitalist system, which, with its natural consequences, imperialism and competitive armament, has been responsible for this war. Perhaps they do not know yet what other system they are going to put in its place. Maybe it will be better, maybe worse—though it hardly could lead to anything as bad as what we have gone through. But the war, which originated in capitalism, has killed capitalism. The moral credit of the system has gone. Only a minority of profiteers still uphold it. The mass of the people will turn to the support of any revolutionary element that aims at a radical change of the social organization as soon as circumstances will promise such an undertaking success—and that may be any day. Thus spoke the English pessimist.

To me it seemed that both views had a good deal of truth in them. They were only wrong in as far as they were too exclusive of each other. A six months' investigation of social conditions in Europe—mainly in Belgium and in England—since the armistice, had convinced me that the main cause of Europe's unrest is economic, and will not disappear until some profound changes have been brought about in her social organization. Yet the psychologist's view of the case seemed to me equally justified, and his parable of the cow and the mad dog well to the point. Economic circumstances merely create the conditions that make certain social and political movements possible. The movements themselves are the work of men. And to understand the thinking and the acting of these men, one has to study their psychology. This will lead to the discovery of numerous causes of human impulses which have nothing to do with the economic conditions as such.

One of them is the influence of warfare on the psychology of the soldiers who have taken a part in it.

The "returned soldier" is a much more decisive element of the problems of social reconstruction in Europe than he is in the United States. The great European countries have been in the war much longer, and they have drawn much more exhaustively upon their reserves of population to keep their armies up. In belligerent Europe practically every able-bodied man between the age of eighteen and fifty—fifty-five even, in some cases—has

been a soldier, usually for more than four years. Naturally the effect of army life on the psychology of these men is a very important factor in the attitude of mind of the European masses.

True, what the returned soldier is doing or is going to do as a unit of the political and social system, primarily depends on the material conditions he has to face on his return to civilian life. In Europe as well as in America, the problem of preventing the returned soldier from becoming an element of restlessness and a prey to theories destructive of social order is mainly an economic one. With this aspect of the case I will not deal here. It has been studied on this side of the Atlantic at least as well as on the other side. But I am afraid that many Americans who are puzzled by the chaotic condition of European society do not fully understand the importance of the psychological changes that the war has worked in the minds of most Europeans. The attitude of, say, the returned soldier does not merely depend upon the conditions he will be confronted with when he looks for a new job, or has to get a new dwelling, or has to adapt his budget to the increased cost of living; it also depends on the way his mind will react to these conditions. And this mind has been changed by five years of war as much as the conditions themselves.

Americans who think about this will do well to bear in mind that the psychological problem Europe is faced with is very different from their own. The United States had a much shorter war experience, and enlisted a much smaller proportion of their population than most of the European countries. Their lines of communication being so very much longer, and their equipment and organization more scientific and complete, the Americans accordingly had a much smaller proportion of men engaged in actual fighting. The comparison of the American casualty figures with those of Germany, France, or England, shows how much more considerable the fighting experience of the average European soldier has been—about ten to one. Moreover, most of the American soldiers had the privilege of taking part only, or mainly, in the latter stages of the campaign, when—thanks largely to the presence of the American contingent itself—movement warfare had taken the place of the trench life routine which had been the predominant experience of European armies for more than three years. Anybody with a little experience of both forms of warfare knows that they influence the combatants' psychology in a radically different way. With the Europeans it is trench warfare that has been the predominant experience, and that has made their minds what they are.

But there is more. The human material of which the A. E. F. was made was of a kind very different from that of the European armies. The difference was such in every way as to make the average American soldier less liable to undergo the brutalizing effect of the war than his European comrade. I will try to explain why this was so, for it is a crucial point for the understanding of the European situation.

It was neither the plainness of the American officers' uniform nor the American custom of universal clean-shaving that made it most difficult for the European observer to detect the Yank's military rank. It was the fact that the faces, the attitude, and the talk of American soldiers and officers did not betray such deep differences of social standing and education as they did in European armies. In the latter, differences in rank corresponded, as a rule—and to this rule there were very few exceptions—to social class differences. If you had seen a British, a German, a French, or a Belgian company bathing in Adam's costume, in nine cases out of ten you could have picked out the officers by the natural characteristics—physique, attitude, expression of the face—that betray membership of a social class with a considerably higher standard of living and of education. A similar difference, no doubt, existed in the American army, but on a very much smaller scale. This was undoubtedly the result of the generally higher standard of living, the relative lack of pauperism and illiteracy, and the higher level—at least, in the ethical sense—of popular education in America.

This effect of American superiority was considerably increased by the fact that the American army, being comparatively smaller, and selected, formed, and organized according to a more scientific plan

than that of the European mass armies, was much more of a picked body of men than the European formations, where the average age of the soldier was very much higher, and where grizzly fathers of families, over fifty years of age, might be seen taking turns in the trenches with their adolescent boys.

The result of the European system of universal enlistment, with age limit stretched both ways to the utmost physical possibility, combined with the different social stratification of European society, was that the bulk of European armies was composed of peasants and laborers on an average level of education much below that of the American Expeditionary Force. The importance of this point will become clear in the light of the statement, to which most psychologists agree, that the brutalizing effect of combatant life is likely to be in inverse ratio to the previous mental development of the individual considered.

My own conclusion, based on a three years' experience of trench life, is that a minimum of education, sufficient to ennoble men's actions with the consciousness of a voluntarily accepted and reasoned altruistic aim in fighting, is the only thing that can—and even then not always does—prevent habitual combatant activity from resulting in a considerable lowering of the combatant's moral level. I further have come to the conclusion that the mentality of the majority of European soldiers was distinctly below this minimum level.

To make Americans realize how careful they should be not to generalize from their knowledge of conditions in their own army, it should further be pointed out that the American army, and the American people at large, had undergone a much more careful psychological preparation for war as a necessity from a conscious altruistic view-point, than had been the case with any European nation.

America, indeed, did not—and could not—take part in the war until the majority of the nation had been convinced that they had a duty to do so, for other reasons than the immediate interest of the state. Her democratic constitution made it impossible that it should be otherwise. In Europe—at least, in Continental Europe—it was quite different. There we had, unfortunately enough, a tradition of military patriotism that made it the easiest thing in the world for any government to create a "war fever," without any need for the rulers to stretch their imagination beyond the statement of the shallowest pretext of "national honor," "necessity of self-defense," "provocation by the enemy," and the like. The mere setting in motion of the machinery of mobilization was sufficient to create a pitch of bellicose emotion insuring popular support of any war measure proposed by those in power. Indeed, the more particles of the truth are revealed about the actual diplomatic incidents that led to the war in August, 1914, the more one wonders how easy it has been for the governments on all sides to convince their "subjects" that they had a sacred patriotic duty to take part in a war forced upon them for the defense of their country. It is but later—especially after the downfall of Czardom in Russia and the entrance of the United States into the war—that the conflict appeared to the European masses as a test of power between two systems of government and of thought. In August, 1914, nobody talked about "making the world safe for democracy." There was but one slogan all over the European continent: national defense—as though the war had begun in spite of the fact that nobody in particular had wished to start it, and that all the participating Powers had but the desire to defend themselves against others—who advanced the same claim. I have no doubt that the majority of the German people were as convinced of their country being in self-defense in August, 1914, as any other nation. And I am equally positive in asserting that in the earlier stages of the conflict the majority of the people of the Entente countries, although honestly—and rightly—believing that their country had been the victim of aggression, had no knowledge of the actual facts that had led to the war and of the real issues involved. From which I draw the inference that under the system of national competition, universal armament, and militaristic education that prevailed in pre-war Europe—and which is far from having been routed out by the war—any government might find popular support for any war, provided

that some quite elementary psychological precautions be taken to "camouflage" unavowed ambitions.

Where, like in Belgium and Serbia, the case, as looked upon from a purely national view-point, was plainly one of self-defense against unjustified aggression, there was no need at all for the governments to "prepare" public opinion. Everybody was "in it" from the beginning, as a matter of course.

It was quite different with America. Her participation in the war was the outcome of a long internal controversy. No appreciable part of her population had a direct economic interest in it. The racial sympathy of millions of Teutonic-born Americans, and the traditional aversion to "mixing up" with European troubles were two additional obstacles. They could be overcome only by formulating and popularizing a programme of war aims based on such altruistic desires as the liberation of oppressed nationalities, the vindication of international justice, the universal establishment of democracy, and the conquest of a lasting peace. I do not know of any officially conducted propaganda effort in history that can compare with the achievement of President Wilson's administration and of the enormous machinery for "public information" it set up for the purpose. The result was that, quite apart from the intrinsic value of the Wilsonian war aims as distinguished from those of the European Entente, or of the Central Powers, the American army went to the battlefield with a much more wide-spread consciousness of what it was fighting for than any of the European armies.

This is all the more a reason not to assume that the average European soldier's participation in fighting was the outcome of conscious and reasoned volition. Whether the governments and the leading minorities that "make" public opinion through official and unofficial agencies—public education, the press, the church, etc.—had any ethical motives at all, or whether these motives were good or bad, does not alter the fact that in any case they disposed of means of physical and moral coercion sufficiently strong to make their people fight. The more democratic the constitution of the state, the greater was the part played by moral as compared with physical coercion. But let us have the courage to admit that even in the most democratic country the government of the whole people by the whole people has been shown to be still a far-away ideal. The conscious and enlightened participation in the direction of public affairs, which such self-government implies, is a myth. In democracy, as it exists at present, the ruling minorities are larger than in any previous form of government; their selection is independent of any privileges of fortune or heredity; they have a tendency to increase in numbers as education spreads; and the competition for popular support upon which the party system is based compels them to plead with the masses where the autocratic rulers had but to order and be obeyed. It is because of all this that democracy is so vastly superior to all other forms of government. Yet it is like them in so far as it also means, and will be bound to mean as long as human culture remains the apanage of a few, the rule of a minority, whose directions are followed by a majority, actuated by mostly unconscious interests and instinctive impulses, and practically without any critical understanding of the intellectual or ethical motives that underlie the minority's course.

This, of course, is especially true of Europe. It certainly applies to the average European soldier throughout the war. The British recruit who was anxious to get "over there" in August, 1914, because he wanted to "kill them b—— Belgiums" undoubtedly was an exception. But I think I may take the case of the Belgian unit I was in command of as typical. They were a couple of hundred men; with the exception of half a dozen, all peasants and working men; and good fighters they were, to whom the duty of killing as many of the enemy as they could remained paramount for four years, without ever being questioned. Yet if they had been asked what the war was about, not a dozen of them would have been able to give an answer as sensible or as concordant with facts as could have been given by any ten-year-old schoolboy in the United States. Surely, they would tell you about how the hated Boche had invaded and devastated their country, and was preventing them from going

back to their homes; but then what was the difference between their case and that of the enemy, but that the Boche was victorious and the Belgian not? Were not the German soldiers of 1914 equally convinced that the Allies would devastate their country—as the Russians actually did in East Prussia—if they entered it, and that they were fighting a despicable foe intent on their destruction as a nation? Yet even at the time when every American schoolboy was trying to understand what it meant to make the world safe for democracy, I am sure that not one out of five of my men had ever heard or read that word (most of them never read anyway), and that not one out of ten could have given anything like a definition of its meaning.

As to stating the main differences between, say, the constitution of Belgium and that of the German Empire, not five out of the two hundred could have done it. And not a single one could have given a more or less accurate description of the facts that led up to the war before Belgium got involved in it.

They fought none the worse for it. But the Germans also fought well. In truth, although they fought on both sides, mostly without knowing it, for a different cause, according to the opposed aims of the warring governments, they all primarily fought because of the same reasons, or, to put it in a more accurate and less rationalistic fashion, as a consequence of the same mass impulses.

Physical coercion had, as a rule, very little to do with it. The huge coercive power which the state suddenly assumed under the régime of mobilization served but to emphasize the unanimous acceptance of the duty to fight as a moral imperative. Every nation on the European continent looks back upon a tradition, several centuries old, of a military organization that can be mobilized for attack or defense by the ruling powers. In this era of semi-democracy every European government had at its disposal the means of making their people believe that they were mobilizing for defense. They started fighting because they were used to accept any moral imperative that was preached by the powers—elected or not—they had been in the habit of obeying from their childhood, and which their parents had obeyed before them. Shirking from that duty was doubly ignominious, since it meant a refusal to subordinate personal convenience to what was practically unanimously considered as the common good, and naturally called forth suspicion that he who refused to accept that imperative was lacking the fighting courage that has for ages immemorial been considered the chief virtue of manhood.

But the process of fighting itself, as it went along, generated new impulses that made it possible for all the European nations, irrespective of the motives of their governments, to obtain from their armies a display of physical and nervous strength that seems to have put back the limits of human endurance, and that would make one proud of belonging to the white race if the aim had been the promotion of civilization instead of its destruction.

Military discipline is not only a negative power, relying on a man's natural desire to avoid punishment, and smothering fear of the enemy with fear of the court-martial. It has a constructive meaning as well, in as far as it appeals to a man's sense of duty—his natural desire to do a job well, so as not to deceive people who expect him to do it and look after his needs the while. By promising to reward devotion to duty, through promotion or distinctions of honor, it corroborates the command of comradeship and military solidarity, which makes one man's life constantly dependent on the other man's conduct. But there is one fighting impulse, generated through fighting itself, which my experience has taught me to be more powerful than all this: it is the natural desire of any man to retaliate for blows which he and his comrades have suffered. The semi-hysterical state, rooted in fear, that makes any rumor of enemy cruelty credible without further inquiries, makes this instinct of retaliation the more powerful as it combines with the desire to take revenge for alleged cruelties.

Although I have always tried, myself, to "keep my soul alive" and to discriminate between hatred of a system and hatred of individual men who frequently were but its ignorant tools, I confess that I have felt myself, and, as an officer, fostered among my men individual hatred of the enemy and desire to retaliate for cas-

ualties inflicted by him on my unit. For let there be no sentimental cant about it: if the war had to be won—and we could not afford to lose it—it had to be done by fighting, which means by killing as many as possible of the enemy. This could no more be achieved without fostering hatred, and "seeing red," than any tactical engagement could be won without the spirit of offensive that results from the desire of getting at the enemy's throat.

Let there be no misunderstanding about it: fighting in the Great War (like in any other war, I am prone to believe) was a tedious, dirty job, that could not be done without appealing to, encouraging, and developing the worst of the lower animal instincts of mankind—the hatred and contempt of other human beings, and the brutish delight of killing them.

I have no shame in admitting that I have myself experienced that delight, although the circumstances of my education and my views on the issues of the war ought to have made me more immune to it than most others. I do say *confiteor*, because I think that every soldier who has been "through it" has a duty to fight the misconception of war by homestayers or non-combatant soldiers, as an occupation that promotes the development of the higher virtues of manhood; and also, because I know for a fact that the psychological experience of most of my fellow combatants has been similar to mine. The plain truth is that if I were but to obey my native animal instincts—and there was little scope for anything else whilst in the trenches—I should enlist again in any army in any future war, or take part in any sort of fighting, merely to experience again that voluptuous thrill of the human brute who realizes his power to take away life from other human beings who try to do the same thing to him. What was at first accepted as a moral duty became a habit, and the habit, according to the physiological law, has become a need.

I know I would not actually *do* it, because I, as a so-called civilized man, do obey other impulses than those of such animal instincts. But then—what about those millions of European soldiers, ignorant workers and peasants, who are used to act not according to individual reasoning about general facts which they ignore, anyway, but in obedience to the dictation of the common moral imperative that corresponds to the interests of their class? Is it not plain that, should their common interest become strong and evident enough to induce their class to set up a new system of social rights and customs, they will put their fighting instincts, acquired in the trenches, in the service of that other cause?

America, I hope and trust, will be spared this experience, not only because her military situation was, as explained at the outset, fundamentally different from that of Europe, but also because the economic prospect she offers to the returned soldier is so very much better than that which awaits the average European. I have no doubt that the psychological experience of a large percentage of the American doughboys has been similar to that of the small minority of the well-to-do and educated classes in Europe. With the latter, the bestializing influence of warfare has been—in many cases, effectually—counteracted by their intellectual ability to use their experience as a means of spiritual self-improvement, and by the wholesome effect of outdoor life, exercise, and responsibility on body and character. But the children of the wealthy who needed this experience to become men are a very small minority in Europe. And even with this minority their experience has been less of a gain spiritually than physically. Those who have improved their religious or idealistic outlook on the world and on society are very few.

Now I am quite prepared to admit that, even with the mass of the European soldiers, there are some items—but less important than the others, unfortunately—to be placed on the credit columns of the psychological balance-sheet of combatant life. Even the primitive fighting instincts encouraged by warfare are not all of a low animal, or anti-social, nature. The cultivation of solidarity, comradeship, *esprit de corps*, and heroism (even in its crude form of victory of the sense of obedience over fear), undoubtedly have led to some spiritual gains. Even the mere habituation to some sort of mechanical discipline may have been a gain in many cases, although mostly more than counterbalanced by a loss of the spirit of initiative, a reduction of the desire of per-

sonal activity, and a tendency to shift responsibility away, which are bound to prove a handicap to many ex-soldiers when returned to civilian life. But then, do we not find similar manifestations of a strong but crude and narrow spirit of class solidarity and group discipline in, say, the Bolshevik revolution in eastern Europe? Yet very few students of Russian conditions seem prepared to let these virtues atone for the crimes and mistakes of a system which is to a large extent the social crystallization of the psychological experience of the "gray brutes"—the former soldiers of the Czar.

It is possible that the Russian ordeal may be spared the rest of Europe, or at any rate its more civilized western part, thanks to its higher level of education, its democratic traditions, its lesser economic disorganization, and, last but not least, to the existence of a labor movement inspired by an ideal of constructive democracy, lofty enough to put a check on the purely destructive instincts of dissatisfied masses. But even so, conditions may arise which would put these masses beyond the control of the democratic labor movement. If this should be so, the ruling powers of Europe will find it difficult to banish the spirit of destruction which they have conjured up with millions who for four years have learned how easy it is to take away life, and may have learned the lesson too well.

To prevent this from happening—and the whole world has an interest that it should not happen—the rulers of Europe will have to follow another and more difficult course than repression and applying the quack cures that aim at eradicating Bolshevism by creating or maintaining the very conditions that have bred it in Russia and other countries where a despotic régime formerly prevailed. They will have to facilitate the gradual evolution of both the political and economic institutions of Europe toward the ideal of democracy, freedom, and equality of opportunities, which was first formulated by the American Declaration of Independence and by the French Droits de l'Homme, and in the struggle for which the Great War appears as a mere phase. Will they succeed or not? I do not profess to know. The answer lies largely with that grim, resolute-looking, silent, and enigmatic individual: the returned soldier. He has held the fate of civilization in his hands during four years of fighting. He still holds it now, as he is setting out to accomplish a task of which nobody can tell yet whether it will be the destruction of European civilization or its establishment on a broader and firmer foundation.

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# A MATTER OF SENTIMENT

## By Lawrence Perry

ILLUSTRATION BY W. J. ENRIGHT

TIMOTHY HARLOW, political boss of the city of Trentham, suddenly swung his rakish runabout from the county highway, turning into a rough dirt road which led toward the river. The comely, placid woman at his side glanced at him in surprise.

"Why, where are we going, Tim?" she asked. "This isn't the way. I'm sure I don't want to go in here."

Harlow brought his car to a stop a few feet from the river bank and swept his hand across country to the blue mountains beyond.

"What do you think of this for a site for the new hospital, mother?"

His wife smiled.

"There is a beautiful view of the mountains. But isn't it rather—remote?"

"No," frowned the man; "certainly not. What the doctors want always is area, isn't it? They're all the time talking about grounds, shade-trees, open

places—catch it? It's marshy. It would mean a lot of fill." Harlow grinned. "But that's my business—contracting."

"Business!" She glanced at him with humorous scorn. "I thought there was one day, Timothy, when——"

Harlow interrupted, laughing.

"Oh, of course! Of course! Sure, mother—that's right. I merely wanted your opinion as a woman, you understand. Well, off we go, eh?"

Harlow had been married twenty years —but he had never outgrown his love story, a pretty one. His wife was the only weakness Harlow was known to possess, unless an outgrowing vein of sentiment—chiefly manifested in extreme generosity in the matter of wedding presents and an addition to literature dealing with the softer emotions—be regarded as another.

He guided his car back to the main highway, and thereafter his wife found him so preoccupied that when they arrived home she restricted his supper to milk toast and tea and sent him to bed early with a strong dose of quinine for company.

He was well enough next morning to hurry through his breakfast and motor to his office, whither he summoned McGrath, president of the board of aldermen, Reilly, a lawyer, and Blenner, a real-estate operator and politician.

"Boys," he said, when all had arrived, "the growing public demand for a new hospital on a new site has been in evidence for a long time." He paused, swinging to and fro in his big rocking-chair while his listeners nodded. "Well, I've got the site in mind—so let's give them what they want without delay. The property is out on the river, about a quarter of a mile from the county road, and it's the exact place we want. There's plenty of good air— What?" He stared at McGrath, who seemed to be struggling between a laugh and a sneeze.

"I didn't say anything," replied the alderman.

"All right." Harlow turned to Reilly. "I want you to go to old Bloomer—he owns all this—and get an option on, say, twelve acres here; a month's option at, well, three thousand dollars an acre—thirty-six thousand dollars. Take it in Blenner's name. You're in on it, ain't you, Jake? And you, Mac?" he asked, as the real-estate man nodded smilingly.

The president of the aldermanic board shook his head.

"No—thanks; not on this. It's a little too close to my elbow. But go to it; don't mind me."

"I won't," Harlow said decidedly. "All right, Jake, you and me—eighteen thousand each. I'll see the mayor. Mac, you look after the rest of the board of apportionment—except young Jennings. I'll fix him—he looks like a hard nut."

"We could outvote him," suggested McGrath.

"I know." The boss shrugged. "But something more'n that's needed. Don't forget he's the good-government card of the administration—efficiency, incorruptibility, and all that sort of stuff. It was the mayor's idea to make a play to the public by appointing him. I was a little leary of him—and I am now."

"What's that got to do with outvoting him?" asked Blenner.

"Nothing," smiled Harlow, "except that if he opposes the scheme and kicks up a row he may get the public on its hind legs. Now, I'm not looking for an uprising of outraged citizens—especially when they're all so quiet and peaceful." Harlow smiled again. "I looked him up a little to-day." Harlow paused a moment, playing with a paper-weight. "He's engaged to be married to one of our well-known young society women who swings soup-kitchens and working-girls' homes on the side," he went on at length. "She likes the lime-light of public affairs—" He ceased speaking

McGrath, after waiting a moment for further speech, chuckled and leaned forward.

"I don't know the idea, chief," he said, "but I certainly feel I ought to hand it to you."

The boss nodded and swung around to his desk.

"You might drop in on him, Jake, and get his ideas. Let me know." He drew a long breath. "Well, boys, this is my busy day."

Two mornings later each of the city's morning newspapers contained enthusiastic descriptions, with half-tone cuts, of the proposed site for the new city hospital. The area, the opportunities for ex-

pansion of the hospital plant in years to come, the free air, and the beauty of the immediate and remote environment were extolled.

It was then that Blenner found occasion to stroll around to the office of the superintendent of public works, one of the newspapers in his hand.

Richard Jennings was busy, but he laid aside his affairs and sent word for the real-estate man to come in as soon as Blenner's card was laid upon his desk. Jennings was well-set, sinewy, with lean, smoothly shaven face and snapping hazel eyes.

"Good morning, Mr. Blenner," he said crisply, leaning back and motioning to a chair beside the desk.

"I see, Mr. Superintendent," laughed Blenner, settling himself into the chair and placing his hat upon the desk, "that you fellows have made up your minds to rob me."

"Rob you—how?"

"Why"—Blenner laughed again and held out the newspaper—"here. I see the city has its eyes—is considering some property of mine out on the river as a site for the hospital."

"So you're the owner," returned Jennings. "The papers didn't say."

"No," smiled the other, "I don't suppose they knew; nor any one. As a matter of fact"—he lowered his voice—"what I intended doing was to start a rival to Ryan's development, Breeze Manor, out toward Haledon. My property has the advantage of being within the city limits, near the trolley-line—it looks pretty good to me."

"Why not keep it, then?" Jennings, balancing a paper-knife, scrutinized the broad face of the man in front of him, who, at the words, started and looked up in apparent surprise.

"Why, I will," he laughed, "if the city doesn't want it. Only I thought it did; the mayor called me up and said so, and the controller wrote me; it's all in the paper."

"I know," nodded Jennings.

"It's a blame good property," Blenner went on. "The river is there; there's fine air and the best view anywhere——"

"It would cost the city—how much?" interpolated Jennings.

"I wouldn't sell it for a cent less than seventy-five thousand dollars," Blenner replied promptly.

"I see. The assessed valuation for that property is quite low."

"Assessed valuation, Mr. Superintendent, is only a technical means of arriving at selling value."

"That's true. You will observe, I am not asking you what you paid for it."

"No, you wouldn't do that," grinned the man, "because, after all, the value of a property lies in its actual value for the use to which the buyer intends to put it. Anyway, I don't mind saying I would make some profit out of its sale at the figure I named. Why not? I've got to figure on at least a little of what I calculated to make out of the development."

"True enough," replied Jennings, leaning forward so that he was slumped down upon the desk, his fingers running through his hair, his eyes turned to Blenner. "Nevertheless, I think you will be permitted to carry out your original intentions concerning this property—at least, so far as I am concerned. I looked over the site before I came to the office to-day. I regard it as totally unfit for the purposes contemplated. It is remote, unhealthy, and would cost a lot for reclamation."

Blenner, who had got what he came to learn, nodded clamly, and arose.

"I think I understand you, Mr. Superintendent," he said, reaching out his hand, smiling genially. He was a man whose smile as well as his words were compelling. "Every man to his own opinion. I don't care; the city can take it or leave it. Only," he added, turning away, "if the municipal deal doesn't go through I hope you will not have knocked the place so badly that nobody will come out there to buy lots." He laughed infectiously. Jennings laughed, too.

"I hope not, I am sure, Mr. Blenner. Good morning."

"Good morning." Blenner's bulky figure blocked the door and was gone.

For a few moments Jennings eyed that doorway with wrinkled brows. After examining the river site he had, as the boss had feared, "smelled something," and Blenner's visit had aroused every instinct of suspicion. But the geniality of the man, his apparent indifference as to Jennings's attitude, indicated either one of

two things: that he really didn't care whether the city took the property or not, or that he underestimated the young engineer's ability to block the purchase. As to this last, Jennings himself had some doubts, but he intended either to destroy or confirm them if the matter of sale came up before the board.

As he sat thinking, the telephone on his desk rang. He took up the receiver.

"Helen! Oh, say, Helen, I tried to get you twice this morning. I couldn't drop in on my way down; had to run out to the city line—important. I——"

"It must have been extremely important," came the laughing reply. "And our wedding only a month away—a month, sir! You are a keen lover, aren't you? But, never mind that—Dick, I have the grandest, the most exciting news to tell you. What do you think?" You'll keel over when you hear: I've just been appointed secretary of the advisory board of the new city hospital by Mayor Allerton. Isn't that stunning! You've no idea how crazy I am about it. We are to have our organization meeting this afternoon at the—but, Dick, what's the matter, you don't seem to care a bit."

"Yes, I do, Helen, a whole lot," replied Jennings. "It's only—I'm up to my ears. Of course I'm interested. I'll see you to-night at dinner."

"Good-by, Dick." There was a rueful, disappointed note in her voice which made Jennings wince, but he did not try to call her back. Instead, he sat with his hands clasped upon the table, looking vacantly out of a window.

Helen Latimer was a strikingly attractive girl whose ideals concerning the duty of her sex to the welfare of the city in which she lived were strong and rational. Her capacity for executive detail had led her out of the somewhat circumscribed and wholly innocuous life of young women of her set, so that, while not wholly abandoning her social affiliations, she had at the same time become identified, as Harlow had said, with many projects for the improvement of social conditions. She was equipped equally for shaking together a sodden, dispirited slum family and of presiding over a tea-table in a more favored environment. Ardent by nature, tremendously impulsive in her enthusiasms, she was a formidable partisan for any cause or movement that enlisted her interest.

When Jennings called that evening he found, as he had expected, that the girl's mind was filled almost exclusively with the hospital advisory board.

"It's the first time, dear," she exulted, "that the city has ever done anything of the sort—calling upon women, as well as men, for advice and assistance. Don't you consider it wonderful? And you haven't kissed me yet."

He caught her in his arms.

"Wonderful is the only word, Helen," he laughed. "Congratulations. It's fine—bully. I was busy as a pup when you called."

"Oh, I realized that a moment after I had spoken," she hastened to say. "I was awfully sorry. Of course you were busy." She led the way into the living-room, where her father and mother were, both mildly concerned lest the additional responsibilities devolving upon the girl should overtax her strength.

"Oh, I shouldn't worry, if I were you," laughed Jennings reassuringly. "By the way, Helen," he continued, turning to the girl, "I don't suppose anything special relating to the hospital was said to-day."

"No, nothing." She shook her head. "Except—oh, yes; Mrs. Allerton, the mayor's wife—a charming woman, Dick, a member of the committee—said that there were several sites to be considered, but that the place finally selected must have room for the institution to expand—of course, the city's growing—and with plenty of good light and air. Naturally, we all agreed with her." She glanced at the man. "I thought it eminently sensible. Don't you, Dick?"

"Oh, of course." He paused. "All other things being equal, that is," he added.

She smiled pityingly.

"That is always an absolutely meaningless sentence. Now, please translate."

Jennings nodded. He had been wondering all evening how he could say to her what he had in mind. To inform her, in the flush of her enthusiasm and pride, with all the ardent force of her temperament enlisted, that her appointment to this women's committee—that the very existence of the committee, in fact—was a political plot to influence him through his fiancée would, he perfectly understood,

be the height of folly. Anyway, it was little more than a keen suspicion. He might be wrong. But he could forewarn her as to the site, at all events.

"I have," he at length admitted, "been a little concerned over one of the sites which the board may be called upon to accept. It is out by the river, an adequate area, but altogether too remote; besides, it's marshy and there are quicksands there which would have to be treated at large cost before foundations could be laid."

"Well, of course," she agreed, "such a place, as you say, would be impossible."

"I'm glad you agree with me," he said eagerly, seizing her hand with pressure. "You haven't any idea how you please me."

"Why, Dick, of course I agree with you," she exclaimed. "How absurd! Now, please—let's be nice and forget about everything—but ourselves."

Two days later the board of apportionment met, and, after many items of the budget had been passed, amended, or set aside, the matter of an appropriation of seventy-five thousand dollars to purchase the South River Hospital site was deferred for two weeks at the suggestion of the mayor, who stated that investigation of the property had not yet been completed. This was done, and thus, automatically, were silenced Jennings as well as advocates of various other sites who, accompanied by hired spokesmen, had come to vent their indignation and make protest against the railroading through the board of a site of which nobody had heard until a day or two previously.

Final action was also deferred upon the appropriation to improve and bring up to modern efficiency the city water plant, a project which Jennings had originated and fathered—apparently with the good wishes and the backing of the administration. He had fully counted upon the passing of this item, and he voiced his indignation and disappointment over the delay.

"I cannot see," replied the mayor soothingly, "but what there is plenty of time on that proposition. I think, gentlemen, we will all be ready to pass that and the hospital appropriation together two weeks from to-day."

Jennings's jaws bulged at the corners as he observed the nodding heads of the board, recognizing perfectly the whip that was being held over him.

"I wish to say—" he began. But the mayor's gavel crashed on the desk and announcement was made adjourning the meeting.

Jennings's face was wrinkled in a deep frown as he left the board room and walked down-stairs to his offices. He had confidently counted upon the passage of his water-supply scheme, which he had reason to believe would solve the problem of cheap water and perfect filtration in such a way as to cause the proposed plant to stand as a model throughout the country. Now he knew the money would never be appropriated so long as he maintained his present attitude toward the hospital site.

A politician who stood close to Harlow had intimated only this morning that the easiest way was never to buck a granite wall but to find the gate and go through. But Jennings's way was never the easiest way—unless that way was honest and efficient and thorough as well as easy. He was a fighting man—fundamentally opposed to hewing other than straight to the line. Being so, he would have reckoned the failure of his water plan as a small price to pay for adherence to his convictions, much as it meant to his ambitions for the future. Now the set-back served merely to irritate him.

But, concerning Helen, Jennings was genuinely alarmed. She was enlisted heart and soul in the hospital plan and had come, as it seemed, as the days passed, to accept the homage and dependence of her colleagues of the advisory board as her very breath of life. He could easily see where their opposed views had already resulted in a subtle change of relation; her ardent temperament was a phase of character to which he had not as yet entirely adjusted himself. He tried, not altogether successfully, to combat the conviction that she had lost her head. Yet so cleanly cut was the issue that he had no alternative to his course—Miss Latimer, apparently, was in no mood to seek alternatives.

He was thoroughly depressed as he left his office early in the afternoon and motored to the station to meet the dean of the scientific school which had graduated

him. The result of the conference and visit to the site appeared next afternoon under heavy head-lines in the *Star*. A copy of the paper was brought into the meeting of the advisory committee at the mayor's residence, and Allerton read the salient points of the article aloud.

When he had finished he glanced at Helen Latimer, who raised her hands resignedly, her eyes suffused with disappointment and indignation. Jennings had been out of town, but she expected him this evening and would speak to him.

"I hope so," returned the mayor softly. "I am afraid he is getting the public needlessly excited—yet Doctor Hopkins and other members of the administration agree with me that it shall be this site or none. Better no site than the wrong one." Allerton was a smooth, gentlemanly fellow whose brains fitted him for great things while his character and instincts qualified him for what he was, a tool. He had been quite convincing to the girl throughout.

When Jennings called for dinner shortly before seven o'clock she greeted him with heightened color.

"I am so glad you have come, Richard." Her voice was strained; she was obviously overwrought. "I have so wanted to speak to you."

Detecting her mood and desiring that she approach the question at issue in a more equable frame of mind, he suggested that they wait until after dinner, and concluded with a smiling commonplace which she ignored.

"I can't wait, Richard," she cried. "Richard, this hospital matter is the dearest thing in my life—next to you——"

"Next to me!" His laugh was tinged with bitterness as he followed her into the library.

"Dick!" She came toward him impulsively. "After all, is this so serious as we are making it? Isn't it the simplest thing in the world? Here the city is willing to buy a site, a site so peculiarly favorable that they declare it's the only one they'll consider—don't you understand? It means that perhaps we'll have *no* hospital if you persist. A decent hospital has been our crying need for years. Don't I put it fairly?"

"Helen," he asked, "doesn't it strike you as fishy when the city says it will take a certain site, or none? Even——"

"It doesn't, under the circumstances," she interrupted. "That property is commonly regarded as far the best place available—except by you and a few non-resident engineers."

"The distance from the city——"

"We're to have motor-ambulances."

"The whole district, I'm assured, Helen, is malarial."

"Doctor Hopkins," she replied, "says it is not, that the condition is due to the way in which the people have lived out there."

"Hopkins is the health officer, Helen, and says what Harlow and the rest pay him to say."

"What about Doctor Lockwood?"

Jennings laughed shortly, saying that he was Harlow's physician.

"Well," she flashed, "he is the physician of a great many fine families, too—the most prominent medical man in this city." A flush had mounted to her cheeks and her eyes were sparkling. "Do you know, Richard, that all you have said confirms my belief that your attitude is academic. You see in the site some absurd technical flaws and you allow them to color everything."

"As to that," returned Jennings, "why not let the public judge when the facts are all before them? I have——"

"The public!" Her eyes were scornful. "Of course the public will side with you. And why? Because it always must have a sensation; or is always ready to have it, I mean. Is there anything, Richard, the crowd will take up sooner than a cry of graft or public scandal?" She paused a moment. "Why, even Uncle Edward said to me only this morning that your stand was absurd."

"Your uncle may have his opinion," retorted Jennings, his voice for the first time losing its tolerant, half-playful cast. "Do I understand," he added, "that I have to see you take the word of a crowd of political grafters and their wives and tools against mine?"

Her hand raised swiftly.

"That is not the way to put it, Dick—not the manly and chivalrous way. It is merely that you have taken one stand,—the city officials another—and that I happen to agree with them. It isn't pos-

sible, Dick, that you wish to prevent my having a mind and opinions of my own!"

"I don't think that remark is in point——"

"Isn't it? Why, pray?" she demanded.

"Because," he explained, "it isn't a case of your opinion or my opinion or anyone else's opinion—it is simply a plainly marked issue between right and wrong."

"And you, as usual, right."

"Helen!"

She studied him a moment.

"Dick, I am sure I don't know where we are drifting; we are beginning to say some nasty things——"

"I fancied I had heard something of that nature several times." He turned away as though signifying that the discussion was at an end. "The land is practically irreclaimable; it would cost an immense amount of money to prepare it for buildings of any size—and that is only one point against it."

"We've had reports from four engineers who examined the site for our committee. They say you are wrong. Yes, wrong!"

Jennings grimaced disagreeably.

"Owen, Billings, and Newman!" he jibed, his professional instincts now outraged. "A precious trio of venal experts!" He snapped his fingers. "Haven't you read and studied what my engineers are saying—big men in their profession, not municipal hacks?" In the heat of debate all the combativeness of his strong nature had slowly but surely become aroused, so that it was probable he totally forgot with whom he was arguing, regarding Helen impersonally, as merely the physical spokesman of an underground plot. He brought his fist into his palm. "Or," added, "are you wilfully misled?"

"Dick, have you any idea what you are saying?" Her voice was thrilling in its intensity.

Brought instantly to himself, Jennings started forward, but she recoiled, facing him with an air of tragedy.

"Richard, haven't we gone rather beyond that? I'm afraid—yes, I'm afraid I have gained an illuminating idea what our married life might be."

"Helen! I'm sorry. I—I was angry and said more——"

"I am not to have any opinion of my own—and any I might happen to have would be wrong if it didn't agree——"

"Have I ever given you any warrant for what you are saying?" His voice was stern.

"You have to-night," she answered swiftly, "the very first time our views were opposed. And yet"—there were tears in her eyes—"I've only held the highest ideals for the city—the highest! Yet you accuse me and Mrs. Allerton and Mrs. Lockwood, and other kindly people, of being in league with politicians who wish to defraud the city! Good Heavens, Dick, isn't it possible to conceive that even a politician might have a lofty, humane, patriotic instinct——"

"It is possible, but not probable—in Trentham."

She hesitated a moment before speaking, and when she opened her lips her voice was calm.

"Richard, I have heard that the greatest danger which those bent on reforms of various sorts have to face is an overzealous enthusiasm which destroys perspectives and makes them a greater menace than the conditions they assail. I think that is so. I have tried to guard against it in my work."

"Your inference," he rejoined bitterly, "is that I am a crank with a mental twist."

"No, not my inference, Richard Jennings. I merely warn you of the danger. I, for my part, realize the truth of some of the things you say. I am sufficiently broad to see that it would be better if the distance were less great; that it would be better if the site were in more alluring condition; that it would be—Richard, it would be better, of course, if we had a new hospital already built and in the centre of the city. But we haven't. Let us take, then, the best we can get. You say political interests will make money out of this purchase. I can't agree; I simply cannot. It is true, I suppose a city seldom gets anything without putting money in some one's pocket, illegitimate money, I mean, but——"

"And you approve of that?"

"Approve! Richard Jennings, how perfectly horrid you are! No, I don't. I am mindful of the larger good, though."

"Casuistry." Jennings shrugged his

despair. "Helen, if I thought you realized all you were saying——"

She interrupted; she had never been so thoroughly mastered by indignant emotions.

"I see! I am a child, irresponsible—or, no: I am one of a pack of knaves bent upon robbing the city. That is your opinion—is it?"

"Helen," he rejoined, "I decline to carry on this discussion a moment longer. You are agitated—not yourself. Now, think a moment, and tell me, Helen, whether or not you would respect me for doing something against my honest convictions merely because you wanted me to?—bribed by my love for you?"

"I don't respect you when you are not broad-minded, when you are narrow and priggish and self-satisfied." She heard his sharp indrawing of breath and paused abruptly. "I beg your pardon, Richard, I didn't intend to express my thoughts so baldly. You intend to continue to fight this matter?"

"I most certainly do."

She had placed her fingers about the engagement-ring as she asked the question. Now, upon his answer, she whipped it off and held it out to him. He stepped close to her, placing his hand upon her shoulder.

"Helen! You don't mean this!"

She released herself from his hand, stepping backward with white face. Her fingers opened, permitting the ring to drop to the floor. Then deep lines suddenly formed upon Jennings's face. Without a word he turned and went out of the house.

Two days later Harlow's acumen was made manifest when the two morning newspapers presented a symposium of expert opinion favoring the proposed site, thereby anticipating by a few hours the *Star's* heaviest salvo. Already Harlow's manipulation had resulted in a state of uncertainty regarding the merits of the hospital matter, even among the solid body of good citizenship; the present conflict left the thinking public more bewildered than ever; for the testimony which had been collected from venial or contentious, if scientific, sources made an imposing show in the newspaper columns.

It was at this juncture, with victory apparently in his grasp, that one of Harlow's detectives—who had been engaged in an unavailing effort to find Jennings's weaknesses—brought the boss word of the quarrel. The chieftain, throughout, had viewed the relations of the young couple only in the abstract, only as an element to be played as a pawn in his game, just as he would have assailed other points in Jennings's character or human relations that appealed to him as vulnerable. Now he jerked his head sharply upward.

"No!"

"Yes," the detective nodded smilingly. "McIntosh Brothers, who had orders for the invitations, have received word to can them."

Harlow arose slowly and began to pace up and down the floor. He had not counted upon a dénouement of this sort, entertaining no idea that Jennings, in the end, would not yield to the girl he loved. A spat or two, perhaps—then, tears and a general breaking up of the whole situation. While he was mentally and morally incapable of understanding the fibre of a man like Jennings, he had, at the same time, a sufficient fineness of instinct to be impressed. He had, in fact, seen something of the sort in his wife more than once; but, then, she was a sainted being, like unto nothing that breathed. But a young man just starting out in life, and ambitious politically! Harlow scowled. The last thing in the world he wanted to do was to smash forever a romance between two fine young people who ought to be in each other's arms right now. A happy home broken—children! He mopped his head.

"McCoy, here I've got this deal rigged so that it can't miss out. Jennings is licked to a pulp—everything greased. All right," as the detective nodded. "Then that fool and his girl go and pull this thing! Haven't they got any sense?" This man, who cursed a play that ended badly for the hero and heroine, who habitually read the last chapter of a novel first in order to make sure of a romantically satisfactory ending, swung his arms wrathfully at the detective, ordering him out of the office.

Then, locking his door, he continued to pace up and down until after sundown. Eventually he went home to his wife, and after dinner he spread his perplexity before her as he did all his perplexities.

"So you see, mother," he said, playing

with his coffee-cup, completing his recital of the case, "I didn't have any dope that this chap, as soon as he got the high sign from his girl, wouldn't switch around to our side. Good Lord! Haven't I always done what you said—always?"

Mrs. Harlow smiled softly.

"I don't want to bust those two up," he continued as she remained silent. "That Jennings is a smart young fellow, and the girl—what's the sense of their acting so? I know how I'd 'a' felt if some one had busted us up years ago—and that's no joke, either." He arose and laid his hand gently upon her hair.

"It isn't dishonest—what you were trying to have Mr. Jennings do?" she asked, looking up at him. "No, of course, it wouldn't be that," she hastened to add.

"Sure not," he replied. "It's politics. We're the party in power, and I'm the head of the party. The city wants to buy land——"

"I understand; so you buy it first and sell it for more than you paid——"

"It's the way all business is run—" he began, but she interrupted again.

"Timothy," she asked gently, "is it necessary for you to put this deal, as you call it, through?" As he stared at her she arose, facing him smilingly. "You always have 'deals,' Timothy," she went on. "Sometimes, as you know, I haven't approved of them. But I'm afraid I was weak; I liked money—just as well as you, I suppose, because we used to have so little of it. But—but I've been wondering if we haven't too much, or at least quite enough, now? I've been wondering a long time, Timothy Harlow. We're not a bit happier to-day than when we opened our first home——"

"Our first home!" Harlow's eyes grew vacant. His arm slipped about her waist. "Our first home!" He glanced at her, his face softened. "Happy days, mother. There never were such days—me working, you working—no, no days like those."

"Then think of others that are just about to begin. You've worked on them both, got them so aroused and angry and distracted that they have fought with each other. A home gone—no love—no children. Timothy Harlow, is it worth seventy-five thousand dollars to us?" He was looking at the floor and did not reply. "Not to me it isn't," she continued decidedly. "No, nor seventy-five million."

"Listen to her rave!" He laughed uneasily. "I can't call it off, mother; it's against the grain. Think it over: seventy-five thousand is a nice little piece of money for me and Blenner to let slip."

"Timothy Harlow, look at me." His eyes were blinking as they obediently sought her face. "Tim, you've been going through life, doing things, making money, gaining power. I—I have always loved you, you know that—and I've admired you. But, do you know, boy, I've been praying, as I've grown older, that before—before we separated a time would come when you would do something big, so that I could look at you and—and, yes, worship you, Timothy. You may say you've been charitable; so you have been. But you got the return you wanted—votes. Now the real test has come, and I'm glad."

"Mother——!"

"I haven't said all this before because—well, because I haven't known just how; because I couldn't see anything for you to do. Now I see it—your chance to be fine and big and strong. It's all so clear that something said to me what I said to you."

"My chance?" He was studying her solemnly, reverently.

"Your chance, yes," she rejoined. "Your God-given chance. You go and see this young woman, Timothy. Fix this thing for them. You can; you can fix anything." She pushed him into the hall and handed him his hat. "Don't think about it—just go and *do* it—and you'll return home a new man in my sight. Go, Timothy Harlow!"

She saw him down the steps and then, shutting the door, turned into the dining-room, a little smile playing upon her lips.

Not a great while later Harlow's card was brought to Helen Latimer. She was in no mood for callers, but curiosity concerning this unexpected visit took her at once to the drawing-room, where she faced the boss, breathing quickly, her face flushed. She had suffered in the past forty-eight hours—the man could see that—and in his bluff, hearty way he came straight to the point.

"I hear from the mayor's wife that you



Harlow's head was thrust forward, his jaw out. "Miss Latimer, you look as if you had the right stuff in you—good stuff."—Page 448.

two—you and Jennings—are on the outs. What I mean," he started to explain as she drew back, "is——"

Her voice silenced him.

"I understand perfectly what you mean, Mr. Harlow. I—I was merely wondering how to tell you that the matter you speak of is—is purely a personal one."

"You're right," returned Harlow doggedly, "that's what it is. I've been won-

dering all the way here how I could duck that side of it; but I couldn't—no way around it. So I had to come out straight."

"I see." She smiled, but Harlow detected a quivering of her lip. "So," she added, after a slight pause, "if that is all you came to see me about——"

The boss's head was shaking negatively. That was not all, he declared; that, in fact, was the least part of it. She had turned suggestively toward the door, but at his words she faced him curiously.

"The least part?"

"Yes," he chuckled. "To come to the point, the city's been in wrong on that hospital site." Her face paled and her eyes were searching him anxiously. "Here's the idea," he explained. "This young Jennings of yours is a clever fellow; they don't make them any more so, nor any straighter——"

"Mr. Harlow——!"

But he held her with his hard blue eyes.

"Now, let me get this out of me, miss, if you please—because I've never in my life admitted I was a sucker, and, as I see it now, I'm only going to do it once—I mean, right now. I was a sucker on this hospital-site proposition, and so was the mayor and Doc Lockwood—and you, and everybody, except Jennings."

"You mean——"

"I mean that ground is not fit to build a section shanty on. That's right," as she started. "I can prove it. It looked good to me up till now—all of us had it all wrong. We thought it was Jennings had his wires crossed. But he knew. We tried to force him—for the good of the city—used all the pressure we could apply; but there was nothing doing. You also——"

She confronted him, her eyes burning.

"Please, Mr. Harlow! You have said all that is necessary, I think."

"Well, I don't think," Harlow retorted. "Not by a long shot."

"Please, Mr. Harlow!" There were tears in her eyes. "Oh, I have been such a fool! Such an utter fool!" Her face was now in her handkerchief, her shoulders heaving. Harlow waited a moment, then spoke impressively.

"You were only sticking to what you thought was right—just as he was."

"But," she said tragically, "I might have known Richard was right. He's always right." She looked at him defiantly. "Richard Jennings couldn't be wrong!"

"Sure," smiled Harlow. "That's what I've always said about Mrs. Harlow, my wife. And it's a good line of dope, too, to have some one in the family that's right more often than the rest of us."

Helen Latimer's face had hardened.

"Mr. Harlow, I'm sure I thank you for what you have said. The—the knowledge comes too—too late, of course, but—" Her voice broke. "Now you will leave me, won't you please?"

"In just a minute." Harlow's head was thrust forward, his jaw out. "Miss Latimer, you look as if you had the right stuff in you—good stuff; you look it. I wonder if you've got enough of it to go right around to Dick Jennings's house now and say to him what you've just said to me: 'Dick Jennings, you were right—and I was wrong.' Just say that to him." He paused a second. "I wonder if you've got the stuff?"

Her face was shining now, her dark eyes wide and eager.

"Oh, I—I wouldn't dare. It——"

"I was only wondering," interposed Harlow musingly, "whether you had the stuff. I guess I bet wrong; I bet you had."

"Mr. Harlow"—her voice thrilled him—"I have the—the 'stuff,' as you say, but oh, cannot you see, he—he wouldn't give me the opportunity; he wouldn't listen. And I do not blame him one bit."

Harlow's bluff laughter filled the room.

"Wouldn't he! Well, for a reserved young man he seemed mighty tickled when I telephoned him about fifteen minutes ago and explained about the city being in wrong and him right——"

"Oh, the city!" Her voice shook with disappointment.

"Oh, *you* were mentioned," laughed the boss. "But I said no—I said he had better wait until you——"

There was a quick step upon the threshold. Harlow looked up quickly, and then, blushing like a boy, he nodded at Jennings.

"I guess he couldn't wait," Harlow said. "Good night!" Fairly running down the hallway, he opened the door and slammed it behind him. He stood for a moment gazing down the moonlit street. He nodded his head solemnly.

"And," he said slowly, "they lived happy ever afterward."



Water furnishes the only means of transportation.
Part of the author's expedition. Travelling in native boats on the rivers of Borneo.

# A GREAT NATIVE FESTIVAL IN CENTRAL BORNEO

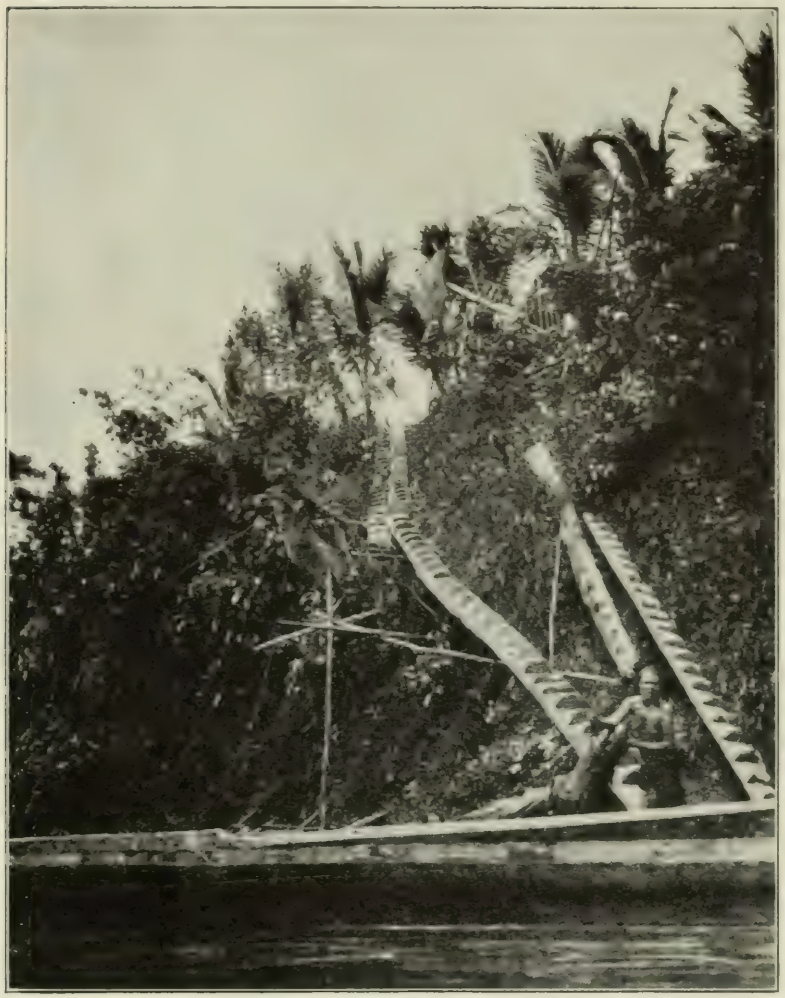
BY CARL LUMHOLTZ
Author of "Among Cannibals," "Unknown Mexico," "Through Central Borneo," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

DURING my two years' travel in Borneo, between the years 1913 and 1917, I found the most interesting tribes in the central part of the island. Some very attractive Dayaks, as most natives of Borneo are called, are living along the upper course of the Mahakam River, as, for instance, the Oma-Sulings and the Long-Glats. Others like the Penihings, though less engaging, appeal much to the student of human races on account of their somewhat more primitive and crude condition. All the tribes of the upper Mahakam River, numbering about ten thousand natives, are comprised under the name Bahau and are, comparatively speaking, newcomers in this region, having immigrated there from Apo Kayan nearly two hundred years ago.

There is a good deal of divergence in

regard to habits and customs of the different tribes of Borneo, and even in temperament a certain difference may be observed. But their religious ideas are practically the same. If there is any one thing that these natives with their strong animistic beliefs agree upon, it is in their apprehension of evil spirits and the courting of good ones.



Stairways of a kampong (village).

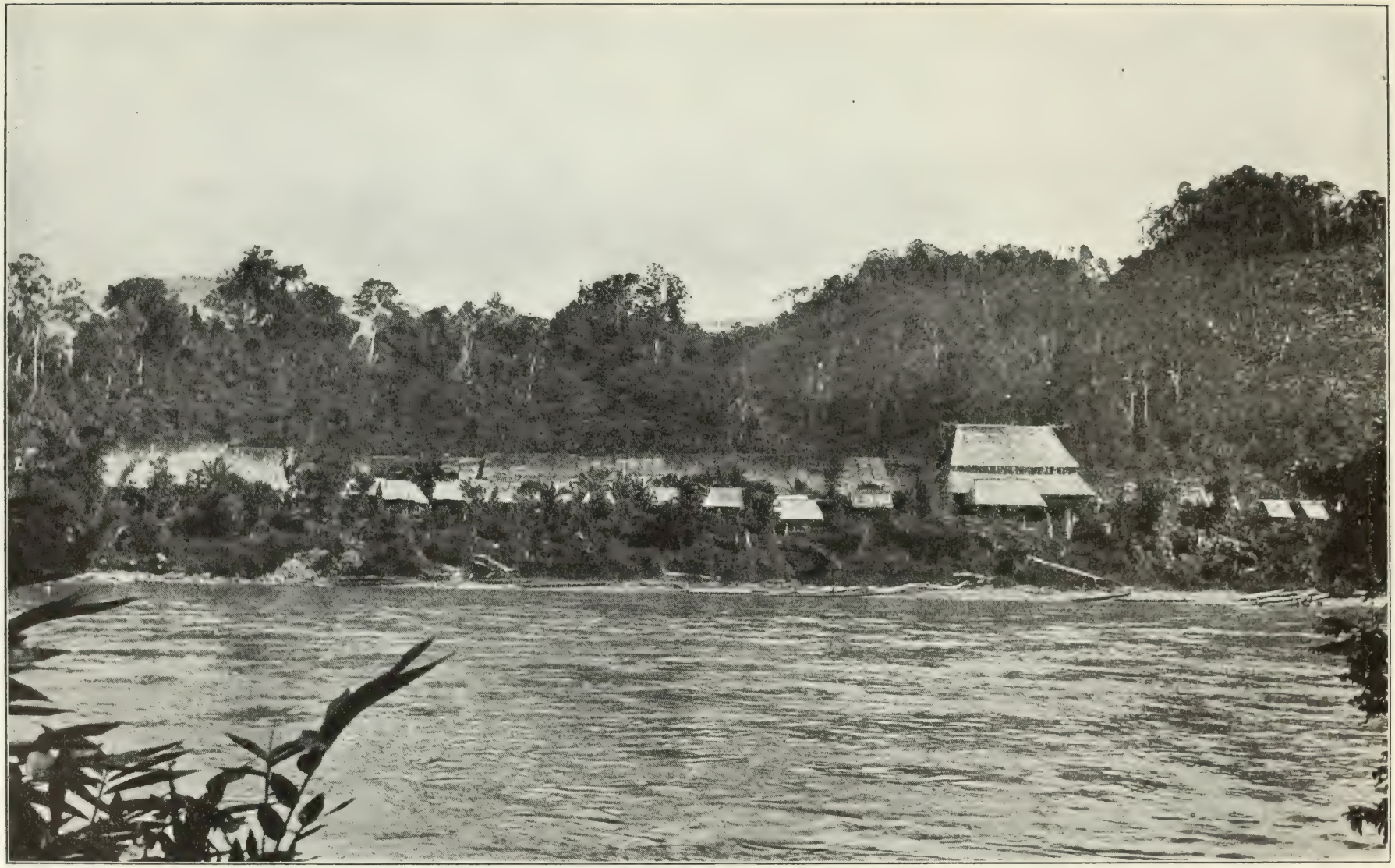
The banks of the rivers are generally steep and necessitate the use of stairs. Primitive ladders as here shown furnish the means of access from water to kampong.

The spirits, whether good or bad, are usually known by the name antoh, and, the aspect of evil being predominant in human minds, the mention of the word is enough to cause a shudder even to some Malays. To drive away malevolent antohs and attract benignant ones is the problem in the life philosophy of the Dayaks. The evil ones not only make him ill and cause his death, but they are at the bottom of all troubles in life. In order to attract the good ones sacrifices are made of a fowl, a pig, a water-buffalo, or, formerly, a slave. Hens' eggs may also be proffered, but usually as adjuncts to the sacrifice of an animal. If a child is ill the Katingan makes a vow that he will give Antoh from three to seven eggs or more if the child becomes well. If it fails to recover the offering is not made.

I was fortunate enough to be present at an unusual effort of the Dayaks to placate good spirits in order to gain manifold material benefits. Shortly after my arrival at Long Tjehan on the Mahakam River, I learned that a great festival, there called tása, was to come off at an Oma-Suling kampong (village) farther down the river. It is observed by all the Bahau natives, occurs only every three years, and lasts ten days.

Though a journey there might be accomplished in one day, down with the current, three or four times as long would be required for the return. However, as another chance to see such a festival probably would not occur, I decided to go, leaving the sergeant, the soldier-collector, and another soldier behind, and two days later we were preparing for departure in three prahus.

What with making light shelters against sun and rain (in Malay called atap), usually erected for long journeys, the placing of split bamboo sticks in the bottom of my prahu, and with the Penihings evidently unaccustomed to such work, it was eight o'clock before the start was made. Pani, a small tributary forming the boundary between the Penihings and the Kayans, was soon left behind, and two hours later we passed Long Blu, the great Kayan kampong. The weather was superb and the current carried us swiftly along. The great Mahakam River presented several fine, extensive views, with hills on either side, thick



A Dayak kampong, or village.

These natives live in long communal houses, one to three houses in a village; one of these can be seen behind the row of sheds which are used for storage. The larger building to the right is that of the chief. This is the Kenyah kampong, Long Telaban, on the Kayan River.

white clouds moving slowly over the blue sky. As soon as we entered the country of the Oma-Suling it was pleasant to observe that the humble cots of the ladangs had finely carved wooden ornaments standing out from each gable.

We arrived at Long Pahangei (*h* pronounced as Spanish jota) early in the afternoon. Gongs were playing, but very few people were there and no visitors at all, although this was the first day of the feast. This is a large kampong, lying at the mouth of a tributary of the same name, and it is the residence of a native district kapala. After I had searched everywhere for a quiet spot the kapala showed me a location in a clump of jungle along the river bank which, when cleared, made a suitable place for my tent. Our Penihings were all eager to help, some clearing the jungle, others bringing up the goods as well as cutting poles and bamboo sticks. Evidently they enjoyed the work, pitching into it with much gusto and interest. The result was a nice though limited camping place on a narrow ridge, and I gave each man one stick of tobacco as extra payment.

During our stay here much rain fell, steady downpours lasting a night or half a day. As the same condition existed higher up the river, at times the water rose menacingly near my tent, and for one night I had to move away. But rain in these tropics is never merciless, it seems to me. Back from the coast there is seldom any wind, and in the knowledge that at any time the clouds may give place to brilliant sunshine, it is not at all depressing. Of course, it is better to avoid getting wet through, but when this occurs little concern is felt because one's clothing dries so quickly.

The Oma-Sulings are pleasant to deal



The Raja Besar (great chief) and his wife.

This Dayak was the greatest chief met on the journey, and both he and his wife were very friendly.



Lidju, a Dayak noble, in holiday attire, with his wife.

This man befriended the author in various ways, and his wife, who was a sister of the great Raja (see opposite page), was the most prominent priest-doctor at Long Pahangei.

with, being bashful and unspoiled. The usual repulsive skin-diseases are seldom seen and the women are attractive. There appears to have been, and still is, much intercourse between the Oma-Sulings and their equally pleasant neighbors to the east, the Long-Glats. Many of the latter came to the feast, and there is much intermarrying among the nobles of the two tribes. Lidju, my assistant and friend here, was a noble of the Long-Glats, with the title of Raja, and married a sister of

the great chief of the Oma-Sulings. She was the principal of the numerous female blians (priest-doctors) of the kampong, slender of figure, active both in her profession and in domestic affairs, and always very courteous. They had no children. Although he did not speak Malay very well, still, owing to his earnestness of purpose, Lidju was of considerable assistance to me.

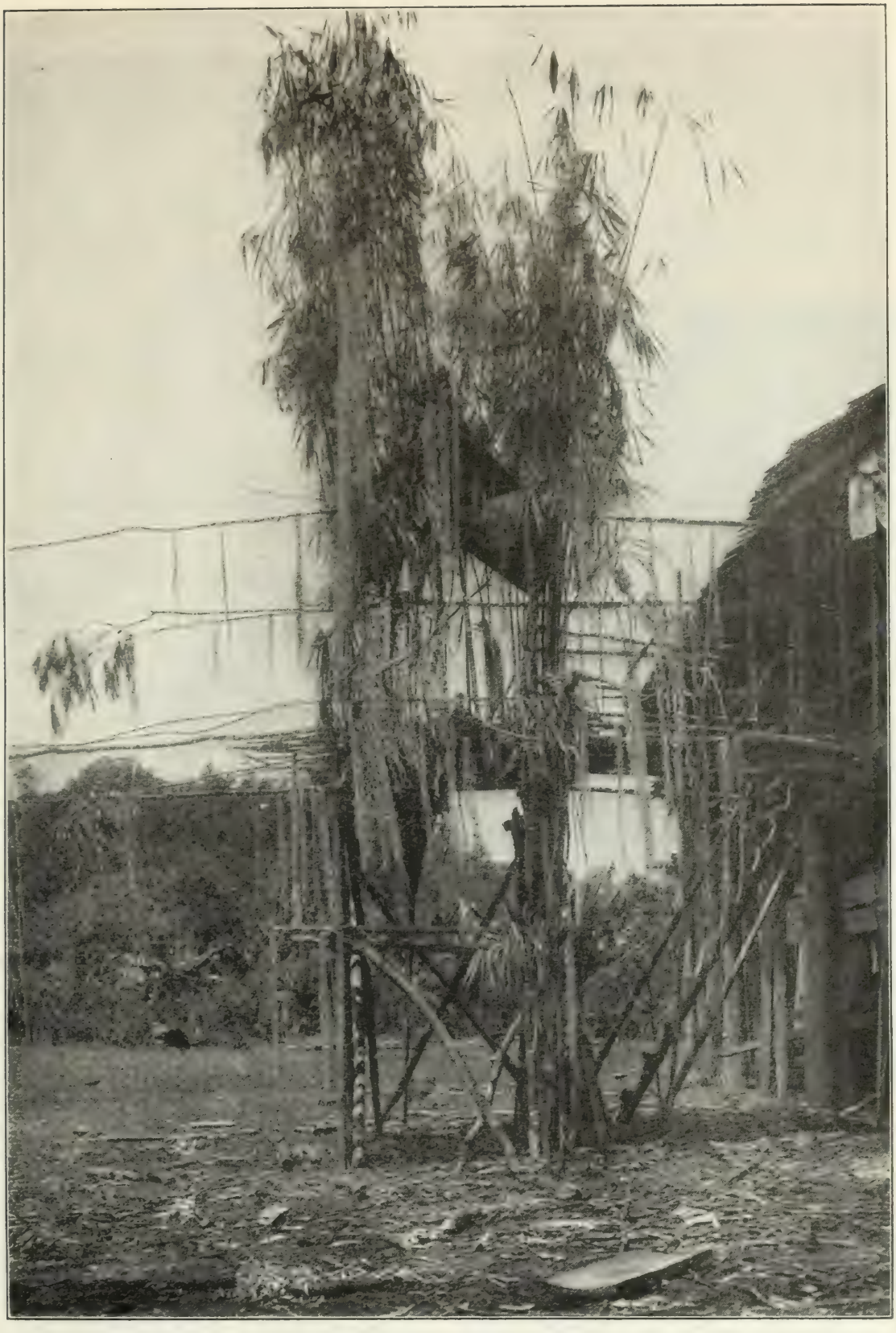
The kampong consists of several long houses of the usual Dayak style, lying in a row and following the river course, but here they were separated into two groups with a brook winding its way to the river between them. Very large drums, nearly four metres long, hung on the wall of the galleries, six in one house, with the head somewhat higher than the other end. This instrument, slightly conical in shape, is formed from a log of fine-grained wood, light in color, with a cover made from wild ox-hide. An especially constructed iron tool driven by blows from a small club is used to hollow out the log, and the drum is usually completed in a single night, many men taking turns.

The purpose of the great feast that filled everybody's thoughts is to obtain many children, a plentiful harvest, good health, many pigs, and much fruit. A prominent Dayak said to me: "If we did not make this feast there would not be many children; the paddi would not ripen well, or would fail; wild beasts would eat the fowls and there would be no bananas or other fruits." The first four days are chiefly taken up with preparations, the festival occurring on the fifth and sixth days. A place of worship adjoining the front of the easternmost house was being constructed, with a floor high above ground on a level with the gallery, with which it was connected by a couple of planks for a bridge. Although flimsily built, the structure was abundantly strong to support the combined weight of the eight female blians who at times performed therein. The hut, which was profusely decorated with long hanging wood shavings, is called dángei, and is an important adjunct of the feast, to which the same name is sometimes given. Ordinary people are not allowed to enter, though they may ascend the ladder, giving access to the gallery, in close proximity to the sanctuary.

Prior to the fifth day a progressive scale is observed in regard to food regulations, and after the sixth, when the festive high mark is reached, there is a corresponding decrease to normal. Only a little boiled rice is eaten the first day, but on the second, third, and fourth, rations are gradually increased by limited additions of toasted rice. The fifth and sixth days give occasion for indulgence in much rice and pork, the quantity being reduced on the seventh, when the remaining pork is finished. On the eighth and ninth days the regulations permit only boiled and toasted rice. Not much food remains on the tenth, when the menu reverts to boiled rice exclusively. Some kinds of fish may be eaten during the ten-day period, while others are prohibited.

It was interesting to observe what an important part the female blians or priest-doctors played at the festival. They were much in evidence and managed the ceremonies. The men of the profession kept in the background and hardly one was seen. During the feast they abstain from bathing for eight days, do not eat the meat of wild babi (pig) nor salt, and continence is the rule. Every day of the festival, morning, afternoon, and evening, a service is performed for imparting health and strength, called mélah, of which the children appear to be the chief beneficiaries. Mothers bring babes in cradles on their backs, as well as their larger children. The blian, who must be female, seizing the mother's right hand with her left, repeatedly passes the blade of a big knife up her arm. The child in the cradle also stretches out its right arm to receive treatment, while other children and women place their right hands on the hand and arm of the first woman; five to ten individuals thus simultaneously receiving the passes which the blian dispenses from left to right. She accompanies the ceremony with murmured expressions suggesting removal from the body of all that is evil, exhortations to improvement, etc.

This service concluded, a man standing in the background holding a shield with the inside uppermost, advances to the side of the mother and places it horizontally under the cradle, where it is rapidly moved forward and backward. Some of the men also presented themselves for treatment after the manner above de-



The dángei hut, a flimsy wooden structure with bamboo decorations, erected for the special purpose of the festival.

scribed, and although the mélah performance is usually reserved for this great feast, it may be employed by the blian for nightly service in curing disease.

This was followed by a dance of the blians present, nine or ten in number, to the accompaniment of four gongs and one drum. They moved in single file, most of them making two steps and a slight turn to left, two steps and a slight turn to right, while others moved straight on. In this way they described a drawn-out

circle, approaching an ellipse, sixteen times. After the dancing, those who took part in the ceremonies ate toasted rice. Each day of the feast, in the afternoon, food was given to benevolent spirits by blians and girl pupils. Boiled rice, a small quantity of salt, some dried fish and boiled fowl were wrapped in pieces of banana leaves and two such small parcels were offered on each occasion.



Three Long-Glat young women of the nobility.

The ornaments around the hips and on the sash and hem of the skirts are silver coins.

Meantime the festive preparations continued. Many loads of bamboo were brought in, because much rice and much pork was to be cooked in these handy utensils provided by nature. Visitors were slowly but steadily arriving. On the fourth day came the principal man, the Raja Besar (great chief), who resides a little farther up the river, accompanied by his family. The son of a Long-Glat father and an Oma-Suling mother, Ledjuli claimed to be raja not only of these tribes but also of the Kayans. Next morning Raja Besar and his wife, a stately Oma-Suling noble, accompanied by the kapala of the kampong and others, paid me a visit, presenting me with a long sugar-cane, a somewhat rare product in these parts and considered a great delicacy, one large papaya, white onions, and bananas. In return I gave one cake of chocolate, two French tins of meat, one tin of boiled ham and tobacco.

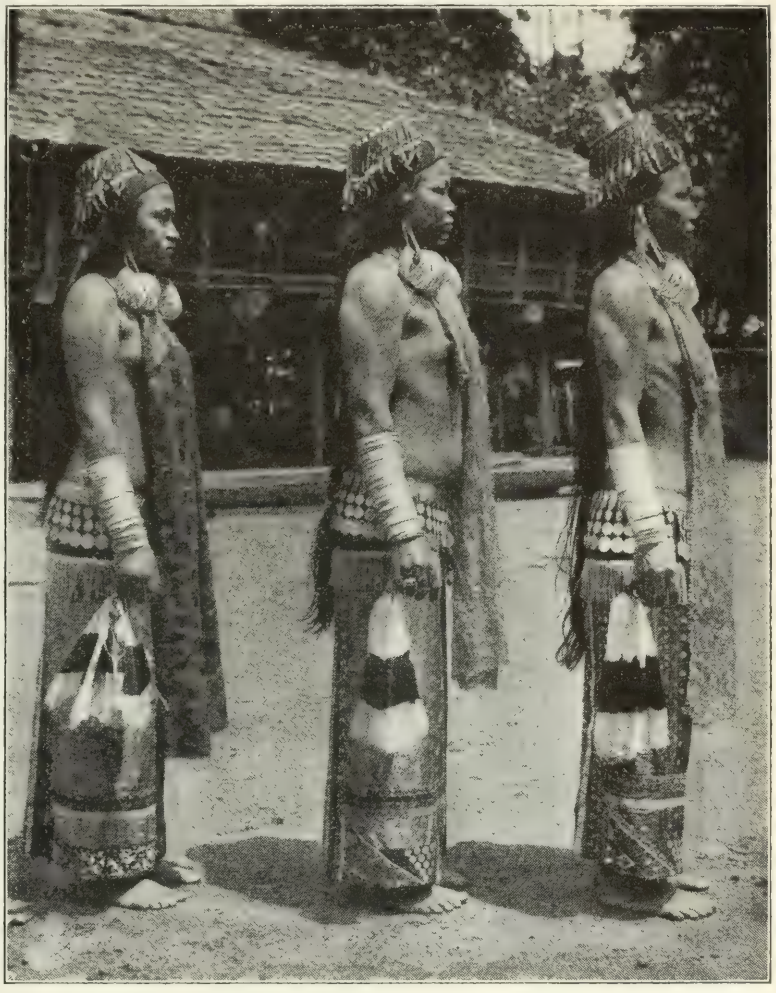
Domestic pigs, of which the kampong possessed over a hundred, at last began to come in from the outlying ladangs (fields). One by one they were carried alive on the backs of men. The feet having first been tied together, the animal was enclosed in a coarse network of rattan or fibre. For the smaller specimens tiny, close-fitting bamboo boxes had been made, pointed at one end to accommodate the snout. The live bundles were deposited on the galleries, and on the fifth day they were lying in rows and heaps, sixty-six in number, awaiting their ultimate destiny. The festival was now about to begin in earnest, and an air of expectancy was evident in the faces of the natives. After the performance of the mélah and the dance of the blians—and these were a daily feature of the great occasion—a dance hitherto in vogue at night was danced in the afternoon. In this the people, in single file, moved very slowly, with rhythmical steps, describing a circle, around three blians, including the principal one, who sat smoking in the centre, with some bamboo baskets near by. Next morning the circular dance was repeated with the difference that the participants were holding on to a rope.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the Dayaks began to kill the pigs by cutting the artery of the neck. The animals, which were in surprisingly good condition, made little outcry. The livers were

examined and, if found to be of bad omen, were thrown away, but the pig itself is eaten in such cases, though a full-grown fowl or a tiny chicken only a few days old must be sacrificed in addition. The carcasses were freed from hair by fire in the usual way and afterward cleaned with the knife. The skin is eaten with the meat, which at night was cooked in bamboo. Outside, in front of the houses, rice cooking had been going on all day. In one row there were perhaps fifty bamboos, each stuffed with envelopes of banana leaves containing rice, the parcels being some thirty centimetres long and three wide.

During the night there was a grand banquet in all the houses. Lidju, my assistant, did not forget, on this day of plenty, to send my party generous gifts of fresh pork. To me he presented a fine small ham. As salt had been left behind, we had to boil the meat à la Dayak, in bamboo with very little water, which compensates for the absence of seasoning. A couple of men brought us two bamboos containing that gelatinous delicacy into which rice is transformed when cooked in this way. And, as if this were not enough, early next morning a procession arrived carrying food on two shields, the inside being turned upward. On these were parcels, wrapped in banana leaves, containing boiled rice, to which were tied large pieces of cooked pork. The first man to appear stepped up to a banana growing near, broke off a leaf, which he put on the ground in front of me, and placed on it two bundles. The men were unable to speak Malay and immediately went away without making even a suggestion that they expected remuneration, as did the two who had given us rice. I had never seen them before.

The sixth day was one of general rejoicing. Food was exchanged between the two groups of houses and people were in a very joyful mood, eating pork, running about, and spending the time largely in playing the fool. Both men and women carried charcoal mixed with the fat of pork, with which they tried to smear the face and upper body of all whom they met. All were privileged to engage in this sport, but the women were especially active, pursuing the men who tried to avoid them, some taking refuge behind my tent. The women followed one man through the enclosure surrounding the tent, at my invitation, but they did not succeed in catching him. This fool-playing was continued on the following days except the last.



Side view of the Long-Glat women.

The heavy ornaments for the ears, consisting of rings hung onto the vastly distended lobes, are much beloved by Dayak women. Those of the men are usually smaller and fewer in number.

With the eighth day an increased degree of ceremonials became noticeable, and in order to keep pace therewith I was driven to continuous activity. On a

muggy, warm morning I began work by photographing the Raja Besar, who had given permission regarding himself and his family. When I arrived at the house where he was staying he quickly made his preparations to "look pleasant," removing the large rings he wore in the extended lobes of his ears and substituting a set of smaller ones, eight for each ear. He was also very expeditious in putting on correct apparel, whether to appear in warrior costume or as a private gentleman of the highest caste. His sword and the rest of his outfit, as might be expected, were of magnificent finish, the best of which Dayak handicraft is capable. He made altogether a splendid subject for the camera, but his family proved less satisfactory. I had to wait an hour and a half before his women-folks were ready, femininity apparently being alike in this regard in all races, and a disappointment they were when finally they emerged from the house in great array, which showed Malay influence.

The raja, who was extremely obliging, ordered the principal men of the kampong to appear in complete war outfit, and showed us how an imaginary attack of Iban head-hunters would be met. They came streaming one after another down the ladder, made the evolutions of a running attack in closed formation, holding their large shields in front of them, then ran to the water and paddled away, standing in their prahus, to meet the supposed enemy in the utan (jungle) on the other side of the river.



Back view of the Long-Glat women.

The hair ornament hanging over the back of the central figure was not found in any other tribe on the journey.

At noon the female blians were preparing for an important ceremony in the dángei hut, with a dance round it on the ground later, and I therefore went up to

the gallery. The eight performers held each other by the hands in a circle so large that it filled the hut. Constantly waving their arms backward and forward, they moved round and round. Some relics from Apo Kayan were then brought in; a small, shining gong, without a knob, and a very large bracelet which looked as if it had been made of bamboo and was about eight centimetres in diameter. One of the blians placed the bracelet round her folded hands and then ran round the circle as well as through it; I believe this was repeated sixteen times. When she had finished running they all walked in single file over into the gallery, in order to perform the inevitable mélah.

Shortly afterward followed a unique performance of throwing rice, small bundles of which, wrapped in banana leaves, were lying in readiness on the floor. Some of the men caught them with such violence that the rice was spilled all about, and then they flipped the banana leaves at those who stood near. Some of the women had crawled up under the roof in anticipation of what was coming.

A very amusing entertainment then began, consisting of wrestling by the young men, who were encouraged by the blians to take it up and entered the game with much enthusiasm, one or two pairs constantly dancing round and round until one became the victor. The participants of their own accord had divested themselves of their holiday chavats (loin cloths), and put on small ones for wrestling. With the left hand the antagonist takes hold of the descending portion of the chavat in the back, while with the right he grasps the encircling chavat in front. They wrestled with much earnestness, but no anger was exhibited. When the game was continued the following morning the young men presented a sorry spectacle. Rain had fallen during the night, and the vanquished generally landed heavily on their backs in the mudholes, the wrestlers joining in the general laugh at their expense. To encourage them I had promised every victor a Dutch dime, which added much to the interest of all parties concerned.

Having concluded their task of feeding the antohs (the spirits), the blians climbed down the ladder and began a march in single file round the dángei hut, each carrying one of the implements of daily life: a spear, a small parang, an axe, an empty rattan bag, in which the bamboos are enclosed when the woman fetches water, or in which vegetables, etc., are conveyed, and another bag of the same material suitable for transporting babi. Four of the women carried the small knife which is woman's special instrument, though also employed by the men. When the eight blians on this the eighth day had marched sixteen times around the dángei, they ascended the ladder again. Shortly afterward a man, standing on the gallery, pushed over the flimsy place of worship—a signal that the end of the feast had come. On the previous day a few visitors had departed and others left daily.

The feast had brought together from other parts about two hundred Oma-Sulings and Long-Glats. The women of both tribes showed strikingly fine manners, especially those belonging to the higher class, which was well represented. Some were expensively dressed, though in genuine barbaric fashion, as indicated by the ornaments sewn upon their skirts, which consisted of hundreds of florins and ringits. It should be conceded, however, that with the innate artistic sense of the Dayaks the coins, all scrupulously clean, had been employed to best advantage in pretty designs, and the damsels were strong enough to carry the extra burden.

The climax had been passed and little more was going on, the ninth day being given over to the amusement of daubing each other with black paste. On the tenth day all went away to a small river in the neighborhood where they took their meals, cooking paddi in bamboo, also fish in the same manner. This proceeding is called násam, and the pemáli (tabu) is now all over. During the days immediately following, the people may go to the ladang but are obliged to sleep in the kampong, and they must not undertake long journeys. When the feast ended, the blians placed four eggs in the clefts of four upright bamboo sticks as sacrifice to Antoh. Such eggs are gathered from hens that are sitting, and those which have become stale in unoccupied nests are also used. If there are not enough such eggs, fresh ones are taken.

# THE RETURN OF THE MONKS

By A. Carter Goodloe

Illustration by H. J. Mowat

"IT was a lieutenant's war—one had only to read the casualty lists," said Forsythe bitterly. His only son had been a first lieutenant with the 327th Field Artillery of the North Star Division and had fallen before Sedan. Forsythe was over in an effort to get details, no matter how meagre, of his boy's death.

"It was any and everybody's war," said Nugent, leaning over to fleck the ash of his big black cigar into the brass receiver.

I looked at Hutton's empty sleeve—the right one, where the famous arm and hand had once functioned with such unerring skill.

"It was the doctors' war," I said, more to myself than to the others.

Forsythe tossed his suddenly silvered head up and swept a glance over Hutton.

"When the damned shells gave 'em a chance," he groaned, looking quickly away.

Hutton pushed his fruit plate back a little, struck a match, and lit his cigar with an awkward, unaccustomed gesture of the left hand. He had been particularly "right-handed," and it was going rather hard with him.

"How about it, Hutton?" I asked.

He looked along his cigar thoughtfully. "Perhaps you're right," he assented slowly. "Anyway, the first United States soldier to be killed over here, and the first to be wounded, belonged to the Medical Corps, and we were fighting battles all the time, same as you soldier-men, Naylor. Sometimes we won, sometimes we lost. But you had one big advantage over us—*you* fought with whole, strong men, *we* fought with what was left of them after the enemy shells and bayonets and poisonous gases and bombs and liquid fire had finished their devilish work. You fought great generals, it is true; but we fought the greatest—Death. He's the most wily of strategists and the most implacable of foes. He's a hard one to beat."

Hutton's thin nostrils quivered. I noticed again the fine lines that had been etched about his eyes and mouth since I had last seen him, a year before. His face had both hardened and grown more sensitive in an astonishing, paradoxical way. He was both older and younger—older immensely through responsibility and overwork and emotional stress, and yet, in some mysterious way, stamped with a spiritual, uplifted look of eternal youth as though he had won far beyond the devastating touch of time and worldliness.

I was up in the clouds trying to puzzle it all out when I was brought back to earth by Nugent.

"You must know some capital stories," he said tentatively, and gave a hungry look at Hutton's empty sleeve. There wasn't any spirituality about Nugent. He was a moving-picture impresario who had come over in the first rush, after the signing of the armistice, to get film pictures of the devastated parts of France and Belgium, reconstruction work, and the demobilization of the Allied forces. He said his "movies" would be highly educational. A hundred years hence our children's children would be seeing them, and their value would be inestimable, he told us.

Hutton flushed a little under Nugent's keen glance.

"I do," he said, "but not *that*. I don't talk about that. But there are others—many others—" He broke off. Then, after a moment: "It's hard to say that one is more interesting than another—" He stopped again and began tracing a pattern on the thin table-cloth with the tine of a fork while he considered.

I possessed my soul in patience and looked about me. It was good to be in Paris again with the old U. S. almost in sight. Hutton and I had been loafing around together for a couple of days wait-



*Drawn by H. J. Mowat.*

"'Yes, you've done that,' I managed to say."—Page 466.

ing for sailing orders and congratulating ourselves on the sudden, overwhelming débâcle of the German hordes, when we ran into Forsythe and learned the sad reason of his presence in France. He had invited us to dinner at his little hotel in a side street just off the Rue Royale, where we had been joined, to our surprise and not altogether to our satisfaction, by Nugent, the impresario. But it was obvious enough that poor Forsythe was keen about having him. Forsythe had learned that his son was buried in a little cemetery not far from Sedan, and he fancied that if anybody could find that lonely, beloved grave it would be Nugent, with his cameras and his millions and his indomitable pluck and luck and skilful manipulation of military and every other sort of red tape. I could understand Forsythe's sticking to the man like a burr. . . .

"Perhaps," Hutton's voice broke in upon my thought—he was speaking slowly—"perhaps one of the most interesting experiences I've had, happened to me last summer. If you don't mind some rather unpleasant details——"

"Of course we don't," said Nugent briskly. He was leaning forward, ready to pounce on Hutton's story like a hawk on its prey. His eagerness was rather horrible. Hutton looked past him casually to Forsythe.

"It was just after Soissons and Château-Thierry, when the American troops had their first great chance to demonstrate to the world what splendid stuff they were made of. I believe, Forsythe, if you could realize what the entry of our boys into the fight meant to those broken men, those 'very tired men who can never again pass an insurance test,' as Dawson puts it, I believe—I am sure—you'd be reconciled to that lonely grave you're seeking." Hutton's mellow voice was as consoling as the touch of a beloved hand. Suddenly he smiled whimsically.

"I never thought our uniform beautiful, but I assure you this ugly khaki yellow we wear is about the most popular color in France to-day! And it's known and saluted with respect and affection everywhere now. But a year ago it wasn't so universally recognized. There were parts of France, even on the western front, where the khaki was still unknown." He paused and looked down meditatively at the red spark of his cigar.

"I happen to know," he said abruptly, at length, "because I found myself in such a place one day."

"By Jove, I'd like to get a picture of that place!" said Nugent eagerly. He was still horribly eager. "'First entry of American troops into——'"

Hutton eyed him coldly. "I'm sorry to disappoint you," he said, "but it will be impossible to indicate to you the exact locality." He turned to Forsythe and myself.

"It was on one of those damnable July days last summer, before you got over, Naylor. Our men had been chafing at their inaction for weeks. It was all their officers could do to keep 'em in hand. Somewhere near the middle of July the French launched an attack from the eastern side of the Retz forest, north of Longport, and our troops got their chance. Our boys fought like demons. Not since Gettysburg have American soldiers fought and bled as they did there on those wooded slopes above Longport, while guns stamped and airplanes rained death upon a trembling earth.

"Our artillery raked the forest with unceasing, terrible fire. It seemed as though the scream of the shells, as they sped upon their way, were answered by the screams of the tortured trees, uprooted, wrenched limb from limb, flung upward and downward, blasted through and through. An army of impious Erisichthons seemed to be wreaking their fury upon the green forest. If ever the hamadryads wept, they wept then. . . . Well, they fought their way to glory, and when, a couple of weeks later, the French division was switched to an entirely different sector, the American troops who had been through that particular hell of Longport with them went too—the best of friends.

"It was in that new sector, far to the south, that I caught up with our men, who had pushed the enemy back—back across a land which suffered the last unspeakable defilements by the fleeing invaders.

"Cities—landscapes have character, a look, a personality, I take it, Forsythe. Well—the cities, the country across which

those Hun hordes retreated had every vestige of personality destroyed as completely as one could destroy the features of a hated face by stamping upon it. The only genius I am willing to allow the German is a genius for destruction."

Hutton stopped and looked at me with a half-smile. "I'm bound to confess, Naylor, that our men showed something of the same genius—only they confined their destructiveness to legitimate objects—the retreating Prussians!

"Of course, they didn't do it without casualties," pursued Hutton after an instant's silence, "and I wasn't surprised to receive orders to establish a hospital in a certain sector as quickly as possible.

"We started, officers and personnel, early in the morning with a young French lieutenant for guide. I didn't speak much French then, so I didn't ask any questions as to our exact destination or what I might be going to get in the way of a building for my unit. I just took it for granted that we would have the usual luck—a half-ruined church, as at Blercourt, or a disused, inconvenient public building, or, as in the last case, a château from which the owners had been driven precipitately, and in the rooms of which, on dishevelled dressing-tables, beneath cracked mirrors, abandoned rouge-pots, and toilet articles still rattled with the blasts of enemy guns.

"You can judge of my surprise and pleasure, then, when I tell you that, after travelling for several hours over a country devastated beyond belief, past calcined mounds of rubble that had once been pleasant villages, we suddenly turned off the 'grande route,' and after a few minutes' winding upward over a secluded country road we drew up before a massive building that had evidently once been a monastery.

"It was a product of the Moyen Age, in excellent repair, though it had obviously been uninhabited for a long time. Back of it rose a few beautiful hills and in front, on the other side of the road by which we had come, wound a little river with rows of tall, slim poplars on one bank and fir-trees on the other. There was a picturesque old stone bridge across the stream, the last arch of which had crumbled into the water.

"I was stupefied—not at seeing a monastery, but at seeing any sort of a building intact in that place. The young lieutenant smiled at me."

"Un miracle!" he said sententiously.

"Or a mistake, more likely," I thought, gazing about me. I knew some one had blundered. Only by an accident could the Boches have left this splendid old building undemolished.

"The young man threw out a despairing hand toward a mass of ruins below and half a kilometre to the right of us. "All that's left of the village!" he said softly.

"Pas beaucoup," I murmured sympathetically in my rudimentary French. There was, indeed, nothing left—nothing left standing, that is, except the nave of the unroofed church at the end of the straggling, débris-choked street. The rest of the village had been as completely obliterated as German hate and thoroughness could make it.

"I faced about and looked at the monastery. It was good to see something that had escaped the destructive fury of the invaders. There was even a little cottage a couple of hundred yards to the left of the monastery that had evidently been spared by the same strange chance which had saved the larger building.

"While I looked, an old man, a little boy, and a cat emerged furtively from the cottage and stood gazing up at us from the doorway.

" 'Two weeks ago our troops pushed the Boches back here,' explained the young French officer with a grim smile. 'A few days ago the Germans evacuated the village, after destroying it, and took up a strongly intrenched position about three kilometres to the east of this, from which your forces inconsiderately routed them in yesterday's battle.' He looked about him at the desolate scene and sighed. 'There isn't a soul left!' "

" 'You're wrong!' I said. 'There's an old man, a little boy, and a cat left in that old farmhouse.' I pointed to the three figures, and at my gesture they scurried back into the cottage like frightened rats. 'You might send an orderly down and tell the man and the boy to come up this evening—we'll do anything we can for them, of course.'

"I turned away hurriedly and entered the monastery, anxious to begin the work of installation. I was in the seventh heaven of delight at having such a splendid place for a hospital. It was built about a hollow court in the centre of which was an old garden in riotous bloom. There was a small stone pool and gigantic boxwood hedges and flowering shrubs and fruit-trees. Here was a hospital worth having!

"Inside the monastery I parcelled out my commodious quarters with a lavish, if hurried, hand. The officers' mess-hall was the refectory proper. The personnel had for their chow the chapel with its shrines and little basins for holy water and poor-boxes on the wall. There was unlimited space for administration and X-ray rooms and admitting offices. The operating rooms and diet-kitchens I established in the lighter rooms giving on the old cloisters.

"I was in clover and so busy that night overtook me before my work was half done. I had forgotten all about the old man when my orderly, who spoke near-French, announced him. I had taken for my own office what had evidently been the abbot's room—a big, airy cell with several mural paintings still glowing mistily on the walls and some fine old ecclesiastical chairs, black with age, set stiffly against the wainscoting, and the man was brought to me there.

"I shan't easily forget the first close view I had of my visitor as he stood in the doorway with the orderly. He was unbelievably old, but hale and hearty, with a wintry sort of robustness that belied his shaking hands and the furtive, uneasy look in his rheumy eyes.

"To my astonishment and discomfiture, he crooked a reverential knee at the threshold and crossed himself devoutly. Then he came toward me with a few shambling steps and, reaching for my hand, kissed it. In my embarrassment I extricated my fingers as quickly as possible and looked about for the child I had seen in the afternoon. But he was not with him.

"And the boy?" I queried.

The old man looked at me with a strange, almost reproachful glance, I thought.

"'Surely monseigneur knows upon what errand I have sent the child?' he replied softly.

"I was completely at sea and was vainly trying to get my bearings when I heard the old man saying: '. . . Besides, I wished the boy out of the way—it were not well for a child to see. . . .' The thin voice stopped and once again the man dropped to his knees and, crossing himself, said hurriedly:

"'If monseigneur will but have the clemency to accompany me to my poor house, there to say prayers for one . . .' He waited, and then mumbled breathlessly: 'Also I must confess—since the village priest was slain there is no one to absolve us from our sins——'

"You mistake," I said and stared at him dumfounded. But he wasn't listening to me.

"'Come, come!' he urged, and then he added humbly: 'Perhaps your lordship will think I have somewhat deserved of you when you know all—' And he tried once more to seize my hand.

"'Of course I'll come,' I said soothingly, and rose, glad to end the extraordinary scene. I would have gone almost anywhere to avoid having my hand kissed again.

"We walked the intervening distance between the monastery and the farmhouse in silence, the old man plodding on ahead, holding a lantern athwart the ground for me to see. At the entrance to the cottage he paused and turned toward me, his eyes cast down.

"'With respect to your lordship, the man died last night,' he said softly and pushed open the creaking door.

"Something in his voice made my blood run cold, and I stumbled, rather than walked, into the little living-room. The lantern threw into grotesque relief the simple furnishings—a round table, a few chairs, a cage, on the swinging perch of which a bird dozed comfortably, huddled up in a ball of feathers, and near a small window, a covered box on which was a pot of geraniums. Heavy old doors on either side of the wide chimney-place evidently opened into the two bedrooms. Across the entry I could see the kitchen and its row of bright copper cooking-vessels.

"The old man set the lantern on the box, waved me to the one armchair near the table, and, genuflecting deeply once more, made the sign of the cross as he knelt before me.

"I felt as though I were in a nightmare and must do something to wake myself up, but before I could decide exactly what, the man spoke:

"'If your lordship will but listen a short moment to my story it may incline your lordship to clemency when I confess,' he said humbly.

"'The man is quite mad,' I thought quickly to myself. Aloud I said in my atrocious French: 'Of course I'll hear anything you have to say. We are here to help you people as well as the wounded soldiers. . . .' My voice trailed off into inarticulateness.

The old creature looked at me with a passionate gratitude that made my grudging concession appear contemptible.

"'Do we not know it well? Healing and help and charity for all! As it was in the old days, so shall it be again. Your lordship must know for how many weary years we have awaited your return!' His voice trembled with a mysterious eagerness. 'Since 1794, when my father saw these damnable Prussians—scourge of the earth then as now!—invade this peaceful valley and drive the last abbot and the most clement brothers of this monastery forth, have we awaited the return——'

"'But,' I interrupted incredulously, 'it is not possbile that your father saw *that*—in 1794——!'

"'To what end does monseigneur seek to throw doubt on what I say?' asked the old man with a sudden, tremulous dignity.

"'But 1794—it is not possible!' I stammered.

"'With all respect to your lordship, it is quite possible.' He spoke submissively but firmly. 'We Souliers live long, and a century and a half is soon bridged. My father, saving your lordship, was serving-boy, at seventeen, to the last abbot. My father was an old man when I was born.'

"'And you—how old are you?'

"'Ninety, come Toussaint, saving your lordship.'

"I looked at him and thought dumbly of the garnered years.

"'Tell me about it,' I said brusquely.

"'With respect to your lordship, it is soon told. The last abbot was the ci-devant Marquis de Solens—a gay noble, who for his many sins turned from the world and entered the church. My people had been attached to the family of the De Solens for generations, and my father had been allowed about the person of the ci-devant marquis since he was a boy, first as page, then as groom of his chamber. When monsieur the marquis became abbot he took my father with him as lay servant. That was in 1790, saving your lordship.'

"I looked at the man in stupefaction—1790! He mentioned the astounding date casually, intimately, and, following his mental gaze, I, too, looked down the long vista of spent, cold years with the bewildered sense of having become, in some sudden, inexplicable way, a living anachronism such as he.

"The thin voice droned on.

"'Monseigneur was fond of my father, suffered him continually about him, and taught him many things. Especially did my father learn chirurgery and many of the secret arts of healing for which the monks of this house were famous. These my father taught me later.' The voice stopped suddenly and the old man gave me a quick, furtive glance that completely mystified me. After an instant's silence he went on with his story.

"'Monseigneur can imagine to himself the grief of the people of this peaceful valley when his lordship, the abbot, and the good brothers of this monastery, who wore yellow cowls and spoke a strange language, were driven forth by these swine of Germans. It was as though the end of the world had come! In his old age, my father told me, a boy at his knee, many times of that scene! . . . The only concession the Prussian commander, General von Hentzell—well did I learn his hated name!—would make to the prayers of his lordship, the abbot, was a promise to spare the monastery. . . . In his rage and sorrow my father would have followed his lordship, but his lordship would not allow that. Instead, he laid upon my father a sacred obligation to remain here,

care for the monastery, and await the return of the monks who, one day, would surely come back to their people. When I saw your lordship and those with your lordship, and heard you speak'—he dropped his voice mysteriously—'did I not know that the long-awaited day had arrived? And I sent the boy—as your lordship must have divined I could not go myself and leave *him !*—I sent the boy to tell the waiting people of the valley that at last, after so many weary years, the lord abbot and the most clement and charitable brothers of our monastery had returned from exile and that they might possess their souls in peace once more.' The voice stopped and I was left staring at him."

Hutton's voice stopped, too, and he looked down thoughtfully at his khaki-clad figure.

"It's as yellow, probably, as the old monks' cowls, and I suppose our Yankee speech was no more incomprehensible than their hybrid Latin to the peasants of the valley," said Hutton at last, smiling.

"And," I suggested, "salvation for the body as for the soul—after all, is there so great a difference?"

Hutton glanced at me gratefully. "I'd like to think not," he said; and then he went on, after a moment's silence: "I was so stupefied by the sudden light the old fellow had thrown on the situation that I must have gone off in a trance. When I came out of it I heard him saying:

" '. . . Especially did his lordship enjoin upon my father and my father's descendants to guard this monastery from harm. Your lordship is witness whether I have done my duty——'

" 'Yes, you've done that,' I managed to say.

"To my consternation, he dropped again on his knees before me. 'I knew monseigneur would understand!' he said with a look of passionate gratitude.

" 'But I don't!' I protested. I wondered how I would ever make *him* understand!

" 'It was two weeks ago—when the Germans took our village,' explained the man. 'The Boche captain came up alone—late in the afternoon. He ordered me about like a dog, with respect to your lordship. And he looked at the monastery and he laughed—he laughed, monseigneur! I'd rather he had cursed, saving your presence.' The man was twisting his old, knotted hands together. An insane light had come into the pale eyes.

" ' "It's the same!" the captain said, and he stretched his great Boche mouth into an infernal grin. "My great-grandfather made a drawing of it—it's in our old schloss. He was here in 1794 and he spared it—Gott im Himmel, he spared it!" He struck his thigh with his big hand. "My great-grandfather was a soft-hearted fool! But I—I, Captain Franz von Hentzell, will not spare it! This time it will be destroyed. We've got beyond the weaknesses of my great-grandfather! War is a somewhat different matter nowadays, vieux canaille!" he spat at me. "To-morrow—a few bombs in the old wine-cellar!"—I think I went a little mad, monseigneur,' said the old man hoarsely. He passed a hand over his staring eyes. 'The next I heard was the Boche captain saying: ". . . In the meantime, I've a fancy to sleep here to-night," and he pointed to my cottage. . . .

" 'The boy and I had to wait on him, hand and foot, and it was while he was eating the dinner I had had to cook for him that I thought of a plan. . . .

" 'With respect to your lordship, it was my duty to save the monastery, even if I damned my soul, was it not?' Some instinct of pity made me nod my head. An expression of profound relief passed over the man's face. 'I knew your lordship would absolve,' he murmured.

" 'There was an old bottle of wine—but a very old one—and I offered it to the Boche captain. But first I put a sleeping potion in the bottom of the glass—it was harmless. For my soul's sake I did not intend to kill the man—unless necessary. When he was quite unconscious I bound him, hand and foot, and the boy and I placed him on my bed.' He moved his head slightly in the direction of the heavy door on the right of the chimney-piece. 'I slept with the grandchild after that.' He stopped talking and stared at the wall behind my head.

" 'And the man?' I demanded.

" 'Ah, yes—the man. When he awoke he made frantic efforts to escape, in spite

of my warnings. There was but one thing to do, with respect to your lordship. Men without legs do not get away easily,' and he made a gesture that turned my blood to water and sent cold chills down my spine. 'I beg of your lordship to believe that I was careful of the man and that he received good treatment. As I have explained to your lordship, I know somewhat of chirurgery and the healing arts.

" 'But he still had the use of his great hands, and he was very strong—and the boy and I were not.' He waited a long moment, and then he said softly: 'Monseigneur, remember that the Boches had set us the lesson, learned in suffering by the little French and Belgian children. It was soon over, monseigneur,' and again at his expressive gesture I felt the cold chill tremble the length of my backbone.

" 'But, with respect to your lordship, the man could still shout and curse. There was danger of his being heard, and the boy and I could not sleep. . . . It was only yesterday that I decided that *that*, also, must be done. . . .' He clicked his tongue softly against his sunken cheek."

Hutton's voice stopped and he flecked gently at the gray ash of his cigar. There was a moment's silence broken by Nugent.

"And you—my God! what did you do, Hutton?" he asked, leaning forward eagerly.

Hutton turned a little in his chair. "I?—I sprang to my feet and flung myself against the door. It sagged inward. While I looked with horror at what lay upon the bed, there came to me from the living-room the thin, droning voice:

" 'With respect to your lordship, unfortunately the man died last night, as I have before explained. And now that your lordship has returned to your own and knows all, will your lordship absolve a poor soul that has sinned. . . .?' "

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# SUNRISE

## By Barrett Wendell

FIGURES of speech are dangerous. Not long ago a thoughtless use of one led three or four intelligent men to suppose that the friend who uttered it took a more cheerful view than they of this perplexing period in history. They were all oldish, and all more or less informed about the past, which of course means that they were disposed to think in other than the momentary terms just now generally assumed comprehensive. They were perhaps morbidly aware of how, throughout recorded time, systems and civilizations, repeatedly supposed final, have proved as mortal as the human beings who, born to one or another, have known either the flush of its growth or the droop of its decay. Egypt, Babylon, Periclean Athens, imperial Rome, Venice, Crusading Europe, the Spain of Charles the Fifth, Elizabethan England, the France of Louis the Fourteenth, the empire of Napoleon they found as dead as the Mexico of Montezuma or the Unitarianism of Doctor Channing. For the while, they seemed to think, something which calls itself Democracy seems dominant everywhere, until to raise your voice against it is at least politically as perilous as heresy was to the body under the Inquisition. Like any other crescent phase of power, they held, this Democracy, freshly conscious of what it can temporarily do, arbitrarily imposes its whimsical will—in Prohibition, for example, in Female Suffrage, in the confiscation of individual property under the thin disguise of Progressive Taxation, while the shameless profiteering of Labor is considered not as a rapacious advantage selfishly taken of the chances of war but as a deed of eternal righteousness. The far from popular opinions implied in their survey of our present tendencies, one should hasten to add, are by no means to

be accepted as truths; they happened, however, to be those honestly held by the no longer buoyant elderly men who expressed them. These joyless beings, too, in spite of a good dinner, went so far as to be sadly convinced that the national affairs of England and France are in the hands of men who reached their power by the arts of destructive demagogues, and that those of our own country are controlled by a man who, whatever his spiritual genius, has surrounded himself not with counsellors but with disciples, and who has all his life failed to inspire with confidence many of those called on to do business with him. The outlook of the little company, in short, was gloomy; and when one of them concluded his observations by grimly asking what we are coming to they were surprised to hear another, who had hitherto said little, answer "Sunrise."

The radiant word sounded happily prophetic. They took it as politically and socially figurative, and asked that he expound his views of the sunshine to come. But, as the hour was late, and one or two of them lived out of town, they did not press the question when he turned it aside. So the evening ended as such things generally do, in friendly misunderstanding. They probably went home supposing him incurably optimistic; he certainly went home aware that he had agreed with every despondent word they had uttered, but nevertheless believing that his cryptic metaphor meant more than they had quite perceived.

For, sure enough, the sun rose next morning, just as it has risen for millions of mornings in the past and will rise again for millions on millions in the future; and that was about all he had in view. This physical commonplace, however, implied to his mind certain considerations—more nearly literal than figurative—now often neglected. They are neither hopeful nor desperate; like most inexorable truths they are only *so*—take them as you will. Nothing we can do can prevent, within human experience, the rising or the setting of the sun. Men used to suppose it a positive movement of a comparatively small luminous body over the surface of a flat and stationary world. Even then, if we neglect the stories of Joshua and of Phaethon, they never managed perceptibly to meddle with it. Men now suppose it to be an optical illusion, caused by the rotation of a planet to which they somehow stick, while sun, planets and all whirl and spin through space, much as atoms are conceived to behave within the narrower limits to which they are generally confined unless they blow up. What opinion the future may prefer nothing but the future can determine. How it began astronomers try to explain by studying nebulas as thoroughly as extant instruments will let them; and how it will end they predict by what they take to have been the experience of the Moon. Which is all very interesting, but has no relation whatever to human affairs. Conscious human existence is possible, in a range of about one hundred and fifty Fahrenheit degrees, only under physical conditions long subsequent to the beginning of sunrise and long precedent to the end of it. For practical purposes, needing terms to think with, we habitually think in the solar terms of days, months, and years; but whoever knows anything knows the longest of the terms to be no more than an instant in the tremendous course of astronomic time, just as he knows the metric units of this world to be fantastically inadequate for thinkable measurement of the distances between star and star. Measured by human lifetimes, the Trojan War, and the conquests of Alexander, and the empire of the Cæsars appear a good way apart and a long time ago; but measured with the æons through which strong men who lived before Agamemnon strove to work their will with weapons of stone they are contemporary, and measured as well with the coming æons through which strong men and weak will struggle on with weapons of steam, of electricity, of radium, of high explosives, and so on, above the air and below the sea, they shrink into contemporaneousness with ourselves. And all the while the sun has risen and the sun shall rise. Every gleam of sunlight tells whoever will stop to think that we on earth are forever and immutably surrounded by forces utterly beyond human modification.

When we come to human control or modification, a stray passage from the

beginning of an elementary school text-book of geology may fairly surprise us. The name and the precise text of this respectable work have long been forgotten; but not the fact that it declares itself to deal with the structure of the earth, particularly as evident on the surface thereof, where we walk or float about. This terrestrial surface has obviously been a good deal altered in the course of geologic as distinguished from astronomic time—we are getting to a point where centuries, at least if we group them by the dozen, begin to be almost thinkable terms. Among the agencies which have altered the crust of the world are volcanic action, occasionally turning things inside out, and air, which gets to work on them when so turned, and water, which deposits things in the layers known as geologic strata and proceeds to cut and to wear them into many and various depths and gullies, prettily parodied by the freaks of little streams running across the sands of a beach. Among the agencies, however, there is one which would hardly have occurred to anybody not reminded of it by the text-book—namely the handiwork of man. When we stop to think, the topmost layer of this earth, as we are apt to see it, appears to be shallowly but considerably human. This is not altogether a question of momentary circumstances, like towns and houses, fields and walls and hedges, dams, domesticated cattle and marine or terrestrial police and fortifications. You have only to dig a little and you will find kitchen middens, the piles of lake dwellings, Egyptian tombs, Roman roads, mines old and new, and such piles of superimposed ruin as Schliemann uncovered when he believed himself to have brought to light the vestiges of Homeric Troy. It does not take long to make sure that when we turn from astronomy to geology we find men, within limits of immutable conditions,—gravitation, for example, —immemoriably able slowly to construct and swiftly to destroy. And all the while, day after day, the sun has risen.

It rose, for instance, one October morning in the year 1805; and before it had set there had been destruction and construction off Cape Trafalgar. Nelson had given a death-blow to the naval power of Napoleonic empire and thereby founded a century of sea-power for the empire of England; and meanwhile a stray French musketeer had given a death-blow to him and thereby given England a deathless hero. All of which, though making considerable temporary disturbance in air and water, as well as longer if less literal disturbance on solid earth, had nowise affected the serene progress of the sun. To all appearances, this aspect of history hovered in or above the mind of Turner when he made the picture of the battle long since hung in the National Gallery at London. The scale of his decks is so small that you have to peer before you can discern on one of them the tiny figure of the stricken Nelson. Above them masts soar quite beyond any height permissible to earthly physics, but excellently impressive on canvas, for despite their aspiration they get nowhere. Incalculably above masts, and smoke, and battle, the sky and even the clouds glow stupendously unconcerned—just as they were before man was and as they shall be after man has been. The picture is an implicit answer to the little child's question, of a spring afternoon: "What is the sky for?" Clearly enough, one of its functions is to remind us that, no matter how important we may sometimes imagine ourselves, plenty of things always in sight are as far beyond influence by us as if they were infinitely beyond the perception of the finest human senses or the highest human genius—microscopes, telescopes, spectroscopes and mathematical reasoning about space of indefinitely numerous dimensions, not to speak of telepathy, table-turning, prophesy, or poetry. Another function of the sky is evidently to provide a field for sunrise.

That same sunrise, through what must already amount to several thousand centuries, of which fifty or so chance to be more or less recorded, has daily illuminated mankind, brutish and savage, barbarous and civilized, enlightened and just now democratic. Mankind, as revealed by records and traces, has resembled other animals in many and various ways, among which none are more persistent than the impulses to sustain life by food and the like, and to perpetuate life by the not always convenient methods of procreation prescribed by biologic law. From these

impulses, to go no further, a good deal of trouble has unavoidably arisen, just as it has with other animals too; there is no reason to suppose that any of us can ever keep quite out of it. What chiefly distinguishes us from our fellow-creatures—birds and mammals, fish and insects—is that, so far as we can see, none of the others have held their own, and thus encroached on the own of the rest, by so high a development of conscious intelligence. Our numerous consequent advantages everybody can perceive, such as fire and cookery, tools and machinery and weapons, gunpowder and trinituol, printing-presses and works of art, schools, history, science and philosophy, mythology and dogmatic religion. In joyously or tremulously contemplating these, we are apt to forget at least one disadvantage which has accompanied them; they have involved an impression that we have actually made them, instead of that we have been the means through which they have naturally come into existence. Within limits, this impression may be more or less true; true or false, it is as inevitable to conscious intelligence as the impression that the earth stands still while sun and planets revolve about us. Very surely, however, it is not an absolute truth; what we have managed to accomplish has been possible only when we have kept within the limits of natural law, such as is daily displayed in sunrise, and we have often kept within these limits blandly ignorant of their actual character. When pneumonic plague attacked mediæval Europe, for example, singular virtue was supposed to lurk in the fumes of aromatic vinegar, and people went about holding to their noses fragrantly damp cloths. Undoubted gratification followed to the sense of smell; but what kept folks from infection was the lately proved fact that any damp cloth, fragrant or not, is a tolerable filter for such germs as produce the disorder in question. So, we are nowadays apt to attribute magical efficacy to education, because on the whole educated people have got the better of ignorant. A time may come when future generations shall perceive the virtue of education to have been not inherent but due to the accident that education has hitherto been so hard to attain as to demand unusual strength of character in those who have come anywhere near it. At present, with free schools everywhere, it often looks rather less efficacious than its momentarily unfashionable rival, religion. All of which nowise affects the daily rising of the sun.

These remote considerations, together with variously analogous others, hovered in the mind of the man who puzzled his friends by telling them, when asked what we are coming to, that we may confidently expect sunrise. It will stop, some time, no doubt, but not until long after conscious intelligence has ceased to gladden, to vex or to infatuate the human race. So, after all, as we are living at a time when practical matters are uppermost and efficiency looks almost ideal, there is no great use in troubling ourselves with celestial phenomena, or geologic, or local genealogies, or other such things, unless they happen to solace the pangs of prohibition with some anæsthetic draughts of amusement. When we come to business, our horizon perceptibly narrows. Except in terms of the stock-exchange, the questions before us are no longer speculative; they are concerned not with what has been or what shall or may be, but rather with what to do. Thus, whatever their fundamental nature, they are bound generally to present themselves as questions which we can decide for ourselves. Within the anodyne limits of habit and custom and fashion, for example, we feel at liberty, whether really so or not, to choose what we shall wear, what we shall eat, when we shall work and for what pay, and how we shall mitigate the recurrently unforeseen annoyances of idleness. When anything or anybody interferes with this agreeable sentiment of liberty, we grow resentful, and sometimes rebellious or revolutionary, in much the mood of Hercules, or whoever else has wasted otherwise useful arrows by shooting them at the sun without deflecting the course of that incessant luminary.

In such states of mind, it seems on the whole wise, if we can control our tempers, to put aside what we certainly cannot do and to dwell rather on what we conceivably can. For one thing, as we reminded ourselves a little while ago, we can visibly modify the surface of the earth. We have

usually done so with a view to being useful. The normal course of water, for example, on its way from the clouds to the sea has evidently permitted the escape not only of much thin yet potable beverage, incidentally capable of reducing to agricultural bloom lands otherwise arid, but also of considerable horse-power. To avoid this extravagance of nature we have immemorially built dams, conceivably suggested to us originally by the prehistoric dams of such animals as beavers. On the whole our dams have done us good, by improving the water-supply of towns and cities, for example, by keeping mill-wheels at work, by irrigating lower Egypt, and by helping to perpetuate the name of President Roosevelt. Now and then, however, dams have worked unexpected havoc, hardly to be avoided perhaps when earthquakes or other accidents have cracked them, but mostly our own fault when more frequently they have proved not strong enough to stand the pressure put on them by the natural laws of hydraulics or of gravitation. Floods have ensued, devastation, confusion in the pedigrees of rescued babies, and other deplorable results. To explain or to avert such calamities would require mathematical calculations beyond the power of anybody but experts. The general truth which such calamities imply can all the same be grasped even by feeble comprehension. Within the limits of physical law we may build dams as we choose; but if we neglect the limits of physical law we presently find ourselves damned by what happens. In brief, we can have our own way, at best, only to a certain and not very distant point, at least when we are dealing with the hard facts of geology. When we come to sunrise, of course, we should all agree that we cannot have our way at all; which does not prevent the sun from daily rising on our successes and our reverses.

Successes and reverses, no doubt, are of widely various and different kinds. Those most evident to most of us concern the circumstances of our daily lives—historical, economic, social, medical, and so on. When we turn our wits to government, for example, or to work and wages, to general morals and particular visiting-lists, to indigestion or pestilence or athletics, we cannot help feeling as if we were free agents, and consequently responsible for a good part of what we take to go right or wrong. One result of this is our habit of commending ourselves for what goes right and blaming others for what goes wrong—a habit plainly evident in the discussions about world peace which have made the year 1919 rather more quarrelsome than usual. These discussions, of course, or echoes of them, gave rise to the gloomy conversation among elderly men touched on a little while ago. Their gloom, as we then observed, sprang mostly from the fact that triumphant Democracy, bound to have its own way, is preventing them from having theirs; wherefore, being human, they could foresee just now no great hope for civilization—if indeed there be much of any such thing at present. Rational or not, the gloom was too deep for irradiation by an allusive mention of sunrise.

Contemplation of sunrise, literal or figurative, we have since found hardly more illuminating or consoling. Perhaps, however, it has brought us to a point where a few generalizations may prove a little more nearly clear than they might otherwise have been. So far as records can inform us, the state of human affairs has been least unsatisfactory at times when here and there society has reached a condition conventionally called civilized. No such condition as yet recorded has proved permanently stable; but some civilizations have lasted a good deal longer than others. As a matter of fact, two circumstances have always accompanied civilization, whether persistent or fleeting. These are public order and private property. It is not unreasonable, accordingly, to conclude that some natural social law, analogous to the natural laws of geology and of astronomy, requires their presence in any society fairly to be held civilized. Now the maintenance of public order and of private property inevitably involves considerable inconvenience, of course resented. Resentment, taking active shape, consequently and unfailingly attacks one, or the other, or both. When either yields to the attack, and still more when both so yield, civilization declines and withers. So far as we can see, the cause of such attacks, as it presents itself to the human

mind, is an impulsive determination on the part of men, few or many, to have their own way, no matter what happens, without regard to natural law—an inexorable condition of social survival. It would seem to follow that the most nearly enduring, though not the most brilliant, civilizations are those which develop the greatest defensive strength, as distinguished from aggressive; in other words, that a conservative impulse is rather more healthy than a radical. Natural law is most nearly free to persist not when you try to make things suit you, but when you blunderingly attempt to discover what it is, and meanwhile to prevent anybody else—man, class, or mob—from running amuck in an effort to make things suit him or them. By and large, meanwhile, at times when this natural law has worked more or less freely, maintaining public order and sustaining private property, men have not instantly but gradually been apt to get something like their social deserts. That is, if their conduct through the three or four generations of a century has been favorable to civilization they have been better off at the end of the century than they were at the beginning, and *vice versa*. So there is a tenable case for the few who still believe that the most nearly free course of social justice—rewarding constructive qualities and punishing destructive—is the most favorable to civilized existence. These unpopular creatures would perhaps hold its relation to society to be something like the relation borne to vegetation by the sun.

One might thus proceed long, and never stray beyond the placid limits of commonplace. After all, we are only repeating, in terms no too novel, the morals tagged to familiar old fables—that of Babel, for example, that of the Belly and the Members, or that of the Goose which laid the Golden Eggs. They mean, when we come to business, that violation of natural law involves vexations like confusion of tongues, strikes, and Bolshevism. Very probably, such things cannot be helped, at least for centuries. This, at any rate, seemed an opinion so deeply-rooted in four or five elderly men, of conservative disposition, that even an excellent dinner was powerless to change it. They were generally agreed that arbitrary interference with the natural law of society—whatever this may be—is what has brought to grief the civilizations of the past. They were disposed to think that just now the arbitrary conduct of Democracy, punishing constructive qualities and rewarding destructive—shackling, as a fervent Radical lately put it, the adroit and the strong—begins to make things look as if our present remnants of civilization might soon be a matter only of history. If so, we can probably do little or nothing to avert the catastrophe. Even if it come, though, the catastrophe will not prevent the daily miracle of sunrise.

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## WAITING

### By Rosina H. Emmet

THROUGH the flat window looked an eager face,
Waiting for him to climb the little hill,
And by his touch and tenderness fulfil
The rapturous promise of his first embrace. . . .
Thus once she had known Heaven, by his grace,
An earthly Heaven, from which body's thrill,
And lip's desire were aching in her still,
Showing in hopeless longing their dread trace. . . .
And still she waits. Others are waiting too,
Shall their desires reach them from the skies,
And calm their hearts and rest their weary eyes,
And let them walk contented this life through?
Shall he not climb to their appointed spot?
Or shall they die still waiting, God! for what?

# IN MOROCCO

## BY EDITH WHARTON

[FOURTH PAPER]

## MARRAKECH

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

### I

### THE WAY THERE

THERE are countless Arab tales of evil Djinns who take the form of sand-storms and hot winds to overwhelm exhausted travellers.

In spite of the new French road between Rabat and Marrakech the memory of such tales rises up insistently from the level red earth and the desolate stony stretches of the *bled*. As long as the road runs in sight of the Atlantic breakers they give the scene freshness and life; but when it bends inland and stretches away across the wilderness the sense of the immensity and immobility of Africa descends on one with an intolerable oppression.

The road traverses no villages, and not even a ring of nomad tents is visible in the distance on the wide stretches of arable land. At infrequent intervals our motor passed a train of laden mules, or a group of peasants about a well, and sometimes, far off, a fortified farm profiled its thick-set angle-towers against the sky, or a white *koubba* floated like a mirage above the brush; but these rare signs of life intensified the solitude of the long miles between.

At midday we were refreshed by the sight of the little oasis around the military-post of Settat. We lunched there with the commanding officer, in a cool Arab house about a flowery patio; but that brief interval over, the fiery plain began again. After Settat the road runs on for miles across the waste to the gorge of the Oued Ouem; and beyond the river it climbs to another plain so desperate in its calcined aridity that the prickly scrub of the wilderness we had left seemed like the vegetation of an oasis. For fifty kilometres the earth under our wheels was made up of a kind of glistening red slag covered with pebbles and stones. Not the scantest and toughest of rock-growths thrust a leaf through its brassy surface; not a well-head or a darker depression of the rock gave sign of a trickle of water. Everything around us glittered with the same unmerciful dryness.

A long way ahead loomed the line of the Djebilets, the Djinn-haunted mountains guarding Marrakech on the north. When at last we reached them the wicked glister of their purple flanks seemed like a volcanic upheaval of the plain. For some time we had watched the clouds gathering over them, and as we got to the top of the defile rain was falling from a fringe of thunder to the south. Then the vapours lifted, and we saw below us another red plain with an island of palms in its centre. Mysteriously, from the heart of the palms, a tower shot up, as if alone in the wilderness; behind it stood the sun-streaked cliffs of the Atlas, with snow summits appearing and vanishing through the storm.

As we drove downward the rock gradually began to turn to red earth fissured by yellow streams, and stray knots of palms sprang up, lean and dishevelled, about well-heads where people were watering camels and donkeys. To the east, dominating the oasis, the twin peaked hills of the Ghilis, fortified to the crest, mounted guard over invisible Marrakech; but still, above the palms, we saw only that lonely and triumphant tower.

Presently we crossed the Oued Tensif on an old bridge built by Moroccan engineers. Beyond the river were more palms, then olive-orchards, then the vague sketch of the new European settle-

ment, with a few shops and cafés on avenues ending suddenly in clay pits; and at last Marrakech itself appeared to us, in the form of a red wall across a red wilderness.

We passed through a gate and were confronted by other ramparts. Then we entered an outskirt of dusty red lanes bordered by clay hovels with draped figures slinking by like ghosts. After that more walls, more gates, more endlessly winding lanes, more gates again, more turns, a dusty open space with donkeys and camels and negroes; a final wall with a great door under a lofty arch—and suddenly we were in the palace of the Bahia, among flowers and shadows and falling water.

## II

### THE BAHIA

WHOEVER would understand Marrakech must begin by mounting at sunset to the roof of the Bahia.

Outspread below lies the oasis-city of the south, flat and vast as the great nomad camp it really is, its low roofs extending on all sides to a belt of blue palms ringed with desert. Only two or three minarets and a few noblemen's houses among gardens break the general flatness; but they are hardly noticeable, so irresistibly is the eye drawn toward two dominant objects—the white wall of the Atlas and the red tower of the Koutoubya.

Foursquare, untapering, the great tower lifts its flanks of ruddy stone. Its large spaces of unornamented wall, its triple tier of clustered openings, lightening as they rise from the severe rectangular lights of the first stage to the graceful arcade below the parapet, have the stern harmony of the noblest architecture. The Koutoubya would be magnificent anywhere; in this flat desert it is grand enough to face the Atlas.

The Almohad conquerors who built the Koutoubya and embellished Marrakech dreamed a dream of beauty that extended from the Guadalquivir to the Sahara; and at its two extremes they placed their watch-towers. The Giralda watched over civilized enemies in a land of ancient Roman culture; the Koutoubya stood at the edge of the world, facing the hordes of the desert.

The Almoravid princes who founded Marrakech came from the black desert of Senegal; themselves were leaders of wild hordes. In the history of North Africa the same cycle has perpetually repeated itself. Generation after generation of chiefs have flowed in from the desert or the mountains, overthrown their predecessors, massacred, plundered, grown rich, built sudden palaces, encouraged their great servants to do the same; then fallen on them, and taken their wealth and their palaces. Usually some religious fury, some ascetic wrath against the self-indulgence of the cities, has been the motive of these attacks; but invariably the same results followed, as they followed when the Germanic barbarians descended on Italy. The conquerors, infected with luxury and mad with power, built vaster palaces, planned grander cities; but Sultans and Viziers camped in their golden houses as if on the march, and the mud huts of the tribesmen within their walls were but one degree removed from the mud-walled tents of the *bled*.

This was more especially the case with Marrakech, a city of Berbers and blacks, and the last outpost against the fierce black world beyond the Atlas from which its founders came. When one looks at its site, and considers its history, one can only marvel at the height of civilization it attained.

The Bahia itself, now the palace of the Resident General, though built less than a hundred years ago, is typical of the architectural megalomania of the great southern chiefs. It was built by Ba-Ahmed, the all-powerful black Vizier of the Sultan Moulay Hassan.* Ba-Ahmed was evidently an artist and an archæologist. His ambition was to re-create a Palace of Beauty such as the Moors had built in the prime of Arab art, and he brought to Marrakech skilled artificers of Fez, the last surviving masters of the mystery of chiselled plaster and ceramic mosaics and honeycombing of gilded cedar. They came, they built the Bahia, and it remains the loveliest and most fantastic of Moroccan palaces.

Court within court, garden beyond garden, reception halls, private apartments, slaves' quarters, sunny prophets' chambers on the roofs and baths in

* Moulay Hassan reigned from 1873 to 1894.

vaulted crypts, the labyrinth of passages and rooms stretches away over several acres of ground. A long court enclosed in pale-green trellis-work, where pigeons plume themselves about a great tank and the dripping tiles glitter with refracted sunlight, leads to the fresh gloom of a cypress garden, or under jasmine tunnels bordered with running water; and these again open on arcaded apartments faced with tiles and stucco-work, where, in a languid twilight, the hours drift by to the ceaseless music of the fountains.

The beauty of Moroccan palaces is made up of details of ornament and refinements of sensuous delight too numerous to record; but to get an idea of their general character it is worth while to cross the Court of Cypresses at the Bahia and follow a series of low-studded passages that turn on themselves till they reach the centre of the labyrinth. Here, passing by a low padlocked door leading to a crypt, and known as the "Door of the Vizier's Treasure-House," one comes on a painted portal that opens into a still more secret sanctuary: The apartment of the Grand Vizier's Favourite.

This lovely prison, from which all sight and sound of the outer world are excluded, is built about an atrium paved with disks of turquoise and black and white. Water trickles from a central *vasca* of alabaster into a hexagonal mosaic channel in the pavement. The walls, which are at least twenty-five feet high, are roofed with painted beams resting on panels of traceried stucco in which is set a clerestory of jewelled glass. On each side of the atrium are long recessed rooms closed by vermilion doors painted with gold arabesques and vases of spring flowers; and into these shadowy inner rooms, spread with rugs and divans and soft pillows, no light comes except when their doors are opened into the atrium. In this fabulous place it was my good luck to be lodged while I was at Marrakech.

In a climate where, after the winter snow has melted from the Atlas, every breath of air, for long months, is a flame of fire, these enclosed rooms in the middle of the palaces are the only places of refuge from the heat. Even in October the temperature of the favourite's apartment was deliciously reviving after a morning in the bazaars or the dusty streets, and I never came back to its wet tiles and perpetual twilight without the sense of plunging into a deep sea-pool.

From far off, through circuitous corridors, came the scent of citron-blossom and jasmine, with sometimes a bird's song before dawn, sometimes a flute's wail at sunset, and always the call of the muezzin in the night; but no sunlight reached the apartment except in remote rays through the clerestory, and no air except through one or two broken panes.

Sometimes, lying on my divan, and looking out through the vermilion doors, I used to surprise a pair of swallows dropping down from their nest in the cedar-beams to preen themselves on the fountain's edge or in the channels of the pavement; for the roof was full of birds who came and went through the broken panes of the clerestory. Usually they were my only visitors; but one morning just at daylight I was waked by a soft tramp of bare feet, and saw, silhouetted against the cream-colored walls, a procession of eight tall negroes in linen tunics, who filed noiselessly across the atrium like a moving frieze of bronze. In that fantastic setting, and the hush of that twilight hour, the vision was so like the picture of a "Seraglio Tragedy," some fragment of a Delacroix or Decamps floating up into the drowsy brain, that I almost fancied I had seen the ghosts of Ba-Ahmed's executioners revisiting with dagger and bowstring the scene of an unavenged crime.

A cock crew, and they vanished . . . and when I made the mistake of asking what they had been doing in my room at that hour I was told (as though it were the most natural thing in the world) that they were the municipal lamp-lighters of Marrakech, whose duty it is to refill every morning the two hundred acetylene lamps lighting the palace of the Resident General. Such unforeseen aspects, in this mysterious city, do the most ordinary domestic functions wear.

## III

### THE BAZAARS

PASSING out of the enchanted circle of the Bahia it is startling to plunge into the native life about its gates.

Marrakech is the great market of the south; and the south means not only the Atlas with its feudal chiefs and their wild clansmen, but all that lies beyond of heat and savagery: the Sahara of the veiled Touaregs, Dakka, Timbuctoo, Senegal and the Soudan. Here come the camel caravans from Demnat and Tameslout, from the Moulouya and the Souss, and those from the Atlantic ports and the confines of Algeria. The population of this old city of the southern march has always been even more mixed than that of the northerly Moroccan towns. It is made up of the descendants of all the peoples conquered by a long line of Sultans who brought their trains of captives across the sea from Moorish Spain and across the Sahara from Timbuctoo. Even in the highly cultivated region on the lower slopes of the Atlas there are groups of varied ethnic origin, the descendants of tribes transplanted by long-gone rulers and still preserving many of their original characteristics.

In the bazaars all these peoples meet and mingle: cattle-dealers, olive-growers, peasants from the Atlas, the Souss and the Draa, Blue Men of the Sahara, blacks from Senegal and the Soudan, coming in to trade with the wool-merchants, tanners, leather-merchants, silk-weavers, armourers and makers of agricultural implements.

Dark, fierce and fanatical are these narrow *souks* of Marrakech. They are mere mud lanes roofed with rushes, as in South Tunisia and Timbuctoo, and the crowds swarming in them are so dense that it is hardly possible, at certain hours, to approach the tiny raised kennels where the merchants sit like idols among their wares. One feels at once that something more than the thought of bargaining—dear as this is to the African heart—animates these incessantly moving throngs. The *souks* of Marrakech seem, more than any others, the central organ of a native life that extends far beyond the city walls into secret clefts of the mountains and far-off oases where plots are hatched and holy wars fomented—farther still, to yellow deserts whence negroes are secretly brought across the Atlas to that inmost recess of the bazaar where the ancient traffic in flesh and blood still surreptitiously goes on.

All these many threads of the native life, woven of greed and lust, of fetichism and fear and blind hate of the stranger, form, in the *souks*, a thick network in which at times one's feet seem literally to stumble. Fanatics in sheepskins glowering from the guarded thresholds of the mosques, fierce tribesmen with inlaid arms in their belts and the fighters' tufts of wiry hair escaping from camel's-hair turbans, mad negroes standing stark naked in niches of the walls and pouring down Soudanese incantations upon the fascinated crowd, consumptive Jews with pathos and cunning in their large eyes and smiling lips, lusty slave-girls with earthen oil-jars resting against swaying hips, almond-eyed boys leading fat merchants by the hand, and bare-legged Berber women, tattooed and insolently gay, trading their striped blankets, or bags of dried roses and irises, for sugar, tea or Manchester cottons—from all these hundreds of unknown and unknowable people, bound together by secret affinities, or intriguing against each other with secret hate, there emanates an atmosphere of mystery and menace more stifling than the smell of camels and spices and black bodies and smoking fry which hangs like a fog under the close roofing of the *souks*.

And suddenly one leaves the crowd and the turbid air for one of those quiet corners that are like the back-waters of the bazaars: a small square where a vine stretches across a shop-front and hangs ripe clusters of grapes through the reeds. In the patterning of grape-shadows a very old donkey, tethered to a stone-post, dozes under a pack-saddle that is never taken off; and near by, in a matted niche, sits a very old man in white. This is the chief of the Guild of "morocco" workers of Marrakech, the most accomplished craftsman in Morocco in the preparing and using of the skins to which the city gives its name. Of these sleek moroccos, cream-white or dyed with cochineal or pomegranate skins, are made the rich bags of the Chleuh dancing-boys, the embroidered slippers for the harem, the belts and harnesses that figure so largely in Moroccan trade—and of the finest, in old days, were made the pomegranate-red morocco bindings of European bibliophiles.

From this peaceful corner one passes

into the barbaric splendor of a *souk* hung with innumerable plumy bunches of floss silk—skeins of citron yellow, crimson, grasshopper green and pure purple. This is the silk-spinners' quarter, and next to it comes that of the dyers, with great seething vats into which the raw silk is plunged, and ropes overhead where the rainbow masses are hung out to dry.

Another turn leads into the street of the metal-workers and armourers, where the sunlight through the thatch flames on round flanks of beaten copper or picks out the silver bosses of ornate powder-flasks and pistols; and near by is the *souk* of the plough-shares, crowded with peasants in rough Chleuh cloaks who are waiting to have their archaic ploughs repaired, and that of the smiths, in an outer lane of mud huts where negroes squat in the dust and sinewy naked figures in tattered loin-cloths bend over blazing coals. And here ends the maze of the bazaars.

## IV

### ON THE ROOFS

"SHOULD you like to see the Chleuh boys dance?" some one asked.

"There they are," another of our companions added, pointing to a dense ring of spectators on one side of the immense dusty square at the entrance of the *souks* —the "Square of the Dead" as it is called, in memory of the executions that used to take place under one of its grim red gates.

It is the square of the living now, the centre of all the life, amusement and gossip of Marrakech, and the spectators are so thickly packed about the story-tellers, snake-charmers and dancers who frequent it that one can guess what is going on within each circle only by the wailing monologue or the persistent drum-beat that proceeds from it.

Ah, yes—we should indeed like to see the Chleuh boys dance; we who, since we had been in Morocco, had seen no dancing, heard no singing, caught no single glimpse of merry-making! But how were we to get within sight of them?

On one side of the Square of the Dead stands a large house, of European build, but modelled on Oriental lines: the office of the French municipal administration. The French Government no longer allows its offices to be built within the walls of Moroccan towns, and this house goes back to the epic days of the Caïd Sir Harry Maclean, to whom it was presented by the fantastic Abd-el-Aziz when the Caïd was his favourite companion as well as his military adviser.

At the suggestion of the municipal officials we mounted the stairs and looked down on the packed square. There can be no more Oriental sight this side of the Atlas and the Sahara. The square is surrounded by low mud-houses, fondaks, cafés and the like. In one corner, near the archway leading into the *souks*, is the fruit-market, where the red-gold branches of unripe dates* for animal fodder are piled up in great stacks, and dozens of donkeys are coming and going, their panniers laden with fruits and vegetables which are being heaped on the ground in gorgeous pyramids: purple egg-plants, melons, cucumbers, bright orange pumpkins, mauve and pink and violet onions, rusty crimson pomegranates and the gold grapes of Sefrou and Salé, all mingled with fresh green sheaves of mint and wormwood.

In the middle of the square sit the story-tellers' turbaned audiences. Beyond these are the humbler crowds about the wild-ringleted snake-charmers with their epileptic gestures and hissing incantations, and farther off, in the densest circle of all, we could just discern the shaved heads and waving surpliced arms of the dancing-boys. Under an archway near by an important personage in white muslin, mounted on a handsome mule and surrounded by his attendants, sat with motionless face and narrowed eyes gravely following the movements of the dancers.

Suddenly, as we stood watching the extraordinary animation of the scene, a reddish light overspread it, and one of our companions exclaimed: "Ah—a dust-storm!"

In that very moment it was upon us: a red cloud rushing across the square out of nowhere, whirling the date-branches over the heads of the squatting throngs, tumbling down the stacks of fruits and vegetables, rooting up the canvas awnings over the lemonade-sellers' stalls and before the café doors, huddling the blinded donkeys under the walls of the fondak,

*Dates do not ripen in Morocco.

and stripping to the hips the black slave-girls scudding home from the *souks*.

Such a blast would instantly have scattered any western crowd, but "the patient East" remained undisturbed, rounding its shoulders before the storm and continuing to follow attentively the motions of the dancers and the turns of the story-tellers. By and bye, however, the gale grew too furious, and the spectators were so involved in collapsing tents, eddying date-branches and stampeding mules that the square began to clear, save for the listeners about the most popular story-teller, who continued to sit on unmoved. And then, at the height of the storm, they too were abruptly scattered by the rush of a cavalcade across the square. First came a handsomely dressed man, carrying before him on his peaked saddle a tiny boy in a gold-embroidered orange caftan, in front of whom he held an open book; and behind them a train of white-draped men on showily harnessed mules, followed by musicians in bright dresses. It was only a Circumcision procession on its way to the mosque; but the dust-enveloped rider in his rich dress, clutching the bewildered child to his breast, looked like some Oriental prince trying to escape with his son from the fiery embraces of desert Erl-maidens.

As swiftly as it rose the storm subsided, leaving the fruit-market in ruins under a sky as clear and innocent as an infant's eye. The Chleuh boys had vanished with the rest, like marionettes swept into a drawer by an impatient child; but presently, toward sunset, we were told that we were to see them after all, and our hosts led us up to the roof of the Caïd's house.

The city lay stretched before us like one immense terrace circumscribed by palms. The sky was pure blue, verging to turquoise green where the Atlas floated above mist; and facing the celestial snows stood the Koutoubya, red in the sunset.

People were beginning to come out on the roofs: it was the hour of peace, of ablutions, of family life on the house-tops. Groups of women in pale tints and floating veils spoke to each other from terrace to terrace, through the chatter of children and the guttural calls of bedizened negresses. And presently, on the roof adjoining ours, appeared the slim dancing-boys with white caftans and hennaed feet.

The three swarthy musicians who accompanied them crossed their lean legs on the tiles and set up their throb-throb and thrum-thrum, and on a narrow strip of terrace the youths began their measured steps.

It was a grave static dance, such as David may have performed before the Ark; untouched by mirth or folly, as beseemed a dance in that sombre land, and borrowing its magic from its gravity. Even when the pace quickened with the stress of the music the gestures still continued to be restrained and hieratic; only when, one by one, the performers detached themselves from the round and knelt before us for the *peseta* it is customary to press on their foreheads, did one see, by the moisture which made the coin adhere, how quick and violent their movements had been.

The performance, like all things Oriental, like the life, the patterns, the stories, seemed to have no beginning and no end: it just went monotonously and indefatigably on till fate snipped its thread by calling us away to dinner. So at last we went down into the dust of the streets refreshed by that vision of white youths dancing on the house-tops against the gold of a sunset that made them look—in spite of ankle-bracelets and painted eyes—almost as guileless and happy as the round of angels on the roof of Fra Angelico's Nativity.

## V

### THE AGDAL

One of the Almohad Sultans who, during their hundred years of empire, scattered such great monuments from Seville to the Atlas, felt the need of coolness about his southern capital, and laid out the olive-yards of the Agdal.

To the south of Marrakech the Agdal extends for many acres between the outer walls of the city and the edge of the palm-oasis—a continuous belt of silver foliage traversed by deep red lanes, and enclosing a wide-spreading summer palace and two immense reservoirs walled with masonry; and the vision of these serene sheets of water, in which the olives and palms are motionlessly reflected, is one of the most poetic impressions in that city of inveterate poetry romance.

On the edge of one of the reservoirs a



*From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.*

The gate of the Portuguese.

sentimental Sultan built in the last century a little pleasure-house called the Menara. It is composed of a few rooms with a two-storied loggia looking across the water to the palm-groves, and surrounded by a garden of cypresses and orange-trees. The Menara, long since abandoned, is usually uninhabited; but on the day when we drove through the Agdal we noticed, at the gate, a group of well-dressed servants holding mules with embroidered saddle-clothes.

The French officer who was with us asked the porter what was going on, and he replied that the Chief of the Guild of Wool-Merchants had hired the pavilion for a week and invited a few friends to visit him. They were now, the porter added, taking tea in the loggia above the lake; and the host, being informed of our presence, begged that we should do him and his friends the honour of visiting the pavilion.

In reply to this amiable invitation we crossed an empty saloon surrounded with divans and passed out onto the loggia where the wool-merchant and his guests were seated. They were evidently persons of consequence: large bulky men wrapped in fresh muslins and reclining side by side on muslin-covered divans and cushions. Black slaves had placed before them brass trays with pots of mint-tea, glasses in filigree stands, and dishes of gazelles' horns and sugar-plums; and they sat serenely absorbing these refreshments and gazing with large calm eyes upon the motionless water and the reflected trees.

So, we were told, they would probably spend the greater part of their holiday. The merchant's cooks had taken possession of the kitchens, and toward sunset a sumptuous repast of many courses would be carried into the saloon on covered trays, and the guests would squat about it on rugs of Rabat, tearing with their fingers the tender chicken wings and small artichokes cooked in oil, plunging their fat white hands to the wrist into huge mounds of saffron and rice, and washing

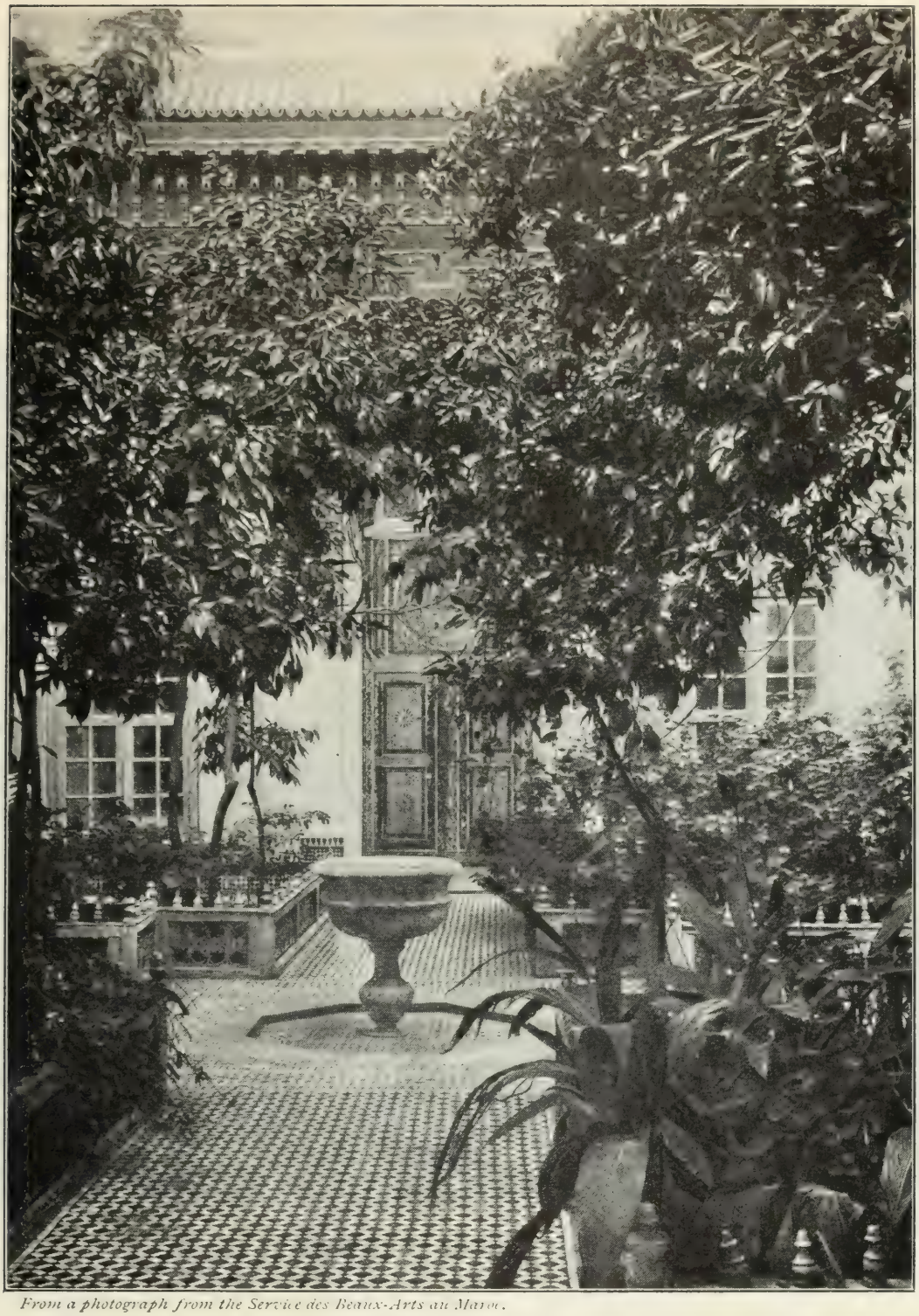


*From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.*

A street fountain.

off the traces of each course in the brass basin of perfumed water carried about by a young black slave-girl with hoop-earrings and a green-and-gold scarf about her hips.

Then the singing-girls would come out from Marrakech, squat, round-faced young women heavily hennaed and bejewelled, accompanied by gaunt musicians in bright caftans; and for hours they would sing sentimental or obscene ballads to the persistent maddening twang of violin and flute and drum. Meanwhile fiery brandy or sweet champagne would probably be passed around between the steaming glasses of mint-tea which the slaves perpetually refilled; or perhaps the sultry air, the heavy meal, the scent of the garden and the vertiginous repetition of the music would suffice to plunge these sedentary worthies into the delicious coma in which every festive evening in Morocco ends.



*From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.*

The palace of the Bahia.

The "Little Garden" (with painted doors in background).

The next day would be spent in the same manner, except that probably the Chleuh boys with sidelong eyes and clean caftans would come instead of the singing girls, and weave the arabesque of their dance in place of the runic pattern of the singing. But the result would always be the same: a prolonged state of obese ecstasy culminating in the collapse of huge heaps of snoring muslin on the divans against the wall. Finally at the week's end the wool-merchant and his friends would all ride back with dignity to the bazaar.

## VI

### THE SAADIAN TOMBS

On one of the last days of our stay in Marrakech we were told, almost mys-

teriously, that permission was to be given us to visit the tombs of the Saadian Sultans.

Though Marrakech has been in the hands of the French since 1912, the very existence of these tombs was unknown to the authorities till 1917. Then the Sultan's government privately informed the Resident General that an unsuspected treasure of Moroccan art was falling into ruin, and after some hesitation it was agreed that General Lyautey and the Director of Fine Arts should be admitted to the mosque containing the tombs, on the express condition that the French Government undertook to repair them. While we were at Rabat General Lyautey had described his visit to us, and it was at his request that the Sultan authorized us to see the mosque, to which no travellers had as yet been admitted.



*From a photograph by Félix-Marrakech.*

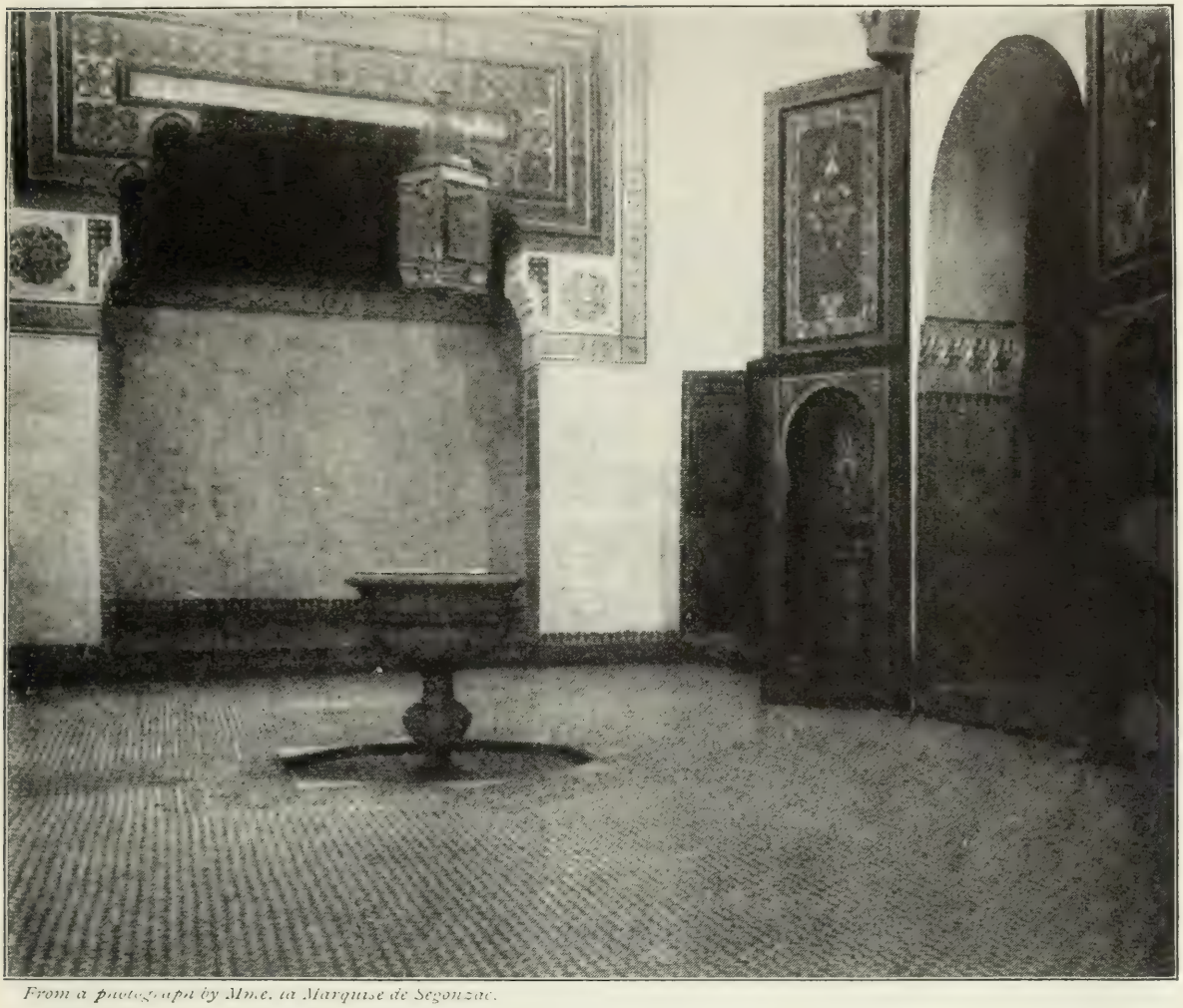
The great court, palace of the Bahia.

With a good deal of ceremony, and after the customary *pourparlers* with the great Pasha who controls native affairs at Marrakech, an hour was fixed for our visit, and we drove through long lanes of mud-huts to a lost quarter near the walls. At last we came to a deserted square on one side of which stands the long low mosque of Mansourah with a turquoise-green minaret embroidered with traceries of sculptured terracotta. Opposite the mosque is a gate in a crumbling wall; and at this gate the Pasha's Cadi was to meet us with the keys of the mausoleum. But we waited in vain. Oriental dilatoriness, or a last secret reluctance to admit unbelievers to a holy place, had caused the Cadi to forget his appointment; and we drove away disappointed.

The delay drove us to wondering about these mysterious Saadian Sultans, who, though coming so late in the annals of Morocco, had left at least one monument said to be worthy of the Merenid tradition. And the tale of the Saadians is worth telling.

They came from Arabia to the Draa (the fruitful country south of the Great Atlas) early in the fifteenth century, when the Merenid empire was already near disintegration. Like all previous invaders they preached the doctrine of a pure Islamism to the polytheistic and indifferent Berbers, and found a ready hearing because they denounced the evils of a divided empire, and also because the whole of Morocco was in revolt against the Christian colonies of Spain and Portugal, which had encircled the coast from Ceuta to Agadir with a chain of fortified counting-houses. To *bouter dehors* the money-making unbeliever was an object that found adherents from the Rif to the Sahara, and the Saadian cherifs soon rallied a mighty following to their standard. Islam, though it never really gave a creed to the Berbers, supplied them with a war-cry as potent to-day as when it first rang across Barbary.

The history of the Saadians is a foreshortened record of that of all their predecessors. They overthrew the artistic and luxurious Merenids, and in their turn became artistic and luxurious. Their greatest Sultan, Abbou-el-Abbas, surnamed the Golden, after defeating the Merenids and putting an end to Christian rule in Morocco by the crushing victory of El Ksar (1578), bethought him in his turn of enriching himself and beautifying his capital, and with this object in view turned his attention to the black kingdoms of the south.



*From a photograph by Mme. la Marquise de Segonzac.*

Apartment of the Grand Vizier's favorite, palace of the Bahia.

Senegal and the Soudan, which had been Mohammedan since the eleventh century, had attained in the sixteenth century a high degree of commercial wealth and artistic civilization. The Sultanate of Timbuctoo seems in reality to have been a thriving empire, and if Timbuctoo was not the Claude-like vision of Carthaginian palaces which it became in

the tales of imaginative travellers, it apparently had something of the magnificence of Fez and Marrakech.

The Saadian army, after a march of four and a half months across the Sahara, conquered the whole black south. Senegal, the Soudan and Bornou submitted to Abbou-el-Abbas, the Sultan of Timbuctoo was dethroned, and the celebrated negro jurist Ahmed-Baba was brought a prisoner to Marrakech, where his chief sorrow appears to have been for the loss of his library of 1,600 volumes—though he declared that, of all the numerous members of his family, it was he who possessed the smallest number of books.

Besides this learned bibliophile, the Sultan Abbou-el-Abbas brought back with him an immense booty, principally of ingots of gold, from which he took his surname of "The Golden"; and as the result of the expedition Marrakech was embellished with mosques and palaces for which the Sultan brought marble from Carrara, paying for it with loaves of sugar from the sugar-cane that the Saadians grew in the Souss.

In spite of these brilliant beginnings the rule of the dynasty was short and without subsequent interest. Based on a fanatical antagonism against the foreigner, and fed by the ever-wakeful hatred of the Moors for their Spanish conquerors, it raised ever higher the Chinese walls of exclusiveness which the more enlightened Almohads and Merenids had sought to overthrow. Henceforward less and less daylight and fresh air were to penetrate into the *souks* of Morocco.

The day after our unsuccessful attempt to see the tombs of these ephemeral rulers we received another message, naming an hour for our visit; and this time the Pasha's representative was waiting in the archway. We followed his lead, under the openly mistrustful glances of the Arabs who hung about the square, and after picking our way through a twisting lane between walls we came out into a filthy nettle-grown space against the ramparts. At intervals of about thirty feet splendid square towers rose from the walls, and facing one of them lay a group of crumbling buildings masked behind other ruins.

We were led first into a narrow mosque or praying-chapel, like those of the medersas, with a coffered cedar ceiling resting on four marble columns, and traceried walls of unusually beautiful design. From this chapel we passed into the hall of the tombs, a cube about forty feet square. Fourteen columns of colored marble sustain a domed ceiling of gilded cedar, with an exterior deambulatory under a tunnel-vaulting also roofed with cedar. The walls are, as usual, of chiselled stucco, above revêtements of ceramic mosaic, and between the columns lie the white marble cenotaphs of the Saadian Sultans, covered with Arabic inscriptions in the most delicate low-relief. Beyond this central mausoleum, and balancing the praying-chapel, lies another long narrow chamber, gold-ceilinged also, and containing a few tombs.

It is difficult, in describing the architecture of Morocco, to avoid producing an impression of monotony. The ground-plan of mosques and medersas is always practically the same; and the same elements, few in number and endlessly repeated, make up the materials and the form of the ornament. The effect upon the eye is not monotonous, for a patient art has infinitely varied the combinations of pattern and the juxtapositions of color; while the depth of undercutting of the stucco, and the treatment of the bronze doors and of the carved cedar corbels, necessarily varies with the periods which produced them.

But in the Saadian mausoleum a new element has been introduced which makes this little monument a thing apart. The marble columns supporting the roof appear to be unique in Moroccan architecture, and they lend themselves to a new roof-plan which relates the building rather to the tradition of Venice or Byzantine by way of Kairouan and Cordova.

The late date of the monument precludes any idea of a direct artistic tradition. The most probable explanation seems to be that the architect of the mausoleum was familiar with European Renaissance architecture, and saw the beauty to be derived from using precious marbles not merely as ornament but, in the Roman and Italian way, as a structural element. Panels and fountain-basins are ornament, and ornament changes

nothing essential in architecture; but when, for instance, heavy square piers are replaced by detached columns, a new style results.

It is not only the novelty of its plan that makes the Saadian mausoleum singular among Moroccan monuments. The details of its ornament are of the most intricate refinement: it seems as though the last graces of the expiring Merenid art had been gathered up into this rare blossom. And the slant of sunlight on lustrous columns, the depths of fretted gold, the dusky ivory of the walls and the pure white of the cenotaphs, so classic in spareness of ornament and simplicity of design—this subtle harmony of form and color gives to the dim rich chapel an air of dream-like unreality.

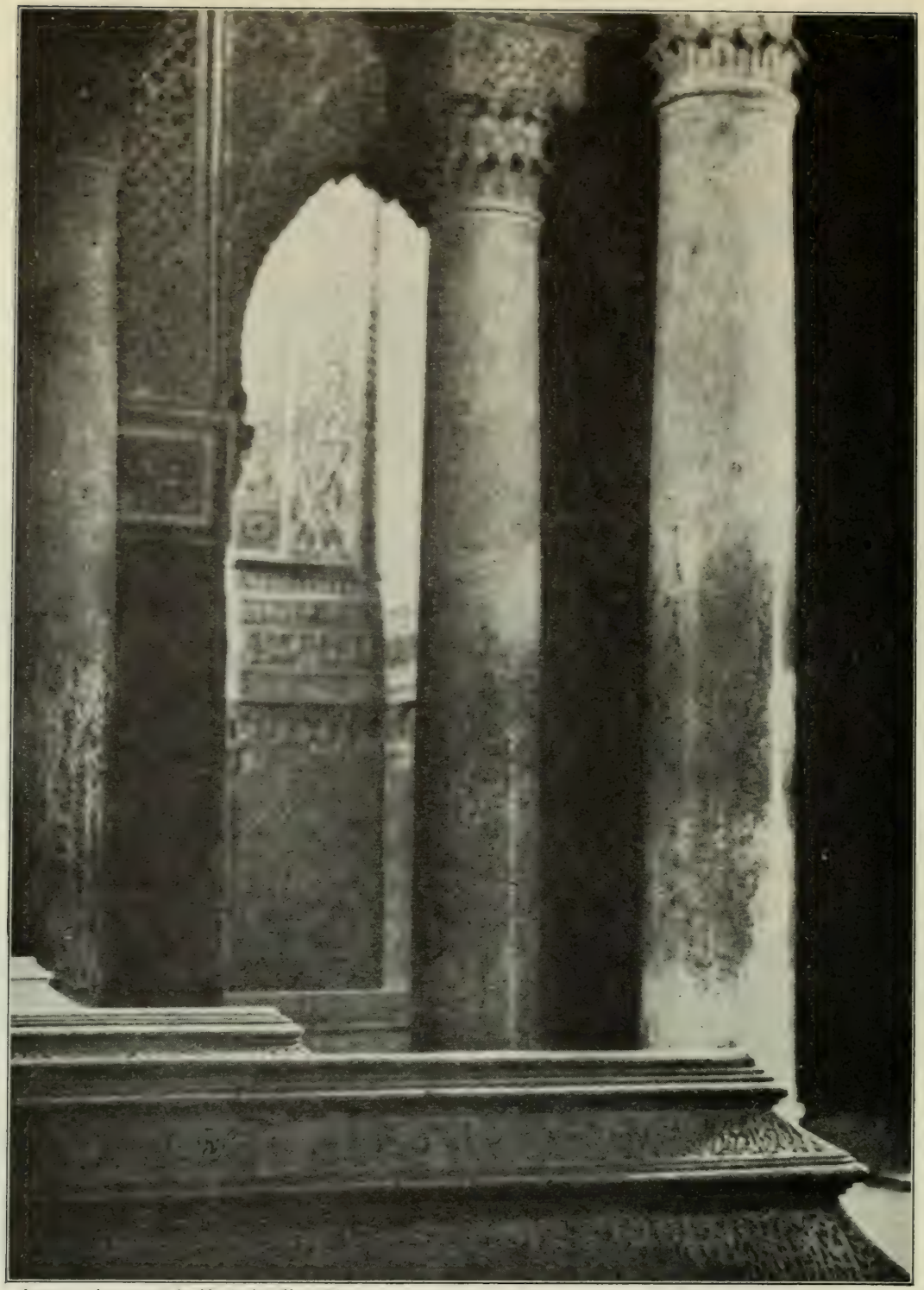
And how can it seem other than a dream? Who can have conceived, in the heart of a savage Saharan camp, the serenity and balance of this hidden place? And how came such fragile loveliness to survive, preserving, behind a screen of tumbling walls, of nettles and offal and dead beasts, every curve of its traceries and every cell of its honeycombing?



*From a photograph from "France-Maroc."*

A Fondak, Marrakech.

Such questions inevitably bring one back to the central riddle of the mysterious North African civilization: the perpetual flux and the immovable stability, the barbarous customs and sensuous refinements, the absence of artistic orig-



*From a photograph by M. André Chevrillon.*

Mausoleum of the Saadian Sultans (16th century) showing the tombs.

inality and the gift for regrouping borrowed motives, the patient and exquisite workmanship and the immediate neglect and degradation of the thing once made.

Revering the dead and camping on their graves, elaborating exquisite monuments only to abandon and defile them, venerating scholarship and wisdom and living in ignorance and grossness, these gifted races, perpetually struggling to reach some higher level of culture from which they have always been swept down by a fresh wave of barbarism, are still only a people in the making.

It may be that the political stability which France is helping them to acquire will at last give their higher qualities time for fruition; and when one looks at the mausoleum of Marrakech and the medersas of Fez one feels that, were the experiment made on artistic grounds alone, it would yet be well worth making.

# THE ROMANCE OF A PRACTISING PH.D.

## By Robert Rudd Whiting

Illustrations by George Van Werveke

MOIRA O'NEIL was Dr. Jason Bright's very first patient. This is how it came about.

Moira was the painter girl who occupied the top floor of the old house in which Bright had just taken rooms on the ground floor. Red-headed girls are just as difficult to make well as is mayonnaise dressing. You know how it is with mayonnaise dressing: if you stir the wrong way, or add just the least little drop of something just the fraction of a moment too soon, then it makes no difference how long or how hard you stir—it can never be anything more than an untempting mess of disintegrated ingredients.

It's the same way with red-headed girls. If the confecting angels make the least little slip the whole thing is spoiled. The hair becomes carroty, the eyes become a pale, watery blue with red rims, the cream of the complexion curdles, and the slender hands shrivel up and become bony and clawlike.

But when, once in a great while, everything goes right and the confecting angels turn out a really successful red-headed girl—jade-green eyes, black lashes, ivory skin—then, look out, Earth! The only way you can tell that they're really merely mortal is that every once in a while one of them has a headache, just like ordinary girls.

Moira O'Neil had a headache. She had complained of it to Mrs. Keppel, the landlady, when Mrs. Keppel had dropped in to see whether something or other was some place or other or not.

"My head's simply splitting, and I've got to have this cover finished by tomorrow."

Moira stood gazing resentfully at the pastel on the easel before her. "I thought I had it finished yesterday, but now they want the color scheme changed so they can put orange lettering across the top." She clutched her aching forehead.

"You ought to see a doctor," decided Mrs. Keppel with a sudden inspiration. "The gentleman who moved in on the ground floor is a doctor."

"What kind of a doctor is he?" asked Moira, hesitating. "I don't feel well enough to have an osteopath."

"That I don't know. I only know that he came to me with a letter of introduction from Prof. Jones, of Columbia, who had the rooms two years ago. 'My good friend Dr. Jason Bright,' the professor called him. And any doctor that Prof. Jones calls his good friend is all right. The professor was a fine gentleman, if he did forget and leave the hot water running sometimes. But come, you poor child. Slip off your overall"—evidently the artist's smock that Moira wore. "We'll go down and the doctor will fix you up in a jiffy. And he's such a nice young man."

"But—but perhaps he isn't ready to practise yet," Moira feebly protested. "He hasn't got any sign in the window or anything." However, she was already following Mrs. Keppel down the stairs.

"Come in," called a boyish voice in response to Mrs. Keppel's knock. She opened the door, ushering Moira in ahead of her. A grave-faced, slender young man arose to his feet and seemed searching for some place to knock out his pipe.

"This is Miss O'Neil, Dr. Bright. She's got a headache." With which explanation Mrs. Keppel withdrew, closing the door behind her.

"Won't you sit down?" invited Dr. Bright, indicating the chair that a man would consider the most comfortable.

"Thank you," said Moira, selecting the chair that a woman would prefer.

There followed an awkward pause. Moira made her host feel that something was expected of him.

"I—er—I'm sorry your head aches," he finally said with much diffidence.

What an odd professional manner, thought Moira. It seemed to be up to her to state her case without the help of the usual leading questions.

"It began a couple of days ago," she volunteered. "I've been working too hard lately. I simply had to get a lot of things done. And to-day it's been getting worse until I'm almost ready to swear."

His well-bred face expressed sympathy. "Why don't you?" he suggested a bit vaguely.

"Why don't I what?"

"Why don't you swear?" Then, seeing the look of indignation that flashed over her, he immediately became embarrassed. "Please," he protested, "I didn't mean—er—that is, so many well-bred young women *do* swear nowadays, and, honestly, I think it's fine! I was sort of shocked when I first came to New York—I'm still pretty provincial in some ways, I suppose—but when I began to reason it out I saw that swearing by ladies is really going to be a wonderful benefit to civilization."

He spoke with a whimsical seriousness that fascinated as well as puzzled her.

"Profanity," he mused, half to himself, "is the natural outlet of our unpleasant feelings." He pursed his lips and brought the tips of his long fingers together in the approved manner of a college professor. "The man who never swears keeps the poison within him. That's why old maids are so acid. In the narrow days of our fathers it was held that a good round oath was unmaidenly. But now, thanks to our broader ideas concerning woman's bringing up, the term 'old maid' will soon lose its stigma. Instead of acid old maids whose natural milk of human kindness has been soured by pent-up profanity, we'll see genial old bachelor ladies, blasphemous and lovable."

A horrible suspicion crossed Moira's mind. She glanced at the impressive rows of books around the walls. She got up and went over to them. The first title that caught her eye was—"Alice in Wonderland!"

"Just what sort of a doctor are you?" she demanded, facing him accusingly.

"Me? Ph.D.—Doctor of Philosophy, Princeton. Why?"

"Doctor of philosophy!" she said with withering contempt. "Who ever heard of a practising doctor of philosophy, I'd like to know?"

"Who, indeed?" He seemed to be considering the matter. "But why not? I—" Something in her eyes caused him to stop. Suddenly it dawned upon him. "I see. Why, good heavens! You thought— That's why you told me you had a headache. You thought I was a regular doctor."

Their eyes met. Hers crinkled at the corners an instant before his, and they both laughed.

"It was Mrs. Keppel who told me you were a doctor. She insisted upon my showing you my headache. And at that I think your philosophy has entirely driven it away," she discovered with a smile. "So now, if you'll tell me your fee——"

He doubtfully stroked his chin. "As to fees, I suppose it's pretty much the same with a doctor of philosophy as it is with any other kind of a doctor—medicine, tooth, or horse—you send in your bill when the case is concluded. Your headache is probably all right, but just as a matter of precaution I think you'd better let me drop in on you about this time to-morrow and let me see how you're getting along. In the meantime," he told her, with his best professional manner, "you may continue the present treatment. That is to say—er—swear whenever you feel like it."

At the door she paused as if she had forgotten something. "Damn!" she said sweetly, and hurried up the stairs to her studio.

Dr. Bright stared at the door a moment as though her image had not entirely faded with her going. Then he relighted his pipe, sprawled himself out in an easy chair, and let his thoughts weave alluring pictures in the slowly rising smoke.

A shy, diffident man as he moved about in physical every-day life, when his mind wandered back through the centuries he became the very devil of a fellow, a veritable prince of ardent lovers. And red-headed sirens had always held a particular lure for him. He saw them now swaying in gorgeous procession through the filmy, blue-gray veil arising from his pipe. There were Cleopatra and Du Barry and

—Moira O'Neil; there was Lucrezia Borgia—and Moira O'Neil; there were Madame de Montespan and Mary, Queen of Scots—and Moira O'Neil; there was—Moira O'Neil.

Up-stairs in her studio, Moira herself, filled with the buoyancy that the Irish always derive from a whimsical adventure, was cheerfully slapping away at the color changes the art editor wanted in her picture. A practising doctor of philosophy! she thought with a smile in her eyes. And how dreadful it would have been if he hadn't been just queer enough to make it all seem so natural!

She liked his grave face, his crisp, wavy hair, and his gracefully slender figure. It was as if he belonged to another century and had put aside his stock and ruffles to masquerade in the present. Why was it, she wondered, that nowadays the men who should have their portraits painted never could afford to, while the men who can afford to never should have their portraits painted.

What a wonderful portrait the doctor would make, hanging on the walls of his great-grandchildren's library! That's what he was, she decided with enthusiasm at having so cleverly placed him—a contemporary ancestor. Jason Bright, practising doctor of philosophy and contemporary ancestor!

The following morning, when Moira had made her toast and coffee and had washed the dishes, she wrapped up her revised cover illustration, carefully adjusted a limp, gray-green hat that spoke well of her hair, and started forth. In the lower hall she met Mrs. Keppel.

"And how's the head?" the landlady asked.

"Why, that's for you to say," giving her hair and hat a little touch of adjustment. "I rather fancied it myself," she added invitingly.

"I knew the doctor would cure you," said the landlady. "He seems to have a natural gift for it. This morning when the boys were playing war out in the street here, little Tony Baccigalupo had a terrible fall and was bawlin' his poor little head off when the doctor went out. He ran over to him and had him on his feet in no time. He took him into Schmidt's, the druggist's, to get him some medicine, and when they came out Tony was the happiest kid you ever saw in all your life."

"What sort of medicine did he give him, I wonder," mused Moira.

"I don't know. Something in a paper bag. Tony was taking it when they came out."

"Oh," murmured Moira in understanding.

"And don't worry about his bill, dearie," the landlady reassured her. "The thought of money never seems to enter his head."

Moira thanked her and went on out to see her art editor. Just how could a practising doctor of philosophy charge his patients, she wondered. Of course he couldn't take money. Probably he'd have to find his reward in his own philosophy. Still, there must be some way in which a grateful patient could suitably express her appreciation. Suddenly she had an inspiration.

The art editor approved of the change in her picture.

"I don't think it hurts it very much myself," she told him sweetly.

On her way home she made some purchases in a little glazier's shop. The rest of the morning she worked painstakingly in her studio. That afternoon she summoned Mrs. Keppel to view the result of her labor.

"Sure an' ain't it just what he needs, now," said Mrs. Keppel admiringly. "He never comes in until after four, an' I've got the tacks an' everything, so we can have it all ready for him before he gets home. Won't it be the grand surprise!"

It was a grand surprise. That afternoon when Jason Bright drew near the house he saw an old gentleman, two or three children of the neighborhood, and an Italian woman with a baby in her arms all gazing at his window. He paused to learn the object of their interest. There in the right-hand lower corner of the window was an oblong of translucent glass with this inscription, neatly lettered in black:

DR. JASON BRIGHT
DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

Instinctively he glanced toward the top of the house just in time to see a window quickly closed.

The following afternoon, on her way out, Moira, acting on impulse, paused at his door and timidly knocked.

"Come in," he called absently. He looked up reluctantly from a map that was spread upon his table.

"Oh! Come in! And how's the patient to-day?" he asked in his cheeriest professional manner. He followed her amused glance to the mantel where rested the professional shingle she had painted for him the day before.

"I hope you won't think I'm unappreciative. But a gentleman with a black eye came in for treatment before breakfast this morning, and I really thought I'd better take my sign out of the window. Philosophy is often a splendid preventive for black eyes, but raw beefsteak is better once the crisis is reached. How is your headache?"

"I don't know. It hasn't been 'round. I just dropped in to tell you." She arose to go.

"I think, perhaps, your diet needs watching," he told her gravely. "If you have no other engagement this evening," —and then he grew confused—"purely professionally, of course—I should like to—er—supervise your dining."

"Are you asking me to dinner?"

"As your doctor—we must look at your case philosophically—I——"

She smiled at his embarrassment. "All right, then, Dr. Bright. I'll knock for you on my way out this evening. About seven. Don't dress; I'm going to take you to Molly's."

It was almost eight when she tapped at his door. He noted that she wore a close-fitting little dull-green hat that set off the glorious red of her hair without fading the color of her eyes. This was a great deal for Dr. Bright to notice about any woman later than the time of Madame du Barry.

"My frock is nice, too," she told him with a smile.

"I—I—" And he held the door open for her.

"Have you ever been to Molly's? It's rather a Bohemian sort of place."

"That will be fine."

The big, low-ceilinged basement room was crowded, but Moira evidently was well known to the place, and a table was found for them. When he had ordered, Bright's glance wandered about the room. Moira began to identify for him various elements of the buzz and clatter.

That man at the big table was Owens, who taught music. The man sketching pictures on the table-cloth—just beyond the sickly looking blond woman—that was Karton, of *Vim*. Those were the Pingrey sisters with him. And Byron, the vers libre man—no, the one with the long hair and thick glasses—he's almost blind. The girl with him, with the artificial grapes in her hair, is Xena Barclay. She doesn't go in for anything herself, but she has money and is always helping out struggling poets, or writers of struggling poetry, rather.

"She's queer-looking and all that," Moira assured him, "but she's the best-hearted thing in the world."

"I've often noticed," commented Jason, "that when a woman has a heart of gold it usually requires an awfully near-sighted man to see it."

He gazed around the room with an air of amused tolerance.

"I'm afraid you don't care much for Bohemia," she concluded.

"Care for it? I love it!" His sudden vehemence startled her. Then he smiled, and continued in his customary gentle drawl: "You must forgive my impulsiveness. I—I was thinking of something else."

Her green eyes, narrowed a little, sought an explanation.

A tall young lieutenant, followed by a thick-set little man in a heavily braided cutaway, were being ushered past them to a table back of Jason. Moira's attention wandered to the thick-set man who had taken the seat facing her. He might have been thirty, or forty-five, or even younger or older. He had a broad face with little, wide-set eyes. He seemed stupid until the officer said something to make him smile. She liked his broad, childlike smile.

"Another celebrity?" wondered Jason with mild amusement.

"Oh, no. He doesn't belong here.




"You ought to see a doctor," decided Mrs. Keppel.—Page 487.

He's an outsider who has heard about the place and just came down to see the celebrities eat."

Jason turned to look. Suddenly the little man caught sight of him and his whole face lighted up. He got up and came over to them.

"How do you do?" he beamed with a jerky little bow.

"Miss O'Neil—Mr. Cermaska."

Mr. Cermaska made another jerky bow.

"You went directly to Washington?" Jason asked.

"Just back. Everything fine," with a childlike smile in proof of it.

"You received my telegram?"

"To-morrow. Half-past three," as if repeating a lesson.

"Won't you sit down?" asked Moira.

"Thank you," he declined. "My nephew"—proudly indicating the young officer he had just left—"he goes back to camp to-night."



"I'm afraid you don't care much for

"Miss O'Neil has been pointing out all the celebrities here to me."

"I'm afraid Dr. Bright doesn't care much for Bohemia," said Moira.

Cermaska beamed, first at Moira, then at Jason, as if the three of them shared some huge joke.

"Well, good-by," with a bow to Moira. "Good-by," with a bow to Jason. And he went back to his nephew.

Soon afterward Moira and Jason left.

"What a queer man your friend Mr. Cermaska is!" said Moira as they were walking home. "What is he? I mean, where does he come from?"

Without looking at him, she could sense the doctor's smile.

"He's a Bohemian. Bohemia the country—not the state of mind."

On her way in and out, Moira fell into the habit, whenever she found his door ajar, of dropping in "to see the doctor." And he fell more and more into the habit of leaving his door ajar. She loved his quaint bits of philosophy, and early in her




Bohemia," she concluded.—Page 490.

visits she discovered his partiality for the red-headed ladies of history. They had been having tea, conversation had lapsed, and he was gazing absently at the top of her head.

"What's the matter with it?" she demanded, feeling anxiously of her hair.

"Nothing. That is—I was thinking of Cleopatra."

"Cleopatra?"

"Yes. She had red hair, you know. And Mary, Queen of Scots," he went on enthusiastically. "And Lucrezia Borgia, and Du Barry, and Madame de Montespan, and——"

"Well, I can't help it, can I?"

"No, praise be!" he said devoutly. She looked him squarely in the eyes in a way that made him delightfully uncomfortable.

"After this," she told him as she was leaving, "if you still think my health needs the philosophical attention of a doctor, I think you'd better visit me. Your waiting-room is always so crowded with other red-headed women who have

arrived centuries before me that I really can't spare the time. I usually have tea about five."

Several times she saw Cermaska either leaving or coming to the doctor's rooms. Once, from the landing above, as she was coming down, she heard Cermaska's voice as he was taking his leave.

"No," she heard him say very decidedly. "We risked losing you once before. Poor economy using 16-inch gun to kill flies. Fly-swatter, five cents. Some one else just as good over there. Need you here." Hearing her foot upon the stairs, he glanced up. He made his jerky little bow and said: "How do you do?" He turned to the doctor. "Monday, then. Same hour." And with another bow he departed.

The doctor, smiling, waited for her at his door. She accepted his silent invitation and followed him in.

"You know," she said, while he was preparing the tea, "the other night I thought that your friend Mr. Cermaska spoke with an accent. But he doesn't. It's just that he talks like a cable—with all the little, unimportant words left out."

"He thinks that way, too."

"Who are Bohemians?" she asked. "They're up in the northern part of Austria, I know, but they have been fighting against the Germans, haven't they?"

"Have been for over twelve centuries. They began against Charlemagne. Their battle against the Hapsburgs is a comparatively recent affair. That's only been going on about four hundred years. If you're really interested—" He went over to the bookshelves and drew out a slender paper-covered volume. "Read this some time."

"I will. I'm awfully ignorant about them, I know. You see——"

"You know a lot more about them than most people." Jason's eyes were alight with enthusiasm and he was pacing up and down the room. Moira, fascinated, watched him. "The one nation with no front of its own which has fought on every front. Forced into the Austrian army, they desert to the enemy who arm them so that they can fight the hated Austrians. Captured, there is no imprisonment for them; only the firing-squad. They are fighting with France and Italy. They fought for Russia, even after the poor, deluded Russians themselves had laid down their arms. When there was no more ammunition forthcoming, they attacked without ammunition, captured the first-line trench, picked up enough grenades and guns to take the second-line trench, and even penetrate the third, before they were finally forced back. At last, deserted by their fellow Slavs, they started out for Vladivostock, 150,000 strong, in the hope of ultimately reaching some other country where they could continue fighting for their ideal—liberty and freedom of conscience.

"From the very beginning of the war, in 1914, with their country surrounded by its oppressors, those outside were in constant touch with their people at home. And whenever one spy is caught and shot, there are hundreds—men and women alike—ready to fill the vacancy. I wish I could tell you—" He paused, then continued, a little bitterly: "Yet these are the people who for a time were being discharged from our munitions factories because they were Austrian subjects! These are the people who were in some instances refused permission to fly their flag with those of the Allies—because Bohemia is a part of Austria!

"However, all that is changed now, since the United States has so splendidly come out in full recognition of the rights and aspirations of this noble people.

"Hello—" He found that all the water in the tea-kettle had boiled away. Moira thoughtfully watched him while he was refilling it.

"How did you come to take so much interest in these people?" she wondered. "You're not a Bohemian yourself, are you?"

"No," he laughed. "It's rather an odd story. Several years ago I was down in a little town in Pennsylvania where I could finish up some work I was on without being distracted by knowing people. The owner of the one motion-picture place in town was a Magyar—a Hungarian, you know. Many of his patrons were Czechs and Slovaks—Bohemians. On the occasion of some big Austrian celebration he announced on his programmes that his theatre would celebrate the event by showing pictures of the emperor, the grand duke, and others of the Hapsburg royal family. His

Czecho-Slovak patrons, through their local society, protested. He told them that this was a free country. Which, they retorted, made it the last place in the world for the Hapsburgs.

"The more I heard about the affair the more interested I became, and on the curacy, at the picture-machine in the gallery and the man who operated it. This interested me. Throughout the uproar I stuck close to him, and when, in the course of the rioting, some current finally forced us violently out into the street, I fell in beside him.



"I think I agree with Dr. Bright. I think he should go."—Page 496.

night that the pictures were to be shown I was on hand early. From the bulging pockets of those around me and the paper bags they carried I suspected what would happen. The instant the first Austrian picture was thrown upon the screen—it was the archduke, as it happened—there was a furious fusillade of rotten vegetables and eggs from all parts of the house, and the screen was bespattered until there was scarcely an inch of it that was not soiled and dripping. Everybody seemed to be shouting and throwing something at the stage, with one exception. A stolid, broad-faced youth next to me had instinctively whirled about and was delivering *his* missiles, with riflelike ac-

"'Tell me,' I said; 'the others all threw at the pictures. Why did you throw at the machine?'

"'Machines makes the pictures,' he answered laconically. He looked at me. Apparently he was satisfied. 'Like killing kings and archdukes. That does no good. We must destroy machine—system—which makes kings and archdukes,' he explained, suddenly breaking into a broad, childlike smile."

"Cermaska," murmured Moira.

"And that's how I became more or less interested in these people. How do you like your tea?" he asked, putting in the usual two lumps and cream without waiting for her reply.

Moira remembered Cermaska's parting words to him a little while ago— "We risked losing you once before; we need you here." She was glad he was doing something in the war—something dangerous. She had thought, before she knew, that if only he were the sort of man who would go to war a woman could love him enough to be perfectly miserable when he did go.

"It's such a wonderful, glorious war with all of its terrible horrors!" she said impulsively. "I don't see how any man can keep out of it."

He seemed to consider the matter judicially. "Well, I suppose it's largely a matter of conscience," he thoughtfully concluded. "Conscience is the measure of how much God expects of a man. Some have been given much bigger obligations than others. What seems right to the man with a two-foot conscience wouldn't begin to satisfy the man whose conscience extends all the way from heaven to hell."

He paused, noting appreciatively how the light from the window at her back burnished the edges of her wonderful hair.

"Are you thinking of Cleopatra again?" she asked.

He nodded absently without changing his gaze.

"I'm beginning to think that you're actually in love with this Cleopatra woman," she chided him.

He shifted his glance from her hair to her eyes. "I am," he said earnestly.

She tried to dissolve the significance of his reply with a little grimace, and arose to go.

That night when she was going to bed she sat before her mirror much longer than usual caressingly brushing her hair. It *was* nice hair, and she was glad.

One day when Moira was arranging some marigolds that she had bought for her studio she found that she had more than she needed. Yes, there is a time o' year when some people actually *need* marigolds. She decided that the ones that were left over would brighten up Jason Bright's study wonderfully, and, acting on the idea, ran down-stairs with them. The doctor was out, but his door was unlocked, and they would be a surprise.

While she was arranging the flowers there came a little tapping. She had left the door ajar, and before she could say "Come in," Cermaska was bowing to her.

"How do you do?" she said. "The doctor isn't in, but——"

"I am early."

"Won't you sit down?" She herself sat on the edge of the table. As she regarded this stolid-faced little man, sitting stiffly on the edge of his chair, a sudden jealousy seized her that he should know more about Jason Bright than she did.

"You know, Mr. Cermaska," she said with apparent hesitation, "I—er—I think I agree with Dr. Bright. I think he should go."

Cermaska regarded her without change of expression. "You mean?"

She tiptoed over and softly closed the door. "Yes," she said with the proper air of caution, "where he was—before."

Cermaska seemed to be considering. "Why?"

"It is his duty."

"But——"

"You mean, by what right do I have anything to say? I— You see—" She was honestly confused.

"You are engaged?"

Unblushingly she nodded. "But please don't say that I told you. I made—er—Jason promise not to tell—just yet."

Cermaska seemed to be deliberating. "But you understand how dangerous? He has told everything? You know how closely he escaped before?"

Moira hesitated. What was she urging that this gentle, whimsical scholar be permitted to do? She was a little frightened.

The Bohemian mistook her hesitancy. "He is modest about himself. I will tell you."

It was a long story, but so concise was Cermaska in his telling of it that whole volumes of amazing, thrilling history unrolled before her vision in incredibly few minutes. A graphic shrug portrayed the exposure of a spy; an awkward gesture of the thumb the massacre of an entire village. And through it all, like the theme in some splendid symphony, ever recognizable in its many variations, went gentle, brave, self-effacing Jason Bright. She feared for him, prayed for him, thrilled at him.

"So," concluded Cermaska with his childlike smile. "You see?"



While they were still taking their leave, Jason picked up a red leather book.—Page 498.

While her mind was still dazed at the succession of vivid pictures, they heard the rattling of a key in the outside door.

"Please," she cautioned in a quick whisper. "Not a word about our engagement until he tells you himself. Nor about my having told you that I know—about the other."

He nodded in understanding, just as the door to the room opened and Jason entered.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting," he told Cermaska. Then, seeing Moira: "Hello—Cleopatra." She inwardly blessed him for that playful "Cleopatra." Her heart had almost stopped beating

for fear he was going to say "Miss O'Neil."

"I've been entertaining Mr. Cermaska," she explained with a smile at the latter. "And, oh, Dr. Jason Bright," she added from the doorway, "if you have no professional engagements this afternoon, won't you drop in at my studio for a dish of tea about five?" The doctor would be delighted, and said so.

She was worried over the mad impulse which had led her to tell Cermaska that she was engaged to the doctor. Would he keep her confidence? If Jason were ever to find out— Oh, why was she such a fool! She could scarcely wait for tea time to come—so that from his manner she could know the worst.

As luck would have it, two women dropped in on her that afternoon; women she knew well enough to have come without invitation, but not well enough to tell them that she did not want them. They were still there when Jason arrived.

Like many other men who are on intimate terms with the sirens of history, he was a trifle diffident with ladies of the present day, and it is probable that he would have made his excuses after the first cup of tea had not Moira secretly signalled him to stay.

At last the two women realized that they "really must be going," and Moira went to the door with them. While they were still taking their leave, Jason picked up a red leather book that was lying on Moira's writing-desk and idly opened it. Instead of print, as he had expected, it contained entries in a large, legible hand, and he would have put it down immediately had not the heading at the top of the first page caught his eye:

*Random Prescriptions of*
*a Practising Doctor of Philosophy.*

He read on:

"A woman is the mirror in which a man sees his reflection idealized. If his opinion of woman is low it is because he himself is lower."

Why, he had said that himself the second day that Moira had had tea with him. And this, one day when they had been discussing greatness:

"Greatness is, having aimed at one thing and hit another, to be able to look as if the thing hit were the thing aimed at."

With a curious thrill he realized that she had collected and written down these little odds and ends of their many conversations. He continued down the page:

"Love after youth is but the fragrance of the substance."

"The man who gets what he wants is no better off than the man who wants what he gets."

"It is difficult to find enough pleasant duties to keep one too busy to have time for unpleasant duties."

"It isn't so much where a man is when he stops that matters; it is how far he has gone."

"Pain and disappointment are the mountains we have to climb in order to get the best view of joy and happiness."

"Heaven is the realization——"

A sudden snatch at the book interrupted him. He hung on to it like grim death.

"How dare you!" Moira, blazing with wrath, demanded. "Oh, oh, oh—I hate you!" as he retained his hold on the book. "I hate you!"—with an angry stamp for emphasis. The innocent cause of her outburst dropped to the floor as he imprisoned her in his arms. He buried his face in her glorious hair and kissed her once—twice—again. She raised her head and drew back from him with sudden suspicion.

"Are you thinking of Cleopatra?" she demanded.

"Of Moira O'Neil," he assured her tenderly, and this time she gave him her lips.

"But I have no right to love you," he suddenly remembered. "I——"

"I know what you mean, dear. You are thinking about Bohemia. And I *want* you to go. I agree with you that it must be you and no one else. I said so to Cermaska——"

He regarded her with amazement. "You know? Cermaska told you——"

"Not until he knew that we were engaged."

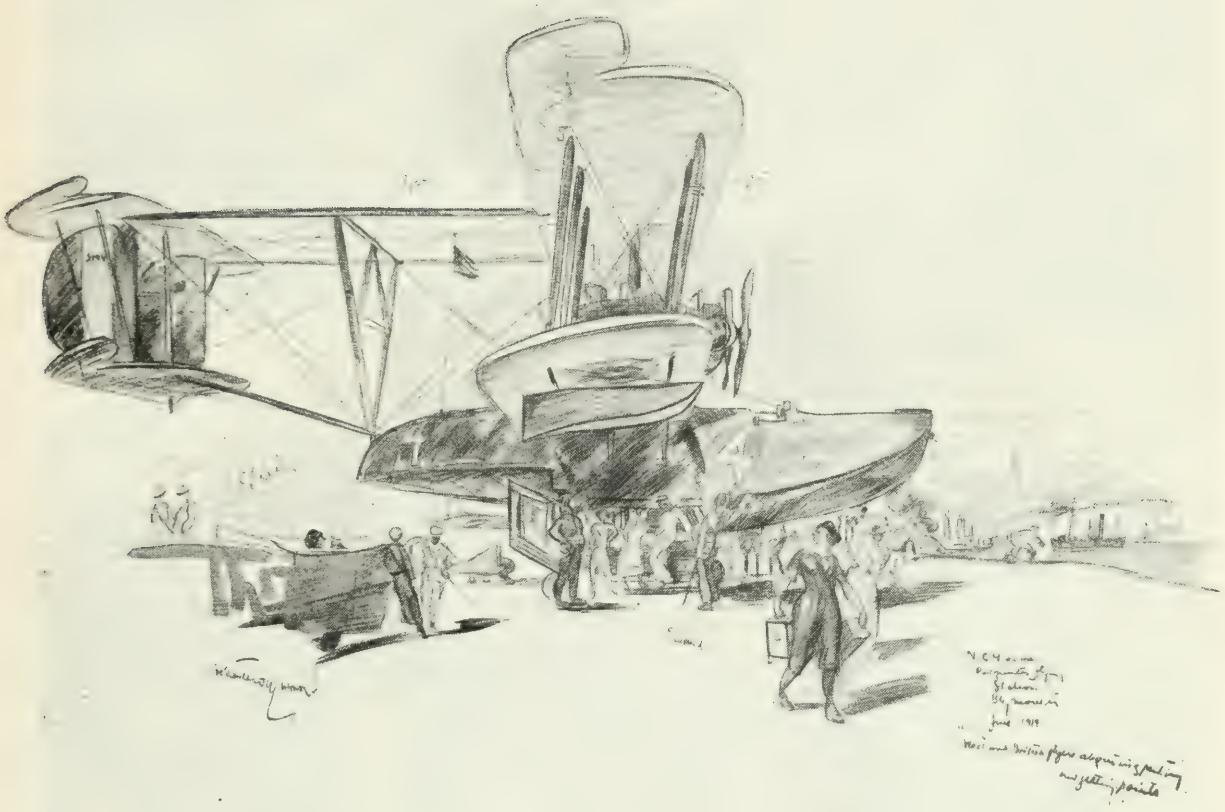
He was plainly puzzled. "But when did you see him? I don't understand."

"I suppose I should have announced our engagement first to you," she contritely admitted. "But—Jason, dear!... You're smothering me . . . and I like it."

# THE U. S. NAVY TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT

## SKETCHES AND NOTES

By Henry Reuterdahl, U. S. N. R.



The NC-4 pulled up on land at Plymouth.

The "gob" who guarded the plane had a lovely time telling fairy-tales to the women mechanicians of the R. A. F.

BY order of the Navy Department, Lieutenant-Commander Henry Reuterdahl, U. S. N. R., accompanied the *Rochester*, the flag-ship of the destroyers, as official painter, to record the final stages of the transatlantic flight. Through the courtesy of the Bureau of Navigation, the artist's sketches are printed in this magazine. Mr. Reuterdahl was the only painter present at the finish of the flight at Lisbon and is now executing from his sketches a large canvas for presentation to the Portuguese Government by the American navy.



The destroyer patrol strung along the Atlantic every fifty miles.



In the cabin of the *Rochester*, where Admiral Plunkett and Captain Laning, chief of staff, drew up the operation plan for the destroyer patrol.



The Azores, Ponta Delgada.

While the flight was a naval evolution with a military mission, to the artist it was a great spectacle, a drama overhead played by the fliers with below a comedy of colors, with the first act opening at the Azores.

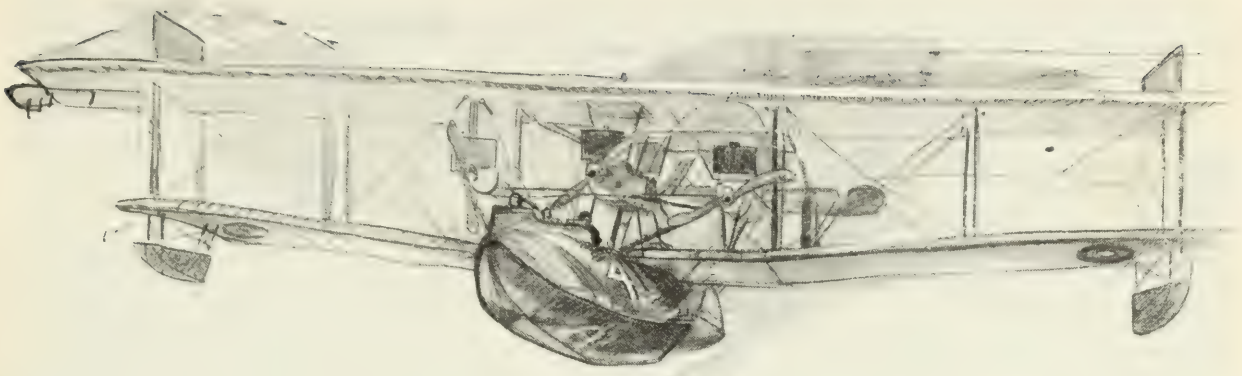


Lieutenant-Commander Read on the flag-ship at Lisbon.

Lisbon, the evening breeze fanning the sun-baked hills; cathedral and spires rise in cool silhouette against the Turner sky—underneath flows the Tagus streaked like a turquoise, silver-mounted! The guns boom from the *Rochester*, the *Vasco da Gama* fires in welcome, the crowd shouts from the landing, Read is coming. The setting sun blinks, then dies, in reflex coloring the clouds piled up in purples and crimsons. A whirring noise, then a blur; the NC-4 glides down like a giant dragon-fly shimmering in the twilight and takes the water in a blue splash. "Glad you made it," from the launch; "Halloo, there, Mr. Read," from a warrant-officer. Men in flying-clothes pile out of the plane, and the smallest one lights a cigarette; Read famous, but still wearing his number seven cap.

Darkness falls and the aviators are toted to the flag-ship to receive the plaudits of Portugal, congratulations from the admiral, and the order of the Tower and Sword. While members of the staff get a minor one for just being present.

But after twelve hours at the wheel an aviator wants ham and eggs or something more substantial than layer cake and reception food. But the guests have cleaned the plates, and the accompanying sketch shows Read toying with the remnants.



The NC-4 in the air.



Lisbon—the NC-4 glides down like a dragon-fly.



Plymouth Hoe.

The NC-4 hit the water just a few yards from the spot where the Pilgrims sailed three hundred years ago.



A working sketch of the NC-4 made on board the plane.



The NC-4 reaches Plymouth.

British airmen in escort, Read coming down with his thunder-bird in a splendid curve right before Plymouth Hoe, taxying into the air station, stepping out, lighting the inevitable fag, and proceeding for more honors.



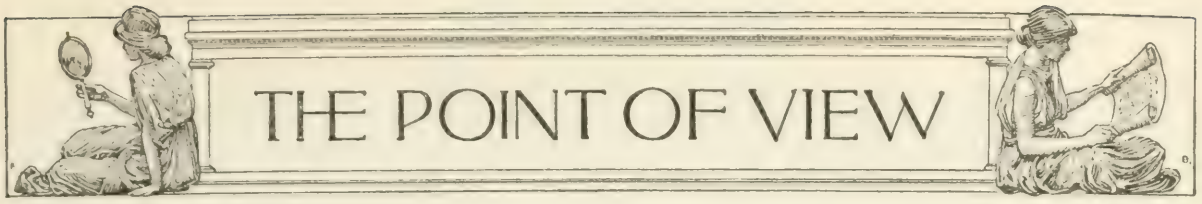
*From a photograph by Commander J. B. Kaufman, U. S. N.*

Lieutenant-Commander Reuterdahl sketching at Ponta Delgada, the Azores.

The artist, while fully impressed with the navy job done for the purpose of finding out things and the simple modesty of the fliers acting as if they had just crossed the Hudson River on a ferry instead of over the Atlantic through the air, was perhaps more interested in the picturesque possibilities. He writes: "In the Azores nature is not real, it is all a stage; you want to look behind for the props of the scenery. The landscape is like that in the 'Isle of Champagne' where Thomas Seabrooke broke out the Joe Miller Joke Book, only the chorus has more clothes. From the sea you enter Ponta Delgada through the cutest little water-gate ever set up by any stage carpenter. Close by there is a comic-opera cathedral, though built around 1700. On its steps comic-opera beggars lounge in traditional attitudes. A gendarme à la the Follies, with a hat that would make De Wolf Hopper envious, gives you the starey eye. The chorus, *i.e.*, the fishermen, lie in picturesque poses in their boats which are pulled up on the beach. True to stage traditions, the fishers have purple knitted caps nonchalantly tossed over the starboard ear and are, of course, barefooted with red sashes around their cross sections. Their sails are red, of lateen rig, and in color their craft look like a freshly set palette.

"Portuguese officers in dolmans, with clanking sabres and window-glass monocles, mingle with the ladies of class, navigating over the cobble-stones with difficulty on French heels four inches high. The native women are not what you might call lookers, but Azorean traditions have provided each with a perfectly good set of blinders. Your sense of beauty is not offended unless you see her bow on, for her head is engulfed in a cowl-like top-piece that precedes the face by about four inches.

"Beyond—the blue water and the gray U. S. ships from which pour boat-loads of happy 'gobs' in Pinafore clothes scampering up to the water-gate to this island of make-believe."




UPON further reflection, when I call this "Reflections of a retired airman," I might just as well have labelled it the "Reflections of a tired airman."

Reflections of a Retired Airman

Physically, I am not tired. My age does not readily allow my body to become physically tired. My muscles still retain a great deal of the elasticity they had when my one ambition in life was to make the 'varsity squad during the football season. My mind has not been so harassed by the troubles and cares of business that it has lost its snap and become lax. If I were to take the time to go over my different parts, in a physical way, and take them up one by one, regarding them disinterestedly as if belonging to some one else, I could not in all fairness say that they gave any signs of being worn out. I am tired and I am not tired. Paradoxical as it may sound, it is easily explained.

I am not tired mentally, nor of living. Life is great. I have tasted it, not to great depths, but have had a sip at many of its different vintages. In years I am young, yet I have managed to crowd not a few experiences into a period that even a woman over thirty would not consider long. I have indulged in every branch of sport that a red-blooded man feels drawn toward. When I crave excitement I go out and satisfy the craving in any way that presents itself at the time. I even go out of my way and make sacrifices if there is promise of an extraordinary amount of excitement. I have had my nine falls. Nine falls being the required number during the apprentice period of a horseman's career. The ninth brought with it several broken ribs but also the right to consider myself a horseman. I have reached the stage where it is no longer necessary for me to stand by in respectful awe listening to the tales of what happened to others. I can tell some of my own stories. I know the feeling of being watched by thousands of pairs of eyes and of receiving the plaudits from thousands of hands. And, considering myself a horseman, it was only natural that when making my choice of a service for the war, I should aspire to become a "cavalryman of the air." I believe this is what some poet called the wartime flier.

Looking at it from another angle. I have had the pleasure and satisfaction of having survived three train wrecks. I have also floated for a number of hours, just how many I could not say, clinging to the bottom of an overturned canoe. This in the salt water and rollers of the ocean with fog shutting out all view of a distant shore. With the indelible impressions of these experiences on my mind it was only natural that I should choose naval aviation. I reasoned that I was better fitted for this branch than any other, for, if I did have a crash and was not killed outright, and was obliged to float on the ocean until picked up, I at least had received the proper training to guide my actions under these circumstances and would not find myself confronted with any new set of conditions. In other words, I was looking forward to an exciting time teeming with creepy thrills and hair-raising experiences of suspense as well as of action.

My view of warfare was selfish. To me it was but an opportunity to bring about a change in the humdrum existence I happened to be leading when we entered the war. It came as a respite from the run of ordinary things and served as a release from a life that had become tame. I had just been beginning to feel the want of a change and the craving for some new experience. Here was the promise of a new and exciting experience that had attached to its seeking a justifiable and worthy cause. I was looking for an excuse to cut the ties that bound me to regular breakfasts at eight each morning so that I should not be late at the office. I had become such a creature of habit that even being late in the morning had long since ceased to give me the thrill it should. I looked forward to becoming a flier just as the sixteen-year-old boy looks forward to that first pair of long trousers that in his mind transforms him overnight from a boy into a full-fledged man.

It was then that I was tired, even as I am tired now. I was tired of doing the things that I had done so often and that I was then doing. Just as I am now tired of having

come back to the same things more or less. I am not speaking in terms of salary nor of the character of my present occupation. I am referring to my method of living, of my state of mind, and as it has always been a belief of mine that state of mind is everything in this world we live upon, I am lamenting the fact that my mind is of such a type that it can be tired of surrounding conditions so easily. As the world remains pretty much the same, generally speaking and despite new inventions, and as the surrounding conditions do not change of themselves and will always surround, there is nothing left to be done but change the state of mind. This is done by reading or doing, sometimes by thinking. Of the three, I prefer doing.

The Thrills of Flying

TO come back to flying. Well, I got the thrill I was looking for. That is, I got it at first. Later on I did not. My student days were full of thrills. One favorite thrill was to imagine, and I have a good imagination, while up in the air on an instruction "hop" that my instructor should drop dead in his cockpit. It would then be up to me to get down as best I could. At that time not knowing very much about flying, the troubles I would get into, mentally, while getting down, would furnish me with several particularly tingling thrills.

After that, when I was soloing, came the thrill of doing my first stunts. In those days the instructors would not show us how to stunt, my instructor did not even take the trouble to teach me to spiral. Stunting was considered too dangerous to be tried in a seaplane. I always had a suspicion that the instructors were a little bit better fliers on the ground than they were in the air. They did not seem particularly anxious to teach us what could be done with a seaplane, that is, by demonstrations. They would tell us all about it on the ground, how it should be done, and then warn us not to try it.

But oh, those orgies of stunting we would have over the quarantine station on Santa Rosa Island! When the clouds were low or the fog thick enough to prevent our being seen from the observation tower on the station, one by one we would gather at the rendezvous. Then, almost scared stiff, each supporting the other's courage by his own actions, a game of follow the leader would take place. It was a thrilling and fascinating game. Once in a while a miscreant would spin in and the game would stop for a day or so. This added zest to the game, however, and our courage would soon return. We taught ourselves to fly and laughed at the squadron commanders, inwardly, when they would warn us of the dangers of stunting in a water machine, and threaten to recommend those caught stunting for a discharge.

And then came another thrill. Our commissions arrived from Washington and we were duly and unceremoniously sworn in as officers of the United States Navy. Many were the sidelong glances at a certain brilliant reflection one could glimpse while passing a shop-window. There, swinging along at our side, would be a personage with a gold stripe and star on the blue "aileron" that adorned either shoulder. Then came the long anxious wait for orders. When finally they did materialize we got the biggest thrill of all. A thrill of disappointment that brought forth tears of rage and scarlet words that would have made the proverbial truck-driver beg on bended knee for lessons in the art. We were destined, so read the orders, to proceed to a station being opened in the North, and there take up our duties as flying instructors. It was just about this time that we began to get tired.

Flying has its thrills. So has driving a motor-car if it is fast and powerful. But did you ever drive a motor-truck, underpowered and lumbering, day in and day out for periods of several hours each day. If not, try it. It will not be until then that you will begin to appreciate what I mean. The thrill of flying was gone for us, never to return, so we thought. From then on, until we had received our release from active duty, we were working, holding down a monotonous job. We just ground our way through the day and the air, swallowing the exhaust of an overheated engine and wiping away the oil that would come back on the propeller stream and lodge on our faces. Our appearance was black and shiny like that of members of the Ethiopian race.

We dropped into the habit of talking with our hands and our vocabulary, a manual one, narrowed down to a few sentences in the sign language. "Lift left wing," "hold on right rudder," "bank up more on turns," "down for a landing," these were the more common ones. The others consisted of pantomime. They would be skull poundings and fist shakings under the noses of the poor

student in the rear cockpit who, thoroughly frightened, was doing his level best to become an aviator but somehow seemed to miss the finer points of aviating. How they must have hated and despised us even as we had hated and despised those who had inducted us into the mysteries of flying.

Well, now it's all over. We have lost caste. We even go so far as to be friendly with former pupils or superior officers when we meet them on the street in civilian clothes. How we laugh as we rehash the old days of a few months ago. They seem as years old in our memories. And as we think of them we get tired. We are tired of being a civilian. We are tired of being something worse than a "kee-wee." We are like a parrot with clipped wings. All we can do now is talk about flying.

We long to jump into a ship with an engine of a million horse-power. Something that you could point straight up and leap into the air like a bird, laughing as you left those little things crawling around on the ground like ants. How we would twist and turn as we went upward. We would improvise new stunts that would amaze those gazing upward in awe. We would come tumbling down five thousand feet in a spin and, as the people cried out in horror and averted their eyes not to see the terrible crash, we would come out of it fifty feet from the ground and "giving her the gun" would leap into the air again for even a wilder thrill.

I am tired. I am tired of wanting to do these things. I want to do them. I thought I was through with flying, but I am not. I am going to have my revenge for those countless, colorless hours spent grinding through the air. Even as the school-teacher loves to read, after hours of reading to others and hearing them read, I want to fly. I want to fly for pleasure, for myself, not to kill others or train others to kill. I want to fall and slip and spin through the air, catching myself at my pleasure in my mad descent. I want speed. I want to hear the shriek of wind through the wires and the song of a high-powered motor. I want to smell burning gasoline, swallow hot exhaust and smear my face with black oil.

## Twins and Their Burdens

IN the pages of history twins, so far as I am aware, have never been conspicuous. Castor and Pollux? Romulus and Remus? They will hardly answer. I mention them only to forestall the obvious objection; they are myth and legend. Being myself a twin, I feel safe in the assertion; no shadowy hosts threaten me in vengeful pairs. If I were a doctor or a psychologist, or anything but just a twin, I might proceed with caution. It is enough that I am a twin. Therefore, I submit: Can twins be anything but twins?

Odious comparison, the one with the other, is the heritage of twins the world over—the heritage and the curse. It hangs about their necks like a millstone and friends and parents add their weight to the load. It is a calamitous thing, my masters, a melancholy burden. I see it as a conspiracy against the twain to prevent them from being anything but alike—a loving conspiracy, if you like, but none the less a conspiracy, fraught with all the obloquy that the word suggests. For a perfect example of the tyranny in the tie that binds, I give you twins—the one indissoluble union from which there is no divorce. Bitter? No, not at all; for the bond is a heart-binding thing and its very sweetness makes it irrefragable; by the same token I could not wish it otherwise. But a grotesque, smirking destiny clings with the fingers of one hand, tenaciously and eternally, to the hair of the world's twins.

Damon and Pythias were friends, not twins. Twinship would have fettered them. Where friendship is a link, kinship is a fetter; and of the superlative fetter of twinship we can only say that, as if it were not enough to be born twins, we must needs have the fact of twinship thrust upon us.

It is easy to adopt cynical theories to cover this business of being twins, though, were they advanced by some one who had had his cradle to himself, the writer would be the first to spring to arms in defense, not of himself, but of his twin—an anomaly offered for the digestion of psychologists. . . . So, while my twin brother grins venomous encouragement from t'other side of the hearth, I elaborate my theory:

We elbow each other into the world, each jealous of the other's claim to first sight of daylight. In my case the claim is fragile enough, Lord knows, and the support which I may demand from the one best able to bear me out is given with a sweetly indulgent smile that dismisses the subject as of

no importance. Sometimes I doubt if she really knows!

The first business of twinning accomplished, we begin to suffer small trifles in pairs—everything in pairs: rattles, mugs, blankets, spoons, kisses and caresses—in pairs, following the paths of four small feet, on and on, world without end. Can you think of anything more damning to the eternal fitness of things than this succession of symmetrical annoyances? Here I observe, parenthetically, that even the proverbial distinction of blue and pink ribbons would be dispensed with were it not a measure of safety—and, at that, I am reliably informed that a careless nurse mixed us in the bath-tub so that the Responsible One had to be called in to identify. (I have not at this moment any positive assurance that I am what I was christened to be!) . . . And, speaking of the tub, I am reminded that, in any case where pairs of things appear superfluous, it is held fitting that twins should abominably share something—doubtless a measure of economy in our case. Thus we find ourselves in the same tub, crib, cradle, and carriage, and sharing the rocking-chair on the opposite shoulders of the same nurse where, I bear witness, we are likely to suffer the same pains and even the same dreams. Under the best regulated rooftrees they spare us the contumely of a common porridge bowl, fearing, perhaps, the suggestion of puppies, though really such nice discrimination goes unappreciated.

It is literally, therefore, a case of elbowing your other half for a place in the sun (or for the son), from Genesis to Exodus. In the experiences of kiddies and kaisers the hypothesis that friendships do not flourish thus cannot be disputed with impunity. And while we are on the subject of squabbles, the reader (be he or she "single") has my permission to relegate to the limbo of liars any one smoothly fostering the fond fabrication that the twinning relationship is all sweetness and light. Perish the thought! The parent who inflicts upon her twins the jointly owned rattle may not escape the responsibility for, at least, wordy warfare between them over the possession of underwear and studs when they achieve the age of razors. Do I not know! Recall, if you will, that Romulus killed Remus because the latter laughed and jumped over his wall. I have always suspected, moreover, that the only thing which averted bloodshed between Castor and Pollux was that little maternal irregularity, to put it nicely, which credited the twins with separate fathers, Pollux's sire having been a god. Thus the boys, you see, did not have to go shares in the fundamental matter of paternity.

Now, while I deeply resent the innuendo that a twin is actually only a fraction—that the brains, the mentality, the physique, and what-not, which are the birthright of one able-bodied man-child or girl-child must, in the event of twins, be halved—the inescapable suggestion remains and must be added unto us. That intangible thing called individuality, though possessed, I am sure, in full measure by each of us twain, is questioned so much by implication that I often feel the need of acquiring some amazing eccentricity, such as wearing my hat at the dinner-table or sleeping under the bed, that my existence as an entity may be at all times discernible. I have grown old sighing gentle objections when my friends refuse to believe that I can possibly dislike spinach when my brother likes it, or that we do not love the same girl.

Twins get their names in the papers at birth, because they are twins and their mother is "doing well"; and at death, if they should be fortunate enough to die at the same time, for the same reason. Do they ever do anything in the meantime worthy of a niche in the national chamber of horrors? Two aged men, twins, die in What Cheer, Iowa, within four hours of each other. Their fame, if you please, rests alone upon the fact of their shackled destiny, insistent through the long, gray years, and not upon the fact that they lived tranquil lives in What Cheer and were too old to serve in the Civil War.

I believe in the inalienable right of twins to go their separate ways, each with his own tooth-brush and his own hosiery marked with his own name. My idea would be to withhold from them the fact that they are twins; the suggestion holds the matter for much deep thought. . . . At the same time, I offer these random observations thoroughly aware of the fact that life without my twin would be stale and unprofitable indeed. I cannot face, unshaken, the last long drift into the shades without my double by my side that I may punch his head on the journey. But, in the words of Mr. Kipling, "Brother, you are a hound!"




*AMERICAN PORTRAITURE*

THERE is going on at the present time a quest for American portraits, specifically a search for portraits of Americans by American painters of an earlier day; it is a development of a very few years and is of many-sided interest. Wide as is the search, the subject has had little public consideration. Yet it forms integrally no small part of the proclaimed and recognized advance in American nationality which has been emphasized by the course of the Republic through the world war. Art is the essential of the quest, but behold how its fruits are enlightenment upon the psychology of the nation in its earlier formative period—a semi-neglected psychology whose ferment is still active. We are seeing our half-forgotten forebears whose impress made the community we know possible, seeing not only their presentments by the limners but the atmosphere in which they lived and their attitude toward life, toward the sundry activities of the day, and not the least toward art as a necessary and great factor in the rounding-out of a healthy system for the great body politic.

We want to see Washington, less in the accoutrements of his civil or military life, interesting as they may be, than in what he himself called the features of his face; Gilbert Stuart came home from success abroad consumed with a desire to delineate the "Father of Freedom," Charles Willson Peale painted him first from intimate knowledge and association, Rembrandt Peale put the burning enthusiasm of seventeen into the honor of three sittings from his father's friend, the "Father of his Country," and put years into faithful elaboration of a true portrait of that great personality. Robert Edge Pine, English born, but an American painter, came here to depict great figures of the epoch-making Revolution and to live; Washington recognized him, and the outstanding financier of the Revolutionary period, Robert Morris, built a house and a studio for him and his worthy work. We want to see pre-Revolutionary New England; John Singleton Copley presents that cis-Atlantic aristocracy to view. C. W. Peale, who was to become post-Revolutionary portraitist, went to him to study. There is an artistic genealogy in our portraiture. And Copley's elegance of attire and mode of life, we are told, gave the thrust to Colonel John Trumbull's pictorial ambitions. A side-light upon the manners and incentives of the day.

Men cared for those counterfeit presentments of the men of their own time. Witness Tuckerman's story of a head of Washington by Stuart, presented to a Member of Congress from Columbia County, New York, "who held the original in such veneration that he requested on his death-bed to have the picture exhibited to his fading gaze, as it was the last object he desired to behold on earth." Yet—was it politics? or a failure of artistic appreciation in the ancient Commonwealth?—Massachusetts refused to buy a Stuart portrait of Washington which is now famous as the "Athenæum Head," and which has given glory to the Hub and given a name to its congeners.

There are similarities and dissimilarities alike striking in the experiences of art and artists, and in the attitude of the community toward art, to be noted in the earlier and in the present phases of the common life of our country. And to the present, the freshening or recrudescent appreciation of the earlier portraiture has an interest and a lesson; for those men and women of earlier time were limned by men of their own nation—there was, too, a very early woman artist in the South, Henrietta Johnson of Charleston—and we know now that it pays artistically to be painted by one of one's own nationality. The vogue of the foreign portrait-painter is lessening here, though far from extinguished. Nationality strictly political, to be sure, should have nothing to do with the matter, and there be those who hold that art being universal there can be no such thing as national art (meaning, usually, in their conception "American" art); but any one giving much attention to the subject will be likely to come to agreement with the late William M. Chase, who held that

even a beautiful woman painted by an artist of a nation other than her own will be made in some particulars to resemble a woman of the painter's nationality, rather than a woman of her own nationality. The thing was proved long ago in China, as any one may note who will examine paintings done there in the eighteenth century by French artists, or paintings done by Chinese artists after Dutch originals.

Coming into the early nineteenth century, the same old criticisms of the Academy, which certain critics on the daily press bring fondly forth as original thought each season or two, are to be found, already growing vigorously. The *North American Review*, taking up President Samuel F. B. Morse's address at the Academy's first anniversary, said: "A National Academy may be understood to mean a public institution, founded or supported by the nation, or a private association of the first artists of the country. This Academy is of neither of these kinds. It is simply a society of artists in the City of New York. . . . What would be thought if Mr. Stuart should choose to call himself National Portrait Painter, or Mr. Allston should take the style National Historical Painter? (N.P.P.—N.H.P.) Yet they would but be claiming the rank which others yield to them; while the name of National Academician is as inappropriate to some of those who have dignified themselves with it as it is injudicious in its application to the best. It is unjust, moreover, to the reputation of the country." And the *Review* went on to remark on Morse's "complaining bitterly" of the practice of buying old pictures, as tending to the neglect of living merit—a complaint still heard in Academic circles and elsewhere, and one whose reiteration has not been unproductive of good. Morse responded as do the Academicians of to-day, that the Academy was not of New York alone, but was an association of the first artists of the country; and he cited membership from Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, and Charleston.

The painters flourished, and were appreciated by the people around them. To Charles Willson Peale came sitters "from Canada to the West Indies." On Henry Inman's return from Philadelphia to New York, in 1834, he "opened his studio once more in the heart of the city, with the intention of devoting his whole attention to portrait-painting. Orders for pictures crowded in upon him so rapidly that . . . it was almost impossible for his pencil to keep pace with the demands that were made upon it." Painters could make a go of it working in collaboration, as did Samuel Waldo and William Jewett, "it being a puzzle to the uninitiated," says Tuckerman, "to assign to either painter his share of a portrait." The East had not a monopoly, Matthew Jouet, of Kentucky, being spoken of as the best portrait-painter "west of the mountains." We are dealing with portrait-painters, and odd it seems that Inman, the successful portraitist, should have so much wanted to paint landscapes that he declared the time would come when Americans would care less for their "phizzes" (his term) and attain to a purer taste.

There is an amusing anecdote of Inman which brings him very close to to-day, linking him up, through Whistler as to irascibility, with the more placid Chase as to the artist's superior judgment upon the value of art. When a certain rich man criticised the price of $500 which he had paid to Inman, the artist sent for the picture, cut off all the legs of the figures and sent back the canvas (as one of half-lengths) with $200. More graphic, but hardly less forceful than Chase's calm rejoinder when another rich man, fretful under Chase's slowness in getting down to work one morning, on his portrait, observed: "Mr. Chase, do you know I value my time at $1,000 an hour?" "Indeed," quoth the imperturbable one, "and do you know I value mine at just twice that?" Anecdotically, there seem to have been slow painters in those early days, too, even if somebody did libel Copley in the yarn that a man's wife died before her portrait was completed and the man, after the custom of the fathers, marrying again very soon, the painter pictured the first wife as an angel on the same canvas, when starting the second spouse's portrait, following this by presenting her, too, as a second angel upon her untimely demise, and a third entrance upon matrimony by the husband; the two angels were too much for the third wife, who balked.

In view of the recent very agreeable awakening to the merits of early American portraiture, and the present fashionableness of having one's portrait painted by an American artist, it is worth while to recall for a

moment the conditions of public life at that time, even if it jar the self-complacency of the present. Art, society, statesmanship, politics, united to do honor to art and benefit the nation and the community at the same time—a broad humanity that needed no diabolical "internationalism" to promote the common good; translated to this twentieth century, a mayor of New York City and governor of New York State, the "first man in the State," delivering a scholarly address as head of the National Academy of Design, and as much in sympathy with and comprehending the functions of art as though he were the first painter of the land! No; not a fantasy. For a parallel examine the masterly address of De Witt Clinton upon resigning from the presidency of the American Academy of the Arts in New York City, October 23, 1816. To be sure he was not without pessimism, but he advanced through caution to enthusiasm. Only a few passages can be quoted here. One might be addressed by a bold leader to the National Academy of Design: "This Institution [said Clinton to the American Academy of the Arts] at different periods has cheered us with a glimmering light; but at most times it has appeared like an expiring taper."

But he went on with these wise words: "The portrait collection of this city, by comprising many of the principal heroes of the country, is entitled to great praise in its tendency to stimulate to noble deeds, and to encourage the Fine Arts, by displaying to advantage the compositions of our best painters. . . . The utmost care ought to be adopted in the selection, as one unworthy preference may disgrace the whole gallery."

And he advanced to a comprehensive enthusiasm in this shining, enlightening, if somewhat Gladstonian, sentence: ". . . But the Fine Arts super-add the graces of a Chesterfield to the gigantic mind of a Locke. They are the Acanthi which adorn the Corinthian column—the halos which surround the Sun of Knowledge: they excite labor, produce riches, enlarge the sphere of innocent amusements, increase the stock of harmless pleasure, improve our moral faculties, stimulate to illustrious deeds, enhance the charms of virtue, diffuse the glories of heroism, augment the public wealth, and extend the national reputation."

With all their encouragement and success, however, the earlier artists failed of that wide measure of support they craved, even as we sometimes hear it bewailed of their successors. Hear the opening sentences in the Preface to C. Edwards Lester's "The Artists of America" (Baker & Scribner; New York, 1846)—only a dozen years after Inman's busy pencil could not keep up with his commissions: "The immediate object of this Series of Biographical Sketches is, to make Our Artists and their Works better known *at home*. Abroad, this is not necessary, for there they have always been better known, and better appreciated than in their own country." West, Allston, Durand, and Hiram Powers are cited as "sufficient pledge of the truth of the statement." The great Stuart might have been included, for his return from abroad with reputation and letters (and his great desire to paint the "Father of Freedom") doubtless gave him his big start here, with opportunities and commissions among the worthy of the day.

Fortunately it is no longer true that as Lester almost moaned "no American artist can get bread at home till he has won fame abroad." Yet there is an unhappy circumstance presently notable in portraiture in America, namely, a too willing resort to inferior foreign painters whom the war has sent here (asks any one, Why?), and a particular pertinency applies to the circumstance owing to American eminency in art abroad furthering this foreign prestige at home rather than encouraging (as Benjamin West, though American president of the Royal Academy, always did) the development and success of American painters. Lester believed that insensibility of the nation to claims of its artists was owing more to lack of information than to any, "perhaps *all*" other causes. The artists wouldn't supply the want—they might suffer unkind imputations—so he tried. Artists are not all so reluctant today—though some of the best of them are.

As to the seeds of portraiture in this country, the sound sources of American art, there is something almost inspiring in the thought of Benjamin West, who as a child robbed the family cat of her fur to make (with goose quills) his brushes, who was most unprecedentedly but solemnly consecrated to art in Quaker Meeting—the thought of this West from the Pennsylvania woods teaching criticism to the age-old Italians by likening the Apollo Belvedere to

a Mohawk warrior. Aghast or laughing at first, how immediately they recognized him as a master critic when he explained his handsome comparison. These early artists of ours were American too, in a sense of the word which is subtly slipping from it, in their self-reliance, ready adaptability, confident determination to turn their hand to whatever came along and work out their chosen destiny at the same time. Take C. W. Peale, who not only commanded volunteers in the Revolutionary War and later became a member of the Legislature of his State, but "could make a harness, a clock or a silver molding; he knew how to stuff birds for the ornithologist, to extract and repair teeth, and to deliver a popular lecture." Jarvis "invented a machine for drawing profiles on glass." James Frothingham, builder of chaise-bodies, whom Stuart advised to stick to coach-building, came to such estate in art that Stuart later was to say of him that "no man in Boston but myself can paint so good a head." Chester Harding, "hired boy," itinerant vendor, sign-painter, then "painted a hundred likenesses in six months at $25 each," and began to study in earnest—and became so much the fashion in Boston, in time, that the mocking Stuart used to ask, "How goes the Harding fever?" Another "coach-man" besides Frothingham, was Ezra Ames, coach painter of Albany, yet he painted portraits of Governor George Clinton and other celebrities, including a successful son of a member of the "Boston Tea Party."

Artists are sometimes thought to be men of one idea, but as a rule they are at least potentially versatile. We have men to-day variously equipped, as was Peale, but usually it is in fad or hobby that they vary their profession. Tryon can make the finest of fishing-rods. Wiles could "stuff birds for the ornithologist," and teach the ornithologist much more in his own ornithological line besides—and not only could he, but he does, build wonderful ship models. And Frank De Haven can build violins with the best of the experts. And down at Greenport, Long Island, there may be a budding or a flowering artist, for the landscape or the portrait school—or he may indeed have gone to seed—who disclosed himself to William Ritschel there, a few years ago, in a shipyard, where Ritschel was sketching some boats. At the noon-hour the man came out of the paint shop, and stood for some time behind Ritschel, observing his work critically; then—"I suppose it took you a long time to learn painting?" Ritschel assented, in monosyllabic guttural, coupled with a nod, but fetched up with a round turn when his interlocutor vouchsafed, "Mine come natural to me!"

It were futile to attempt an array of names in a discursive paper, even were not anything like comprehensiveness impossible. "There are several interesting portraits by unknown artists, executed at a very early date," said Tuckerman; an acme of phraseological moderation which should hardly be challenged. Slowly, some of the unknown are being assorted and designated, while of the very much larger number of the known, examples are being identified. With the enhancement of commercial values which goes with increasing popularity of a school of painters no longer living, it can only be hoped that the processes of identification will not be, at most, more liberally expanded than has been the case with still earlier schools of portraitists. An excellent time this and a time impending, nevertheless, for wariness, concomitantly with a sincere, enthusiastic and open-minded search. Hart has told us that portraits by Stuart were readily purchasable twenty years ago for $250, and that (a year before Hart's death) their commercial value had multiplied a hundredfold.

With the development of this early American portraiture cult, there are bound to arise differences of opinion as to the relative merits of the various artists. One of the ablest of American portrait-painters said of a recent exhibition of the early Americans that the best thing it contained was a portrait (certainly a fine and interesting one) by the inventor of the telegraph —Samuel Finley Breeze Morse; and the exhibition included two portraits by Stuart, one at least of them notable! Stuart's color in his faces, however, will be likely to hold his admirers long, likely to hold even those less sensitive to his perceptive psychology, which enabled him to paint unsuspected madness in the portrait of a man who hardly after the paint was dry became insane and a suicide.

DANA H. CARROLL.

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# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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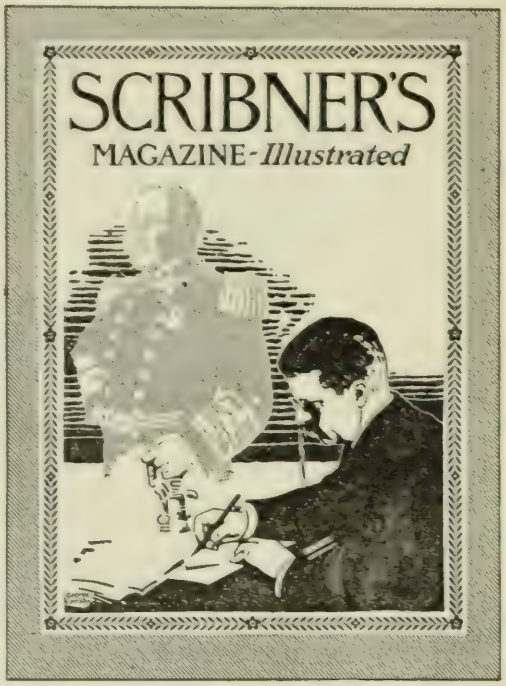
# Scribner's *for* November

# Roosevelt's Own Letters

Showing

## How He Gave the Order That Prepared

# Dewey's Fleet for Victory




ROOSEVELT'S marvellous gift of foresight is revealed in the whole correspondence. Twenty years ago he predicted that unless "*Russian rulers changed their conduct they would some time experience a red peril that will make the French Revolution pale.*"

At that time he also said: "*Germany is the power with which we may very possibly have ultimately to come into hostile contact.*"

In an address in June, 1897, at the Naval War College he said precisely the things about *National Preparedness* that he kept saying until the war with Germany was upon us.

Courage and foresight are shown in these letters written in 1897, and his predictions have been abundantly fulfilled. They are edited by *Joseph Bucklin Bishop.*

## *Other Articles in November:*

WHERE THE NEGRO QUESTION HAS BEEN SUCCESSFULLY SOLVED is shown in an article about "*Barbados,*" by *Professor Henry Jones Ford,* of Princeton—a very pertinent example in this time of agitation.

"INSTINCTS AND BUSINESS," by *Edgar James Swift,* author of that remarkable book, "Psychology and the Day's Work." It is a plea for humanizing the relations of employer and worker.

"THE ROMANCE OF THE OIL FIELDS," by *Charles Moreau Harger,* a veteran journalist, who has made the journey into the regions where the "rushes" of gold-seekers are outdone.

"THE AMERICAN INVASION OF LYONS," by *Captain Benjamin Brooks,* of the U. S. Engineers, shows the delightful social life of that ancient French city to which he was welcomed as an American soldier.

A YOUNG POET WHO DIED IN CAMP is revealed in the group of lyrics by *Ira South*—an appealing and promising personality.

## Short Stories

by *Shaw Desmond, Louis Dodge, Katharine Fullerton Gerould, Sarah Redington,* and *Fred C. Smale.*

MANY ILLUSTRATIONS, including a group on *Duck Shooting on Barnegat Bay.*

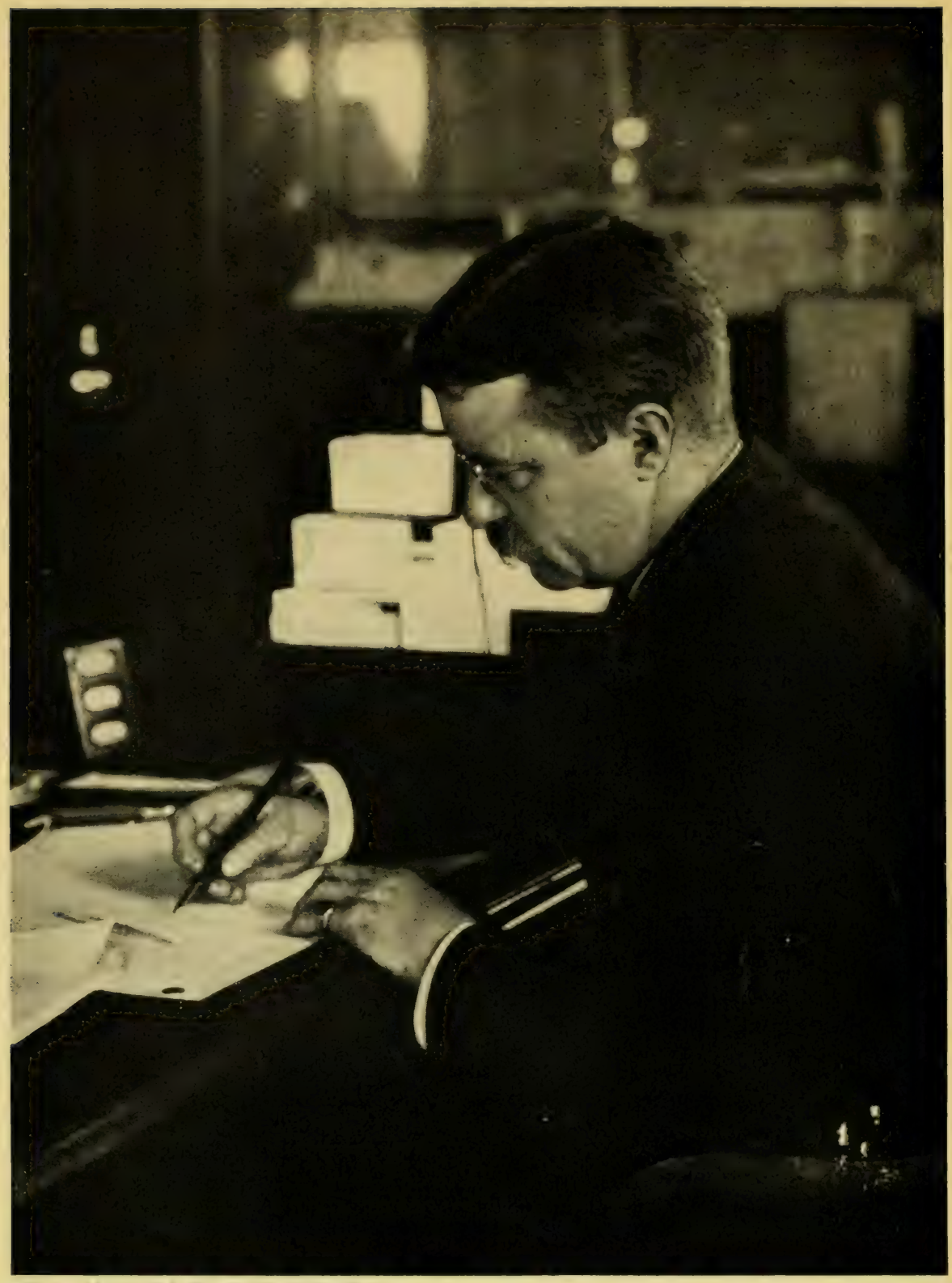
THE FINANCIAL SITUATION by Alexander Dana Noyes; *The Point of View; The Field of Art; Foreign Trade* article.

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*From a photograph by Van der Weyde, New York.*

THEODORE ROOSEVELT WHEN ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXVI NOVEMBER, 1919 NO. 5

# THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HIS TIME

## SHOWN IN HIS OWN LETTERS

BY JOSEPH BUCKLIN BISHOP

Author of "The Panama Gateway," etc.

## ROOSEVELT AND THE WAR WITH SPAIN

[THIRD PAPER]

THE portion of Theodore Roosevelt's correspondence which relates to the war with Spain, like all the other portions which concern his public career, is rich in material of historical value. He entered the Navy Department as Assistant Secretary at a critical moment in the country's history. War with Spain over the condition of affairs in Cuba was becoming more threatening every hour; in fact, was just a year away, and until Roosevelt began an energetic and systematic agitation for preparation not a step was taken to get the army and navy ready for it. He alone in the administration had either the vision to foresee it or the elementary wisdom to prepare for it. His correspondence reveals this clearly, and reveals much else also.

It shows that when the war actually came the United States would have been in a position of almost complete powerlessness but for the action he had taken in getting the navy in fighting condition, not only in face of the persistent opposition of his superior officer, Secretary Long, but over that officer's head while he was absent from office. That action, taken in an official message to Admiral Dewey, at Hong Kong, on February 25, 1898, made it possible for Dewey to fight and win the battle of Manila when, two months later, April 25, Secretary Long ordered him to sail for the Philippines and attack the Spanish fleet. But for Roosevelt's order, issued on his own responsibility, Dewey's fleet could not have fought at all for lack of preparation.

Other, and no less interesting revelations, which the correspondence makes, display Roosevelt's really marvellous gift of foresight. Ten years before the revolution in Russia he predicted that unless her rulers changed their conduct they would "some time experience a red terror that will make the French Revolution pale." At the same time, in 1897, he predicted: "Germany is the power with which we may very possibly have ultimately to come into hostile contact." This prediction he made in substance many times.

The same gift of foresight is revealed in the address which he delivered before the Naval War College on June 2, 1897, soon after he became Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Citations from this address show that he was saying at that early stage of his career precisely the things about national preparedness that he said with such courage, pertinacity, and force twenty years later when war with Germany was upon us, and when the

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country was even then only slowly realizing the need of heeding his advice.

The period covered in this portion of Roosevelt's correspondence is barely a year in length, but what a marvellous record of achievement it discloses! and what a convincing demonstration it makes of the courage, wisdom, and foresight of Theodore Roosevelt!

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Soon after the election of McKinley to the Presidency in 1896, friends of Roosevelt began to urge upon the new President the desirability of appointing him to some position in his administration, preferably in the Navy Department, because of his well-known interest in naval matters. Chief among these friends was Senator H. C. Lodge, who was as earnest an advocate of the building of an efficient navy as Roosevelt himself. Senator Lodge made a visit to McKinley, at the latter's home in Canton, Ohio, in December, 1896, and had an intimate conversation with the President-elect which he set forth in a confidential letter to Roosevelt under date of December 2. This letter is of historical interest as revealing McKinley's attitude of mind not only toward Roosevelt, but toward the most pressing question that was to confront the new President on taking office—the situation in Cuba.

"He asked me about Cuba," wrote Senator Lodge, "and we went over the whole of that very perplexing question. It is very much on his mind and I found he had given it a great deal of thought. He very naturally does not want to be obliged to go to war as soon as he comes in, for, of course, his great ambition is to restore business and bring back good times, and he dislikes the idea of such interruption. He would like the crisis to come this winter and be settled one way or the other before he takes up the reins, but I was greatly pleased to see how thoroughly he appreciates the momentous character of the question."

Striking evidence of the reputation for "driving force," which Roosevelt had earned for himself by his conduct in public office, is furnished in this passage from the Senator's letter:

"He (McKinley) spoke of you with great regard for your character and your services and he would like to have you in Washington. The only question he asked me was this, which I give you: 'I hope he has no preconceived notions which he would wish to drive through the moment he got in.' I replied that he need not give himself the slightest uneasiness on that score, that I knew your views about the Navy, and they were only to push on the policies which had been in operation for the last two or three administrations."

The possibility mentioned by the President-elect, that Roosevelt might prove too strong a man for the place, was urged by opponents of his appointment in Washington when he was proposed for Assistant Secretary of the Navy, after McKinley had been inaugurated and his Cabinet announced. A letter from Senator Lodge at Washington to Roosevelt, under date of March 8, 1897, gives interesting information as to the high character of his supporters and the arguments used in opposition to his selection:

"I have seen Long (Secretary of the Navy) and he is entirely open-minded—has not yet taken the question up—will not for some little time—says that McKinley will appoint, but he supposes he will be consulted. He spoke in the highest terms of you. The only thing resembling criticism was this queer one: 'Roosevelt has the character, standing, ability and reputation to entitle him to be a Cabinet Minister—is not this too small for him?'

"The hitch, if there be one, is not with Long but with the White House. Whether there is any real resistance I cannot tell, and absolutely the only thing I can hear adverse is that there is a fear that you will want to fight somebody at once.

"You have enough friends earnest for you to make a Secretary of State. John Hay has written and spoken and urged in the most earnest way at all opportunities. Hanna is entirely friendly and wants you here. Platt is not lifting a finger against you. I saw Bliss (Cornelius N., Secretary of the Interior) this morning. He spoke of you in the warmest terms and in the most affectionate way—said you were just the man. Hobart (Vice-President) after adjournment to-day, came up to me

and said: 'You are, I know, interested in Roosevelt. He is a splendid fellow—I think everything of him—just the sort of man we ought to get. What can I do?' He said he had an appointment with the President this afternoon and would urge you then upon him.

"I believe we are coming out all right. In any event, you have, I think, a right to be proud of such support as that I have described and you have not raised a finger and it has all come voluntarily. All I have done is to plan and direct it a little."

President McKinley sent Roosevelt's name to the Senate on April 6, 1897, and the nomination was confirmed on April 8. He assumed the duties of the office on April 19. "Roosevelt's selection for Assistant Secretary of the Navy," wrote a Washington correspondent of a prominent Western newspaper on the day the nomination was made, "surprised no one except Senators Platt and Quay and a few people who had come to believe President McKinley was so eager to please powerful senators that he had virtually surrendered his independence. Senator Platt, who is on excellent terms with the President, was dead set against Mr. Roosevelt. He has reasons of his own for his opposition, but they in no wise reflect upon Mr. Roosevelt's fitness for the place."

On the day of the Senate's confirmation of the nomination, the Washington *Post*, which had bitterly opposed Roosevelt while Civil Service Commissioner, made him the subject of an editorial article in which it said that it was "by no means sure" that his appointment was a "matter of regret," and that while "of course he will bring with him to Washington all that machinery of disturbance and upheaval which is as much a part of his *entourage* as the very air he breathes, who knows that the service will not be a little better for a little dislocation and readjustment?" Of Roosevelt's qualities, the editor added:

"He is inspired by a passionate hatred of meanness, humbug, and cowardice. He cherishes an equally passionate love of candor, bravery and devotion. He is a fighter, a man of indomitable pluck and energy, a potent and forceful factor in any equation into which he may be introduced. A field of immeasurable usefulness awaits him—will he find it?"

As soon as Roosevelt had familiarized himself with the detail work of his office he began a series of visits to the various navy-yards and to vessels of the fleet. Early in May he took a trip on a torpedo-boat which he had been inspecting because of a slight injury caused by an accident, and made an official report to the Secretary of the Navy which marked a new departure in documents of that kind, for instead of being a dry, formal record of an accident it contained decided views as to the qualities and disposition of the men who should command naval vessels, and especially torpedo-boats. After saying that no practical damage had been caused, he added:

"Boats so delicate which, to be handled effectively must be handled with great daring, necessarily run great risks, and their commanders must, of course, realize that a prerequisite to successfully handling them is the willingness to run such risks. That they will observe proper precautions is, of course, required, but it is more important that our officers should handle these boats with dash and daring than that the boats should be kept unscratched. There must be developed in the men who handle them that mixture of skill and daring which can only be attained if the boats are habitually used under circumstances which imply the risk of an accident. The business of a naval officer is one which, above all others, needs daring and decision and if he must err on either side the nation can best afford to have him err on the side of too much daring rather than too much caution."

This report was hailed by the press with expressions of delight as revealing a new spirit in the Navy Department. One newspaper correspondent said it had "snap and vigor that made it read more like a page out of one of Mr. Roosevelt's books than the ordinary red-tape document." An editor hoped that the report would prove to be the first of a series of papers setting forth his views of naval men and things in general, because "we have been running along in a groove for altogether too many years."

EARLY EXPRESSION OF LIFELONG VIEWS

This hope was soon realized, and the interest which the report had aroused in naval matters was greatly stimulated a few weeks later when Roosevelt delivered a carefully prepared address before the Naval War College, at Newport, R. I., at the opening exercises on June 2, 1897. This address is so notable as the first elaborate expression of Roosevelt's views on the subject of national preparedness that somewhat liberal quotation from it is desirable in order to show the lifelong consistency of his course on this question. He had first given expression to those views in his history of "The Naval War of 1812," in 1882, and had repeated them in his "Life of Benton," in 1887, and in his condensed history of the war of 1812, which he wrote in 1896 for the English Naval History, but in each of these instances he had written briefly and in general terms. The Naval War College address was clearly the result of several years of serious thought and study of the subject. Read in the light of his virtually continuous advocacy of the same subject during the years which intervened between our war with Spain and the outbreak of the great European War in 1914, it is found to contain all the principal ideas which he expounded with such tireless energy during that period and especially when he foresaw that Germany's conduct was certain to force the United States into the war. A few citations will demonstrate the accuracy of this statement:

"A century has passed since Washington wrote 'To be prepared for war is the most effectual means to promote peace.' We pay to this maxim the lip-loyalty we so often pay to Washington's words; but it has never sunk deep into our hearts. Indeed of late years many persons have refused it even the poor tribute of lip-loyalty, and prate about the iniquity of war as if somehow that was a justification for refusing to take the steps which alone can in the long run prevent war or avert the dreadful disasters it brings in its train."

"In this country there is not the slightest danger of an over-development of warlike spirit, and there never has been any such danger. In all our history there has never been a time when preparedness for war was any menace to peace. On the contrary, again and again we have owed peace to the fact that we were prepared for war; and in the only contest which we have had with a European power since the Revolution, the war of 1812, the struggle and all its attendant disasters were due solely to the fact that we were not prepared to face, and were not ready instantly to resent, an attack upon our honor and interest; while the glorious triumphs at sea which redeemed that war were due to the few preparations which we had actually made."

"The danger is of precisely the opposite character. If we forget that in the last resort we can only secure peace by being ready and willing to fight for it, we may some day have bitter cause to realize that a rich nation which is slothful, timid, or unwieldy is an easy prey for any people which still retains those most valuable of all qualities, the soldierly virtues."

"Preparation for war is the surest guarantee for peace. Arbitration is an excellent thing, but ultimately those who wish to see this country at peace with foreign nations will be wise if they place reliance upon a first-class fleet of first-class battle-ships rather than on any arbitration treaty which the wit of man can devise."

"A really great people, proud and high-spirited, would face all the disasters of war rather than purchase that base prosperity which is bought at the price of national honor."

"Cowardice in a race, as in an individual, is the unpardonable sin, and a wilful failure to prepare for danger may in its effects be as bad as cowardice. The timid man who cannot fight and the selfish, shortsighted or foolish man who will not take the steps that will enable him to fight, stand on almost the same plane."

"As yet no nation can hold its place in the world or can do any work really worth doing unless it stands ready to guard its rights with an armed hand. That orderly liberty which is both the foundation and the capstone of our civilization can be gained and kept only by men who are willing to fight for an ideal; who hold high the love of honor, love of faith, love of flag, and love of country."

"It has always been true, and in this age it is more than ever true, that it is too late to prepare for war when the time of peace has passed."

"Tame submission to foreign aggression of any kind is a mean and unworthy thing; but it is even meaner and more unworthy to bluster first, and then submit or else refuse to make those preparations which can alone obviate the necessity for submission."

"In public as in private life a bold front tends to insure peace and not strife. If we possess a formidable navy, small is the chance indeed that we shall ever be dragged into a war to uphold the Monroe Doctrine. If we do not possess such a navy, war may be forced on us at any time."

"Diplomacy is utterly useless where there is no force behind it; the diplomat is the servant, not the master, of the soldier."

"No nation should ever wage war wantonly, but no nation should ever avoid it at the cost of the loss of national honor. A nation should never fight unless forced to; but it should always be ready to fight."

"Every feat of heroism makes us forever indebted to the man who performed it. All daring and courage, all iron endurance of misfortune, all devotion to the ideal of honor and of the glory of the flag, make for a finer and nobler type of manhood."

"If ever we had to meet defeat at the hands of a foreign foe, or had to submit tamely to wrong or insult, every man among us worthy of the name of American would feel dishonored and debased."

"We ask for a great navy, partly because we think that the possession of such a navy is the surest guarantee of peace, and partly because we feel that no national life is worth having if the nation is not willing, when the need shall arise, to stake everything on the supreme arbitrament of war, and to pour out its blood, its treasure, and tears like water rather than submit to the loss of honor and renown."

Published in full in the principal newspapers of the land, the address attracted wide attention and aroused animated discussion. It was universally recognized as sounding a new note in the conduct of national affairs. Nothing similar to it had been heard in the deliverances of other public men. It was the voice of Roosevelt, and of Roosevelt alone, and it stirred the country like the sound of a trumpet. There had been many addresses by naval officials at the War College, but never before had an Assistant Secretary of the Navy or any other navy official made an address like this. What did it mean? To an apparent majority of the people, if the comments of the newspapers were an accurate reflection of popular sentiment, it meant a welcome change. With few exceptions, the leading journals of the country expressed warm approval of the address. The New York *Sun*, seldom friendly to Roosevelt, called it a "manly, patriotic, intelligent and convincing appeal to American sentiment in behalf of the national honor, and for the preservation of the national strength by means requisite for self-defense and vigorous aggressive resistance to efforts to interfere with our progress and natural dominion." The New York *Herald* said: "The current of this fine address is filled with a flow of splendid patriotism, from its opening sentence to its close, and its careful reading can scarcely fail to inspire the youth of America with the same lofty spirit of devotion to our country's honor, glory and prosperity that actuated its utterance by the speaker." The Washington *Post*, dropping its uniformly captious attitude toward Roosevelt, declared that in his address he had "honored both himself and the country," and exclaimed: "Well done, nobly spoken! Theodore Roosevelt, you have found your proper place at last—all hail!" From Maine to California, the general verdict was expressed in similar terms.

### ROOSEVELT'S GIFT OF VISION

That Roosevelt was endowed, in a really marvellous degree, with the gift of vision his correspondence indubitably shows. He saw clearly what men would do because he had accurate knowledge of and calm judgment upon what men had done. He saw clearly into the motives and actions of men and nations because he had mastered their history and could gauge their conduct in the future by that of the past. He had read human history, not for the purpose of strengthening his prejudices, but of informing his mind, and from fulness of mind and matured conviction he spoke.

When Roosevelt entered upon his duties as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, trouble with Spain over conditions in Cuba was visibly impending, and the possibility of war was foremost in his mind when he made his Naval War College address. That he was keeping close watch upon developments in other countries, especially in Germany, is shown by his letters. In his correspondence during the months immediately following his assumption of office, reference to ultimate trouble with Germany is of frequent occurrence. On August 2, 1897, in a letter to Captain B. H. McCalla, U. S. N., he wrote: "I entirely agree with you that Germany is the power with which we may very possibly have ultimately to come into hostile contact. How I wish our people would wake up to the need for a big navy!"

A few days later, August 11, he wrote a long letter, remarkable for the inti-

mate knowledge that it displayed of conditions in European countries, to Cecil Spring-Rice, then with the British Legation at Berlin and afterward British Ambassador at Washington. In it he said: "As an American I should advocate—as a matter of fact do advocate—keeping our navy at a pitch that will enable us to interfere promptly if Germany ventures to touch a foot of American soil. I would not go into the abstract rights or wrongs of it; I would simply say that we did not intend to have Germans on the continent, excepting as immigrants, whose children would become Americans of one sort or another, and if Germany intended to extend her empire here she would have to whip us first."

The same idea was repeated in a letter to General James H. Wilson on August 23, 1897: "We cannot rival England as a naval power . . . but I do think we ought to stand ahead of Germany."

In two letters, written early in 1898, he predicted trouble with Germany in South America if the Kaiser should attempt to acquire territory there. In one, February 5, 1898, addressed to F. C. Moore, New York City, he wrote: "Of all the nations of Europe it seems to me Germany is by far the most hostile to us. With Germany under the Kaiser we may at any time have trouble if she seeks to acquire territory in South America."

In another, addressed to Charles A. Moore, New York City, February 14, 1898, the prediction was repeated. The literal accuracy of the prophecy was confirmed in 1902, when the Kaiser attempted to acquire territory in Venezuela and was prevented by the prompt action of Roosevelt, as President, in serving notice upon him that unless he desisted the American fleet under Admiral Dewey would sail for Venezuela and oppose his project by force of arms.

Writing again to F. C. Moore, on February 9, 1898, he gave this comprehensive statement of his views in regard to an American foreign policy:

"I should myself like to shape our foreign policy with a purpose ultimately of driving off this continent every European power. I would begin with Spain, and in the end would take all other European nations, including England. It is even more important to prevent any new nation from getting a foothold. Germany as a republic would very possibly be a friendly nation, but under the present despotism she is much more bitterly and outspokenly hostile to us than is England.

"What I want to see our people avoid is the attitude taken by the great bulk of the Americans at the beginning of this century, and the end of the last, when the mass of the Jeffersonians put the interests of France above the interest and honor of America, and the mass of the Federalists did the same thing in England. I am not hostile to any European power in the abstract. I am simply an American first and last, and therefore hostile to any power which wrongs us. If Germany wronged us I would fight Germany; if England, I would fight England."

It should be said in regard to this reference to England, that after what he considered to be the handsome way in which England acted toward the United States during the Spanish War, Roosevelt's attitude toward that country underwent a radical change—a change that was strengthened later by England's course in the war with Germany.

The most striking of Roosevelt's predictions at this time appears in his letter to Cecil Spring-Rice, already alluded to. In his review of conditions in foreign countries, he paid especial attention to Russia, a country which Mr. Spring-Rice had recently visited, and in concluding foreshadowed, with remarkable accuracy, ten years in advance, the revolution of 1918:

"If Russia chooses to develop purely on her own line and to resist the growth of liberalism, then she may put off the day of reckoning; but she cannot ultimately avert it, and instead of occasionally having to go through what Kansas has gone through with the Populists, *she will some time experience a red terror which will make the French Revolution pale.*"

### GADFLY OF THE ADMINISTRATION

These predictions in regard to the course of events in foreign countries, interesting as they are, occupied only casual space in the great mass of corre-

spondence that Roosevelt conducted during the year in which he held the office of Assistant Secretary of the Navy. His dominating idea during the early part of that period was the condition of affairs in Cuba and the imperative necessity of American interference. He was frankly and ardently in favor of interference in Cuba on the gound of humanity, and, after the blowing up of the *Maine*, in favor of war with Spain in defense of the national honor. He was virtually alone in the McKinley administration in advocating this policy. So completely was this the case that he might have said of his function in the Administration during the year which preceded the war with Spain what Socrates in his "Apology" said of his function in the Athenian state: "The state is exactly like a powerful high-bred steed, which is sluggish by reason of his very size, and so needs a gadfly to wake him up. And as such a gadfly does God seem to have fastened me upon the state; wherefore, besetting you everywhere the whole day long, I arouse and stir up and reproach each one of you."

In his "Autobiography" Roosevelt calls the war with Spain "The War of America the Unready." It might with equal truth be called "The War of McKinley the Unwilling," for he and his official associates refused to engage in it till refusal was no longer possible without dishonor. They were supported in this course by Thomas B. Reed, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and by a group of Senators under the leadership of the Senate's most powerful member, Eugene Hale, of Maine. Secretary Long, Roosevelt's superior officer, was more than lukewarm upon the question of building up the navy which Roosevelt considered to be of the highest importance. Upon all these persons Roosevelt acted as the persistent and irritating gadfly. The full story of his efforts and of the developments of this interesting period stands revealed in his correspondence.

Roosevelt had been an earnest and persistent advocate of a big navy for ten years or more before he entered the Navy Department, and it was inevitable, therefore, that in assuming office his first thought should be in that direction. One of his early letters, addressed to the editor of the New York *Sun*, August 16, 1897, contains this passage: "I am rather afraid that there is a very foolish feeling growing that we now have enough of a navy. It would be horrible folly to stop building up our navy now."

Secretary Long's lukewarm attitude on the subject was revealed quite early in their official intercourse, and on August 26, 1897, Roosevelt mildly expressed his regret in a letter to the Secretary who was away on vacation: "I know you will excuse my saying that I can't help being sorry you have reached the conclusion that we are not to go on at all in building even, say, one battleship and five torpedo-boats."

A letter to Senator Lodge, written a few weeks later, September 15, 1897, reveals the fact that Roosevelt had brought the subject to the President's attention and secured the overruling of the Secretary. This letter is interesting also for the glimpse it affords of McKinley's personality:

"The President has returned and yesterday I went driving with him. Generally, he expressed great satisfaction with what I had done, especially during the last seven weeks that I have been in charge of the Department. Of course the President is a bit of a jollier, but I think his words did represent a substratum of satisfaction.

"He is evidently by no means sure that we shall not have trouble with Spain; and though he wants to avoid both, yet I think he could be depended upon to deal thoroughly and well with any difficulty that arises. . . . I told him that I would guarantee that the Department would be in the best possible shape that our means would permit when war began, and that, as he knew, I myself would go to the war. He asked me what Mrs. Roosevelt would think of it, and I said that both you and she would regret it, but this was one case where I would consult neither. He laughed and said that he would do all he could to guarantee that I should have the opportunity I sought if war by any chance arose.

"To my great pleasure he also told me that he intended we should go on building up the Navy, with better ships and torpedo-boats and that he did not think the

Secretary would recommend anything he (the President) did not approve of."

Two efforts were made by Roosevelt in the latter part of September, 1897, when the Cuban situation seemed threatening, to induce Secretary Long to take decisive action of some sort in the direction of naval preparedness. On September 20 he wrote to him at Hingham, Mass.:

"From what the President and Judge Day (Secretary of State) say it would seem that advices from Spain are not altogether satisfactory. I do not anticipate any trouble, but if there is we should have warning just as far in advance as the President will permit, and should be ready to take the initiative at once. If in the event of trouble we wait to receive the attack we will have our hands full, and the greatest panic would ensue, but if we move with the utmost rapidity with our main force on Cuba, say under Admiral Walker, and a flying squadron under Evans, or some such man, against Spain itself, while the Asiatic squadron operates against the Philippines, I believe the affair would not present a very great difficulty."

And on September 30, he sent a long and formal letter urging the steady and rapid upbuilding of the navy, and saying:

"A great Navy does not make for war but for peace. It is the cheapest kind of insurance. No coast fortifications can really protect our coasts; they can only be protected by a formidable fighting navy.

"I believe Congress should at once give us 6 new battleships, 6 large cruisers, and 75 torpedo-boats, 25 for the Pacific and 50 for the Atlantic. I believe we should set about building all these craft now, and that each one should be, if possible, the most formidable of its kind afloat."

About the same time he saw the President again, writing to Senator Lodge on September 21: "The President has been most kind. I dined with him Friday evening, and yesterday he sent over and took me out to drive. I gave him a paper showing exactly where all our ships are and I also sketched in outline what I thought ought to be done if things looked menacing about Spain, urging the necessity of taking an immediate and prompt initiative if we wished to avoid the chance of some serious trouble."

In December the outlook was even more threatening and, with a side glance still on Germany, he wrote on the 17th, to Lieutenant-Commander W. W. Kimball, U. S. N.: "I doubt if those Spaniards can really pacify Cuba, and if the insurrection goes on much longer I don't see how we can help interfering. *Germany is the power with whom I look forward to serious difficulty;* but oh, how bitterly angry I get at the attitude of some of our public men and some of our publicists!"

On January 14, 1898, Roosevelt again sent a formal letter to Secretary Long, giving the location and armament of the various ships of the navy at the moment, and fairly imploring him to act:

"I feel that I ought to bring to your attention the very serious consequences to the Government as a whole, and especially to the Navy Department—upon which would be visited the national indignation—for any check, no matter how little the Department was really responsible for the check—if we should drift into a war with Spain and suddenly find ourselves obliged to begin it without preparation, instead of having at least a month's warning, during which we could actively prepare to strike. Some preparation can and should be undertaken now on the mere chance of having to strike.

"Certain things should be done at once if there is any reasonable chance of trouble with Spain during the next six months. For instance, the disposition of the fleet on foreign stations should be radically altered, and altered without delay. For the past six or eight months we have been sending small cruisers and gunboats off to various parts of the world with a total disregard of the fact that in the event of war this would be the worst possible policy to have pursued. . . . If we have war with Spain there will be immediate need for every gunboat and cruiser that we can possibly get together to blockade Cuba, threaten or take the less protected ports, and ferret out the scores of small Spanish cruisers and gunboats which form practically the entire Spanish naval force around the island."

On February 15, 1898, the battleship *Maine* was blown up in Havana harbor,

and on the following day Roosevelt wrote to a friend: "Being a Jingo, as I am writing confidentially, I will say, to relieve my feelings, that I would give anything if President McKinley would order the fleet to Havana to-morrow. This Cuban business ought to stop. The *Maine* was sunk by an act of dirty treachery on the part of the Spaniards, I believe; though we shall never find out definitely, and officially it will go down as an accident."

Secretary Long had returned to Washington and was on duty when the *Maine* explosion occurred. On February 19, Roosevelt addressed a formal letter to him which was the most solemnly earnest of the series of prods thus far administered to him. One passage which I have placed in *italics* was especially significant in view of the Secretary's well-known attitude toward building up the navy:

"In reference to our conversation of yesterday, and to a brief conversation which I had with Judge Day this morning before you came, let me again earnestly urge that you advise the President against our conducting any examination in conjunction with the Spaniards as to the *Maine's* disaster. I myself doubt whether it will be possible to tell definitely how the disaster occurred by an investigation, and it may be that we could do it as well in conjunction with the Spaniards as alone. But I am sure we could never convince the people at large of this fact.

"There is another subject of which I spoke to you yesterday, and about which I venture to remind you. This is in reference to additional warships. I was informed that both Speaker Reed and Senator Hale had stated that we should cease building any more battleships, in view of the disaster to the *Maine*. I cannot believe that the statement is true, for of course *such an attitude, if supported by the people, would mean that we had reached the last pitch of national cowardice and baseness*. I earnestly wish that you could see your way clear now, without waiting a day, to send in a special message, stating that in view of the disaster to the *Maine* (and perhaps in view of the possible needs of this country) instead of recommending one battleship you ask that two, or better still, four battleships be authorized immediately by Congress."

This letter evidently alarmed Secretary Long, for a few days later, on February 25, he wrote a personal note to Roosevelt in his own hand, saying he should be absent from the Department for a day's quiet rest, directing him to revoke an order Roosevelt had issued in regard to getting the naval vessels ready for action, and adding: "Do not take any such step affecting the policy of the Administration without consulting the President or me. I am not away from town and *my intention was to have you look after the routine of the office* while I get a quiet day off. I write to you because I am anxious to have no unnecessary occasion for a sensation in the papers." The passage which I have placed in *italics* is noteworthy.

Writing to Henry White, then Secretary of the American Embassy at London, on March 9, 1898, Roosevelt said: "Of course I have nothing to say as to the policy of the Government, but I hope this incident (*Maine*) will not be treated by itself, but as part of the whole Cuban business. There is absolutely but one possible solution of a permanent nature to that affair, and that is Cuban independence. The sooner we make up our minds to this the better. If we can attain our object peacefully, of course we should try to do so; but we should attain it one way or the other anyhow."

When the news arrived of the sailing of the Spanish torpedo flotilla from the Canaries for Porto Rico, on March 15, 1898, Roosevelt went at once to the President, and, as he wrote to Captain R. D. Evans of the navy on the following day, told him that "we ought to treat the sailing of the flotilla exactly as a European power would the mobilizing of a hostile army on its frontier." He did not confine his exhortations to the President, but, as appears from the subjoined extract from a letter to Brooks Adams, on March 21, 1898, extended them to the Cabinet as well:

"Personally, I feel that it is not too late to intervene in Cuba. What the Administration will do I know not. In some points it has followed too closely in Cleveland's footsteps to please me, excellently though it has done on the whole. In the name of humanity and of national interest

alike, we should have interfered in Cuba two years ago, a year and a half ago last April, and again last December. The blood of the Cubans, the blood of women and children who have perished by the hundred thousand in hideous misery, lies at our door; and the blood of the murdered men of the *Maine* calls not for indemnity but for the full measure of atonement which can only come by driving the Spaniard from the New World. I have said this to the President before his Cabinet; I have said it to Judge Day, the real head of the State Department; and to my own Chief. I cannot say it publicly, for I am of course merely a minor official in the Administration. At least, however, I have borne testimony where I thought it would do good."

The response that he received was clearly not encouraging, for on March 24 he wrote to Captain A. T. Mahan, who was a cordial sympathizer in his efforts: "I think I told you that I advised the President and the Secretary to treat the sailing of the torpedo flotilla from the Canaries for Porto Rico as an act of hostility. I have repeated the advice today. I do not think it will be regarded."

His inability to stir the Administration to action was both discouraging and depressing to him. On March 27, he received a letter, written the day before, from William Tudor, an old and valued friend in Boston, in which the writer said:

"It is hard to credit the newspaper reports that the Cabinet by a large majority intend to pass over the blowing up of the *Maine*. Those of us who are not speculating in the stock market believe that this is merely put forward by the Administration to gain time.

"I believe that the blowing up of the *Maine* with the connivance of the Spanish authorities cannot be passed over. With wholesale murder there can be no question of arbitration. If you allow Spain to get her torpedo fleet across the Atlantic the Administration will be responsible for the loss of more ships. The first act of war was the blowing up of the *Maine;* the second is the sending of this torpedo fleet to Porto Rico. Are we to wait until more of our ships are destroyed before acting? I protest against this peace-at-any-price policy of the Government which does not represent the views of a tenth of the American people."

To this Roosevelt responded on March 28: "I agree from the bottom of my heart with all you say. I feel humiliated and ashamed. Every argument you advance I have personally advanced with all the force there was in me, both to the President and the Cabinet; and in vain."

To his brother-in-law, Captain W. S. Cowles, of the navy, he wrote in similar strain on March 29:

"I am utterly disgusted at the present outlook in foreign relations. I can only hope that the Senate, under the leadership of men like Lodge, will rise to the needs of the hour and insist upon immediate independence for Cuba and armed intervention on our part. Nothing less than this will avail. Shilly shallying and half measures at this time will merely render us contemptible in the eyes of the world; and what is infinitely more important, in our own eyes too. Personally I cannot understand how the bulk of our people can tolerate the hideous infamy that has attended the last two years of Spanish rule in Cuba; and still more how they can tolerate the treacherous destruction of the *Maine* and the murder of our men! I feel so deeply that it is with very great difficulty I can restrain myself."

On the following day, March 30, he wrote again to Captain Cowles:

"Of course I cannot speak in public, but I have advised the President in the presence of his Cabinet, as well as Judge Day and Senator Hanna, as strongly as I knew how, to settle this matter instantly by armed intervention; and I told the President in the plainest language that no other course was compatible with our national honor, or with the claims of humanity on behalf of the wretched women and children of Cuba. I am more grieved and indignant than I can say at there being any delay on our part in a matter like this. A great crisis is upon us, and if we do not rise level to it, we shall have spotted the pages of our history with a dark blot of shame."

On the same day, to another brother-in-law, Douglas Robinson, of New York, he wrote:

"Neither I nor any one else can give



*From a photograph copyright by Underwood & Underwood.*

On board the *Mayflower* off Oyster Bay, August 17, 1903, at the review of the fleet.

Seated are: Mr. Moody, secretary of the navy; President Roosevelt and Mrs. Roosevelt. Standing are: Sir Thomas Lipton; Admiral Dewey; Mr. Iselin, and General Chaffee.

you more than the merest vague forecast of events. The President is resolute to have peace at any price. As far as he is concerned, unless the Spaniards declare war, we will not have it. Congress, however, is in an entirely different temper. The most influential man in it, Tom Reed, is as much against war as the President, and the group of Senators who stand closest to the President are also ferociously against war. Nevertheless, Congress as a whole wishes either war or action that would result in war. Their most patriotic and able men take this view, and I doubt if they can be much longer restrained. Therefore I think it

about a toss-up whether we have war or peace. The trend of events is for war. Congress is for war. All it needs is a big leader; but the two biggest leaders, the President and the Speaker, both of whom have enormous power, are almost crazy in their eagerness for peace, and would make almost any sacrifice to get peace."

Writing to Elihu Root, on April 5, 1898, he reveals the sources from which came the most powerful pressure against war and to which the Administration was yielding:

"You would be amazed and horrified at the peace-at-any-price telegrams of the most abject description which come in multitudes from New York, Boston, and elsewhere to the President and Senators.

"Not only is the peace sentiment of the eastern seaboard not the sentiment of the country at large, but I doubt whether this sentiment exists in the strata lower than the wealthiest even in the east.

"The President has taken a position from which he cannot back down without ruin to his reputation, ruin to his party, and, above all, lasting dishonor to his country; and I am sure he will not back down.

"Thank Heaven, this morning it looks as if the Administration had made up its mind to lead the movement instead of resisting it with the effect of shattering the party and of humiliating the nation. Judge Day, who together with that idol of the Mugwumps, Secretary Gage, has been advocating peace under almost any conditions, has just told me that he has given up and that the President seems to be making up his mind to the same effect. Of course from the military standpoint it is dreadful to have delayed so long."

To a college classmate, Dr. Henry Jackson, of Boston, who had written to him in support of peace-at-any-price, he sent this characteristic rejoinder on April 6:

"I believe it criminal for us to submit to the murder of our men, and to the butchery of Cuban women and children. The resources of diplomacy have been exhausted. This nation has erred on the side of over-forbearance. When you talk of this war being undertaken to satisfy the political greed of a parcel of politicians you show the most astounding ignorance of the conditions. The only effective forces against the war are the forces inspired by greed and fear, and the forces that tell in favor of war are the belief in national honor and common humanity."

The correspondence closes with this despondent view of the situation as it appeared to him on April 7: "If you are puzzled you can imagine the bitter wrath and humiliation which I feel at the absolute lack of plans. We have our plans in the Navy, and beyond that there is absolutely nothing. The President doesn't know what message he will send in or what he will do if we have war."

Four days later, April 11, 1898, President McKinley, left with no alternative by the obviously tricky conduct of the Spanish Government in proposing an armistice which was a sham on its face, made up his mind that war was inevitable, and sent a message to Congress asking it to empower him to end hostilities in Cuba and to secure the establishment of a stable government "capable of maintaining order and observing its international obligations." Congress, after full discussion, adopted, on April 19, joint resolutions declaring the people of Cuba free and independent, demanding the surrender of all Spanish authority in the island, and directing and empowering the President to enforce the resolutions by using the full land and naval forces of the United States. Spain declared war formally on April 24, and the United States did the same on April 25.

### WINNER OF THE BATTLE OF MANILA

That the navy was reasonably well prepared for the war solely because of the efforts of Roosevelt, is clearly revealed by these citations from his correspondence. For months he had been working unceasingly with the hearty co-operation of the ablest men in the service to get material in readiness and have the ships properly equipped and commanded. It was due solely to him also that Admiral Dewey was in command of the Asiatic squadron and that that squadron was ready to sail from Hong Kong to the Philippines at a

moment's notice and was in condition to win the battle of Manila. There is abundant proof in support of these statements.

When the question of appointing a commander of the Asiatic squadron arose in the fall of 1897. Roosevelt, in accordance with his established policy of gathering from every source information as to who were the best men to occupy the fighting positions, ascertained that sound naval opinion was overwhelmingly in favor of Dewey for the command of a squadron. He had been struck by an incident in Dewey's career in which he had, without authority from the Navy Department and on his own responsibility, bought a supply of coal in preparation for a threatening emergency. "The incident," Roosevelt says in his "Autobiography," "made me feel that here was a man who could be relied upon to prepare in advance, and to act promptly, fearlessly, and on his own responsibility when the emergency arose. Accordingly I did my best to get him put in command of the Asiatic fleet, the fleet where it was most essential to have a man who would act without referring things back to the home authorities."

The manner in which Roosevelt's desire was accomplished is told by Admiral Dewey himself in his "Autobiography" (Charles Scribner's Sons, 1913):

"The most influential officer in the distribution of assignments was Rear-Admiral A. S. Crowninshield, chief of the Bureau of Navigation, and a pronounced bureaucrat, with whose temperament and methods I had little more sympathy than had the majority of the officers of the navy at that time. He would hardly recommend me to any command; and his advice had great weight with John D. Long, who was then Secretary of the Navy.

"Theodore Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He was impatient of red tape, and had a singular understanding both of the importance of preparedness for war and of striking quick blows in rapid succession once war was begun. With the enthusiastic candor which characterizes him, he declared that I ought to have the Asiatic Squadron. He asked me if I had any political influence. I expressed a natural disinclination to use it. He agreed with the correctness of my view as an officer, but this was a situation where it must be used in self-defense. One letter from an influential source in favor of Howell had already been received by the department.

"'I want you to go,' Mr. Roosevelt declared. 'You are the man who will be equal to the emergency if one arises. Do you know any Senators?'

"My heart was set on having the Asiatic Squadron. It seemed to me that we were inevitably drifting into a war with Spain. In command of an efficient force in the Far East, with a free hand to act in consequence of being so far away from Washington, I could strike promptly and successfully at the Spanish force in the Philippines.

"'Senator Proctor is from my State,' I said to Mr. Roosevelt. 'He is an old friend of the family, and my father was of service to him when he was a young man.'

"'You could not have a better sponsor,' Mr. Roosevelt exclaimed. 'Lose no time in having him speak a word for you.'

"I went immediately to see Senator Proctor, who was delighted that I had mentioned the matter to him. That very day he called on President McKinley and received the promise of the appointment before he left the White House.

"When I next met Crowninshield he told me that although I was to have the appointment—a fact which did not seem to please him any too well—Secretary Long was indignant because I had used political influence to obtain it. I went at once to see Mr. Long and said to him:

"'Mr. Secretary, I understand that you are displeased with me for having used influence to secure command of the Asiatic Squadron. I did so because it was the only way of offsetting influence that was being exerted on another officer's behalf.'

"'You are in error, Commodore,' said Mr. Long. 'No influence had been brought to bear on behalf of any one else.'

"Only a few hours later, however, Mr. Long sent me a note in which he said that he had just found that a letter had been received at the department which he had seen for the first time. It had arrived while he was absent from the office and while Mr. Roosevelt was acting secretary,

and had only just been brought to his attention."

Dewey was appointed, sailed for his post on December 7, 1898, and in February began to assemble the fleet at Hong Kong, doing so "entirely on my own initiative, without any hint whatever from the department that hostilities might be expected. It was evident that in case of emergency Hong Kong was the most advantageous position from which to move to the attack."

News of the blowing up of the *Maine* did not reach him officially till February 18, when he received the following cable message:

DEWEY, Hong Kong:

*Maine* destroyed at Havana February 15th *by accident.* The President directs all colors to be half masted until further orders. Inform vessels under your command by telegraph.

LONG.

Of this message Dewey writes: "Its wording shows how carefully our government was moving in a moment of such intense excitement." What happened next, is described by him as follows:

"Though President McKinley was still confident that war could be averted, active naval measures had already begun, so far as navy-yard work upon ships and initial inquiries with regard to the purchase of war material was concerned. But the first real step was taken on February 25, when telegraphic instructions were sent to the Asiatic, European, and South Atlantic Squadrons to rendezvous at certain convenient points where, should war break out, they would be most available.

"The message to the Asiatic Squadron bore the signature of that Assistant Secretary who had seized the opportunity, while acting secretary, to hasten preparations for a conflict which was inevitable. As Mr. Roosevelt reasoned, precautions would cost little in time of peace and would be invaluable in case of war. His cablegram was as follows:

WASHINGTON, February 25, '98.

DEWEY, Hong Kong:

Order the squadron except the *Monocacy* to Hong Kong. Keep full of coal. In the event of declaration of war Spain, your duty will be to see that the Spanish Squadron does not leave the Asiatic coast, and then offensive operations in Philippine Islands. Keep *Olympia* until further orders.

ROOSEVELT.

"The reference to keeping the *Olympia* until further orders was due to the fact that I had been notified that she would soon be recalled to the United States."

Dewey obeyed these instructions and proceeded to get his fleet in readiness for sailing for Manila at a moment's notice, so that when the following order came from Secretary Long, on April 25, two months after Roosevelt's message to Dewey, he was ready to obey:

"War has commenced between the United States and Spain. Proceed at once to Philippine Islands. Commence operations particularly against the Spanish fleet. You must capture vessels or destroy. Use utmost endeavor."

Thus was the famous battle of Manila fought and won by a commander whose appointment had been secured by Roosevelt against the wishes of Secretary Long and whose fleet had been thoroughly equipped for the conflict by an order that Roosevelt had sent on his own responsibility in the absence of his chief.

### SECRETARY LONG'S HOSTILITY REVEALED

A few months later Secretary Long's personal attitude toward the course pursued by his assistant was revealed in the following letter to Roosevelt from Senator Lodge, decidedly the most interesting and illuminating letter in the present collection: (The italics are mine.)

NAHANT, MASS., Sept. 31, 1898.

DEAR THEODORE:

I am going to ask for five minutes of your crowded time to read this letter and give me a little help. I am getting together of course the necessary materials for my war articles. The second one will be about Manila, and as the first is well advanced I am already gathering facts for the second. I intended to begin by a reference to your order to Dewey of Febru-

ary 25th. You no doubt remember that memorable Saturday afternoon when I came in and found you and Crowninshield sending out this order which was of such enormous importance and value in the subsequent operations. I wrote to Crowninshield that I knew the purport of the order, but that as a matter of caution I should be much obliged if I could have its exact terms. Here is a copy of what he said in reply. If you do not smile when you read it I shall be surprised:

"Replying to your note of Sept. 19th, I have spoken to the Secretary and he is unwilling to give you the exact language of the order referred to. You will probably see yourself that to do so *might appear to put us in a light of being almost over-prepared; in other words, it might seem that the Department had as early as February 25th, the date of the order, made up its mind that there was to be war anyway.* Other orders issued about this time could only be called precautionary, but by some this particular order might be construed as indicated above."

Here follows what I have said in reply to him, which I think will make you smile also:

"Many thanks for your letter of Sept. 19th. I only asked for the language of the order of February 25th to Admiral Dewey out of a spirit of caution which many years of historical studies have cultivated in me. I know the purport of the order as I happened to be in the office that afternoon when you and Mr. Roosevelt were sending it off, and a general statement such as I can make from memory will serve my purpose perfectly well. I confess that now that the war is over and when one of the things of which everybody is most proud and for which the Department received the most unstinted praise was the state of preparation in which the Navy found itself, I cannot conceive that any human being should criticize the Department for being over-prepared, but of this no doubt the Department is the better judge. I shall speak of the order sent out by you and Mr. Roosevelt in my articles as one of the wisest things that was done, a proposition which I consider proved by the little affair at Manila on the 1st of May. My intention was simply to refer to it as an order of the Department, but if the Secretary has the slightest objection to my doing so I will say that the order was sent by Mr. Roosevelt as Acting Secretary, and *I have no doubt the Colonel of the Rough Riders will accept the responsibility of being over-prepared with perfect equanimity.*"

Now what I want of you is to give me your best recollection of the general purport of the order. I remember it pretty well myself, but I want to have your memory to confirm mine, and that will be all sufficient for the statement I wish to make. *There is something very comic in our dear Secretary thinking he will be criticized for being over-prepared and precipitating the war if that order is published.*

H. C. Lodge.

In his book, "The War with Spain" (Harper & Brothers, 1899), Senator Lodge records the incident as follows:

"On February 25 a cable message was sent to Commodore Dewey by Mr. Roosevelt directing him to assemble his squadron at Hong Kong, retain the *Olympia* which had been ordered back to San Francisco, and be prepared in case of war for offensive operations in the Philippines. On the 3d of March the *Mohican* was sent with ammunition to Honolulu, there to await the *Baltimore*, which was to take the ammunition on board and proceed at once to join the Asiatic squadron. No wiser or more far-sighted precautions were ever taken by an administration than these, and it was all done so quietly that no one on the outside knew what was happening."

Writing to John Hay, Secretary of State, on July 1, 1899, Roosevelt gave his own view of what would have been the outcome at Manila if Dewey had not been in command and if the fleet had not been in a condition of thorough preparation.

"In last year's fighting, as the President knows, there was a good deal of hesitation in sending Dewey to the Asiatic Squadron. It was urged very strongly by the Bureau of Navigation that Howell was entitled to go. Finally, and most wisely, the Secretary decided to disregard the argument of seniority and to send Dewey. If he had not done so, there would have been no Philippine problem at present, for our fleet would

have done nothing more than to conduct a solemn blockade of Manila until our coal gave out, and then go away."

An additional instance of Secretary Long's personal attitude toward Roosevelt was revealed several years later in an article which he published in the *Outlook* magazine. Concerning this Roosevelt wrote to him on October 12, 1903:

"In the *Outlook*, in an article written by you, there has appeared this statement about me when I was Assistant Secretary to you: 'Just before the war he, as well as some naval officers, was anxious to send the squadron across the ocean to sink the ships and torpedo-boat destroyers of the Spanish fleet while we were yet at peace with Spain.' I am sure that you did not intend to state the proposition just as it is here expressed. My memory is that I wished to treat the sending over by Spain of her battleships and destroyers as a cause of war. My memory is also that when two or more of the armor-clads of Spain were in Havana—not on the coast of Spain—just before the outbreak of hostilities, I desired some of our ships sent down to watch them. Do you not refer to these two facts?

"I would not bother you about this, my dear Governor, but it seems to me to be a very serious accusation, when brought against me by a gentleman of your high standing, my former chief; and it has seemingly been so accepted by the public at large, if I am to judge by the activity of the gentlemen of the press in seeking interviews with me this morning."

To this letter Mr. Long wrote a reply in which he professed to see no difference between what he had written and what Roosevelt thought he should have written. In a second letter, October 15, 1903, Roosevelt wrote:

"I thank you for your letter. I am sure I need not tell you how well I know your kindly feelings toward me, which feelings found full expression in the general tenor of your article. I think, however, that it was a pity that in such an important matter as this I was not given a chance to try to refresh your memory on any point where we differed. It is perfectly true that I wished a declaration of war long before we did declare it; and I also desired notice to be sent to the Spanish Government that we should treat the sailing of the fleet as an act of war, and then meet the fleet on the seas and smash it before it could act on the defensive. It was to my mind obvious that armed cruisers and torpedo-boats could not be used against the insurgents, and could only be intended for use against us. But this last is aside from the point. Don't you think the two statements you have made as to my attitude are in themselves a little inconsistent? You speak in one case as if I wished to send a fleet over to Spain and sink the Spanish boats while we were still at peace. In the other case you speak of the Spanish vessels as *having* sailed, and my being anxious to meet them on the sea and smash them. I am sure that you will recall that I had been urging a declaration of war for some time—that is, urging a declaration that we should take certain acts, or failures to act, as warranting such declaration after notice had been given. In the case of the sailing of the torpedo-boats, I did wish us to notify the Spanish Government that we should treat their being sent as an act of war. In the form in which the statement is made in the *Outlook*, I cannot admit that either I or any naval officer whom I was associated with made it—indeed I do not recall such a suggestion made by any one, and certainly I never made any such suggestion myself, as that we should send a squadron across the ocean to sink the ships and torpedo-boat destroyers while we were yet at peace with Spain. As I recall it and all that I remember any naval officer urging, was that we should notify the Spanish Government that we should treat their sailing as an act of war and that we should then conduct ourselves accordingly."

### WHY ROOSEVELT WENT TO THE WAR

As shown in his correspondence, Roosevelt had resolved very early in the controversy about Cuba that if there should be a war with Spain he would take part in it. He had mentioned this purpose to McKinley in his interview with him in September, 1897, quoted above, and in January following, when the probability of war became strong, he sought to get

into the service in a New York militia regiment as a major under Colonel Francis Vinton Greene, saying he "was going to go somehow." On March 9, 1898, he wrote to Captain C. H. Davis of the navy that "if there is a war I want to get away from here and get to the front if I possibly can." On the following day he wrote to General Whitney Tillinghast, Adjutant-General of New York:

"Of course I can't leave this position until it is perfectly certain we are going to have a war, and that I can get down to it. I don't want to be in office during war, I want to be at the front; but I would rather be in this office than guarding a fort and no enemy within a thousand miles of me. Of course being here hampers me. If I were in New York City I think I could raise a regiment of volunteers in short order when the President told me to go ahead, but it is going to be difficult from here."

Colonel Greene found that for various reasons it was not practicable for Roosevelt to go to the war under him, and on March 15 Roosevelt again wrote to him:

"I don't agree with you as to my post of duty. I don't want to be in an office instead of at the front; but I dare say I shall have to be, and shall try to do good work wherever I am put. I have long been accustomed, not to taking the positions I should like, but to doing the best that I was able to in a position I did not altogether like, and under conditions which I didn't like at all. But I shall hope still that in the event of serious war I may have a chance to serve under you."

Writing to General Tillinghast again on March 26, he said:

"It looks to me as though matters were coming to a climax, and we should soon see actual trouble with Spain. I wish the Governor would say whether or not he believes that the State militia would be sent out of the State, that is, down to Cuba as part of an expeditionary force, or whether we shall raise volunteers. If the latter, will you present my regards to him and ask if I may not be allowed to raise a regiment? I think I can certainly do it."

On the same date he wrote as follows to William Astor Chanler, a member of Congress from New York: "Things look as though they were coming to a head. Now, can you start getting up that regiment when the time comes? Do you want me as Lt. Colonel? Also, remember that to try to put toughs in it—still worse to try to put political heelers in—will result in an utterly unmanageable regiment, formidable to its own officers and impotent to do mischief to the foe."

His reasons for desiring to get into the war were set forth in full in a very striking letter which he wrote, on March 29, 1898, to Doctor W. Sturgis Bigelow, in Boston. There is much material for sober thought in this letter for those critics of Roosevelt who have charged him with favoring war because of sheer love of fighting.

"I do not know that I shall be able to go to Cuba if there is a war. The army may not be employed at all, and even if it is employed it will consist chiefly of regular troops; and as regards the volunteers only a very small proportion can be taken from among the multitudes who are even now coming forward. Therefore it may be that I shall be unable to go, and shall have to stay here. In that case I shall do my duty here to the best of my ability, although I shall be eating out my heart. But if I am able to go I certainly shall. It is perfectly true that I shall be leaving one duty, but it will only be for the purpose of taking up another. I say quite sincerely that I shall not go for my own pleasure. On the contrary, if I should consult purely my own feelings I should earnestly hope that we would have peace. I like life very much. I have always led a joyous life. I like thought and I like action, and it will be very bitter to me to leave my wife and children; and while I think I could face death with dignity, I have no desire before my time has come to go out into the everlasting darkness. So I shall not go into a war with any undue exhilaration of spirits or in a frame of mind in any way approaching recklessness or levity.

"Moreover, a man's usefulness depends upon his living up to his ideals in so far as he can. Now, I have consistently preached what our opponents are pleased to call 'Jingo doctrines' for a good many

years. One of the commonest taunts directed at men like myself is that we are armchair and parlor Jingoes who wish to see others do what we only advocate doing. I care very little for such a taunt, except as it affects my usefulness, but I cannot afford to disregard the fact that my power for good, whatever it may be, would be gone if I didn't try to live up to the doctrines I have tried to preach. Moreover, it seems to me that it would be a good deal more important from the standpoint of the nation as a whole that men like myself should go to war than that we should stay comfortably in offices at home and let others carry on the war that we have urged."

A way was opened for Roosevelt to get into the war when Congress authorized the raising of three National Volunteer Cavalry Regiments, wholly apart from State contingents. The Secretary of War, General Alger, offered him the command of one of these regiments, but Roosevelt declined it, saying that after six weeks' service in the field he would feel competent to handle the regiment, but that he did not at the time know how to equip it or how to get it into the first action. He recommended for the command his friend Leonard Wood, who was as eager to get into the war as he was, saying to the Secretary that if he could appoint Wood colonel he would accept the Lieutenant-Colonelcy. This was done, and the famous regiment of Rough Riders was formed. Its official name was the First United States Voluntary Cavalry, but because it was largely composed of Western ranchmen, it was promptly nicknamed Rough Riders, and under that picturesque title passed through the war and into history.

When he sent in his resignation from the Navy Department he received, among others, the following letters:

NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON.
May 7, 1898.

MY DEAR MR. ROOSEVELT:

I have your letter of resignation to the President, but as I have told you so many times, I have it with the utmost regret. I have often expressed, perhaps too emphatically and harshly, my conviction that you ought not to leave the post of Assistant Secretary of the Navy, where your services have not only been of such great value, but of so much inspiration to me and to the whole service. But now that you have determined to go to the front, I feel bound to say that, while I do not approve of the change, I do most heartily appreciate the patriotism and the sincere fidelity to your convictions which actuate you.

Let me assure you how most profoundly I feel the loss I sustain in your going, for your energy, industry and great knowledge of naval interests, and especially your inspiring influence in stimulating and lifting the whole tone of the personnel of the Navy have been invaluable.

I cannot close this reply to your letter without telling you also what an affectionate personal regard I have come to feel for you as a man of the truest temper and most loyal friendship. I rejoice that one who has so much capacity for public service and for winning personal friendships has the promise of so many years of useful and loving life before him.

My heart goes with you, and I am,

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN D. LONG.

HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT,
Assistant Secretary of the Navy,
Navy Department.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON.
May 9, 1898.

MY DEAR MR. SECRETARY:

Although the President was obliged to accept your resignation of recent date, I can assure you that he has done so with very great regret. Only the circumstances mentioned in your letter and your decided and unchangeable preference for your new patriotic work has induced the President to consent to your severing your present connection with the Administration.

Your services here during your entire term in office have been faithful, able and successful in the highest degree, and no one appreciates this fact more keenly than the President himself. Without doubt your connection with the Navy will be beneficially felt in several of its departments for many years to come.

In the President's behalf therefore I

wish at this time to thank you most heartily and to wish you all success in your new and important undertaking, for which I hope and predict a brilliantly victorious result.

With sincere respect and cordial esteem, believe me, always

Faithfully yours,

JOHN ADDISON PORTER,

Secretary to the President.

HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Assistant Secretary of the Navy,

Washington, D. C.

Among the many letters of congratulation that Roosevelt received at the close of the war was the following from John Hay, then United States Ambassador to England:

LONDON, July 27, 1898.

I am afraid I am the last of your friends to congratulate you on the brilliant campaign which now seems drawing to a close, and in which you have gained so much experience and glory. When the war began I was like the rest; I deplored your place in the Navy where you were so useful and so acceptable. But I know it was idle to preach to a young man. You obeyed your own daemon, and I imagine we older fellows will all have to confess that you were in the right. As Sir Walter wrote:

> One crowded hour of glorious life
> Is worth an age without a name.

You have written your name on several pages of your country's history, and they are all honorable to you and comfortable to your friends.

It has been a splendid little war; begun with the highest motives, carried on with magnificent intelligence and spirit, favored by that Fortune which loves the brave. It is now to be concluded, I hope, with that fine good nature, which is, after all, the distinguishing trait of the American character.

An amusing side-light upon the military conduct of the operations in Cuba during the Spanish War is cast in this letter from Roosevelt to Senator Lodge under date of March 3, 1899:

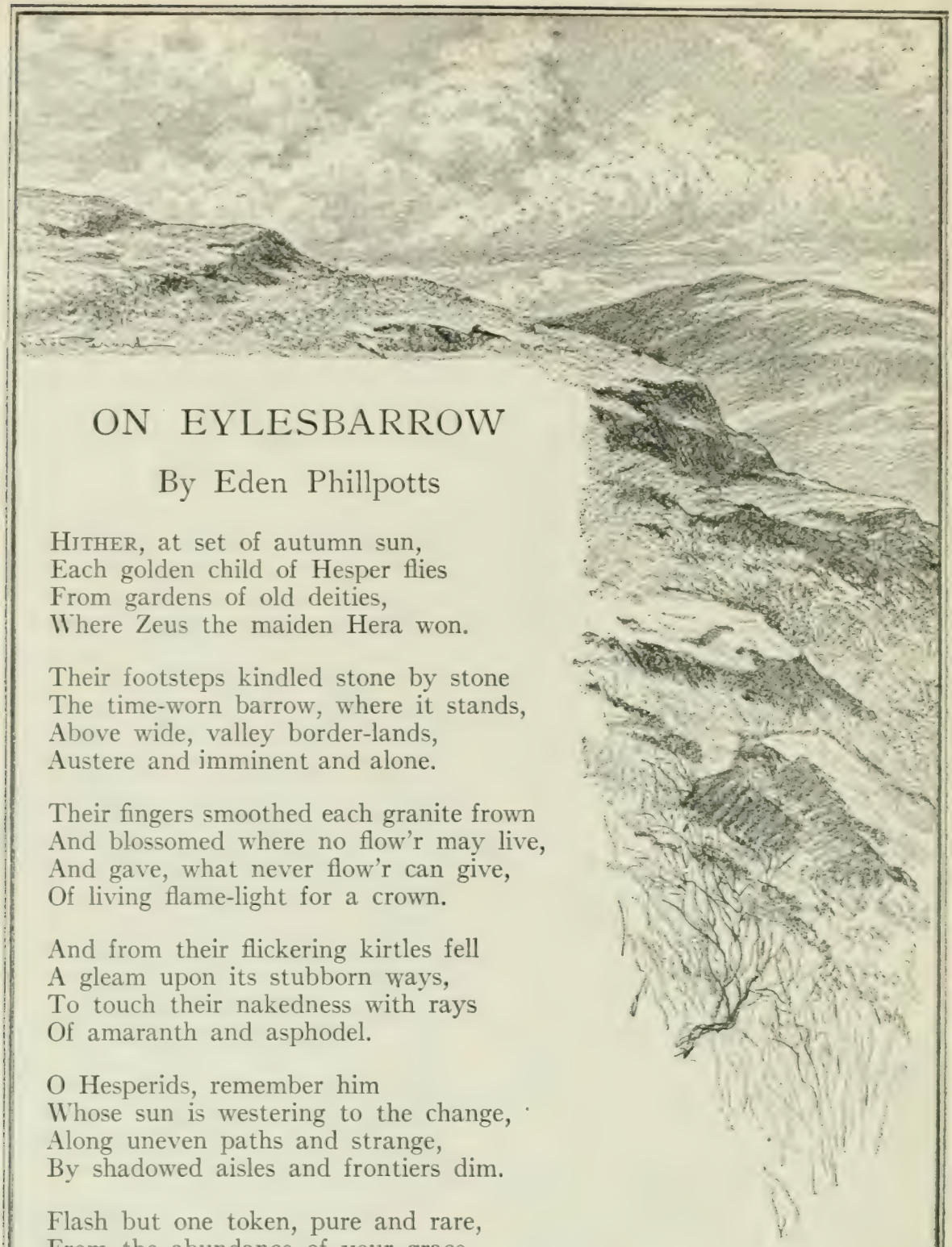
"Lee, the British Military Attaché, told me a lovely story the other day. He met the Russian Military Attaché in London and gave him a dinner, at which the Russian waxed eloquent over his sufferings at Santiago, and, as capping the climax, described how, when he went to pay his respects and say goodbye to Gen. Shafter, the latter looked at him with his usual easy polish and grace, and remarked: 'Well, goodbye. Who are you, anyway, the Russian or the German?' I shouted. Think of the feelings of Yemiloff, the nice little military and diplomatic pedant, on the one hand, and on the other, of good, vulgar Shafter's magnificent indifference to ethnic and diplomatic niceties!"

One further citation from Roosevelt's correspondence relating to this period may properly be made here. When in March, 1901, General Funston executed his brilliant feat of capturing Aguinaldo, the leader of the Philippine insurgents, thus completing the American conquest of the Philippines, Roosevelt wrote, on March 30, 1901, a letter of congratulation to Funston in which he predicted a national condition of unpreparedness which was strikingly like that in which the country found itself when it was compelled to declare war with Germany in 1917:

"This is no perfunctory or formal letter of congratulation. I take pride in this crowning exploit of a career filled with cool courage, iron endurance and gallant daring, because you have added your name to the honor roll of American worthies. Your feat will rank with Cushing's when he sank the *Albemarle*. Otherwise, I cannot recall any single feat in our history which can compare with it.

"Our people as a whole are unquestionably very shortsighted about making (war) preparations. Under such circumstances it is always possible that we may find ourselves pitted against a big military power where we shall need to develop fighting material at the very outset, and then I am one of many millions who would look with confidence to what you would do. Incidentally, if that day is not too far distant, I shall hope to be serving under or alongside of you. I think I could raise at once a brigade of three or four such regiments as I commanded at Santiago."

[The next instalment of Theodore Roosevelt's Own Letters will appear in the December number.]



# ON EYLESBARROW

## By Eden Phillpotts

HITHER, at set of autumn sun,
Each golden child of Hesper flies
From gardens of old deities,
Where Zeus the maiden Hera won.

Their footsteps kindled stone by stone
The time-worn barrow, where it stands,
Above wide, valley border-lands,
Austere and imminent and alone.

Their fingers smoothed each granite frown
And blossomed where no flow'r may live,
And gave, what never flow'r can give,
Of living flame-light for a crown.

And from their flickering kirtles fell
A gleam upon its stubborn ways,
To touch their nakedness with rays
Of amaranth and asphodel.

O Hesperids, remember him
Whose sun is westering to the change,
Along uneven paths and strange,
By shadowed aisles and frontiers dim.

Flash but one token, pure and rare,
From the abundance of your grace,
Where many a storm hath stripped the face
Of this, his life, and left it bare.

Dance but one measure in a heart
Sad and unprofitably proud,
Ere to your chariots of cloud
Ye leap again and so depart.

DARTMOOR, DEVON.

*Drawn by Victor Pérard after sketches by the author.*

# DUCK SHOOTING

## LEAVES FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK OF HARRY L. JOHNSON, A RESIDENT OF THE BARNEGAT BAY REGION



The Old-Timer touches up his stools before the season opens.



Before the day's sport.



At low tide with no wind stories fly if fowl do not.



Only one, but a good one.



Waiting for the black ducks to come at dusk.



Preparing for wind.



A cold day on Goose Point.



Sighting a "crippler" on the way home.

# THE CASE OF MacINTYRE

By Louis Dodge

Illustrations by Wilson C. Dexter

WHEN Judge Blevins came over of an evening to sit on old Doctor Madden's front porch he did not cross the lawn which separated the two houses. Not by any means. Instead, he walked rather pompously down his own front walk and turned at right angles and marched over to the doctor's front walk, where he turned at right angles again; and then he approached the doctor's porch with much dignity. When he began that simple act of transit you might have supposed he was setting forth into a far country. It was his chief characteristic —to be excessively punctilious.

The doctor rather approved of this formal approach. The two men were a good deal alike, at least superficially, and during the thirty years they had resided side by side they had never taken the slightest liberty with each other, though—or perhaps I should say and therefore—they were on the friendliest and pleasantest terms possible.

They liked to look out upon their quiet and sheltered street of a summer evening; and each knew very well that the other regarded it as a thoroughly suitable and appropriate fact that he owned a beautiful home and had come, toward the latter decade or so of his life, to be beyond the reach of insecurity or financial stress. Barring something bordering on national bankruptcy neither need ever deny himself anything suitable or quietly luxurious as long as he lived.

They kept few secrets from each other. Each enjoyed the sound of his own voice and was quietly proud of what he conceived to be his correct and even elegant diction. And so in the course of thirty years they had had a good deal to say to each other, including not a little purely personal detail.

And yet Judge Blevins had never confided in Doctor Madden the somewhat humiliating story of MacIntyre. He had often thought that he should do so, because he considered it a singularly good story; but it had been a painful matter for reflection for a long while—and it was a story which would keep. Indeed, it might be all the better for not being told until the indubitable sting of it had been lessened by time and meditation.

It was the day after one of the local organizations, returned from service in France, had paraded through the streets that the judge finally told the story of MacIntyre. It came out almost unawares at last. Something in the air seemed to suggest it and to release it.

Both men had been extraordinarily moved by the spectacle of the soldiers marching through the streets, where triumphal arches and much bunting and long tiers of seats had been arranged. The spectacle had been one to cast out sobriety of thought and selfish predilections. For the moment there was a strong feeling of democracy in the air and it was easy for the judge and the doctor to forget that, after all, life's rewards must be earned by unremitting application rather than by fortuitous merits, and that they were not to be distributed indiscriminately.

"Have you come back to earth again?" asked the judge, as he came up the doctor's walk and mounted the front steps. He was smiling rather grimly, if not a bit shamefacedly.

"Not altogether," replied the doctor. "It was really wonderful—didn't you think?"

"Yes. Yes, it certainly was."

"And somewhat unique, too; the mingling of our very best with—with the others. Of course the boys looked all alike—of an even quality, I mean. That is, if you hadn't the chance to look too closely. But it was the crowd, and—and the colonel's lady ranged alongside of Judy O'Grady, and all that sort of thing.

I've never seen an occasion when the customary social lines were so entirely obliterated."

The judge had seated himself by this time, and after permitting the doctor's asseveration to pass with no comment save a thoughtful silence, he remarked: "And yet I'm not so sure of this—this universal brotherhood idea being a sound one. At least, about its coming all of a sudden. Great reforms—or perhaps I should say transformations—must come by evolutionary processes and not because we've all been thrown together for the time being by a common cause. I was considering at dinner this evening—indeed, Mrs. Blevins and I were discussing—the—the case of MacIntyre."

The doctor's mind had taken hold of that expression, a common cause, and he had begun to frame a good sentence in which he meant to suggest to the judge that perhaps the time had come for men to look upon all causes as common causes, when he was disturbed by hearing the name which meant nothing to him—the name of MacIntyre.

"MacIntyre?" he echoed politely.

"A man I've met only a time or two. I think I'll tell you about him. The matter is—is illuminating. I met him the first time summer before last, when Mrs. Blevins and I were down in the country visiting the Maplesons."

The doctor's anchor caught again instantly. He knew the Maplesons quite well. The very name suggested impressive things—elegance, position, leisure, independence. The Maplesons owned a beautiful—even a famous—country estate, where they entertained many guests from the city every spring.

"Ah—the Maplesons," said the doctor.

The judge pondered a moment and then, rather surprisingly, he looked up and inquired: "You remember those great privet hedges which separate the grounds from the road?"

"Of course! A feature of the place, one might say. Very wonderful!"

The judge frowned faintly. "I suppose so," he said. "At least that formerly was my own impression. I admit that more recently I've wondered if they weren't slightly overdone. You know they scarcely suggest nature. When a row of bushes has been made to assume the aspects of pillars and spheres and pyramids and such things, one may fairly inquire if a natural intention or destiny hasn't been too much interfered with."

The doctor considered this not very sympathetically, and before he had formulated an opinion he let the matter go, for the judge was continuing:

"At any rate, it was through those fantastic hedges of Mapleson's that I made the acquaintance of MacIntyre."

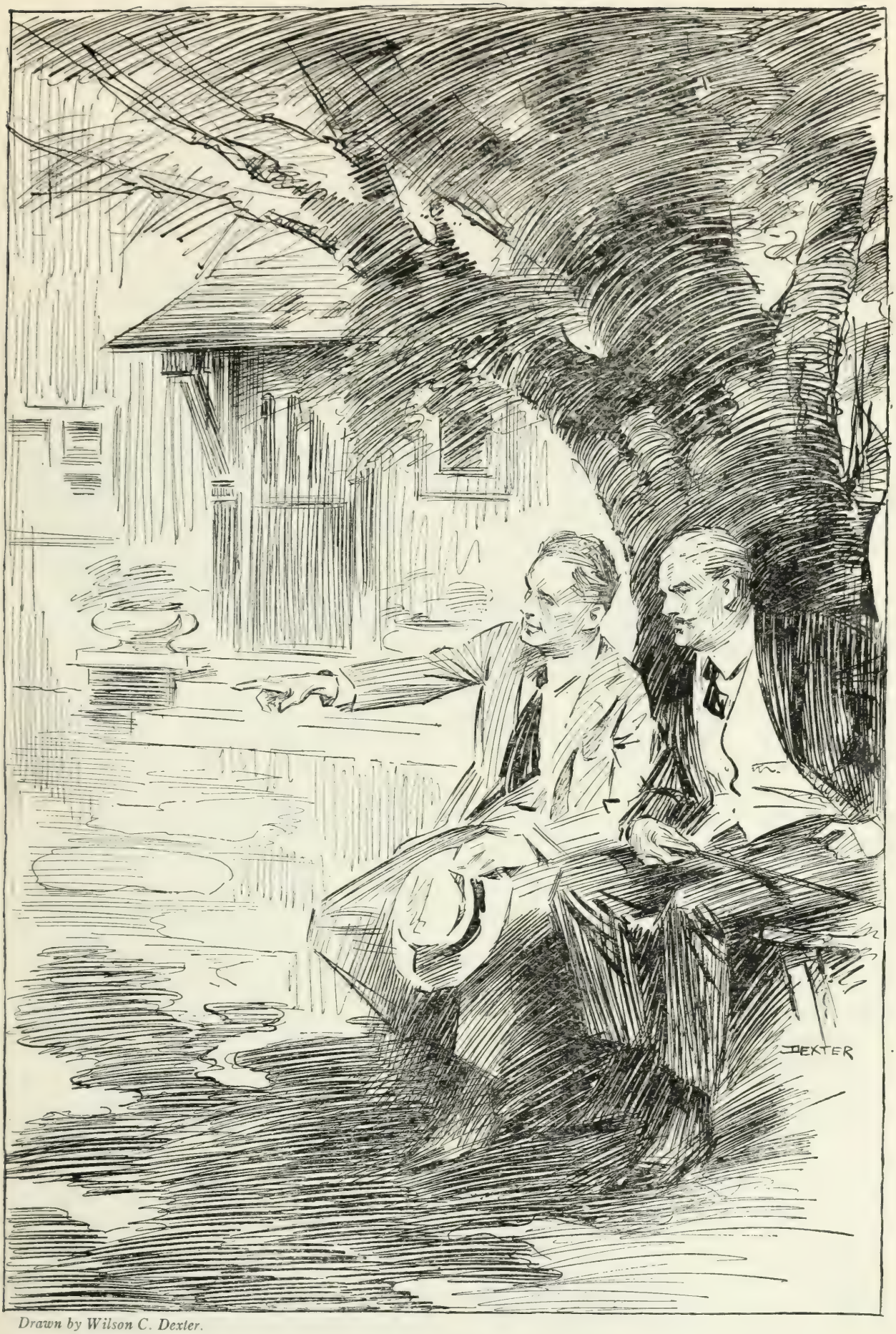
From next door floated the strains of a sonata played on a mechanical piano, and the judge's eyes confessed that he had postponed for a moment the story of MacIntyre to consider Mrs. Blevins's recently formed habit of operating her new player. He smiled apologetically. "Yes," he said, looking back to his own front porch, "Mrs. Blevins has become—er—addicted to the player-piano."

The doctor nodded cordially. "It sounds very nice," he said.

The judge was plainly relieved. He went back to his story. "You see," he resumed, "I was visiting the Maplesons just at the time when the hedges required trimming. And one day MacIntyre appeared on the scene. He had come down from Chicago. He had come all the way just to trim the Maplesons' hedges. And he began his work one forenoon—I remember it was a Saturday—when I was sitting on the front veranda reading the newspaper."

"I'd like to have seen him at it," declared the doctor, his eyes widening a little as he revisualized the marvels of the Mapleson hedges.

"You would indeed! You see, he was—or seemed—a truly remarkable man. An artist. The word really seems justified. He worked without taking measurements, without any aids to his eye and hand. And with a sort of quiet ecstasy, as if he were doing the thing he loved to do, and as if all the conditions were ideal. But that isn't all. I'd like to give you a correct impression of the man's appearance. You'd have taken him for a—a gentleman. He made a very fine figure, out there in the sun. He was perhaps fifty or so, with really noble lines: profile, head, shoulders. He




*Drawn by Wilson C. Dexter.*

Before I realized it . . . I was sitting beside him and he was telling me about his work.—Page 542.

was a well-groomed man. Handsome, I should have said. And there was something finely simple and unaffected in his manner—at least, while he moved about at his work."

"Why not?" inquired the doctor, when the judge paused.

"Oh, no reason why he shouldn't have been. Though you understand he was at Mapleson's in the capacity of a—a servitor. He had his quarters among the servants: ate with them, and so on. This in spite of the fact that by his appearance you'd have taken him for a governor or something of the sort who happened also to be an amateur gardener."

"I see," said the doctor musingly.

"While I watched him Mapleson joined me on the veranda. I called his attention to the man out on the lawn. And Mapleson brightened in a rather marked way. He told me the man's name. He referred to him as a treasure, a discovery. He didn't know anything about him at all save that he had been recommended by a friend as an expert at landscape gardening. He had come down from Chicago five consecutive springs to shape the hedge. He was a quiet, likable chap, and his charges were not at all unreasonable. That was Mapleson's account of MacIntyre—and that was all.

"That would have been the end of the matter but for the fact that I didn't feel like going to church the next day, which was a Sunday, and I was left practically alone about the house. The Maplesons and their other guests, including Mrs. Blevins, drove away to church soon after ten o'clock, leaving me to hold the fort, as Mapleson called back to me. And after they were gone I went rambling about the grounds—and came upon MacIntyre, sitting on a bench under an elm, around on the side lawn.

"I can't say why it seemed rather difficult to retreat without speaking to him. As a matter of fact I found it impracticable. I bade him good-morning and stood a moment to exchange a word or two with him. And before I realized it—the man's manner was really so courteous—I was sitting beside him and he was telling me about his work.

"He talked about his work very well indeed, and I didn't realize until afterward that he didn't say a word about himself. And presently we were talking about things in general. And I want to emphasize this: he talked well. I mean in a physical as well as a mental sense. His voice was peculiarly agreeable and his speech . . . there was a faint inflection of some sort, as if his parents had been Scotch, or perhaps Irish—or possibly Southern, here in America. His enunciation was most delicate and distinct. However, I don't hope to convey an adequate impression of the fellow's vocal charm. I wasn't able to analyze it myself. And it began to develop presently that he was a very well-informed man—that his mind was stocked with rather ornamental things. He knew history and politics and—and even poetry. And these things cropped out not at all like exhibits, but rather as if you came upon them at their sources. You see, the man's manner was so uncommonly pleasing. I haven't said that he was wearing a fresh Palm Beach suit and a very fine Panama straw. But really you'd have said he was a gentleman. On the whole it was a relief to talk to him after two or three days of Mapleson. You know, Mapleson individually. . . . After all, if it weren't for his money and the family name. . . ."

The doctor nodded.

"The upshot of it all was that I introduced myself formally when I got up, and said something—perhaps in a very general way—about wishing to meet him again. I must have said—yes, I did say—that if he ever happened to be in St. Louis I'd be glad if he'd drop in at my office. After all, I needn't explain to you how those chance acquaintanceships in the country affect you."

He uttered the last words so much in the manner of a confession of folly that the doctor put out a supporting hand, figuratively, by saying, "Quite natural, I'm sure!"

"Perhaps so. But, you see, about a year later he *did* drop in at my office."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the doctor, as if he meant to imply that MacIntyre had certainly taken advantage of a wholly conventional and empty courtesy.

"Yes, he dropped in on me, just as I had invited him to do."




The fellow's manner was a study in quiet elegance.—Page 544.

"And you found him—less prepossessing than he had seemed in the country?"

"Unfortunately—as it turned out—I did not. No, he stood the test of a new and rather disillusioning setting quite admirably. He was extraordinarily quiet, and you know quietude covers a multitude of defects. He was pleasantly deferential without being really—er—'umble, as Uriah Heep would have said. Most intriguing of all, he was glad. It seemed to give him a deep-down pleasure to meet me again. And you know there's a fatal quality of flattery in an attitude like that. Beyond everything else, there was a hidden melancholy in his manner. As I recall our meeting it seems to me that this quality—which I had to guess at—was what prompted me to commit the foolish blunder of which I was almost immediately guilty."

"You cashed a check for him, or signed a note—or something of the sort?"

The judge almost jumped with the vigor of his negation. "No!" he exclaimed. "I see I'm not depicting the fellow well at all. There was no danger of anything like that. You see, I asked him if he had many acquaintances in St. Louis, and he told me he had none. But I got the impression from his reply that he was not only a stranger in St. Louis, but that he was a stranger on the face of the earth—a man doomed to walk alone all his days. I don't know why I should have felt a sort of responsibility; but—well, the upshot of it was that I suggested his coming out to the house for dinner. It seemed that he was leaving town the next morning, and Mrs. Blevins has always been very nice about my bringing persons home unexpectedly. Yes, I invited him out for dinner. For the moment it seemed a very slight courtesy to extend to him. I am now inclined to think there may have been something a bit hypnotic in his manner. I believe there are such things?"

"Undoubtedly," said the doctor.

"And at any rate—" The judge paused as if he were still trying to comprehend how he could have done anything so indiscreet.

"And he went home to dinner with you?" prompted the doctor.

The judge aroused himself. "He came out later, alone. I had a matter or two to look after before I went home. Yes, he came out: a faultless figure of a man in evening clothes, and with just the proper augmentation of elegance in his manner which the dinner hour justifies."

"But look here!" exclaimed the doctor, his patience beginning to fail him, "when are you going to reach the—the exposure? Surely you've described his perfections fully enough. We'll take them for granted."

The judge's eyelids flickered faintly with uneasiness, as if, perhaps, he were questioning whether the doctor would receive the dénouement of his tale sympathetically. But he continued, with slowly returning confidence: "The fact is I must still dwell a moment longer on his—er—perfections. Though looking back I can see that they were not, perhaps, genuine perfections. You see, the fellow's manner was a study in quiet elegance. It was *too* elegant. That's the truth. He really got on our nerves a bit. Whether he sat or arose or walked or spoke, no matter what he did, he never exceeded exact bounds by a hair's breadth. And before long a curious sensation began to afflict Mrs. Blevins and myself. It was as if the atmosphere had become more and more rarefied. I think we both began to fear our guest, in a way: I mean, to fear that we might violate some of the proprieties of conduct or speech. We began to despair of proving a match for—for MacIntyre. We discussed the matter afterward."

"And the dinner wasn't what you'd call a success then, after all?"

"For ourselves it wasn't. For MacIntyre I should say it was. He was admirable throughout. He struck precisely the right note in his praise, in his gratitude, in his corroboration of our beliefs, in his pleasant dissent from our confessed prejudices. He went away at what we concluded must have been the correct time. We had to admit to each other that we didn't know just how long a dinner guest ought to remain after dinner, under the circumstances; but we had no doubt that MacIntyre knew exactly.

"And, by the way, I don't want to create the impression that he was stiff or manikin-like, or anything of that sort. He was—well, he was just perfect. There's no other word.

"And after he had been gone a day or so I had a note from him. He had reached the Maplesons' and he wrote, he said, to thank me for my courtesy to him when he was among strangers."

"Ah!" exclaimed the doctor, his interest reviving. "His letter revealed the real man, did it? That would have been a real test."

But the judge shook his head. "A letter usually does, I admit," he said. "But MacIntyre's letter was—was peculiar. In a way I may say that his note afforded me the first real clew I had to his character."

"You mean it betrayed some sort of illiteracy?"

"Well, you may judge for yourself. Certainly MacIntyre didn't write in a manner which our public schools would characterize as illiterate. On the contrary. He wrote too well. I've never seen such penmanship. Every character was a work of art, and the flourishes with which he embellished the ends of certain words were wonderful. I've never seen such meticulousness in shading and slanting. In short, it was the most perfect penmanship I had ever seen. I must say I thought he used punctuation marks somewhat in excess of common usage; but that, I suppose, is a matter of taste."

The doctor moved his chair in a manner bordering upon violence. "Look here, Blevins," he said, "is the point of your story simply that things can be too perfect?"

"Unfortunately, no," replied the judge. He smiled rather uncomfortably now as he marshalled his concluding facts and impressions in his mind. "You'll see almost immediately that I'm arriving at a far different conclusion. I'll cut it short. I didn't hear from MacIntyre again. I did see Mapleson once. He was up to see me last winter. He informed me that




It was worth going to Chicago to get such a shave.—Page 546.

MacIntyre had been to his place during the spring to put the hedges in condition, but that he had remained only a week. I asked him if he could tell me anything about the man and he replied that he couldn't, 'except that he could make anything under the sun out of a flourishing privet-bush.' And then he changed the subject.

"But I was destined to see MacIntyre once more. I had to go to Chicago on a matter of business early this year—in

January. And I ran into him when he was the last man in the world I was thinking about. I had set out to call on a client in one of the financial institutions in the loop district, and on my way I dropped into a barber shop to get a shave.

"MacIntyre was there. He was the barber who presided over the third chair. He had on a smart white jacket which set off his fine shoulders admirably. He was just exclaiming 'Next!' when I entered the shop."

The judge paused and glanced at the doctor with a curious suggestion of being ready to laugh heartily, if the doctor considered the story a ridiculous one, or to be dramatically indignant, if the doctor felt that MacIntyre had behaved badly. But the doctor was holding his glance out on the deepening dusk and he did not stir. After an almost uncomfortable silence he asked dryly, "And what did you do?"

"What could I do? There was no empty chair save MacIntyre's, and there was no one ahead of me to take that one. I simply hung up my coat and prepared to get into MacIntyre's chair."

"And what did MacIntyre do?"

"He stood beside his chair, gazing rather musingly out into the street. I could see his reflection in the glass as I took my collar off."

"And you didn't say anything to him?"

"No. He didn't quite seem to give me an opportunity to do so. He went to work quietly when I had taken my seat, and didn't seem to recognize me."

"A perfect manner to the last," said the doctor.

"Yes, even to the shave he gave me. It was worth going to Chicago to get such a shave."

"Well, well!" said the doctor, in a tone which held a certain enigmatic quality.

"There's no doubt it was MacIntyre," added the judge. "You see, as I was putting my collar on afterward the fellow slipped out of his jacket and left the shop. It was just lunch-time. He didn't even wait for his tip."

"Ah—a flaw at last!" remarked the doctor.

"And I spoke to the head barber after he was gone. I took occasion to say that the man in the third chair was a very good barber. And the head man agreed. He said there wasn't a better man in the business than MacIntyre, barring a certain fault he had."

"Another fault?" asked the doctor.

"The man couldn't be held to his post during the spring months, the head barber said. He would just walk out of the shop when a fine day came and wouldn't report again until early summer. But otherwise he was a perfectly reliable man."

Just as the story ended the attention of both men was attracted by the sound of Mrs. Blevins's player-piano next door. She had begun a new roll, which proved to be a version of "The Star-Spangled Banner," with rather naïve and enlivening ornamentation. "It's really pretty, isn't it?" remarked the judge.

"Yes," responded the doctor. The dusk hid a furtive gleam of humor in his eyes.

"And so," concluded the judge, "you can understand why I can't see this universal brotherhood idea clear through to the end. Except for purposes of public enthusiasm, and such things, it seems rather—er—impracticable. There would be too many complications. For this MacIntyre . . . you see he had made the most prepossessing impression at Mapleson's, and even in my own house."

The doctor continued to smile. "However," he said, "there was that handwriting with too many flourishes. You mustn't forget that."

The judge nodded diplomatically. It seemed to him that the doctor had received the matter very tactfully, after all. "Yes, that's true," he admitted, laughing pleasantly. "Still, we mustn't forget that no man can be wholly perfect."

# HABAKKUK

## BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

WHEN they carried Kathleen Somers up into the hills to die where her ancestors had had the habit of dying —they didn't gad about, those early Somerses: they dropped in their tracks, and the long grass that they had mowed and stacked and trodden under their living feet flourished mightily over their graves—it was held to be only a question of time. I say "to die," not because her case was absolutely hopeless, but because no one saw how, with her spent vitality, she could survive her exile. Everything had come at once, and she had gone under. She had lost her kin, she had lost her money, she had lost her health. Even the people who make their meat of tragedy—and there are a great many of them in all enlightened centres of thought—shook their heads and were sorry. They thought she couldn't live; and they also thought it much, much better that she shouldn't. For there was nothing left in life for that sophisticated creature but a narrow cottage in a stony field, with Nature to look at.

Does it sound neurotic and silly? It wasn't. Conceive her if you can—Kathleen Somers, whom probably you never knew. From childhood she had nourished short hopes and straitened thoughts. At least: hopes that depend on the æsthetic passion are short; and the long perspectives of civilized history are very narrow. Kathleen Somers had been fed with the Old World: that is to say, her adolescent feet had exercised themselves in picture-galleries and cathedrals and palaces; she had seen all the right views, all the right ceremonies, and all the censored picturesqueness. Don't get any Cook's tourist idea, please, about Miss Somers. Her mother had died young, and her gifted father had taken her to a hundred places that the school-teacher on a holiday never gets to and thinks of only in connection with geography lessons. She had followed the Great Wall of China, she had stood before the tomb of Tamburlaine, she had shaded her eyes from the glare of Kaïrouan the Holy, she had chaffered in Tiflis and in Trebizond. All this before she was twenty-five. At that time her father's health broke, and they proceeded to live permanently in New York. Her wandering life had steeped her in delights, but kept her innocent of love-affairs. When you have fed on historic beauty, on the great plots of the past, the best tenor voices in the world, it is pretty hard to find a man who doesn't, in his own person, leave out something essential to romance. She had herself no particular beauty, and therefore the male sex could get on without her. A few fell in love with her, but she was too enchanted and amused with the world in general to set to work at the painful process of making a hero out of any one of them. She was a sweet-tempered creature; her mental snobbishness was not a pose, but perfectly inevitable; she had a great many friends. As she had a quick wit and the historic imagination, you can imagine—remembering her bringing up—that she was an entertaining person when she entered upon middle age: when, that is, she was proceeding from the earlier to the later thirties.

It was natural that Kathleen Somers and her father—who was a bit precious and pompous, in spite of his ironies—should gather about them a homogeneous group. The house was pleasant and comfortable—they were too sophisticated to be "periodic"—and there was always good talk going, if you happened to be the kind that could stand good talk. Of course you had to pass an examination first. You had at least to show that you "caught on." They were high-brow enough to permit themselves sudden enthusiasms that would have damned a low-brow. You mustn't like "Peter Pan," but you might go three nights running to see some really perfect clog-dancing at a

vaudeville theatre. Do you see what I mean? They were eclectic with a vengeance. It wouldn't do for you to cultivate the clog-dancer *and* like "Peter Pan," because in that case you probably liked the clog-dancer for the wrong reason —for something other than that sublimated skill which is art. Of course this is only a wildly chosen example. I never heard either of them mention "Peter Pan." And the proper hatreds were even more difficult than the proper devotions. You might let Shakespeare get on your nerves, provided you really enjoyed Milton. I wonder if you do see what I mean? It must be perfect of its kind, its kind being anything under heaven; and it must never, never, never be sentimental. It must have art, and *parti pris*, and point of view, and individuality stamped over it. No, I can't explain. If you have known people like that, you've known them. If you haven't, you can scarcely conceive them.

By this time you are probably hating the Somerses, father and daughter, and I can't help it—or, rather, I've probably brought it about. But when I tell you that I'm not that sort myself, and that I loved them both dearly and liked immensely to be with them, you'll reconsider a little, I hope. They were sweet and straight and generous, both of them, and they knew all about the grand manner. The grand manner is the most comfortable thing to live with that I know. I used to go there a good deal, and Arnold Withrow went even more than I did, though he wasn't even hanging on to Art by the eyelids as I do. (I refer, of course, to my little habit of writing for the best magazines, whose public considers me intellectual. So I seem to myself, in the magazines . . . "but out in pantry, good Lord!" Anyhow, I generally knew at least what the Somerses were talking about—the dears!) Withrow was a stock-broker, and always spent his vacations in the veritable wilds, camping in virgin forests, or on the edge of glaciers, or in the dust of American deserts. He had never been to Europe, but he had been to Buenos Aires. You can imagine what Kathleen Somers and her father felt about that: they thought him too quaint and barbaric for words; but still not barbaric enough to be really interesting.

I was just beginning to suspect that Withrow was in love with Kathleen Somers in the good old middle-class way, with no drama in it but no end of devotion, when the crash came. Mr. Somers died, and within a month of his death the railroad the bonds of which had constituted his long-since diminished fortune went into the hands of a receiver. There were a pitiful few hundreds a year left, besides the ancestral cottage—which had never even been worth selling. His daughter had an operation, and the shock of that, *plus* the shock of his death, *plus* the shock of her impoverishment, brought the curtain down with a tremendous rush that terrified the house. It may make my metaphor clearer if I put it that it was the asbestos curtain which fell suddenly and violently; not the great crimson drop that swings gracefully down at the end of a play. It did not mark the end; it marked a catastrophe in the wings to which the plot must give place.

Then they carried Kathleen Somers to the hills.

It was Mildred Thurston who told me about it first. Withrow would have rushed to the hills, I think, but he was in British Columbia on an extended trip. He had fought for three months and got them, and he started just before Kathleen Somers had her sudden operation. Mildred Thurston (Withrow's cousin, by the way) threw herself nobly into the breach. I am not going into the question of Mildred Thurston here. Perhaps if Withrow had been at home, she wouldn't have gone. I don't know. Anyhow, when she rushed to Kathleen Somers's desolate retreat she did it, apparently, from pure kindness. She was sure, like every one else, that Kathleen would die; and that belief purged her, for the time being, of selfishness and commonness and cheap gayety. I wouldn't take Mildred Thurston's word about a state of soul; but she was a good dictograph. She came back filled with pity; filled, at least, with the means of inspiring pity for the exile in others.

After I had satisfied myself that Kathleen Somers was physically on the mend,

eating and sleeping fairly, and sitting up a certain amount, I proceeded to more interesting questions.

"What is it like?"

"It's dreadful."

"How dreadful?"

Mildred's large blue eyes popped at me with sincere sorrow.

"Well, there's no plumbing, and no furnace."

"Is it in a village?"

"It isn't 'in' anything. It's a mile and a half from a station called Hebron. You have to change three times to get there. It's half-way up a hill—the house is—and there are mountains all about, and the barn is connected with the house by a series of rickety woodsheds, and there are places where the water comes through the roof. They put pails under to catch it. There are queer little contraptions they call Franklin stoves in most of the rooms and a brick oven in the kitchen. When they want anything from the village, Joel Blake gets it, if he doesn't forget. Ditto wood, ditto everything except meat. Some other hick brings that along when he has 'killed.' They can only see one house from the front yard, and that is precisely a mile away by the road. Joel Blake lives nearer, but you can't see his house. You can't see anything—except the woods and the 'crick' and the mountains. You can see the farmers when they are haying, but that doesn't last long."

"Is it a beautiful view?"

"My dear man, don't ask me what a beautiful view is. My education was neglected."

"Does Kathleen Somers think it beautiful?"

"She never looks at it, I believe. The place is all run down, and she sits and wonders when the wall-paper will drop off. At least, that is what she talks about, when she talks at all. That, and whether Joel Blake will remember to bring the groceries. The two women never speak to each other. Kathleen's awfully polite, but—well, you can't blame her. And I was there in the spring. What it will be in the winter!—But Kathleen can hardly last so long, I should think."

"Who is the other woman?"

"An heirloom. Melora Meigs: *Miss* Meigs, if you please. You know Mr. Somers's aunt lived to an extreme old age in the place. Miss Meigs 'did' for her. And since then she has been living on there. No one wanted the house—the poor Somerses!—and she was used to it. She's an old thing herself, and of course she hasn't the nerves of a sloth. Now she 'does' for Kathleen. Of course later there'll have to be a nurse again. Kathleen mustn't die with only Melora Meigs. I'm not sure, either, that Melora will last. She's all crooked over with rheumatism."

That was the gist of what I got out of Mildred Thurston. Letters to Miss Somers elicited no real response—only a line to say that she wasn't strong enough to write. None of her other female friends could get any encouragement to visit her. It was perhaps due to Miss Thurston's mimicry of Melora Meigs—she made quite a "stunt" of it—that none of them pushed the matter beyond the first rebuff.

By summer-time I began to get worried myself. Perhaps I was a little worried, vicariously, for Withrow. Remember that I thought he cared for her. Miss Thurston's pity for Kathleen Somers was the kind that shuts the door on the pitied person. If she had thought Kathleen Somers had a future, she wouldn't have been so kind. I may give it to you as my private opinion that Mildred Thurston wanted Withrow herself. I can't swear to it, even now; but I suspected it sufficiently to feel that some one, for Withrow's sake, had better see Kathleen besides his exuberant and slangy cousin. She danced a little too much on Kathleen Somers's grave. I determined to go myself, and not to take the trouble of asking vainly for an invitation. I left New York at the end of June.

With my perfectly ordinary notions of comfort in travelling, I found that it would take me two days to get to Hebron. It was beyond all the resorts that people flock to: beyond, and "cross country" at that. I must have journeyed on at least three small, one-track railroads, after leaving the Pullman at some junction or other.

It was late afternoon when I reached Hebron; and nearly an hour later before

I could get myself deposited at Kathleen Somers's door. There was no garden, no porch; only a long, weed-grown walk up to a stiff front door. An orchard of rheumatic apple-trees was cowering stiffly to the wind in a far corner of the roughly fenced-in lot; there was a windbreak of perishing pines.

In the living-room Kathleen Somers lay on a cheap wicker chaise-longue, staring at a Hindu idol that she held in her thin hands. She did not stir to greet me; only transferred her stare from the gilded idol to dusty and ungilded me. She spoke, of course; the first time in my life, too, that I had ever heard her speak ungently.

"My good man, you had better go away. I can't put you up."

That was her greeting. Melora Meigs was snuffling in the hallway outside—listening, I suppose.

"Oh, yes, you can. If you can't, I'm sure Joel Blake will. I've come to stay a while, Miss Somers."

"Can you eat porridge and salt pork for supper?"

"I can eat tenpenny nails, if necessary. Also I can sleep in the barn."

"Melora!" The old woman entered, crooked and grudging of aspect. "This friend of my father's and mine has come to see me. Can he sleep in the barn?"

I cannot describe the hostility with which Melora Meigs regarded me. It was not a pointed and passionate hatred. That, one could have examined and dealt with. It was, rather, a vast disgust that happened to include me.

"There's nothing to sleep on. Barn's empty."

"He could move the nurse's cot out there, if he really wants to. And I think there's an extra washstand in the woodshed. You'll hardly need more than one chair, just for a night," she finished, turning to me.

"Not for any number of nights, of course," I agreed suavely. I was angry with Kathleen Somers, I didn't know quite why. I think it was the Hindu idol. Nor had she any right to address me with insolence, unless she were mad, and she was not that. Her eyes snapped very sanely. I don't think Kathleen Somers could have made her voice snap.

Melora Meigs grunted and left the room. The grunt was neither assent nor dissent; it was only the most inclusive disapproval: the snarl of an animal, proceeding from the topmost of many layers of dislike.

"I'll move the things before dark, I think." I was determined to be cheerful, even if I had to seem impertinent; though the notion of her sticking me out in the barn enraged me.

"You won't mind Melora's locking the door between, of course. We always do. I'm such a cockney, I'm timid; and Melora's very sweet about it."

It was almost too much, but I stuck it out. Presently, indeed, I got my way; and moved—yes, actually lugged and lifted and dragged—the cot, the chair, and the stand out through the dusty, half-rotted corridors and sheds to the barn. I drew water at the tap in the yard and washed my perspiring face and neck. Then I had supper with Miss Somers and Melora Meigs.

After supper my hostess lighted a candle. "We go to bed very early," she informed me. "I know you'll be willing to smoke out-of-doors, it's so warm. I doubt if Melora could bear tobacco in the house. And you won't mind her locking up early. You can get into the barn from the yard any time, of course. Men are never timid, I believe; but there's a horn somewhere, if you'd like it. We have breakfast at six-thirty. Good-night."

Yes, it was Kathleen Somers's own voice, saying these things to me. I was still enraged, but I must bide my time. I refused the horn, and went out into the rheumatic orchard to smoke in dappled moonlight. The pure air soothed me; the great silence restored my familiar scheme of things. Before I went to bed in the barn, I could see the humor of this sour adventure. Oh, I would be up at six-thirty!

Of course I wasn't. I overslept; and by the time I approached the house (the woodshed door was still locked) their breakfast was long over. I fully expected to fast until the midday meal, but Kathleen Somers relented. With her own hands she made me coffee over a little alcohol lamp. Bread and butter had been austerely left on the table.

Miss Somers fetched me eggs, which I ate raw. Then I went out into the orchard to smoke.

When I came back, I found Miss Somers as she had been the day before, crouched listlessly in her long chair, fondling her idol. I drew up a horsehair rocking-chair and plunged in.

"Why do you play with that silly thing?"

"This?" She stroked the idol. "It is rather lovely. Father got it in Benares. The carving is very cunningly done. Look at the nose and mouth. The rank Hinduism of the thing amuses me. Perhaps it was cruel to bring it up here where there are no other gods for it to play with. But it's all I've got. They had to sell everything, you know. When I get stronger, I'll send it back to New York and sell it too."

"Why did you keep it out of all the things you had?"

"I don't know. I think it was the first thing we ever bought in India. And I remember Benares with so much pleasure. Wasn't it a pity we couldn't have been there when everything happened?"

"Much better not, I should think. You needed surgeons."

"Just what I didn't need! I should have liked to die in a country that had something to say for itself. I don't feel as though this place had ever existed, except in some hideous dream."

"It's not hideous. It's even very beautiful—so wild and untouched; such lovely contours to the mountains."

"Yes, it's very untouched." She spoke of it with just the same scorn I had in old days heard her use for certain novelists. "Scarcely worth the trouble of touching, I should think—shouldn't you?"

"The beauty of it last night and this morning has knocked me over," I replied hardily.

"Oh, really! How very interesting!" By which she meant that she was not interested at all.

"You mean that you would like it landscape-gardened?" Really, she was perverse. She had turned her back to the view—which was ripping, out of her northern window. I could tell that she habitually turned her back on it.

"Oh, landscape-gardened? Well, it would improve it, no doubt. But it would take generations to do it. The generations that have been here already don't seem to have accomplished much. Humanly speaking, they have hardly existed at all."

Kathleen Somers was no snob in the ordinary sense. She was an angel to peasants. I knew perfectly what she meant by "humanly." She meant there was no castle on the next hill.

"Are you incapable of caring for nature—just scenery?"

"Quite." She closed her eyes, and stopped her gentle, even stroking of the idol.

"Of course you never did see America first," I laughed.

Kathleen Somers opened her eyes and spoke vehemently. "I've seen all there is of it to see, in transit to better places. Seeing America first! That can be borne. It's seeing America last that kills me. Seeing nothing else forever, till I die."

"You don't care for just beauty, regardless," I mused.

"Not a bit. Not unless it has meant something to man. I'm a humanist, I'm afraid."

Whether she was gradually developing remorse for my night in the cobwebby barn, I do not know. But anyhow she grew more gentle, from this point on. She really condescended to expound.

"I've never loved nature—she's a brute, and crawly besides. It's what man has done with nature that counts; it's nature with a human past. Peaks that have been fought for, and fought on, crossed by the feet of men, stared at by poets and saints. Most of these peaks aren't even named. Did you know that? Nature! What is Nature good for, I should like to know, except to kill us all in the end? Don't Ruskinize to me, my dear man."

"I won't. I couldn't. But, all the same, beauty is beauty, wherever and whatever. And, look where you will here, your eyes can't go wrong."

"I never look. I looked when I first came, and the stupidity, the emptiness, the mere wood and dirt and rock of it seemed like a personal insult. I should prefer the worst huddle of a Chinese city, I verily believe."

"You've not precisely the spirit of the pioneer, I can see."

"I should hope not. 'But, God if a God there be, is the substance of men, which is man.' I have to stay in the man-made ruts. They're sacred to me. I'll look with pleasure at the Alps, if only for the sake of Hannibal and Goethe; but I never could look with pleasure at your untutored Rockies. They're so unintentional, you know. Nature is nothing until history has touched her. And as for this geological display outside my windows—you'll kindly permit me to turn my back on it. It's not peevishness." She lifted her hand protestingly. "Only, for weeks, I stared myself blind to see the beauty you talk of. I can't see it. That's honest. I've tried. But there is none that I can see. I am very conventional, you know, very self-distrustful. I have to wait for a Byron to show it to me. American mountains—poor hulking things—have never had a poet to look at them. At least, Poe never wasted his time that way. I don't imagine that Poe would have been much happier here than I am. I haven't even the thrill of the explorer, for I'm not the first one to see them. A few thin generations of people have stared at these hills—and much the hills have done for them! Melora Meigs is the child of these mountains; and Melora's sense of beauty is amply expressed in the Orthodox church in Hebron. This landscape, I assure you"—she smiled—"hasn't made good. So much for the view. It's no use to me, absolutely no use. I give you full and free leave to take it away with you if you want it. And I don't think the house is much better. But I'm afraid I shall have to keep that for Melora Meigs and me to live in." It was her old smile. The bitterness was all in the words. No, it was not bitterness, precisely, for it was fundamentally as impersonal as criticism can be. You would have thought that the mountains were low-brows. I forebore to mention her ancestors who had lived here: it would have seemed like quibbling. They had created the situation; but they had only in the most literal sense created her.

"Why don't you get out?"

"I simply haven't money enough to live anywhere else. Not money enough for a hall bedroom. This place belongs to me; the taxes are nothing. The good farming land that went with it was sold long since. And I'm afraid I haven't the strength to go out and work for a living. I'm very ineffectual, besides. What could I do even if health returned to me? I've decided it's more decent to stay here and die on three dollars a year than to sink my capital in learning stenography."

"You could, I suppose, be a companion." Of course I did not mean it, but she took it up very seriously.

"The people who want companions wouldn't want me. And the one thing this place gives me is freedom—freedom to hate it, to see it intelligently for what it is. I couldn't afford my blessed hatreds if I were a companion. And there's no money in it, so that I couldn't even plan for release. It simply wouldn't do."

Well, of course it wouldn't do. I had never thought it would. I tried another opening.

"When is Withrow coming back?"

"I don't know. I haven't heard from him." She might have been telling a squirrel that she didn't know where the other squirrel's nuts were.

"He has been far beyond civilization, I know. But I dare say he'll be back soon. I hope you won't put him in the barn. I don't mind, of course, but his feelings might be hurt."

"I shall certainly not let him come," she retorted. "He would have the grace to ask first, you know."

"I shall make a point of telling him you want him." But even that could strike no spark from her. She was too completely at odds with life to care. I realized, too, after an hour's talk with her, that I had better go—take back my fine proposition about making a long visit. She reacted to nothing I could offer. I talked of books and plays, visiting virtuosos and picture exhibitions. Her comments were what they would always have been, except that she was already groping for the cue. She had been out of it for months; she had given up the fight. The best things she said sounded a little stale and precious. Her wit perished in the face of Nature's stare. Nature was a lady she didn't recognize: a country

cousin she'd never met. She couldn't even "sit and play with similes." If she lived, she would be an old lady with a clever past: an intolerable bore. But there was no need to look so far ahead. Kathleen Somers would die.

Before dinner I clambered up or down (I don't remember which) to a brook and gathered a bunch of wild iris for her. She had loved flowers of old; and how deftly she could place a spray among her treasures! She shuddered. "Take those things away! How dare you bring It inside the house?" By "It" I knew she meant the wild natural world. Obediently I took the flowers out and flung them over the fence. I knew that Kathleen Somers was capable of getting far more pleasure from their inimitable hue than I; but even that inimitable hue was poisoned for her because it came from the world that was torturing her—the world that beat upon her windows, so that she turned her back to the day; that stormed her ears, so that she closed them even to its silence; that surrounded her, so that she locked every gate of her mind.

I left, that afternoon, very desolate and sorry. Certainly I could do nothing for her. I had tried to shock her, stir her, into another attitude, but in vain. She had been transplanted to a soil her tender roots could not strike into. She would wither for a little under the sky, and then perish. "If she could only have fallen in love!" I thought, as I left her, huddled in her wicker chair. If I had been a woman, I would have fled from Melora Meigs even into the arms of a bearded farmer; I would have listened to the most nasal male the hills had bred. I would have milked cows, to get away from Melora. But I am a crass creature. Besides, what son of the soil would want her: unexuberant, delicate, pleasant in strange ways, and foreign to all familiar things? She wouldn't even fall in love with Arnold Withrow, who was her only chance. For I saw that Arnold, if he ever came, would, fatally, love the place. She might have put up with the stock-broking, but she never could have borne his liking the view. Yes, I was very unhappy as I drove into Hebron; and when I finally achieved the Pullman at the Junction, I was unhappier still. For I felt towards that Pullman as the lost child feels toward its nurse; and I knew that Kathleen Somers, ill, poor, middle-aged, and a woman, was a thousand times more the child of the Pullman than I.

I have told this in detail, because I hate giving things at second-hand. Yet there my connection with Kathleen Somers ceased, and her tragedy deepened before other witnesses. She stayed on in her hills; too proud to visit her friends, too sane to spend her money on a flying trip to town, too bruised and faint to fight her fate. The only thing she tried for was apathy. I think she hoped—when she hoped anything—that her mind would go, a little: not so much that she would have to be "put away"; but just enough so that she could see things in a mist—so that the hated hills might, for all she knew, be Alps, the rocks turn into castles, the stony fields into vineyards, and Joel Blake into a Tuscan. Just enough so that she could re-create her world from her blessed memories, without any sharp corrective senses to interfere. That, I am sure, was what she fixed her mind upon through the prolonged autumn; bending all her frail strength to turn her brain ever so little from its rigid attitude to fact. "Pretending" was no good: it maddened. If her mind would only pretend without her help! That would be heaven, until heaven really came. . . . You can't sympathize with her, probably, you people who have been bred up on every kind of Nature cult. I can hear you talking about the everlasting hills. Don't you see, that was the trouble? Her carefully trained imagination was her religion, and in her own way she was a ritualist. The mountains she faced were unbaptized: the Holy Ghost had never descended upon them. She was as narrow as a nun; but she could not help it. And remember, you practical people who love woodchucks, that she had nothing but the view to make life tolerable. The view was no mere accessory to a normal existence. She lived, half-ill, in an ugly, not too comfortable cottage, as far as the moon from any world she understood, in a solitude acidulated by Melora Meigs. No pictures, no music, no plays, no talk—and this, the whole year round. Would you like it your-

selves, you would-be savages with Adirondack guides? Books? Well: that was one of life's little stupidities. She couldn't buy them, and no one knew what to send her. Besides, books deferred the day when her mind should, ever so little, go back on her. She didn't encourage gifts of literature. She was no philosopher; and an abstraction was of no use to her unless she could turn it to a larger concreteness, somehow enhancing, let us say, a sunset from the Acropolis. I never loved Kathleen Somers, as men love women, but many a time that year I would have taken her burden on myself, changed lives with her, if that had been possible. It never could have been so bad for any of us as for her. Mildred Thurston would have gone to the church sociables and flirted as grossly as Hebron conventions permitted; I, at least, could have chopped wood. But to what account could Kathleen Somers turn her martyrdom?

Withrow felt it, too—not as I could feel it, for, as I foretold, he thought the place glorious. He went up in the autumn when everything was crimson and purple and gold. Yet more, in a sense, than I could feel it, for he did love her as men love women. It shows you how far gone she was that she turned him down. Many women, in her case, would have jumped at Withrow for the sake of getting away. But she was so steeped in her type that she couldn't. She wouldn't have married him before; and she wasn't going to marry him for the sake of living in New York. She would have been ashamed to. A few of us who knew blamed her. I didn't, really, though I had always suspected that she cared for him personally. Kathleen Somers's love, when it came, would be a very complicated thing. She had seen sex in too many countries, watched its brazen play on too many stages, within theatres and without, to have any mawkish illusions. But passion would have to bring a large retinue to be accepted where she was sovereign. Little as I knew her, I knew that. Yet I always thought she might have taken him, in that flaming October, if he hadn't so flagrantly, tactlessly liked the place. He drank the autumn like wine; he was tipsy with it; and his loving her didn't tend to sober him. The consequence was that she drew away—as if he had been getting drunk on some foul African brew that was good only to befuddle woolly heads with; as if, in other words, he had not been getting drunk like a gentleman. . . . Anyhow, Arnold came back with a bad headache. She had found a gentle brutality to fit his case. He would have been wise, I believe, to bring her away, even if he had had to chloroform her to do it. But Withrow couldn't have been wise in that way. Except for his incurable weakness for Nature, he was the most delicate soul alive.

He didn't talk much to me about it, beyond telling me that she had refused him. I made out the rest from his incoherences. He had not slept in the barn, for they could hardly have let a cat sleep in the barn on such cold nights; but Melora Meigs had apparently treated him even worse than she had treated me. Kathleen Somers had named some of the unnamed mountains after the minor prophets; as grimly as if she had been one of the people they cursed. I thought that a good sign, but Withrow said he wished she hadn't: she ground the names out so between her teeth. Some of her state of mind came out through her talk—not much. It was from one or two casually seen letters that I became aware of her desire to go a little—just a little—mad.

In the spring Kathleen Somers had a relapse. It was no wonder. In spite of the Franklin stoves, her frail body must have been chilled to the bone for many months. Relief settled on several faces, when we heard—I am afraid it may have settled on mine. She had been more dead than alive, I judged, for a year; and yet she had not been able to cure her sanity. That was chronic. Death would have been the kindest friend that could arrive to her across those detested hills. We—the "we" is a little vague, but several of us scurried about—sent up a trained nurse, delaying somewhat for the sake of getting the woman who had been there before; for she had the advantage of having experienced Melora Meigs without resultant bloodshed. She was a nice woman, and sent faithful bulletins; but

the bulletins were bad. Miss Somers seemed to have so little resistance: there was no interest there, she said, no willingness to fight. "The will was slack." Ah, she little knew Kathleen Somers's will! None of us knew, for that matter.

The spring came late that year, and in those northern hills there were weeks of melting snow and raw, deep slush—the ugliest season we have to face south of the Arctic circle. The nurse did not want any of her friends to come; she wrote privately, to those of us who champed at the bit, that Miss Somers was fading away, but not peacefully; she was better unvisited, unseen. Miss Somers did not wish any one to come, and the nurse thought it wiser not to force her. Several women were held back by that, and turned with relief to Lenten opera. The opera, however, said little to Withrow at the best of times, and he was crazed by the notion of not seeing her before she achieved extinction. I thought him unwise, for many reasons: for one, I did not think that Arnold Withrow would bring her peace. She usually knew what she wanted—wasn't that, indeed, the whole trouble with her?—and she had said explicitly to the nurse that she didn't want Arnold Withrow. But by the end of May Withrow was neither to hold nor to bind: he went. I contented myself with begging him at least not to poison her last hours by admiring the landscape. I had expected my earnest request to shock him; but, to my surprise, he nodded understandingly. "I shall curse the whole thing out like a trooper, if she gives me the chance." And he got into his day-coach—the Pullmans wouldn't go on until much later—a mistaken and passionate knight.

Withrow could not see her the first evening, and he talked long and deeply with the nurse. She had no hope to give him: she was mystified. It was her opinion that Kathleen Somers's lack of will was killing her, speedily and surely. "Is there anything for her to die of?" he asked. "There's nothing, you might say, for her to *live* of," was her reply. The nurse disapproved of his coming, but promised to break the news of his presence to her patient in the morning.

Spring had by this time touched the hills. It was that divine first moment when the whole of earth seems to take a leap in the night; when things are literally new every morning. Arnold walked abroad late, filling his lungs and nostrils and subduing his pulses. He was always faunishly wild in the spring; and for years he hadn't had a chance to seek the season in her haunts. But he turned in before midnight, because he dreaded the next day supremely. He didn't want to meet that face to face until he had to. Melora Meigs lowered like a thunderstorm, but she was held in check by the nurse. I suppose Melora couldn't give notice: there would be nothing but the poor-farm for her if she did. But she whined and grumbled and behaved in general like an electrical disturbance. Luckily, she couldn't curdle the milk.

Withrow waked into a world of beauty. He walked for an hour before breakfast, through woods all blurred with buds, down vistas brushed with faint color. But he would have given the spring and all springs to come for Kathleen Somers, and the bitter kernel of it was that he knew it. He was sharp-faced and sad (I know how he looked) when he came back, with a bunch of hepaticas, to breakfast.

The nurse was visibly trembling. You see, Kathleen Somers's heart had never been absolutely right. It was a terrible responsibility to let her patient face Withrow. Still, neither she nor any other woman could have held Withrow off. Besides, as she had truly said, there was nothing explicitly for Kathleen Somers to die of. It was that low vitality, that whispering pulse, that listlessness; then, a draught, a shock, a bit of over-exertion, and something real and organic could speedily be upon her. No wonder the woman was troubled. In point of fact, though she had taken up Miss Somers's breakfast, she hadn't dared tell her the news. And finally, after breakfast, she broke down. "I can't do it, Mr. Withrow," she wailed. "Either you go away or I do."

Withrow knew at first only one thing: that he wouldn't be the one to go. Then he realized that the woman had been under a long strain, what with the spring thaws, and a delicate patient who wouldn't

mend—and Melora to fight with, on behalf of all human decency, every day.

"You go, then," he said finally. "I'll take care of her."

The nurse stared at him. Then she thought, presumably, of Kathleen Somers's ineffable delicacy, and burst out laughing. Hysteria might, in all the circumstances, be forgiven her.

Then they came back to the imminent question.

"I'll tell her when I do up her room," she faltered.

"All right. I'll give you all the time in the world. But she must be told I'm here—unless you wish me to tell her myself." Withrow went out to smoke. But he did not wish to succumb again to the intoxication Kathleen Somers so disdained, and eventually he went into the barn, to shut himself away from temptation. It was easier to prepare his vilifying phrases there.

To his consternation, he heard through the gloom the sound of sobbing. The nurse, he saw, after much peering, sat on a dusty chopping-block, crying unhealthily. He went up to her and seized her arm. "Have you told her?"

"I can't."

"My good woman, you'd better leave this afternoon."

"Not"—the tone itself was firm, through the shaky sobs—"until there is some one to take my place."

"I'll telegraph for some one. You shan't see her again. But I will see her at once."

Then the woman's training asserted itself. She pulled herself together, with a little shake of self-disgust. "You'll do nothing of the sort. I'll attend to her until I go. It has been a long strain, and, contrary to custom, I've had no time off. I'll telegraph to the Registry myself. And if I can't manage until then, I'll resign my profession." She spoke with sturdy shame.

"That's better." Withrow approved her. "I'm awfully obliged. But honestly, she has got to know. I can't stand it, skulking round, much longer. And no matter what happens to the whole boiling, I'm not going to leave without seeing her."

"I'll tell her." The nurse rose and walked to the barn-door like a heroine. "But you must stay here until I come for you."

"I promise. Only you must come. I give you half an hour."

"I don't need half an hour, thank you." She had recovered her professional crispness. In the wide door she stopped. "It's a pity," she said irrelevantly, "that she can't see how lovely this is." Then she started for the house.

"I believe you," muttered Withrow under his breath.

In five minutes the nurse came back, breathless, half-running. Arnold got up from the chopping-block, startled. He believed for an instant (as he has since told me) that it was "all over." With her hand on her beating heart the woman panted out her words:

"She has come down-stairs in a wrapper. She hasn't been down for weeks. And she has found your hepaticas."

"Oh, hell!" Withrow was honestly disgusted. He had never meant to insult Kathleen Somers with hepaticas. "Is it safe to leave her alone with them?" He hardly knew what he was saying. But it shows to what a pass Kathleen Somers had come that he could be frightened at the notion of her being left alone with a bunch of hepaticas.

"She's all right, I think. She seemed to like them."

"Oh, Lord!" Withrow's brain was spinning. "Here, I'll go. If she can stand those beastly flowers, she can stand me."

"No, she can't." The nurse had recovered her breath now. "I'll go back and tell her, very quietly. If she could get down-stairs, she can stand it, I think. But I'll be very careful. You come in ten minutes. If she isn't fit, I'll have got her back to bed by that time."

She disappeared, and Withrow, his back to the view, counted out the minutes. When the large hand of his watch had quite accomplished its journey, he turned and walked out through the yard to the side door of the house. Melora Meigs was clattering dish-pans somewhere beyond, and the noise she made covered his entrance to the living-room. He drew a deep breath: they were not there. He listened at the stairs: no

sound up there—no sound, at least, to rise above Melora's dish-pans, now a little less audible. But this time he was not going to wait—for anything. He already had one foot on the stairs when he heard voices and stopped. For just one second he paused, then walked cat-like in the direction of the sounds. The front door was open. On the step stood Kathleen Somers, her back to him, facing the horizon. A light shawl hung on her shoulders, and the nurse's arm was very firmly round her waist. They did not hear him, breathing heavily there in the hall behind them.

He saw Kathleen Somers raise her arm slowly—with difficulty, it seemed. She pointed at the noble shoulder of a mountain.

"That is Habakkuk," said her sweet voice. "I named them all, you know. But I think Habakkuk is my favorite; though of course he's not so stunning as Isaiah. Then they run down to Obadiah and Malachi. Joel is just peeping over Habakkuk's left shoulder. That long bleak range is Jeremiah." She laughed, very faintly. "You know, Miss Willis, they are really very beautiful. Isn't it strange I couldn't see it? For I honestly couldn't. I've been lying there, thinking. And I found I could remember all their outlines, under snow. . . . and this morning it seemed to me I must see how Habakkuk looked in the spring." She sat down suddenly on the top step; and Miss Willis sat down too, her arm still about her patient.

"It's very strange"—Withrow, strain though he did, could hardly make out the words, they fell so softly—"that I just couldn't see it before. It's only these last days. . . . And now I feel as if I wanted to see every leaf on every tree. It wasn't so last year. They say something to me now. I don't think I should want to talk with them forever, but you've no idea—you've no idea—how strange and welcome it is for my eyes to find them beautiful." She seemed almost to murmur to herself. Then she braced herself slightly against the nurse's shoulder, and went on, in her light, sweet, ironic voice. "They probably never told you—but I didn't care for Nature, exactly. I don't think I care for it now, as some people do, but I can see that this is beautiful. Of course you don't know what it means to me. It has simply changed the world." She waved her hand again. "They never got by, before. I always knew that line was line, and color was color, wherever or whoever. But my eyes went back on me. My father would have despised me. He wouldn't have preferred Habakkuk, but he would have done Habakkuk justice from the beginning. Yes, it makes a great deal of difference to me to see it once, fair and clear. Why"—she drew herself up as well as she could, so firmly held—"it is a very lovely place. I should tire of it some time, but I shall not tire of it soon. For a little while, I shall be up to it. And I know that no one thinks it will be long."

Just then, Withrow's absurd fate caught him. Breathless, more passionately interested than he had ever been in his life, he sneezed. He had just time, while the two women were turning, to wonder if he had ruined it all—if she would faint, or shriek, or relapse into apathy.

She did none of these things. She faced him and flushed, standing unsteadily. "How long have you been cheating me?" she asked coldly. But she held out her hand before she went upstairs with the nurse's arm still round her.

Later he caught at Miss Willis excitedly. "Is she better? Is she worse? Is she well? Or is she going to die?"

"She's shaken. She must rest. But she's got the hepaticas in water beside her bed. And she told me to pull the shade up so that she could look out. She has a touch of temperature—but she often has that. The exertion and the shock would be enough to give it to her. I found her leaning against the door-jamb. I hadn't a chance to tell her you were here. I can tell you later whether you'd better go or stay."

"I am going to stay. It's you who are going."

"You needn't telegraph just yet," the nurse replied dryly. She looked another woman from the nervous, sobbing creature on the chopping-block.

The end was that Miss Willis stayed and Arnold Withrow went. Late that afternoon he left Kathleen Somers staring

passionately at the sunset. It was not his moment, and he had the grace to know it. But he had not had to tell her that the view was beastly; and, much as he loved her, I think that was a relief to him.

None of us will ever know the whole of Kathleen Somers's miracle, of course. I believe she told as much of it as she could when she said that she had lain thinking of the outlines of the mountains until she felt that she must go out and face them: stand once more outside, free of walls, and stare about at the whole chain of the earth-lords. Perhaps the spring, which had broken up the ice-bound streams, had melted other things besides. Unwittingly—by unconscious cerebration—by the long inevitable storing of disdained impressions—she had arrived at vision. That which had been, for her, alternate gibberish and silence, had become an intelligible tongue. The blank features had stirred and shifted into a countenance; she saw a face, where she had seen only odds and ends of modelling grotesquely flung abroad. With no stupid pantheism to befuddle her, she yet felt the earth a living thing. Wood and stone, which had not even been an idol for her, now shaped themselves to hold a sacrament. Put it as you please; for I can find no way to express it to my satisfaction. Kathleen Somers had, for the first time, envisaged the cosmic, had seen something less passionate, but more vital, than history. Most of us are more fortunate than she: we take it for granted that no loom can rival the petal of a flower. But to some creatures the primitive is a cipher, hard to learn; and blood is spent in the struggle. You have perhaps seen (and not simply in the old legend) passion come to a statue. Rare, oh, rare is the necessity for such a miracle. But Kathleen Somers was in need of one; and I believe it came to her.

The will was slack, the nurse had said; yet it sufficed to take her from her bed, down the stairs, in pursuit of the voice—straight out into the newly articulate world. She moved, frail and undismayed, to the source of revelation. She did not cower back and demand that the oracle be served up to her by a messenger. A will like that is not slack.

Now I will shuffle back into my own skin and tell you the rest of it very briefly and from the rank outsider's point of view. Even had I possessed the whole of Arnold Withrow's confidence, I could not deal with the delicate gradations of a lover's mood. He passed the word about that Kathleen Somers was not going to die—though I believe he did it with his heart in his mouth, not really assured she wouldn't. It took some of us a long time to shift our ground and be thankful. Withrow, with a wisdom beyond his habit, did not go near her until autumn. Reports were that she was gaining all the time, and that she lived out-of-doors staring at Habakkuk and his brethren, gathering wild flowers and pressing them between her palms. She seemed determined to face another winter there alone with Melora, Miss Willis wrote. Withrow set his jaw when that news came. It was hard on him to stay away, but she had made it very clear that she wanted her convalescent summer to herself. When she had to let Miss Willis go—and Miss Willis had already taken a huge slice of Kathleen's capital—he might come and see her through the transition. So Withrow sweltered in New York all summer, and waited for permission.

Then Melora Meigs was gracious for once. With no preliminary illness, with just a little gasp as the sun rose over the long range of Jeremiah, she died. Withrow, hearing this, was off like a sprinter who hears the signal. He found laughter and wit abiding happily in Kathleen's recovered body. Together they watched the autumn deepen over the prophets. Habakkuk, all insults forgiven, was their familiar.

So they brought Kathleen Somers back from the hills to live. It was impossible for her to remain on her mountainside without a Melora Meigs; and Melora, unlike most tortures, was unreplaceable. Kathleen's world welcomed her as warmly as if her exile had been one long suspense: a gentle hypocrisy we all forgave each other. Some one went abroad and left an apartment for her use. All sorts of delicate little events occurred, half accidentally, in her interest. Soon some of us began to gather, as of old. Marvel of marvels, Withrow had not spoken in that crimson week of autumn. Without jealousy he had apparently left her to Habakkuk. It was a brief winter—for Kathleen

Somers's body, a kind of spring. You could see her grow, from week to week: plump out and bloom more vividly. Then, in April, without a word, she left us—disappeared one morning, with no explicit word to servants.

Withrow once more—poor Withrow—shot forth, not like a runner, but like a hound on a fresh scent. He needed no time-tables. He leaped from the telephone to the train.

He found her there, he told me afterward, sitting on the step, the door unlocked behind her but shut.

Indeed, she never entered the house again; for Withrow bore her away from the threshold. I do not think she minded, for she had made her point: she had seen Habakkuk once more, and Habakkuk had not gone back on her. That was all she needed to know. They meant to go up in the autumn after their marriage, but the cottage burned to the ground before they got back from Europe. I do not know that they have ever been, or whether they ever will go, now. There are still a few exotic places that Kathleen Withrow has not seen, and Habakkuk can wait. After all, the years are very brief in Habakkuk's sight. Even if she never needs him again, I do not think he will mind.

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# THE OLDEST ANGEL

## By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

Spirit of the Mountains, serene and beautiful and strong,
  Over your land you draw your purple veil of October;
  Behind it hills flame that were green and demure and sober,
And the autumn is rolled in copper and gold, the heights and the valleys along.

Spirit of the Mountains, of eyes eternally clear,
  Rapt eyes smiling downward never to meet the smile of a mortal,
  You stand, forever welcoming, full-handed, at your portal,
And your gifts are to those to whom your stern, sweet ways are dear.

Rough-clad, as the pilgrims who journeyed to the Holy Land,
  Stripped of the pride of the world, and the luxury and the bother,
  Humble as children, like tired children we run to the old Earth-mother—
And behold your arms are about us, and you give us good gifts with unstaying hand.

Softly you blot the memories out that ache and are throbbing with pain,
  Surely you stroke away with strong, cool fingers
  The twists and the strains of life and the bitterness that lingers;
And you steep us in rest, as the parching ground is steeped in the rest of the rain.

None follow your singing roads but with tired and stumbling feet;
  None come to your Holy of Holies but climb—at your wordless commanding—
  Hard ways of the hills; but the peace of God that passes all understanding
You give to the climbers, and long white nights, and a morning world dewy and sweet.

Spirit of the Mountains, whose secret rivers lift strong
  Silver voices, chanting your upward roads, lovely, laborious,
  Behind the purple, mystical veil of October the glorious
It may be to God that we climb—God ashine through the copper and gold and bronze and rose, the heights and the valleys along.

# THE SUCCESS OF BARBADOS

By Henry Jones Ford
Professor of Politics in Princeton University

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

IT is a common observation with travellers in the West Indies that there is a vast difference between the social consequences of emancipation there and in the United States; that somehow the West Indies have managed to escape the riots and lynchings of the United States, and the different races seem to be able to get along together with mutual civility and good-will. It is usual to remark that this is due to the fact that the communities there do not really possess self-government, but public order is maintained by imperial authority; and hence the West Indian example has no practical bearing upon the race problems of the United States where imperial methods are inadmissible. But this explanation leaves out of account the fact that there is at least one West Indian island that is self-governed. Moreover, there the colored people greatly outnumber the whites, and the country has a tropical climate, which circumstances are commonly supposed to be adverse to capacity for self-government. And yet the island has escaped the troubles which emancipation has produced in the United States! So interesting a fact caused me to visit the island of Barbados to see for myself the working of its political institutions.

Just how Barbados got its name is a matter in dispute. The historian Froude held that the name referred to a race of bearded Indians who inhabited the island when it was discovered; but most historians derive the name from the bearded fig-tree, of which magnificent specimens still remain although the primitive forests have long since disappeared. The tree lets down from its branches tufts of fibrous roots, which when they reach the ground strike in to form an auxiliary trunk, after the fashion of the banian-tree of the East. The spectacle is certainly sufficiently impressive to have given the island its name. When the English occupied the island, in 1627, they took over the name, and the bearded fig appears on the oldest seal of the colony. The island had long been known to Spanish and Portuguese navigators, but the aborigines had been extirpated and the country was practically uninhabited when the English settlers arrived. There is a tradition that six Indians were found on a spot which has since borne the name Six Men's Plantation. The attractions of Barbados were so energetically proclaimed that a considerable body of emigrants went to it from England during the seventeenth century. Among them was Fernando Paleologus, a descendant of the last Christian Emperors of Constantinople. He settled in the island, and lived there for many years as a planter and country gentleman. He died in 1678, and his imperial ancestry is asserted by the inscription upon his tombstone in St. John's parish churchyard. The story was investigated by Schomburgk, and in his authoritative "History of Barbados" he gives proof of its authenticity.

Barbados is a coral island, and its highest elevations are only moderate-sized hills. While in the volcanic islands occupation has taken place only here and there, where the formidable mountains have yielded the privilege, in Barbados the country is everywhere easily accessible. The island is only twenty-one by fourteen miles in maximum length and breadth, and it contains a little over one hundred and sixty-six square miles, or about the area of an average county in the United States. The estimated population on December 31, 1914, was 176,397, of whom only 12,063 were white. It is believed that Barbados is the most dense-

ly populated rural area in the world, not excepting even China. The population ranges from 596 to 3,825 to the square mile in the various parishes, and averages over 1,060 to the square mile for the whole island. Since the mass of the people live in little cottages or even huts, the roads in most places are lined continuously with houses. As a rule the cottages look neat and even pretty with their pink or salmon tinted walls and green-latticed windows; but in what might be called slum districts there are poor-looking huts with roofs of ragged thatch. The fondness for giving individual names to places which one may note wherever the English settle, has sometimes an odd result. For instance, Windsor Castle is a one-story frame cottage. The English love of privacy is exemplified by the general practice of having walls about the grounds of private residences, but tropical conditions are recognized by such ample openings that there is no real enclosure. The walls, however, supply a fine background to the trees and shrubbery, and tend to correct the straggliness that is the defect of tropical gardens. The lack of lawns and neat borders and the general dustiness makes gardens in tropical countries rather unsightly on close view. Where they excel is in the exuberant growth of foliage plants and flowering vines, which look better in the mass and at a distance than in close view. The palm-tree, too, looks better in a picture than it does in reality, but an avenue lined with good specimens presents a stately appearance that will not be soon forgotten.

Emigration is constantly drawing off men from Barbados, and about three-fifths of the population are females. Street selling and huckstering seem to be wholly in the hands of the women. One sees them everywhere in the island, carrying upon their heads the goods they have for sale. Long practice has made them so expert that one may see them turning to chat with one another while balancing crockery or a milk-can upon the head. The preponderance of women has its effect upon the shops, where one will generally see colored girls behind the counters, rendering service that is marked by politeness and skill. But of course, in a country where the whites are so few, most functions are in negro hands. All the policemen, firemen, harbor police, and minor civil servants are colored. Colored electors are in the majority in every district of the island except one.

The foundation of the political organization of the community is the parish system brought from England in the seventeenth century, and preserved with less change than has taken place in the mother country. The island is divided into eleven parishes, and the vestry—which may have as few as six members in a small parish and as many as sixteen in a large parish—is elected annually by the voters of the parish. The rector of the parish is ex officio chairman of the vestry, and is also ex officio chairman of the local school board; but this is the only vestige left of ecclesiastical control of local government and popular education. The vestries are virtually municipal councils, which look after the maintenance of the public roads and poor relief, as well as the repair and maintenance of the churches. Education is really under the control of a central board of nine appointed by the governor, five at least to be members of the assembly. The system is one of state aid, and to get the appropriations the schools must conform to the requirements fixed by the board and applied by its inspectors. Any religious society maintaining a school in conformity with the regulations receives grants in aid in proportion to the number of pupils. The Church of England has most of the schools, but the Wesleyans and the Moravians also receive school appropriations. There is one Roman Catholic congregation on the island, but it does not receive any educational allotment, as the parish school is not conformed to the requirements of the education board. Yet it receives some aid from the public treasury for the upkeep of the church, in pursuance of the settled Barbadian notion that churches perform public functions. The system certainly works well in practice, as complete absence of denominational rancor is a marked Barbadian trait. The parish churches are notable architectural features of the island, and they are rich in historical associations. Every one says that there is no color-line in the churches,

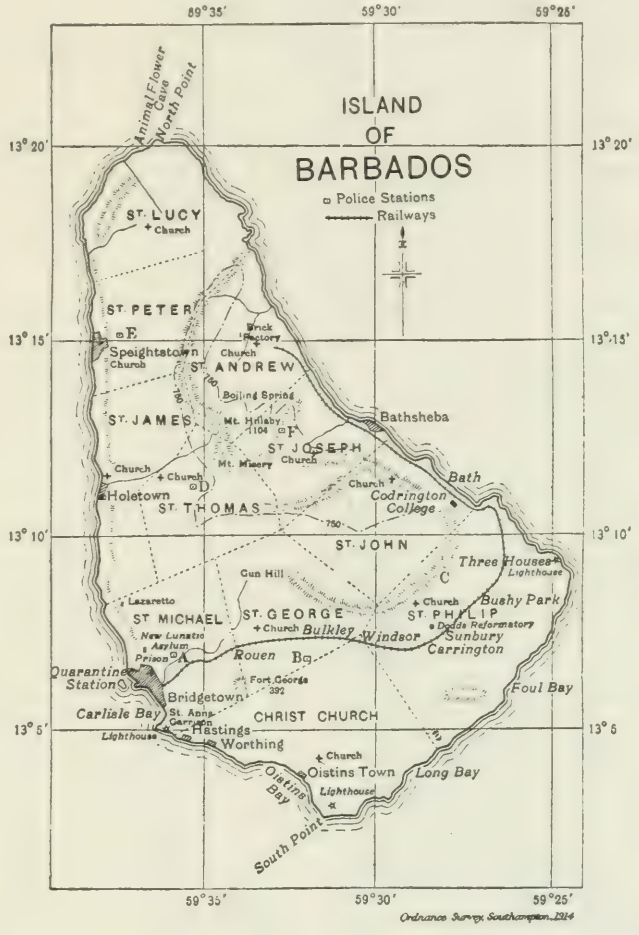
and my own observation confirms the statement. I attended a church in a parish where the number of whites was above the average, but in the church most of the congregation, four-fifths of the vested choir, and all of the ushers were colored. When the collection was taken up, there were six who went forward with the proceeds to the chancel-rail—all colored men. There is no color-line in the schools. The school act contains a section which provides that "no public money, parochial or otherwise, shall be granted under any circumstances or in any form in aid of the funds of any school maintained for the education of children of any particular complexion." There is no color-line in speech. The colored people speak the same English as other people. But all through the West Indies one never hears what goes by the name of negro dialect in the United States; so far as that really exists it is a provincial and not a racial trait.

Education is cheap but is not absolutely free, and the opinion obtains that it would not be wise to make it so. Books and furniture are supplied, but it is required that every pupil shall pay at least a cent a week in the two lowest grades and two cents in the higher grades. The scale of fees is regulated by the local school boards, subject to the proviso that no child can be required to pay more than six cents a week. Pupils unable to pay may be admitted free, provided that the free list shall not exceed twenty-five per cent of the number of pupils in the school. The fees collected are retained by the teachers, who are paid small fixed salaries, augmented by capitation allowances based on the number of pupils. Retiring pensions are granted by the government, effective at the age of sixty for a man and fifty-five for a woman.

The system practically amounts to state provision of a system of public schools, which in various ways is made economical by denominational interest and co-operation. The brief religious instruction in the schools is, however, not compulsory, and parents may have a child excused from attendance. Education is not compulsory, but the desire for it is so great that illiteracy is rare. The number of pupils on the registers in 1914 was 25,473—over fourteen per cent of the entire population. The state does not undertake to supply more than elementary education, the three *R's*, with a little history and literature, and in all the girls' schools needlework is an indispensable part of the regular course. There are no technical or industrial schools. What chance, then, has the poor child of talent to get ahead? Provision is made for such special cases by a system of scholarships, designated as "exhibitions." Twenty of these exhibitions are awarded annually as the result of a competitive examination. This practically means that the winner is carried through college at public expense. Then in addition there is the great prize of the educational world—the Barbados scholarship. It is awarded every year, and enables the holder to stay four years at an English university. The majority of the winners of these educational prizes are colored lads, who thus obtain opportunities by which they may eventually enter the imperial service. The Barbados scholar of 1908 is now assistant mycologist in the federated Malay states. The Barbados scholar of 1910 obtained a second class in classical honors at Oxford, and afterward entered the Indian civil service. Both these educational prize-winners were negroes. Experience throughout the West Indies corroborates experience in the United States to the effect that negroes in general are susceptible to education only up to a certain point, and that it is the rule that those who evince mental ability are of mixed ancestry; but nevertheless educated colored persons abound all through the West Indies, and the teaching staff of the schools is largely recruited from them. The whole educational scheme appears to be sensible and practical, fitting people to act with ability and success in their sphere of opportunity, but in nowise spoiling them. The system is as economical as it is efficient. State expenditure upon education in the fiscal year of 1915 amounted to $106,728.29 for 149 schools.

There is no color-line in politics. Negroes may vote and are eligible to office on exactly the same terms as whites. The franchise is conditioned very much as it is in England, but the requirements

are not onerous. Any freehold estate of a yearly value of not less than five pounds, or occupancy of any land or building assessed at not less than fifteen pounds' annual value, or the receipt of an annual income of fifty pounds from any occupation or trade, or a rental of fifteen pounds a year paid for lodgings, or the possession of a college degree, qualifies one as a voter. Political issues, when they occur, do not follow racial lines, but the line of cleavage is drawn by economic interest. The latest issue that stirred up Barbadian politics was over emigration regulations, and in an election on that issue the white vote went largely to the support of a colored candidate who was elected over a white competitor. As a rule, however, the electorate, although predominantly negro, seems to prefer to be represented by men of financial substance and social position, and this disposition gives the whites an allotment of office proportionately far in excess of their numerical strength. Of the twenty-four members of the representative assembly, only three are colored. But colored persons are found in every grade of the civil service. The solicitor-general, who stands in line of promotion to the chief-justiceship, is a colored man, the Honorable H. Walter Reece, who was educated at Harrison College, Barbados, and University College, London. At present the judges of the higher courts are all white, but there are colored men holding the office of district magistrate.




The heads of the departments of the civil service are generally white, but the subordinate positions are held mostly by colored people. This does not, however, mean that only minor positions go to them. The rule of merit seems to be strictly applied. I went through the civil list with an experienced official, checking off white and colored, and it was impossible to note any color-line in public employment. In some offices the chief clerk is colored with white subordinates. Out-of-door employments, such as mail-carrying, customs service, police work, the fire department, are practically monopolized by colored men. The sergeant-major who is responsible for the discipline of the constabulary is a colored man. The force under his control present a smart appearance uniformed in white helmets, white tunics, and blue trousers with broad red stripe. The men have the civil and obliging manners which are characteristic of the English-trained constable of whatever race he may be, and in whatever part of the world you may find him. Behind that suavity of manner is the force and dignity of the British Empire, which must be respected. Error on that point is forthwith attended by unpleasant consequences. During my stay in Barbados a case came up in court in which ten persons were charged with interfering with a constable in the discharge of his duty. He was arresting a youth for stealing sugar-cane when an at-

tempt at rescue was made, in the course of which the constable was hit with stones and received a few lashes with sticks. He was not seriously hurt, but in view of the indignity offered to the crown in the person of a black constable eight persons were sentenced to imprisonment for a




Grave of a descendant of the last Christian Emperors of Constantinople.

month, one person was reprimanded and then discharged from custody, and a lad of fourteen was sentenced to receive "twelve strokes at the hands of a member of the police force."

I attended some sittings of the courts, and was impressed by the simplicity and directness of the proceedings, and by the control exercised by the judge, who acted as if it was his business to see that justice was done. The law is strictly enforced, and fines of ten shillings were imposed for the theft of property valued at a penny. That is to say, if one steals a sugar-cane from a field, the offense is not excused because the loss is slight. One case tried in my presence was for the offense of "blackguarding" on the public highway. It is an offense to use abusive, defamatory, or blackguard language in sound of a public highway. These conditions are so indeterminate that in practice they cover anything in the nature of using the sharp edge of one's tongue. All the parties involved were colored, a man complaining that a woman had called him such names as loafer and vagabond. The free-spoken lady was fined ten shillings, and was admonished by the court to keep her tongue under better control. Standards of behavior in respect of speech seem to be well maintained. One never hears profane or obscene language, and civility and good humor seem to be universal. The foundation of it all is of course that law is enforced and impartial justice is administered; but the law is made by representatives chosen by a negro electorate, and the course of justice goes on exactly and impartially. There is no disagreement on these points; troubles there are, but they are of quite another nature. One hears unpleasant stories about the morals of the colored people in the matter of sex relations, the exact truth of which it is of course impossible for a casual observer to determine. One also hears affecting stories of the straits to which white families were reduced by the decline of the cane-sugar industry. Bargains in jewelry and rich furniture have been picked up by dealers, because families have had to melt down personal belongings to meet pressing needs. Many thousands of Barbadians have emigrated in search of work, but at the time of my visit business was booming because of the war. Barbadians are experiencing the truth of the proverb that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good; for the war has advanced the price of sugar, and it chanced that the advance came on top of a bumper crop. But good times or bad, law and order prevail smoothly and surely, and blacks and whites, although they do not mix socially, get on together politically without any racial conflict whatever.

There was nothing in the early history of Barbados to suggest that the island was likely to have an easier time of it

with negro suffrage than our Southern States. The importation of slaves into Barbados began about the same time as into the American colonies, and in number they soon greatly exceeded the whites, who lived in constant fear of an uprising. Several conspiracies were detected, and the punishments inflicted included burning alive and beheading. So late as 1816, when systematic military control had removed anxiety, there was a sudden insurrection attended by the firing of plantations. Martial law was declared, a number of persons were summarily tried and executed, and 123 persons convicted of riot were transported to Honduras. There was a standing feud between the free negroes and the assembly, because that body obstinately refused to admit any negroes to the suffrage. But when the policy of emancipation was adopted by the imperial parliament the assembly sensibly decided to accept the situation and make the best of it. The compensation which slave-owners received had of course a soothing effect, and the assembly also had to consider the fact that it was the settled policy of the empire that no British subject could be denied his rights because of race or color. In 1834 the imperial parliament had definitely provided for gradual emancipation, through a system of apprenticeship that might continue until August 1, 1840. The Barbados legislature abolished the system completely on August 1, 1838, which has hence gone into local history as Emancipation Day. The suffrage laws were amended so as to admit blacks on the same terms as whites, and at the election of 1843, a colored man for the first time obtained a seat in the assembly. Since then there have always been colored members, but there is no color line. Strangest of all there are now no parties. From time to time there are sharp disagreements on points of public policy which may lead to



A specimen of the bearded fig-tree from which the island takes its name.



A slum district.

a lively electoral contest, but the groupings that take place are in respect of that particular issue and dissolve as soon as that is decided. In times past, there has been plenty of party spirit. Local history tells of a period when there was great excitement over the struggles of two parties known as the "Salmagundies" and the "Pumpkins," the latter being a satirical designation of those classed as aristocrats. But parties have died out, and there are none now. There are no bosses, no demagogues, no conventions, no primary elections, no civil-service commissions, no research bureaus, no civic leagues, no reform associations. Pretty nearly all the dusty activities which we call politics are lacking. What is the explanation of this strange phenomenon?

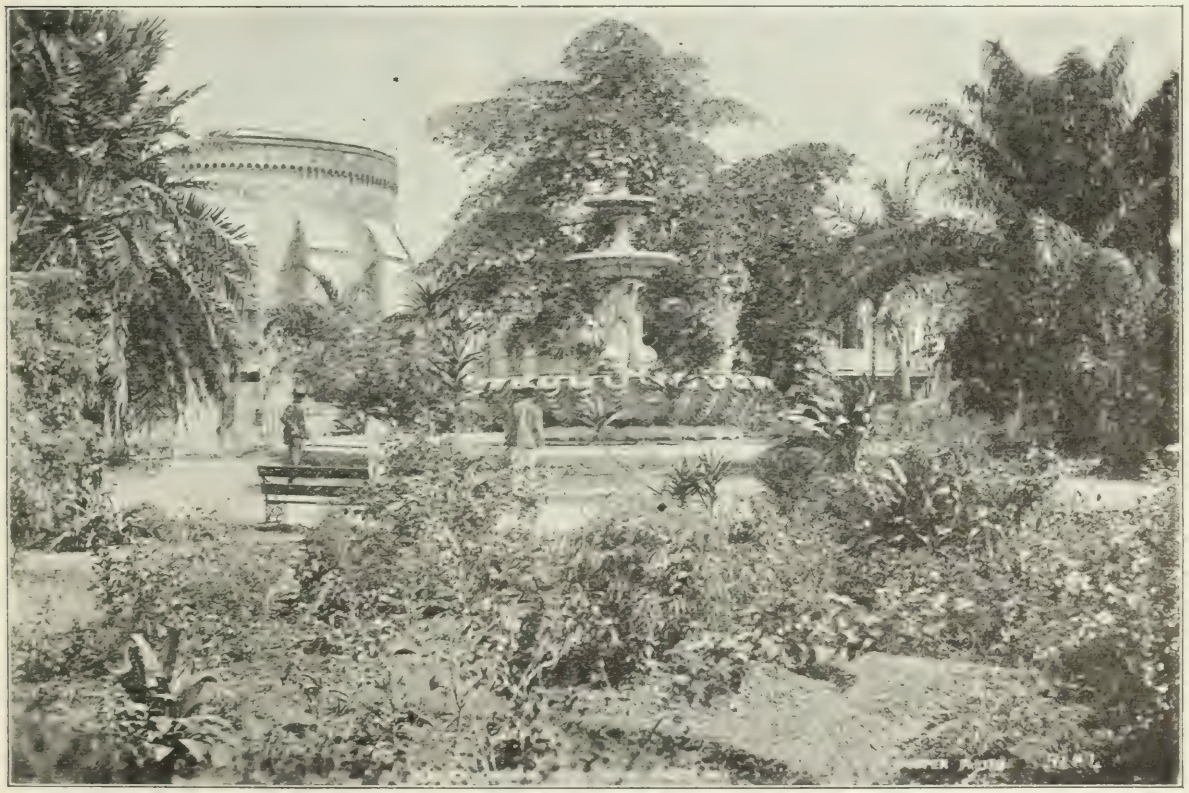
The explanation one usually finds in articles written about Barbados is that the population is so dense that the people are forced to be industrious to keep from starving. But this puts the problem only a little farther back, for the question then comes up why are the people so attached to the soil, so content with conditions, that they stay on, increase and multiply, until the island is as compact of life as a beehive? It is quite as easy for population to decline there as elsewhere. There is, in fact, much emigration, but it is notorious that it is generally with the expectation of returning. Love of country is a marked Barbadian characteristic. Such things are not ordinarily the consequence of overpopulation. Instead of smoothing the political situation, the industrial conditions would then naturally tend rather to roughen it.

Another explanation, and one much more reasonable, is that although political power has passed into the hands of negroes, they are unable to abuse it because the island belongs to the British Empire. Nevertheless, they might try if they were so disposed, and surely the lack of parties is not to be attributed to imperial supervision. As a matter of fact, Barbados has developed on its own lines, and its constitution is quite distinct from the usual colonial pattern. It has annual elections, whereas the arrangement now usual in British commonwealths is a five-year term with annual sessions of the legislature. The Barbadian assembly is composed of two members from each of the eleven parishes, and two members in addition

from Bridgetown, the port and capital of the island. Barbados is not and never has been a crown colony. It is a self-governing commonwealth, living under its own laws, proud and tenacious of its ancient rights and privileges. The charter was granted in 1639, and next to the English House of Commons the Barbados Assembly is now the oldest house of representatives in the British Empire.

There are indications that for a long time the situation in Barbados was not satisfactory to the imperial administration. The ancient charter lacked securities for good government which it is now the practice to require. The assembly itself made up the annual budget in about the same fashion as in our own State legislatures and with somewhat similar results. At present every constitution of British make contains a provision that appropriations may be voted only on executive recommendation, and it is chiefly due to this provision that the representative assembly acts as an organ of control over the government in behalf of the people. Otherwise the tendency is for the assembly to degenerate into a scuffle of local agency, in which many interests are represented, but not the public interest. The imperial administration desired to correct the charter of Barbados in this particular, and also in the matter of more direct relations with the executive administration. The Barbados Assembly was stubbornly averse to change. A crisis was reached in 1876. It was proposed to merge Barbados with other islands in a scheme of federal government, which incidentally would have destroyed Barbadian legislative independence. A struggle followed in which Barbadian politics reached a high level of originality and sagacity; and the figure of greatest prominence was a colored man.

William Conrad Reeves was born in 1821, the son of a local medical man and a negro-slave mother. The mulatto boy took to selling newspapers, and his ability attracted the attention of an editor, who gave him employment and helped him in his education. Reeves learned shorthand, joined a debating club, and became interested in politics. His intelligence and aptitude raised friends, and he was assisted to go to England to study law. He became a student in the Middle Temple in 1860, and while pursuing his legal



Public garden in Bridgetown.

studies acted as London correspondent of the Barbados press. He was called to the bar in 1863, and in 1864 he returned to Barbados where he attained professional eminence. When the confederation scheme was brought forward, he held the office of solicitor-general. He resigned that office and went into active opposition. He took a leading part in the assembly in arranging measures to preserve the legislative independence of Barbados. The color line did not figure in the issue, but probably confederation found its strongest support among the negroes, while a majority of the whites clung to independence; and a colored man was the leading champion of the party of independence. The campaign was conducted with tact and shrewdness, and was completely successful. The scheme was abandoned, the governor who had advocated it was recalled, and the governor



Palm-bordered roads.

who succeeded him made it a point to consult Reeves and take advice from him. A purse of one thousand guineas was raised by popular subscription and presented to him with an address of thanks. In 1882 he was appointed attorney-general; in 1886 he was knighted and became chief justice. He died on January 9, 1902, and was accorded a public funeral. He left one daughter, who married and resides in Europe. In the centre of the antechamber of the hall of the assembly, standing out most conspicuously, is his bust on a massive pedestal bearing the following inscription:

THIS BUST OF
SIR WILLIAM CONRAD REEVES, KT.
CHIEF JUSTICE OF BARBADOS
FROM 1886 TO 1902
IS PLACED HERE
AS A LASTING
AND GRATEFUL MEMORIAL
OF HIS
DISTINGUISHED SERVICES
IN THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY
FROM 1874 TO 1886
AND ESPECIALLY
ON THE PART HE TOOK IN
DEFENDING AND MAINTAINING
THE CONSTITUTIONAL
RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES
OF THE PEOPLE OF THIS ISLAND
AT THE
CRITICAL PERIOD 1876–1878

HIS CAREER
ON THE PRESS
IN THE LEGISLATURE
AT THE BAR
AND ON THE BENCH
WAS ONE LONG RECORD
OF FAITHFUL SERVICE
TO ALL CLASSES
OF THIS COUNTRY

PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT

Reeves was indubitably a genuine statesman. Although he opposed reform measures sent on from England, he proposed measures to correct conditions of which complaint had been made. In 1877 Lord Carnarvon, then at the head of the colonial office, wrote a despatch reviewing the situation in detail, in which he remarked that "to create a constitution such as that of Barbados would be impossible at the present day." This is an allusion to the fact that the constitution of Barbados perpetuates the type of government that existed before the cabinet system was developed and parliamentary institutions took their present form. Barbados differs radically from other self-governing English commonwealths in that there is no ministry, no party responsibility. Lord Carnarvon recommended that budget procedure should rest as elsewhere on estimates of expenditure prepared by the government, and that at least two of the principal officers of the government should be entitled to sit and speak in the assembly.



An avenue lined with good specimens presents a stately appearance.

Neither of these recommendations was adopted. A bill authorizing the government to nominate two members of the assembly was introduced, but Reeves was active in opposing it, and it was defeated. But later on he proposed and eventually brought to enactment a scheme of connection which is quite unique. The act provides for an executive committee, which occupies a place in the Barbadian constitutional system like that of the cabinet in the ordinary



The Barbados State House.

British type of government. Immediately on the opening of each session the governor may appoint one member of the legislative council, and four members of the assembly, to be associated with the executive council, forming with it "a committee for the transaction of public financial business, for the consideration of ways and means, for advising the governor on any measures which the executive may deem it expedient to bring before the legislature, and for the conduct of public works, and the control and management of public institutions." It should be explained that the executive council is composed of the colonial secretary, the attorney-general, the speaker of the house, and the master in chancery—four persons in all, two of whom—the speaker and the attorney-general—are also members of the assembly. The legislative council is a nominated body of nine, members of which may and do serve also as members of the executive council. The assent of this council is necessary to the enactment of the laws, but to withhold it would be practically a government veto, and as a rule the actual decision rests with the assembly, elected by the people and the organ of popular control. The executive committee, the total membership of which is nine, must include four members of the assembly, and in practice there are two more. The act makes it the duty of the executive committee to prepare the estimates, and it is provided that "the initiation of money votes by bill, resolution, or otherwise, by individual members of the house of assembly shall cease, and shall be made only on the responsibility of the executive committee." A practical approximation to the cabinet type of government is effected by an act which provides that if the attorney-general is a member of the assembly and attends to the introduction of government bills he shall be allowed two hundred and fifty pounds annually for that particular service. The way it works out in practice is that the governor selects his legal advisers from among the members of the assembly and they supply the direct administrative connection between the executive and legislative branches, without which a constitutional system either becomes the prey of cor-

ruption or the victim of revolutionary disorder. The present attorney-general has been a member of the assembly over twenty-five years. The solicitor-general has been a member over twenty years.

This survey of constitutional arrangements, with the aid of some comparisons, will enable us to understand Barbadian politics. The absence of civil-service commissions, research bureaus, and reform associations is explained by the fact that all such functions are concentrated in the assembly. Barbados is quite self-governing, subject as are all the self-governing colonies to the power of the imperial parliament to intervene on sufficient occasion. The assembly makes the laws and the governor has no veto power. But in practice the assembly simply sits as a board of directors to examine and revise financial estimates and legislative proposals submitted by the general management. The members receive no pay and have no patronage. Service and attendance are provided by executive arrangements. This, of course, protects the members from the importunities of job hunters, and also makes them moderate in their demands for clerical assistance, since whatever offices are created will be filled by executive appointment without ratification or confirmation by any other authority. The total legislative expenses for the session 1914–15 were £1,383 15*s.* 4*d.*, which amount is set forth in the Blue Book as being an increase of £61 7*s.* 8*d.*, due to the "larger amount of copying done." Since the members themselves have to practise economy, of course they see to it that as strict an obligation rests upon every department of the government, and as they hold the purse-strings they are in a position to enforce their requirements. Hence, frugality pervades every branch of the administration. An incidental result of the activity of the assembly as an organ of control is lucidity and comprehensiveness in accounts of the public business. There is nothing in American public documents that approaches the Barbadian Blue Book in statistical completeness. It is on file in the New York Public Library, so the assertion may readily be put to the test.

The above considerations make it pretty clear that there is no opening for the demagogue's trade. When ranters,



The governor's house.

cranks, and busybodies are able to get upon the stage it is an infallible indication that the representative function is deranged, deflecting political force from the constitutional channels. In Barbados the assembly exercises control over every branch of the administration, including judicial behavior quite as much as any other sort of official behavior. Nothing that can happen is shut off from its supervision. The assembly is the only forum to which the people will look. Any man aiming at political leadership finds it impossible to gain attention unless he comes forward as a candidate. If otherwise qualified he can present himself in any district, no matter where he happens to reside, and the indorsement of one registered voter is sufficient for a legal nomination. The circumstances make it practically impossible for one to obtain any considerable body of political adherents except by getting accepted as a constitutional representative of the people.



The Hon. H. Walter Reece, K. C., solicitor-general of Barbados.

It is plain why there are no political bosses. There is nothing to boss. There are no primaries to be carried, no convention delegates to be delivered, no party machine to be kept in order. No state elections are held except for members of the assembly; no municipal elections are held except for members of the parish vestry. Each parish acts for itself in electing representatives, and the task of voters is never greater than to make a choice from among a few candidates. There is not, as a rule, any keen competition for jobs in which men work for nothing and find themselves, so in practice the sitting members are usually returned without opposition, in which case the polls are not opened at all. The absence of such costly political adjuncts as party machines and reform associations is an essential condition of the economical character of the government.

All this, however, does not explain the absence of party spirit. In this respect the situation in Barbados is peculiar. Usually in English commonwealths party spirit is so marked that a visitor is apt to be disagreeably impressed by its rancor. It generally seems worse than in the United States, where apparently the politicians have learned to wade in mud with good humor. The explanation usually offered of the placidity of Barbadian politics is that it is due to the merely municipal character of political issues. But the issues are no more municipal than the ordinary issues of State politics in the United States, and even were the statement true in fact it could not be regarded as furnishing a satisfactory explanation in view of the party rage often displayed in American municipal politics. The true explanation lies deeper, and to get at it it will be necessary to dip into political science. It should be noted that the present placidity is rather a recent phenomenon. In the past, party recrimination was quite as violent as in the United States. It has waned only since the constitutional adjustments took place which established a definite system of administration and control. The biological principle of the correlation of structure and function applies to political life as completely as to any other forms of life. It is therefore a principle which holds good always and everywhere that the extent of party organization is proportioned to the work it has to do. Party organization is most massive and energetic in the United States because there is no direct connection between the powers of government, and party control is the means by which

numerous separate, distinct, and independent agencies of administration are brought into concert of action and subjected to a common purpose. Party organization in English commonwealths of the ordinary pattern is called upon to form a ministry, and supply it with the support of a majority in the representative assembly. English politics all over the world are eternally bickering over this task, and it is in connection with its financial burdens that corruption occasionally invades the constitutional system. In Switzerland, where the constitution provides a stable executive management and invests it of right with power to place measures before the legislature and bring them to determination, party has declined to mere propaganda of opinion supported by amateur interest, like any other spontaneous social activity. Variety of political opinion is a marked Swiss characteristic, but it does not seem to enter into administrative arrangements.



William Conrad Reeves, an eminent negro statesman.

The absence of party violence in Barbados is to be attributed to the same cause that exists in Switzerland—the fact that party has no function to discharge in forming an administration and in connecting it with the legislature. This is accomplished in Barbados in quite another way from what it is in Switzerland, but the result is the same. In Barbados the attorney-general proposes the measures recommended by the administration, submits them to the assembly, and attends to the process of enactment. Every measure stands on its merits, and members divide in accordance with their views on that subject. The attorney-general, who is the recognized spokesman of the administration, has no party support to depend upon, but neither does he have to encounter party opposition. The political flurries that now and then stir the electorate are never over abstractions but always over some specific matter. Then committees are formed, candidates take sides, and the issue is taken into the elections. The system promptly and effectually ascertains the will of the people on any issue, and at the same time excludes party excitement from the ordinary routine of government. It is a striking circumstance that the statesmanship of a negro took a leading part in establishing this unique system, which works so smoothly and successfully.

There have been prophecies of evil but there are no signs of their fulfilment. Froude visited Barbados in 1887, a period in which he was busy calling attention to the dangers of home rule whether in Ireland or in the West Indies. But in the thirty-two years that have since elapsed none of the tendencies he anticipated have been manifested. A book on Barbados, by an American author, published in 1893, gives an account of the reconstruction period in the United States as a picture of what is in store for Barbados from negro suffrage. But the negroes have long outvoted the whites, and if the results feared were indeed impending there would be some tendency that way displayed by this time. The truth is that those who yield to such alarms are misled through inability to grasp the principle that it is not the suffrage that counts but the conditions under which it is exercised. The institutions of Barbados possess a genuine representative quality that insures their efficiency; and similar methods will have similar results wherever introduced.

# POEMS BY A YOUNG SOLDIER WHO DIED IN CAMP

By Ira South

THIS group of poems by a young Southern college man, who died in a Virginia camp on the eve of going to France, was chosen from about one hundred he left complete as a part of the severe literary training to which he had subjected himself from early school-days. He had the Stevenson idea of keeping eternally at it and of accumulating experience by real contact with all kinds of people.

A part of a letter by his sister, Miss Ruby South, reveals a rare personality and a real ambition to be a writer:

"A few facts of the boy's life will make the verses mean more:

"I think Ira might be called a victim of the 'wandering blues.' He definitely decided to make writing a profession about the year he finished 'prep' school. He first spent a summer in west Texas—on the Pecos River. Here he used his time exploring the canyons and collecting all the legends of the region.

"The next year, instead of going to college, he worked on a small newspaper, but came home for the summer. We had just moved to a large farm and ranch and had mostly negro and Mexican labor. Ira worked along with the hands and collected whole note-books full of 'local color' yarns and expressions. He tried short stories and verses, but made no attempt to sell them. From this time on he spent every odd moment studying synonym books, verse form, short stories, etc., poring over every type of magazine to analyze why the stories and verses sold and what made them good.

"Next year he started in college but quit in the spring to go to the swamps of east Texas, where he mixed with men from lumber-camps and oil-fields. We enticed him back to college for the next year, and he stayed through, but immediately school closed he went to the coast and shipped on a tugboat as a 'mess-boy.' Later he was transferred to a large oil-tanker. In that summer he journeyed all up and down the Atlantic coast, from Virginia to Central America. I think the charm which the sea and the tropics always had for him took complete possession of him during the summer's cruising, so that later his only desire seemed to be to get back to them.

"He went back to college, however, for his second year, and the next summer war had made the water unsafe, so, because mother begged him not to make another sea trip, he had to spend his summer among the soldier camps on the border when the militia were training there.

"He planned for the next summer to start out through Mexico and see how far he could go with no money in his pocket, but only his guitar to make his way. But in the middle of the next year we entered the war, and he joined the Marines the day war was declared, preferring to go as a private than to wait for an officers' training-camp, as the college authorities urged. But he was disappointed in his army service. He was stationed in Florida and kept there almost the whole time. At last he saw the chance of getting across, but took influenza, soon after he had been transferred to Norfolk, Va., and died just three weeks before the armistice.

"Ira had been doing a great deal of writing all this time, but nothing complete. He was studying style and plot and learning to *use* the language. He sold several verses to the *Adventure Magazine*, and just before he died sent one to the *Saturday Evening Post*, which they accepted. . . ."

## WISDOM

I had a friend, and sometimes we would talk
His eyes would gleam with alien light as resolution burned
And he would say "I mean to seek the source of thought—
Each master only quotes in turn the sage from which he learned."

Upon his quest, he writes from distant schools renowned,
But now no longer speaks of wisdom or of strength of will.
"Ah, lad," he asks, "what has become of my old horse and gun,
And does the mist still hang above the woods on Hickory Hill?"

## REGRET

Herons fly low over the flooded rice-fields,
Wild roses blow along the irrigation ditches,
And curlew drift like strands of cobweb
Down the tide flats.

Coppermine hill lies adrowse in sunshine,
High floats a hawk above the sloping valley.
Gone though, a day determining my destinies
Slipped by unheeded.

Yea, though my eyes discovered wondrous beauty
Wide on all hands, yet with grievous blindness
Failed to perceive the goddess Peradventure
Till she departed.

## VICTORY

They dug the sidewalk up to lay a sewer line,
And on the scattered broken concrete slabs,
All wrapped in twilight, I could scarce divine
A slip of girl, bare-legged, with muddy dabs
Of new-turned clay upon her sallow feet;
And so engrossed, she failed to note me nigh
As hurriedly I walked the empty street.
A full moon rose to climb the sloping sky.

From whence her idea, Heaven only knows!
Perhaps some primal instinct stirring strong;
Perhaps a memory of picture shows;
She hailed the moon with dance and crooning song.

She saw me, then abruptly stopped in shame and fear,
Self-conscious of her spindle legs and pose,

And dreading lest she meet derisive jeer,
She shrank, still balanced on her toes;
Then sudden danced anew, as courage woke,
Defiant to unsympathetic eyes.
Again her chant arose like ritual smoke
To low full moon which climbed the sloping skies.

## THE JOKE

I had always worked ashore,
But one day, out of a job,
I went down to the docks
And thought I would ship for one cruise
Till something turned up.

The captain looked me up and down—
Said: "Son, you've never been to sea,
I won't take no young man out
'Cause if you start you can never get away."
I coaxed him, laughing to myself
How mad he would be
When I got back and, broke in good to be some use,
I would quit and work ashore again.

That was forty years ago.
I still follow the sea.

## CARIBBEAN LULLABY

The sun has fallen into the sea,
  Oh sleep, Little Baby, oh sleep,
And none can find him but you and me.
  Oh sleep, Little Baby, oh sleep.

And when you have slept, then by and by,
  Oh wake, Little Baby, oh wake,
We'll fish him out to put in the sky.
  Oh wake, Little Baby, oh wake.

## UNCERTAINTY

Another one has made her heart his goods.
  Because I worship her for years in vain
They laugh: "There can be no reward for him,
  The fool! For what has he thereby to gain?"

But there be things beyond all reckoning
  And chance too deep for groping gaze of seers.
Some watches end in more than sentry call
  A single night may recompense for years.

## VALE

It was no sign I loved you any less,
  Nor do I wish my sacrilege undone;
My plea is only that a man hath need
  Of intimate divinities—or none.

I anger you? I roll my prayer-rug up
  And let the mounting incense cease to wind.
Why tarry long with heedless goddesses
  When others be as fair, and far more kind?

# SUNSET

By Shaw Desmond
Author of "Democracy," "The Soul of Denmark," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY OLIVER KEMP

A TRUMPET clanged across the sultry airs of the August afternoon. It ceased—then came again brazenly, long drawn out.

"Git aht of my way, you bullocky Irisher! W'ere in hek are you a-shovin' to?"

Cocky, his shoulders knitting themselves under their work, ran briskly down the plank—a diminutive figure in yellow knee-tied corduroys and print shirt, that showed the coarse flannel undershirt where it opened at the throat, the whole dusted from the flour he was helping the bellying tramp to vomit out upon the wharf, as though a giant pepper-box had been shaken over him.

The big Irishman in the blue jumper said nothing as he swept past him, only hunching his great shoulders and spitting contemptuously into the turgid waters below, but the blue eyes glowered under the smear of stiff black hair that brushed itself down over his sweating forehead.

The others, dusty bully fellows, their breeches thonged under the knee, chaffed the big man.

"I thort you Irishers could fight," said a young laborer mischievously.

"Fight!" Regan had whipped the word out of his mouth. "Fight phwat? Is it that thing in the string and corduroys coming down the plank? Fight!" And he spat again in disgust through the fringe of his heavy, black mustache.

"Fight!" It might have been an echo, only that it came from above with the cut of a whip as the little man ran down the plank, his shoulders crouching themselves under the heavy flour sack. "Fight! Do you fink I'm afride of you, ye bullocky Irisher?"

The little man had unshipped the sack from his shoulders, tightened his belt with an instinctive action of his thin, whip-

cordy arm, and was advancing toward the big man like a bantam cock, his right arm covering his waist and his left pecking aggressively forward.

Jim Regan waited for him, his long arms hanging loose at his sides, with a queer twist of the eye that for a moment seemed to turn upward like that of a wicked horse.

The little man had run in, aiming a vicious uppercut as he came. But the big man had sidestepped him and had reached down one great paw. Now he was running up the plank, holding the writhing, blaspheming Cockney by the leather belt about his waist. He levered him out over the dock waters, and there he stood whilst the other kicked like a trout on a light line, not abating one vowel of his angry blasphemy as he sprawled over the twenty-foot drop.

"Let him go! Let him go!"

A girl's voice followed by the girl herself came across the silence of the wharfside.

Fortunately Regan did not follow the advice, but drew the little man back into safety, now silent enough, but uncowed.

"You great brute! Oh, you! You great brute!"

The girl had run up the plank and looked a fury as she stood there, clawing upward at the big man who towered over her. She made a pretty picture—of a kind, with her black-brown hair smoothly braided down over the fierce tigerish eyes; the little short, straight nose, and the crimson shawl caught over her head, that knotted itself in front.

The Irishman stood there, blinking hopelessly, helplessly.

"Arrah, don't be disthressin' yourself, alannah!" at last he ventured. "Sure, it was only a fright I give him." But he flushed heavily as he came down the plank to the wharf.

The girl looked at him steadily, almost harshly. Then the veil of her anger fell from a face which softened strangely in the sunlight.

"Ah, Jim," she said, coming to him where he stood at the bottom of the plank and reaching out a hand to place it on his bare arm, "sure, ye know it's the pride in ye I have that you wouldn't put the hand heavy on a little man. You know what there is between you and me." She did not see Cocky, who stood behind her.

The little man was now gray-white in the face. But without a word he picked up his sack and went on with his work as though nothing had happened. In a few moments the wharf looked as usual, with the sweating, trotting figures that ran up and down in the fierce sunlight which beat down on the Thames's scum. The girl had disappeared.

The wharfside knew that story right enough. First the two grumbling but inseparable pals, Cocky and "the Irisher." Then the girl in the shawl, Sheilah Quinlan, who had dropped out of the illimitable with her father, a "blackleg" docker, who had come from the Scotland Division of Liverpool for the work that was denied him there. And then the battle for the girl between the two former chums, now hostile—a bitter, truculent battle on the part of Cocky, and one of sullen indifference upon that of the Irishman. The wharfside knew it, and watched and, when it dared, jeered—this last out of the reach of Jim Regan's ear and fist, for, gentle though he was in most things, he was an ugly man to cross—none uglier.

But it never laughed at the girl. She was sacrosanct, partly because of the queer strain of chivalry in the British workman, and . . . well, partly because they all feared her tigerish temper and vitriolic tongue, which, as "Mac," the Glasgow Scotty, who had some pretense to education, said, "would tak' the skin from a megalosaurus." (Mac had a biological turn in his spare moments.) But the wharf decided sapiently that Sheilah Quinlan was a queer girl, of whom you could never be sure. "Artful Edward" put the views of the wharf concisely: "Wot can you make of a donah wot is a hangel of mercy to Friars Lane . . . w'en she likes . . . and w'en she doesn't would cut off her nose to spite 'er face. And look at the life she leads pore old Jim—a-lovin' and a-hatin' of 'im together!"

The trumpet blast had sung again brazenly—sung into the face of the setting sun, as Cocky ran down the plank for the last time and prepared to put on his jacket and celluloid collar.

Cocky was as unimaginative as any Cockney stevedore could be. Not much chance for imagination after ten-hour shifts under back-breaking loads. But the blast of the trumpet, which in the

opening months of the Great War had again and again struck insistently on his ears like something that called, had "shifted something in him," as he expressed it.

"Fair sends the bloomin' 'awrt inter yer bloomin' gullet!" he muttered to himself as he faced round, looking into the dusty glory of the August sun, where it set behind the spars and roofs of London.

As he came out into the streets behind the docks, his billy on his arm and the remains of his dinner tied up in his red bandanna handkerchief, he heard that other sound he now knew so well. That rumbling like the rumbling of wheeled traffic, only that it came, not steadily, but in beats.

It was beating down there, and the windows of the houses near him were beginning to rattle uneasily in their frames. He half pulled up and looked down the street, which turned a hundred yards from where he stood, but could see nothing.

Then he heard them—the pipes shrilling themselves out over the boom and rattle of the drums under the panting chests of the big Scotsmen who marched in front, "pride in their port, defiance in their eye," the ribbons from their pipes a-flutter in the airs that now lifted uneasily through the reek of the London dust. Behind, a group of men stepped with them, their pinched faces and bodies telling of old-time hunger-lines at the docks, but in their eyes something new, something deathless, as they marched, their faces set; one of them, as Cocky noticed, staring up over the roof-tops, as though he saw something. At the back petered a guttering rabble of boys, followed by a bevy of factory girls, who swayed in line as they sung against the pipes.

Something had come into his throat—the thing that the trumpet always brought there; something flamed in his eyes—perhaps it was the sinking sun.

Cocky never knew exactly how it happened, but he found himself walking in step with the little group behind the Highlanders, his face set sternly upon the broad leathered back of the Scotsman who strutted in front of him, whilst that thing still gurgled and battled in his throat.

He had always said: "Every man for hisself!" He had laughed at Regan for being a union man. He didn't believe in trade-unions—places where men paid money to help others. The King was something very far away, and as for "country"—well, country was the thing that prevented you earning your bread and beer and baccy when it could—the thing with which you were always fighting.

Now he strutted with the others in the recruiting march, his head set back at an unaccustomed angle, the bandanna handkerchief hanging pendulum-like by his side; in his heart new feelings—new, tumultuous, disturbed feelings. There was something pounding away down there—something that had got into his blood.

. . . . . .

Private Cocky Gripes, looking natty in his khaki, on his boots an unaccustomed shine and a ferocious cock to his cigarette, was having his tea with the Quinlans. He had got leave for the evening from his training-camp, where he was being made into the finished article, and had looked in "by accident," to find Jim Regan there. Instead of regarding discretion as the better part of valor, as he had been taught in that part of the Rules and Regulations of His Majesty's Forces having relation to retiring in face of an overwhelming enemy, he had set his little aspish jaw, walked in and sat down, to the disgust of the big man and the unconcealed joy of Dan Quinlan, with whom he had a cordial understanding upon trade-union politics.

Jim was always in a sullen, unconvinced minority of one at these meetings, for his sweetheart agreed with her father in this thing, which was the only, but a serious, difference between them.

"No, Mr. Quinlan," the little man was saying as he flicked the ash from the end of his cigarette into the crazy iron fireplace, with a half-lift of his eye at his enemy, "I don't hold with these 'ere unions, and wot's more, I never will." And he looked challengingly across at Jim Regan, who crouched heavily over the fire.

"Wot's the good of 'em?" he went on argumentatively. "Each man for hisself is my motter, and the devil take the hindmost!"

Old Quinlan, a gnarled, old shellback originally from the wilds of Mayo, and afterward from the Liverpool back-blocks, with the iron still rankling in his soul after his battle with the Liverpool dockers, grunted heavily: "Ye're right there, bhoy. Kapin' honest men who want to do an honest day's work, for an honest day's pay, down in the gutter." His voice took a deeper, harsher note . . . "the trucklin', tyrannical, browbeatin' blackguards."

Regan flushed as he crouched over the blaze. The girl, putting away the tea-things behind him, had stopped to listen, two yellow spots lightening in her brown eyes at her father's words, for she took his defeat at the hands of the Liverpool union badly.

"If there's a man in the wurrld," went on old Quinlan, his mouth working through the fringe of ragged beard and mustache . . . "if there's a man in the wurrld that can put a name that isn't dirty to the trade-unions, he's no man for me or mine!" And he scowled at Regan.

The big Irishman pulled his face up from the knuckled hands where he had sunk it, and looked darkly across at the old man.

"I put the name that isn't dirty to them," he said steadily. "I put the name to the champions of the working man—to the unions that put bread into his mouth . . . and yours," he added, after a moment.

"Bread into my mouth! Bread into my belly! H—l's alive, man! but I'd starve in the gutter before I'd take the bread of the unions; God blight them for cutthroats and cowards!"

"It's what they fought for that give you thirty bob a week instead of twenty . . . *when* you're in work," retorted the big man angrily, forgetting himself in the taunt to his beloved unions, for Jim Regan was always gentle with the old man because it was his nature, the nature of his breed, to be gentle to the weak things of the world.

Cocky laughed derisively.

The old man's face worked fearfully, the veins whipping themselves out on his forehead. He stood up menacingly. "You . . . you . . . you . . ." and fell heavily on his face across the open grate.

Regan sprang to pick him up, but the girl had run between them and had spat: "You! It is you that have done this. Get out! Get out to your union, you dirty coward—the union that began the work you've finished!"

Regan walked out without a word.

. . . . . .

Friars Lane heard all about it and knew more as the months went on. Sheilah Quinlan had given Jim Regan "the knock," though her father had got over his heart attack. Now it was Cocky Gripes who came down the Lane each Sunday afternoon, in speckless khaki, a cigarette on, cane, and all complete. She had even been seen "walking out" with him, and, as Friars Lane noted, for Friars Lane noted everything, had cut the Irishman in the light of day. But Regan, big Regan, had hunched his shoulders a little more and was travelling pretty fast downhill via the "Bull and Bush" and the "Traveller's Arms."

Then the Lane heard that Jim Regan had 'listed, "and abaht time," according to Friars Lane.

In the meantime Cocky Gripes was having, if not a new heaven, at least a new earth, opened to him day by day. He discovered that in the army "Every man for hisself" was taboo. That it was "Each for all, and all for each," the motto of Jim Regan's union—the motto on the picture over the fireplace of the meeting-hall, with the two hands gripping underneath. But this didn't make much impression upon Cocky, who was much too busy learning the whys and wherefores of rifle-keeping and bayonet drill and trench-digging, and the mysteries of washing.

Not that all these intricacies had apparently anything to do with anything. It never occurred to Cocky Gripes—Private Albert Gripes in the army list—that the end of all this met in a bayonet point. It never came to him, except dimly through the columns of the morning half-penny he affected, that behind his bayonet work and face-washing there lay empires and peoples and a tottering of thrones. It never came to him (he was an isolated independent beast was Cocky) that the minds of Europe's wise men were exercising themselves over the things behind these things—things called states-




*Drawn by Oliver Kemp.*

"Do you hear it . . . the trumpet . . . the trumpet. . . ."—Page 583.

manship and statecraft and government. Cocky Gripes wasn't interested in questions of government except so far as they impinged upon the price of beer.

But the clang of the trumpet and the tap of the drum always brought to him that queer griping feeling—the thing that strangled in his throat. And now there was the flutter of the flag at the head of the regiment. All these things were now in his blood—were part of him.

. . . . . .

But as he clumped his way in the cold light of the February afternoon along the Flanders road, with the strung poplars swaying bleakly in the gale, and as his eye searched blindly the desolation that stretched away from him, he felt cut off from everything, isolated with that hard-pinched band of mud-stained men who marched by his side. There was something in the bleakness that forced him together with these men—these men who teased him, and whom he had fought in the training-camp. Yes, even forced him against the man he hated, who by luck's long arm had been put into the same draft—Jim Regan, the giant who marched near him, his blue eyes set steadily on the gray ribbon of road.

He felt very far from Sheilah and from Friars Lane now. But he hugged to himself, fierce, exulting, the half-promise to marry him which he had worried from her. But as he looked at the six-foot-odd of Regan his brow fell and he asked himself questions.

Through the howling of the blast he heard the first mutter. The thing that muttered like the drum near the docks, but with a shuddering long-drawn growl that held something menacing in the heart of it. Again and again it shuddered through the February wind.

"The guns!"

And now the growl had changed to a scream—things that honked through the air like wild geese, only that Private Gripes knew nothing of wild geese and not much more about tame ones. But yet, as the honking came down the wind, something stirred within the little khaki-clad figure.

Private Gripes was a different, a changing man, and in those later days, as in the weeks that followed when he had come up to the real thing, his imagination, that thing which had slept through the twenty-seven years of his life until it had been roused by a trumpet-blast, had begun to work.

"Every man for hisself!" had gone by the board with many other things in Cocky's philosophy. It was true that sometimes his temper still "went back" on him, as he expressed it; for among his other discoveries Cocky numbered that of a peppery temper which up to that time he had explained by saying to himself that the whole world "had a down" on him. He had even learned to share the army stew with the others without using "injurious" language, and had given up trying to get the lion's share of the straw in the barn where they lay at night.

But for Cocky, Jim Regan stood outside all these things. Toward him he was unreformable and unchangeable. There had even been an ugly fight on the edge of a trench in full view of the astonished enemy, who, before the sight of men fighting without compulsion, withheld their fire in sheer incredulity. "Die zwei Wahnsinnige" ("the two madmen") was the name by which they went in the German trenches.

Now, as he prepared to go into the firing-line, he was staring, staring, at the letter the military post had brought, a letter written in a stark, angular hand:

"Private Albert Gripes,
—— British Expeditionary Force
—— Sec. 8473/17.

"I am writing to tell you Cocky what I think you must know before. It is my fault and I led you on in my black anger against Jim—but I am Jim's woman now and for always and Jim knows it in his heart but if there had been no Jim it might have been different for indeed I like you Cocky and if Jim comes back alive I will marry him—and I ask your pardon humbly—and this is the hard thing for me to write.

"Sheilah Quinlan."

He had to crush the letter into his tunic and march off to his section of the trench with Regan and the others. There was wild anger in his little Cockney heart—bitter anger against everybody—against Sheilah and Regan and the rest.

But he hadn't much time to think of these things, for their trench, "The Give and Take," was only a bomb's throw from the Germans, and now the bombs were beginning to come over, hurtling with that curious zigzag motion he knew so well.

Cocky Gripes had shaken hands with death now for many days. He had learned how men died . . . and lived, the latter sometimes a more difficult business. He had learned that even death itself could be faced when it came silently through the air. But he feared mutilation, especially by the bombs—those ugly, tearing wounds. And he had seen little Curtis shot through the stomach with a high-velocity bullet, and *heard* him for two hours in the trench by his side, his hands gripping his stomach as he squirmed on the damp earth, screaming like a wounded hare. (He knew how a hare screamed, for he had once coursed a draggled hare with whippets, down there behind the willows on the Tottenham marshes.)

And now they were bursting just before and on the edge of the trench. The great god Chance had brought the big man to his side, and so they fought together against the Germans in the noise of the bursting grenades, whilst now the shells were beginning to come over. In the fighting, with the gaps showing in their ranks, the others had drawn away, leaving Regan and himself side by side, throwing their bombs.

He had stooped down to get purchase to hurl the grenade in his hand, had touched it off, but as he brought it on the upward swing his foot slipped from the ledge where he stood, and the bomb flew from his hand, landing just behind Regan, who, his back to him and legs outstretched, was dragging at something that lay in the bottom of the trench.

Cocky Gripes had three seconds in which to act. If he sprang away he had time to save himself, but not his enemy, who crouched unconscious whilst the bomb burned behind him.

"Every man for hisself!" The words stamped themselves before him. "Every man for hisself!" Before him crouched his rival, with the girl somewhere over there.

Something passed before his eyes like that day in the street behind the docks. This thing came to Cocky Gripes with the trumpet-clang that sounded through his brain.

And then he had thrown himself forward, face downward, on the bomb, which at that moment heaved beneath him, whilst something warm spurted up between the outstretched legs of the stooping Irishman, spattering his face.

The big man wrenched himself about. He stared downward. Then he understood.

He picked up the little broken thing from the ground.

"Lay me down, Jim," said Cocky. "Lay me down."

"No," as Regan moved to lower him. . . . "No, up there on the edge of the trench, where I can breathe and see."

The Irishman lifted him up over the trench edge, clambering after him.

The sun was going down in a golden sunburst as the big man looked down tenderly upon his enemy. There was a cold, clear silence, for the big guns had ceased, and the Germans, peering out over the edge of their trench, looked once again upon "the two madmen" who hung there on the edge of the trench, disdainful or forgetful of death.

"So this is the end . . . Cocky! . . . the end, after you gev your life for me . . . me . . . me that you hated." The great tears were falling unheeded on the face of the little docker—the face that had suddenly grown so small.

Cocky lifted his eyes and smiled a little strained smile:

"No, Jim, it's the beginning. . . . Tell her . . . tell Sheilah."

He turned, his face transfigured, as he looked into the heart of the dying sun. . . .

"I see *them* . . . I see *them*, Jim. . . . Do you hear it . . . the trumpet . . . the trumpet . . ."

And Private Cocky Gripes turned upon his side and coughed—a little sick cough. His head fell brokenly.

Regan laid him down. He also looked where the other had looked—into the heart of the setting sun, as though he, too, saw something there.

Out of the distance there came the sound of a trumpet—a trumpet that wailed itself out into the heart of the sunset.

# INSTINCTS AND BUSINESS

By Edgar James Swift
Author of "Psychology and the Day's Work"

EVENTS which disrupt the world's work produce new combinations of ideas and new ideals. The bonds of traditional opinions and beliefs are loosened and the mental rearrangement is quite different from that which prevailed before the disturbance. The Renaissance had this effect. It showed to modern man the unsuspected resources of his mind. And to-day, again, the crisis from which the world has just emerged has disclosed a new vista of human progress and achievement.

During the war much was said about the magnificent behavior of the mass of working men. Much has been said since of their splendid resistance to the blandishments of the Bolsheviki. "We can never go back to the old industrial confusion," has been the theme of many editorials and of the addresses of not a few men high in the business councils of the nation. But now that the immediate peril has passed, the thoughts of those who could inaugurate the change are reverting to the old pre-war grooves of complacency. The working men, however, are alive to the world ferment, and they cry with Galsworthy's *George Laird*, "All the old hard-and-fast traditions and drags on life are in the melting-pot," because of the war, "Death's boiling their bones, and they'll make excellent stock for the new soup."

The war revealed wage-earners to themselves. It showed them their importance. To be sure, they were not wholly oblivious of their worth before, but the crisis has stressed their value mightily. The cry for help in mining coal and iron, for making steel and implements of war, and for aid in transportation, was convincing evidence of the nation's dependence upon her wage-earners. We know now that no government which has not the devoted support of its workers is safe from subjugation. And what is more important, the workers also know it. The war has been a remarkable revealer of industrial and military values. Victory depended no less upon the workmen in the mines, factories, and shipyards than upon the soldiers in the trenches.

Proof of the hopelessness of our country's cause without their help has produced in the working men a profound psychological effect. Conscious of their service in time of need they expect an industrial reconstruction. And in the appalling danger of defeat, it was virtually promised would they but forget past disagreements and give generous aid to the preservation of democracy.

The time, then, is opportune to consider certain psychological causes of the restlessness of wage-earners. It is not the writer's purpose to discuss trades unions, nor is he now concerned with the equitable distribution of the proceeds of production. The fundamental impulses which drive men on in ceaseless struggle to find their place in the nation, and the relation of these instincts to industrial efficiency, are the questions in which he is at present interested. So compelling and controlling are these human impulses that no industrial reconstruction which ignores them will bring contentment. And without contentment there can be no efficiency.

The human mind is a marvellously rich prehistoric cache, the contents of which we are only beginning to unearth. Man has all manner of instincts which have been the basis of modern progress and civilization. Underlying all else, of course, is the instinct of self-preservation which, in modern times, produces the struggle for a comfortable living. But the will to live does not exhaust the wealth of prehistoric effort.

After early man had made the weapons which he needed for defense against jungle beasts, he continued working to gratify the creative instinct—the instinct of

workmanship. The incentive was not alone utilitarian, for the art and science of two hundred thousand years ago need not blush when compared with more recent achievements.

The modern method of progress is to build upon the natural forces at our disposal. In the physical sciences this is what we do. But in managing men, human impulses with their resistless momentum of five hundred thousand years are ignored. Germany's most conspicuous failures, in the recent war, were such psychological blunders. She did not understand the racial instincts which impel to action. She did not know the spirit of man. And modern business has followed the same unscientific method, ignoring human impulses and vainly striving to overcome their resistance instead of making them allies in constructive work.

We have said that the war revealed wage-earners to themselves. Of course, the real source of the struggle for self-realization of the so-called working-class lies much farther back—in the ideas and ideals of democracy. A great conception spreads. It cannot be restrained within bounds. Woman's suffrage illustrates the extension in one direction of this democratic idea. Women felt that if democracy is good for men, equity and logic affirm that it is also good for women. "No taxation without representation" was the definite application of votes for men in the revolutionary days. It was inevitable that "Votes for women" should follow. The only question was, when would they organize for the demand? Perhaps, as we are assured, some of them will not use the "right" now that they have it. That does not matter. Its possession is the important thing. One instinctively resents discrimination—when it is directed against oneself.

An illustration of this human trait occurred at one of the St. Louis pleasure resorts. About five hundred discharged soldiers in uniform were refused beer. They held an indignation meeting, prepared resolutions of "rights," and appointed a committee to present the ultimatum to the management. Again their demand was refused. They insisted that the matter be referred to the excise commissioner. Meanwhile they waited, an excited, threatening mob. Then, after the commissioner had telephoned permission, they gave three cheers and separated among the soft drink concessions and the girls. All that they wanted was their "rights." They objected to the discrimination.

Man is a strange animal with most interesting and illogical ways. Restraint, discrimination, compulsion, awaken resistance leading sometimes to riot or rebellion. We know now that our forefathers were not seriously oppressed under British rule. Their suffering was chiefly mental. They objected to laws in which they had no voice. Evidently, feelings and emotions are much more fundamental and controlling in man than intellect.

This resistance to restraint sometimes takes curious forms. A physician, for example, while on his vacation, found an attractive little town in Arizona. One day, in conversation with a stranger, he remarked: "Arizona is a delightful place, isn't it?" "Yes," replied the man. "It is pleasant, if you don't have to stay here."

Selecting the place in which one shall live, instead of having one's health determine the choice, may seem a far cry from the instinctive feelings underlying democracy. But, after all, they have their origin in the same human feelings and emotions. In both cases it is the instinct of self-assertion, of self-expression. The same primitive instinct manifests itself in various ways according to the call of the environment. When men feel themselves under constraint, when they cannot determine and direct their actions, when they believe that their behavior is governed by forces beyond their control, when they have no voice in settling hours of work and compensation, the instinct of self-assertion revolts. This instinct is nature's high explosive. It has destroyed monarchies. It is the essence of democracy. And it is also the fundamental cause of labor's resistance to the present industrial system.

The issue, however, is often confused. The underlying racial impulse which ignites the spark of conflict is hidden in the conflagration that follows. The explosive ingredient of self-assertion is not easily identified as the unstable element in the

usually peaceful compound of democracy. The individual himself, indeed, is usually unaware of these instinctive impulses. It is a well-known fact of psychology that a man first acts instinctively, and then finds reasons to justify his actions. And the reasons given are generally suggested by the exigencies of the moment. Occasionally, however, in more thoughtful moods, the fundamental impulse is revealed. So we find in a recent pronouncement of the American Federation of Labor, a clear statement of the issue. "It is essential," the programme says, "that the workers should have a voice in determining the laws within industry and commerce which they have as citizens in determining the legislative enactments which shall govern them." This is labor's protest against government without representation. It is a definite demand for industrial democracy.

We said that the fundamental cause of the class consciousness and restlessness of wage-earners is to be found in the ideas and ideals of democracy. This cannot be too often repeated. It is a tremendously significant fact. When our forefathers selected democracy as the form of government for the revolting colonies, they settled a good many questions of which they had scarcely heard. They settled slavery, and woman's part in government, and the relation of the wage-earner to his employer. One might better say that with the selection of democracy these questions settled themselves, for an idea is like a chemical that loosens atomic bonds and creates new compounds. Old idea complexes are shattered and from the fragments new thoughts arise.

Someone has said that the cure for democracy is more democracy. As a matter of fact, the choice is not between degrees of democracy. It is between democracy in its fullest sense and autocracy. And the decision was made in our revolutionary days. We cannot now retrace our steps. Too long has democracy been the wage-earners' school in vigorous challenge. They have experienced the pleasurable pains of mental inquisitiveness. Tradition and convention have not robbed them of the "native hue of resolution." A little knowledge is dangerous—for autocracy.

Having chosen a republican form of government, it is useless to try to maintain autocratic preserves in the midst of democratic freedom. Democracy and autocracy do not mix. They form an explosive compound. It is, of course, inconsiderate of others to wish to share our political, social, and industrial privileges. Nature seems to have made man in the image of a monopolist. He does not object to changes for himself—when, after many years of struggle, the new ideas have battered down the ramparts of traditional belief—but he does not enjoy having these changes common property. Independence was sufficiently declared, some are inclined to think, when we shook ourselves loose from England, and any further declarations are superfluous. Perhaps we should all be monarchists if we could be the monarchs and govern the people in the way best suited to their welfare—which, obviously, would be according to our way and not theirs. It is human nature to believe that no one is quite so competent to direct the destinies of others as we ourselves.

Now the war led working men to think about democracy. During the crisis partnership was emphasized, and especially partnership of wage-earners with their employers who, directly or indirectly, were the government. Not all of this talk, probably, was intended to be taken literally. Some of those who called wage-earners to co-operative service in defense of the nation may have felt that the danger warranted a little patriotic camouflage. But this does not matter. The significant fact is that the call was taken seriously by the workmen. The emergency produced and sustained the maximum effort because of the idea of partnership in extreme danger. All the people, instead of special interests, were to gain the advantage or suffer disaster. Wage-earners were told that without their generous co-operation the war would be lost. And this knowledge has made them more clearly conscious of their importance in the industrial life of the nation. They are not likely to forget that the responsibility of partnership was put upon them when the fate of the nation was at stake.

Soon after we entered the war, it became evident that some plan must be

found by which disagreements between the workers and managers of a plant could be settled without the usual long delay of reference to the union. Neither the unions nor employers have ever been organized to deal quickly with local disagreements. Consequently, the National War Labor Board organized "shop committees." They were the first extensive experiment in this country in industrial democracy. They organized the employees of a plant for dealing collectively with the management to increase efficiency, to improve the working conditions, and to right injustice done to individual workmen. They replaced the obsolete autocratic methods of the factory with democratic ways. Like the "shop stewards" of England, they are short-cuts between employees and employer. They eliminate much of the friction of the "bosses." Authority breeds autocracy. It is a rare man who can resist the infection of arrogance when exposed to the germ that inhabits high places.

"We were very thankful to the Board for bringing our wages up," said a factory workman, as quoted by administrator Stoddard of the War Labor Board, "but that isn't the most important thing the Board did."

"What is?" he was asked.

"The committee system. Giving us poor devils a chance to go to the old man and tell him about conditions without the risk of being jumped on for it by some straw boss down the line. You've never worked here—and you're lucky. But if you had, you would appreciate what this new deal means to the rank-and-file."

Shop committees thus bring into the factory much of the personal, human relationship that prevailed in the "good old days" when the owner knew intimately all of his workmen. They also satisfy, to a certain extent, the creative instinct through the opportunity to think, discuss, and test their plans in workmanship and management; and they gratify the desire for self-assertion. The men have a chance to express themselves through their committees. And many disagreements settle themselves after both sides to a controversy have given their opinion of one another. In case of final disagreement, however, only arbitration remains, and the award may not be satisfactory. The increased cost of living has complicated the old racial instinct of workmanship by a very modern factor. Men must live comfortably before they can work contentedly or efficiently. And a comfortable living to-day costs money. Wages, therefore, are a paramount issue which can be settled, in the opinion of the workers, only by the collective bargaining power of the unions. Shop committees, consequently, do not meet the economic needs.

The disturbances of industry, which it was thought shop committees might alleviate, are aggravated by distrust, widespread among wage-earners, of the motives of employers. And co-operation between workers and managers, absolutely vital to industrial efficiency, cannot be secured so long as employees are suspicious of the intentions of their employers. What then is the remedy? The diagnosis of mistrust has already been made by educators, and the affliction was found to be both organic and functional. The successful treatment is the reverse of that of earlier educational doctors; human instincts, emotions, and thoughts were found to be real forces, both in the disease and in the cure. This, of course, was only a belated recognition of the fact that psychology is the science of behavior. After experimenting with all the remedies that business men have tried, and are still using, teachers made the discovery that the only way to avoid distrusts of their purposes is to make the interests of pupil and teacher identical. When each is working for a common end and profit, the maximum quantity and quality of output is secured. And in industry, community of interests means industrial democracy with the creative opportunities that partnership brings.

Human nature cannot be organized out of men—not even by scientific management. There is always danger under mechanically efficient methods of increasing human costs to a degree that makes mechanical efficiency too expensive. We hear much to-day about overhead charges. It is now time that attention be given to inside-head expenses.

Managers have taken account of the various factors in production. They have

analyzed and itemized the elements in the job. Under scientific management they find the right man, give him the right tools, and teach him to use them in the right way. They have omitted only one factor—human nature. Some day we shall learn that the fundamental element of efficiency is man himself, his instincts and emotions. An efficient organization will then be found to be one that builds upon these instincts and, instead of ignoring them, makes them allies in productive achievement.

Consider the lack of insight into human nature in the rule of one authority for speeding up. "It is only through enforced standardization of methods, enforced adoption of the best implements and working conditions, and enforced co-operation that this faster work can be assured. And the duty of enforcing the adoption of standards and of enforcing this co-operation rests with the management." That sort of co-operation does not interest workmen. The less initiative, judgment, responsibility, and intelligence a man has, the more readily will he fit into this enforced adaptation. Intelligence has the inconvenient habit of occasionally asserting itself. And this is unpleasant for those who claim a monopoly of this gift.

Enforced uniformity in methods of work—imitation, routine—deaden the mind. In proportion as habits are acquired intelligence lapses. Initiative is lost, and the number of men fitted for positions of responsibility decreases. Business men are continually calling for young men of initiative. The manager of a large factory recently said that among his thousand employees he could not find men fitted for half a dozen subordinate chieftainships. The reason is that the employees had been trained to follow directions. Modern business has become abnormally centralized, and at the centre stands the manager from whom all intelligence issues. But this method denies a hereafter. And the present popularity of revolutions shows that starving the brains of workingmen is a terrible social menace.

Efficient management would encourage initiative so as to give those of ability a chance to know themselves. It would make distinctions by finding them. Men do not object to being taught; they do not oppose being directed. But they always resist an unco-operative relationship, the advantages of which they think are weighted against them. This suspicion and the practical prohibition of initiative has greatly reduced the productive value of wage work. The resistance of employees to the present system of employer and worker, which has reached its culmination under unscientific "scientific management," indicates a wilful desire of wage-earners to be human beings.

To avoid social waste, to call into the service of the nation the instinct of workmanship, an industrial democracy is necessary. And it must be wholly frank and open. The workmen will accept nothing less. This is no time for "secret treaties." Entertainments, lectures, and welfare organizations are of the greatest value. But they will not fulfil the demands of industrial reconstruction. Rather, they should be one expression of the principle of co-operation in a democracy. They do not buy bread nor pay rent. And the workers are conscious today of the economic side of labor.

Industrial democracy frankly and ingenuously carried out satisfies both the instinctive and economic needs. And it is not merely a theory. It has been successfully introduced into a few plants and the chief reason for its slow adoption is the inertia of the human mind—the unwillingness to break completely with the past, the adhesion to antiquated notions of business.

A factory employing about nine hundred men and women reorganized in 1917, on the plan of an industrial democracy and partnership. The belief of workingmen that the gain from increased production goes into the bank account of the owners was met by providing a dividend system by which the company and employees share, fifty-fifty, any saving in the cost of production whether gained through increased output or saved in overhead expenses. This dividend is paid every two weeks and, according to the report of the company, during the two years in which the plan has been in operation it has never been less than six and one-half per cent, and it has been as high as seventeen and a half.

Those whose minds have run down and who, consequently, repeat conventional phrases, say that working men do not have the intelligence necessary to discuss and settle questions of business policy. Yet, in this plant, the Cabinet—the executives of the company who under the old system managed all the business—has never had occasion to use its veto power. And, to pile Ossa on Pelion and to roll leafy Olympus upon Ossa, in refutation of the denial of intelligence to working men, the president of the company adds that "No important action is taken without the approval of the employees through their representatives." It is an illustration of the principle of adaptation. The mind grows to the conditions it must meet. It is large or small according to the size of its problems.

In this factory the mental expansion extended also to the executives. Among other discoveries, they observed the same interesting fact of human psychology which has been noticed by teachers who are sufficiently modern to introduce pupil government. They found that with interest in achievement the employees themselves discipline those who do not conform to the "rules of the game." "If a man 'knocks off' early now," says a department manager, "or if he comes late or takes a holiday, it is not the boss who wants to know the reason, but the workers whose dividends he is lowering."

The executives also found, to their surprise, that workmen could make suggestions of value for the business. "Some of our men," a communication from the company says, "had stored up in their minds ideas for new machinery and other labor-saving devices; but they kept these plans to themselves because they were not sure of their reception by the management. Now a man with a good idea knows not only that his suggestion will be welcomed, but that he will be rewarded if the device is practicable. In our plant today labor and time saving machinery invented by the men is lowering the costs, increasing production, and thus earning dividends for the men."

This partnership in the plant of which we have been speaking is only an incident in the great industrial swirl of the nation. Not more than nine hundred workmen are affected. But it points the way to the genuine democratization of industry of which we are hearing not a little to-day. To be sure, many annoying problems will be encountered, but the multiplication of difficulties does not make an impossibility. Difficulties always shrink as they are approached. And industry has become so immense that growing pains are to be expected.

In fairness it must be admitted that working men, like others, are not always wise in their decisions. They may at times be unreasonable. But reasonableness is not distinctive of any class, and it has only the standard by which an individual judges it. What a man wills is reasonable, what he rejects is unreasonable, and the wish usually settles the logic and morality of his decision. Perhaps, also, the cultivation of this virtue in wage-earners is not unrelated to its exhibition by employers.

The opinion seems rather wide-spread, however, that wage-earners respond to incentives different from those which influence others. It is an interesting fact that manufacturers, finding the quantity and quality of their products decreasing in proportion to the expense of production, sought to increase efficiency by the method formerly used by educators to improve the work in the schoolroom, and which they long since discarded as inefficient. Bonuses and rewards of various sorts were offered as prizes for faithful work, just as Basedow used to let the good children eat their way through the alphabet by cutting the letters in gingerbread.

Human nature is much the same in all ranks of men, as well as in the old and young, and bonuses awaken interest in securing rewards rather than in improving the quality of the work. They do not arouse creative interest. Business men have found, just as teachers learned long ago, that rewards have only an artificial relation to production. They do not maintain an alert interest in achievement. Besides, rewards usually awaken suspicion. They suggest an ulterior purpose. And the workers are not unaware that the owners receive a rather generous proportion of the profits of the new economies and efficiencies.

Rewards are offered in factories for the same reason that led to their use in the schools. They are the easiest way of meeting a perplexing situation. It is characteristic of man, when confronted by a difficulty that must be overcome, to follow the line of least resistance instead of profoundly studying the problem. Educators have learned that young people will not work efficiently unless they appreciate the meaning and use of what they are doing and realize its value for themselves. This is as true of adults as of children. But employers, when compulsion failed, resorted to factitious incentives instead of developing the creative interest in workmanship. Yet this interest is necessary if the work is to be done efficiently. And the workers must be convinced that the improved product of their interest will benefit themselves as well as their employers.

Perhaps the anæmic condition of industry, indicated by its being "broken out all over with contradictions," should not be unexpected in view of its rapid growth. In earlier days the apprentice worked by the side of the owner. There was constant and unaffected intercourse between employer and employee. And the workmen knew as much about the troubles and success of the business as the owner. With the growth of industry the large factories separated employer and employed. Men came between them—managers and foremen whose success was measured by the output of those under them. And the organization of the factory became as mechanical as the machines with which the men worked. Of course it is idle to talk about going back to the old plan. The hands of the clock never move backward. The old methods would not be adequate to modern needs. The question may well be raised, however, whether it is not possible to recover the advantages of the earlier method—to reclaim the personal interest of the workmen in the product of their labor. And the plan in the factory to which we have referred shows that at least a part of this interest may be salvaged, for the workmen in that plant, having a voice in the management, take pride in their product much as did the craftsmen of old.

When the War Labor Board took control of the basic industries, the relation between the unions and employers was at best an armed truce and at worst open warfare. An armistice was agreed upon from time to time, but a permanent treaty of peace was not signed, and the coming period of reconstruction offers the opportunity for agreement upon the terms of such a treaty—terms which shall recognize human instincts and integrate the nation.

The armed truce is an expensive method. Periodical strikes are recklessly extravagant. They are wasteful for employees, employers, and the public. But the unions will not surrender their power of collective bargaining until they are assured of an equally good plan for securing what they regard as equitable industrial returns. Wage-earners are more certain of their ground than they were before the war measured the exact dependence of society upon their services. And the longer industrial reconstruction is deferred the larger will be the claim presented. Confidence in one's strength is a psychological asset that commands the market. Those who control conditions have no need to compromise. And the war disclosed the narrow margin of safety of the world's industry.

An illustration of the social menace of delaying industrial reconstruction is furnished by the Russian revolution. It is now pretty well understood that had Kerensky's government introduced at the outset certain industrial reforms demanded by the people, Bolshevism would never have obtained its grip. But the ministry, instead of acting, talked. The officials gave long interviews, telling what they were going to do—sometime—when the time was ripe. And meanwhile the people waited, waited until their patience was exhausted, until Lenine had time to promise more than they wanted, and at once. Of course the mass of the people now see their mistake, but they ran true to human psychology, because man first acts according to his instincts and emotions, and reflects afterward.

He would be an audacious man who would prescribe for the industrial ills of our country, and this has not been the intention of the writer. His purpose has been a psychological diagnosis of a limited

but essential phase of the subject. In the final analysis, human nature is always paramount, and the source of man's driving power is his instincts and emotions. Ignored and uncontrolled, this driving power is about as useful to civilization as a tornado. Understood and utilized, its energy may be diverted into serviceable channels and order evolve from the present industrial chaos.

At no time in the history of the world have invaders and destroyers of civilization been more recklessly determined. At no time have they risked their liberty and their lives with greater confidence and serenity. No one who is not blind can fail to see the peril. And the outcome will depend not upon imprisonments and deportations, but upon the result of the industrial reconstruction which lies before us. The police may raid meetings and anarchists may be deported, but unless the masses of working men can be kept true to American ideals of democracy, raids and deportations will be in vain.

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# THE GYPSY GIRL

## By Isabel Westcott Harper

The pines stand black against an evening sky,
  Higher, the first star trembles in the blue,
Above the lock the silent barges lie,
  And I am waiting for the dark—and you!

'Twas here you found me first another summer,
  And here you promised that you would return.
That day the heat was dancing in the rushes,
  A thousand insects sang among the fern.

Homeward the last crows straggle from the east;
  The hobbled horses slowly crop the grass;
Before the tent rises the thin, blue smoke;
  The reeds are whispering as the breezes pass.

(*The Reeds' Song*)

"Gypsy girl, where is thy lover?
  Where is now thy handsome lover?
  Is he hasting from the city,
  Or is he now too proud to pity
    All thy faithful hours of watching,
    Sleepless underneath the sky?
  Gypsy, he is now a spirit;
  Thy true lover is a spirit
    Wandering in the winds that rustle,
    Hurrying in the clouds that fly!"

The chirp of waken'd birds brings back my thought,
  And heavy scent of blossoms wet with dew.
'Twas but the fear of my own heart I heard.
  To-morrow I will watch again for you.

# ANNE THINKS IT OVER

## By Sarah Redington

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RUDOLPH F. TANDLER

"IF that wretched bell rings again before we've finished breakfast," Anne said, putting out her hand for her husband's cup, "I shall have an extension 'phone right on the table. You might just as well be a doctor, Jim, and be done with it!" She felt the side of the coffee pot, and shook her head. "It's stone cold, you'll have to wait until I make some fresh. That last heart-to-heart of yours must have lasted ten minutes, at the very least."

"Well, it was worth cold coffee," Jim Graham said contentedly, reaching for the pot, in spite of his wife's protesting hand. "No, never mind, Anne, I can't wait, I've got to be at the office early, to-day. This is all right. It was long-distance about that hotel site on the cliffs, and I've put it through, which means you and I can drink red-hot coffee at Coronado in Polo Week, next year. Talk of 'a steady growth in real estate!'—this looks like an old-time boom."

"'The problem of the returned soldier' bothers you a lot, doesn't it, Jimmy?" There was a teasing note in Anne's voice, which was not lost on her husband. "Yes, I lie awake nights, wishing I were back in the trenches," he responded jocosely, between bites of cold toast. "It's awful, taking up the prosaic job again—I don't think!" He grinned affectionately at his wife, and lit himself a cigarette, with a longing glance at the newspaper propped against the tawny wallflowers that blended so well with Anne's hair and eyes. "Wish I could find time to finish this—look here, do you mind my taking the page with the list of hotel arrivals? If that breakfast-food man came last night, I might——"

"There's that telephone again!" Anne broke in impatiently. "I'll answer it this time." She hurried into the hall, her husband following her to protest, "Don't cut 'em off if it's for me, Nance, it may be something important." Receiver at ear, she shook her head, pointing to herself, and going through a pantomime of bored resignation, as she called into the mouthpiece: "Yes, Mrs. Wylie, this *is* Anne Graham!" Jim chuckled, and explained: "Club stuff, Poilu, don't interrupt," to the fuzzy Airedale pup who (you wouldn't say "which" about a personality like Poilu's) was doing his best to untie the crisp bows of his mistress's white shoes. It was a household pleasantry that Anne took her membership in the Woman's Club with an exaggerated seriousness.

The telephone conversation was a long one, but when at last Anne ran down to the garage, she found car and owner still there, with Poilu as interested spectator. "Oh, you poor boy, is that self-starter being temperamental again?" she called out sympathetically. "But I'm glad you haven't gone, for I've a message for you. Listen, Jim, and don't swear at the car, it's such a bad example for Poilu. Will you give a talk some Friday afternoon at the Woman's Club about life in the trenches? They want a patriotic programme, and that nice boy from Detroit who lost his arm is going to sing "Joan of Arc" and "Long Boy" and songs like that, and if you will talk for about half an hour——"

"If I'll *what?*" Jim stopped wrestling with the temperamental self-starter, and stared at his wife incredulously. "Me get up and make a noise like a lecturer before your little Band of Earnest Thinkers? Nothing doing! Stand out of the way, dear, I'll have this brute started in another minute, and you're too near." The explosive chatter of the engine punctuated the sentence, and with a relieved, "Well, it's about *time!*" he threw the car into reverse. As he backed slowly out, Anne jumped on the running-board and scrambled in beside him.

"Let me run down as far as Main Street with you, Jim, I'll walk back. Listen, you don't quite understand what Mrs. Wylie wants. It isn't a tiresome, spread-eagle kind of oration, it's only——"

Jim shook his head. "I get you perfectly, my girl, it's only a nice, informal talk about cooties and trench feet, and the kind of poetry doughboys quoted when they went over the top. Honestly, Anne, I couldn't—you know I can't speak in public on the stage, never could."

"But Jim, can't you look on it as a patriotic duty? We who've been over there ought to tell people about the things that counted—really we ought." She touched his arm ever so lightly; one may not be demonstrative in a speeding car when the object of one's demonstration is the driver, but the situation called for a bit of wifely coaxing. "Jimmy, I won't say 'to please me,' for that's not the important thing, but just to live up to what I expect of you as a returned soldier, what your home town expects of you——"

The car came to a halt, and he leaned forward and opened the door. "Here's Main Street, Nance, hop out. Tell your Entertainment Committee that your paper on canteen work will have to do for the family, I don't give lectures, patriotic or otherwise. So long!" In another minute, the rakish little runabout had turned the corner and was out of sight.

Anne walked slowly back to the white stucco bungalow, to take up the dish-washing and bed-making and dusting that had been her job since the momentous last-of-the-month, when Hilma had decided that "it bane too lonely, with joost one girl," and had taken herself and her record as a smasher of crockery to some more sociable household. Poilu was waiting for his mistress by the green gate, teasing and being teased by the postman, a thin, genial little man who wore a service pin for a boy in the Army of Occupation, and who was genuinely interested in young Mrs. Graham because she had done canteen work in France before her marriage. It was quite possible that she had served Ed some time with coffee and chocolate cake, an amazingly heartening thought to Ed's parents. Preoccupied though she was this morning, she remembered what was expected of her, and asked brightly, as she disciplined Poilu for leaping at her clean linen skirt.

"Good news from your boy, Mr. Hunt? How does he like keeping the Watch on the Rhine?"

The postman chuckled appreciatively. "He likes it first rate, Mrs. Graham. We had a real long letter from him yesterday, and he says Germany is quite a country, wouldn't be a bad place to live in, if there were no Germans in it. And he ain't nearly so homesick now, seems a lot more contented about not getting back right away."

"Oh, I am so glad," Anne said with her ready sympathy. "What do you suppose cheered him up, Mr. Hunt?"

"Well, maybe some kind friend has been feeding him fried eggs," the postman answered, with a little smile for the "canteen lady." "Remember that story you told me once about that red-haired sergeant who was so homesick, and the way you gave him a good supper, and got him all right again? You ought to be over there now, Mrs. Graham, only maybe that wouldn't be fair to your husband." Then, as he hitched his heavy bag to his patient shoulder, he added, with the unexpected tact of the friendly American: "But I guess you two have got your job cut out for you right here. It means a lot to a town to have people in it who served their country in the big fight. I wish the captain would give us a little talk at the theayter some evening, the way that Canadian feller did—do you think he would?"

"I'm afraid not," Anne said quickly. "He—he isn't much of a speaker, he says. Were there any letters for me, Mr. Hunt?"

"Yes, ma'am, I put 'em in the screen door. Well, good-by, Mrs. Graham, I'll tell my wife you asked about Ed, she'll be real pleased." He touched his cap, and started down the street, under the lacy shadows of the drooping pepper boughs.

One of the letters in the screen door was marked, "Passed as Censored." Anne tore the flimsy gray envelope open with eager fingers, then shook her head, and put the letter on the living-room mantelpiece. "Beds and dishes first, Poilu," she

said resolutely. "If we get to thinking about what Janet's still finding to do over there, we won't be so keen about this merry little home job." She glanced at the clock, and hurried off to get into her big linen pinafore.

An hour later, as she finished the bed-making, adjusting the crisp chintz covers at a knowing and workmanlike angle, she planned her day—what was left of it. Two hours of refugee garments (this was her regular morning at the workrooms), three or four Home Service "friendly visits," a meeting of the hospital board at three o'clock. Then she ought to talk to the rector about organizing that cafeteria for the benefit of the Woman's Auxiliary, and perhaps it would be wise to see Mrs. Wylie personally about Jim's refusal—Anne was quite sure that her smart new sport suit and the hat that was such a justifiable extravagance would soften the blow. "It's a full little day, all right," she said, as she pulled and patted the stiffness out of the rigid white starfish that was a newly washed chamois glove. "I'd better lunch downtown at the Tea Cosy. Hooray, no dishes to wash!—until the next time. Poilu, if it was such a grand and glorious feelin' to wash hundreds of dishes for thousands of soldiers in France, why is it such a chore to wash half a dozen for just one nice soldier boy in California?" But Poilu was very busy with a pink bed slipper, and had no answer ready.

At half past five that afternoon, as she took the hall-door key from the top of the porch lantern, she told herself with a shamefaced little smile that it had been a queer sort of day for a home-maker who had to be maid-of-all-work as well as lady of the house. "But it's the least I can do," she answered her own criticism. "After the kind of life I lived in France last year, I can't just sit down in a toy bungalow and hemstitch guest towels. I've *got* to do some outside work, I wish to goodness there was something really big in this town! Speaking of big things, let's see what Janet has to say." She opened the letter marked "Passed as Censored" that had been waiting for her on the mantelpiece, and curled up on the davenport with a little sigh of anticipation. "Poilu, stop worrying the bellows, and come and listen, it's sure to be interesting. I wish—oh well, what's the use in wishing?" Poilu wagged a sympathetic tail, and sprang into her lap, the better to enjoy the reading.

The letter was a very long one. The last paragraph began:

"Of course America won't be as interesting as this, but I shall still be doing things for the soldiers, and that's everything. Meet me on my return to New York next month, Anne, and help me with the work, it would be simply great to be together on a big job again! But of course you can't leave your husband. He must find it hard to take up prosaic business again, after having seen 'the glory of the trenches'——"

At this point in the reading, the telephone interrupted, but Anne let it ring three times before she got up to answer it. When she came back to the living-room, she took up the letter again, and re-read the last page with a curious little smile, quoting under her breath: "He must find it hard to take up prosaic business again, after having seen 'the glory of the trenches.'" Then she said defiantly: "But I'm glad he's so interested in his work, it's right he should be," and tore the letter into tiny pieces.

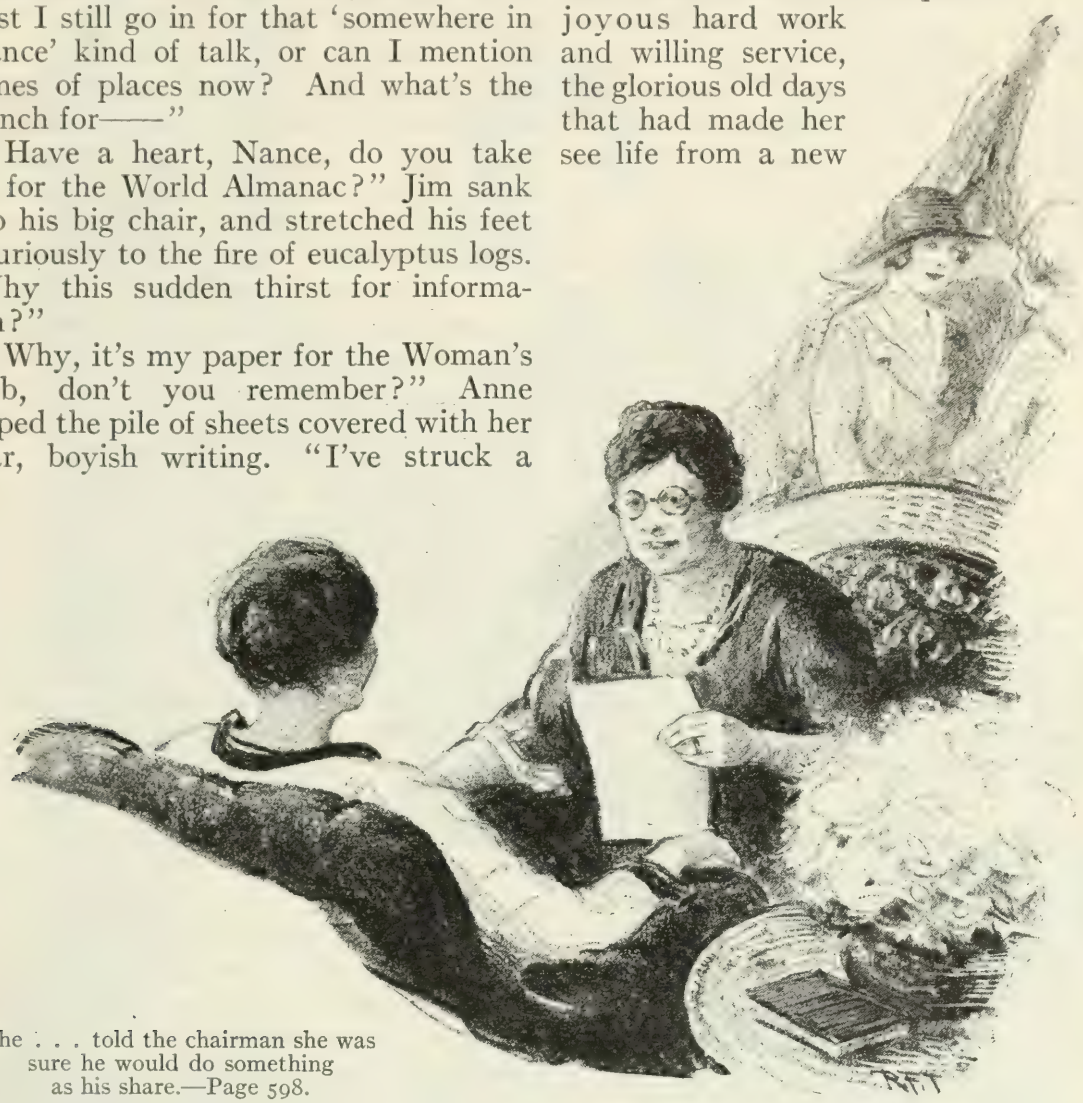
The telephone from Jim made her evening meal a simple one—when a real woman must eat alone, does she not always vote for "something on a tray"? So dinner was a sort of belated tea, with nothing to wash up but the teapot and cup and saucer; the gingerbread plate was only crumb-y, and the banana was eaten by hand. Then she found herself with a long quiet evening to work on "A Year in a Canteen Over There," and for an hour or so the paper wrote itself, it was so easy and so delightful to recall the wonderful old times. "Those were the days," she hummed to herself as her pencil flew across the big sheets of paper with the business letter-head, loot from Jim's office desk. But presently she was writing slowly and uncertainly, with intervals of pencil chewing; she needed help. When she heard the furtive scratch of a latch-key, and a wild crescendo of joyful barks from Poilu, she got up eagerly, and, in the language of the old-fashioned novel, "met her husband with a smile."

"Jimmy, I've wanted you here worst way. There are all sorts of technical terms that I can't remember, and listen—must I still go in for that 'somewhere in France' kind of talk, or can I mention names of places now? And what's the French for——"

"Have a heart, Nance, do you take me for the World Almanac?" Jim sank into his big chair, and stretched his feet luxuriously to the fire of eucalyptus logs. "Why this sudden thirst for information?"

"Why, it's my paper for the Woman's Club, don't you remember?" Anne tapped the pile of sheets covered with her clear, boyish writing. "I've struck a snag, and it's up to you to help me, Jim, if this lecture has got to do for the family." Jim recognized the quotation, and grinned appreciatively, but he shook his head. "Your own way will sound all right, Nance," he assured her. "I can't do the reminiscing stunt, honestly I can't. It gives me a pain just to think of technical terms, and the French for over the top." He yawned, the mighty yawn of the tired business man.

Anne said nothing for a minute, then she asked, a little hesitatingly: "Do you mind if I read you what I've written? I'd like to know if you think I've put it over." "Sure," he acquiesced cordially, feeling in his pocket for his grubby old pipe. Anne brought her sheaf of papers nearer the fire, and began to read, with an occasional glance at her husband's impassive face. Her voice trembled a little as she went back into the past of joyous hard work and willing service, the glorious old days that had made her see life from a new angle. Suddenly, she stopped, and laid her papers aside very quietly, waiting. Poilu thrust a wet, sympathetic nose into her slim brown hand. . . .



She . . . told the chairman she was sure he would do something as his share.—Page 598.

"Great stuff, Nance, that'll make a big hit with your little Band of Earnest Thinkers." Jim blinked at her smilingly. "Is that all?"

"Did you like the way I ended it?" Anne asked, glancing at the last sheet of paper, and at the unfinished sentence half way down the page.

"Great stuff," he repeated, with conviction. "You put lots of pep into that wind-up sentence, Nance. Why, what are you laughing at, what's the joke!" He sat up suddenly, suspiciously. "Say, Nance, did I *snore?*"

She laughed—what was the use of get-

ting angry? "You're wide awake now, anyway," she said, putting the unfinished lecture behind the cushion of her chair. "Is that the paper in your pocket, Jim? I hope the news is good, I haven't had time to read a line to-day."

"Interesting developments, all right," he assured her, putting the paper on her lap, and looking suddenly alert. "Here, read it for yourself, on page seven."

"I thought the European news was always on the first page," Anne said, glancing at the headlines. "Oh, Jimmy, don't you wish we were both over there again, with all this history being made, and——"

He stared at her, bewildered. "Over there? History? What's the idea, Nance? I'm talking about the opening up of that new residence quarter, over by the Encinitas. Ford gave it a whole column, and we have a dandy ad." He took the paper from her hand, and found page seven. "Look, isn't that a peach of a headline?"

"Fine," Anne said, dully. He babbled on.

"And I drove the breakfast-food man out to Miraval, and it's almost a sure thing that he'll buy it. We'll get a new collar for the pup, and a flivousine for you, Nance." He flashed his appealing boyish smile at her, and leaned forward to throw on another log. "You and me and those much advertised Home Fires, Nance," he said contentedly, as the ruddy flame leaped into new life. "When we used to plan for home and a quiet life, we never doped out anything better than this, did we? Glad it's over, over there, Chum?"

"It's over, over here, for you, isn't it?" Anne said, so low that she knew he would ask: "What's that? I didn't hear you." "Oh nothing much," she answered. "Tell me about the sale of Miraval, Jim. Will the breakfast-food man finish the terracing?" And as Jim expanded the congenial topic, she let her thoughts stray back to France, and the canteen, and the boys from the firing-line, with that strange new look in their eyes, that look of consecration. Or had that been just her sentimental imagination. . . .

"Anne, you're sound asleep, who's loony now?" Jim jeered triumphantly, and she came back with a start to the home fire, and the husband who sold orange groves and rented houses, and had forgotten the French equivalent for "over the top." But as she kissed him good night—very tenderly, as one might kiss a lovable child—she said: "I'm awake, Jim," with an odd little emphasis on the first word, and smiled to herself at his delighted incredulity.

The full days went swiftly by, and presently it was the fifteenth, and time for Anne to put on the blue Georgette crepe and the big black hat that was "all line," and to read her paper at the Woman's Club. She had known that it would please, for she had put her best into it, and the subject was an appealing one, but she had not realized how the congratulations would hurt. For every one took it for granted that her first audience had been a sympathetic and appreciative husband. "What does Mr. Graham think of this? How it must have brought back the old days, when you read it to him!"—this was a typical congratulatory remark, and she winced as she smiled her thanks. When she read it to him, indeed! As if she had risked his falling asleep a second time. She went home from her afternoon of triumph wondering, as she had so often wondered, why Jim's year with the A. E. F. was something that he chose to consider as a closed episode. Her keen joy in recalling her canteen days this afternoon emphasized the contrast in their respective points of view, and she hated to realize that her paper on overseas work would mean no more to her husband than if it were a "thoughtful" essay on "The Poetry of Amy Lowell." He would be proud and pleased because she had made a hit with her audience, but she could not make his eyes kindle at her pictures of Pershing's men, their simplicity and courage and integrity. And yet he had been one of them! The problem was frankly beyond her—she only knew that he looked into a future of real-estate deals rather than into a past of heroic action. "I'd rather he wouldn't ask me about the paper," she thought, as she unlocked her front door. "He'll only do it to please me, he isn't really interested." It was a relief to have him telephone (for the third




*Drawn by Rudolph F. Tandler.*

"I'm sick of it, sick of having you act as if there was nothing in the world but land to be sold."—Page 598.

time that week) that he was too busy to come home to dinner. Anne put "A Year in a Canteen Over There" into the farthest pigeonhole of her desk, and made up her mind to forget it as soon as possible.

But it was the paper that was really responsible for her new appointment; it had put her into the Club foreground, and presently, she found herself, as a prominent member, on the committee for corner-stone ceremonies at the new Recreation Hall, the community memorial to the boys who would never come back to be heroes in their home town. And the chairman wanted to know if Mr. Graham couldn't be persuaded to say just a few words, after the dedicatory speech? Anne remembered his attitude about the "informal talk" at the Club, and cast around in her mind for excuses, then she said to herself, "but this is different, he *can't* refuse," and told the chairman she was sure he would do something as his share. Yes, she would ask him that night, and telephone his answer the first thing in the morning. Her spirits rose unaccountably, and all the way home she sang "Over There" to the accompaniment of her little car's cheerful purr—it was wonderful to be married to a veteran who had got his wound in the Argonne! After dinner, when he had finished his saga of the day with prospective purchasers, she would tell him what his town expected of him on the seventh.

She got his attention sooner than she had hoped, for to her sympathetic "Was this a big day, Jimmy?" he only said, "Well, I've been awfully busy with a man from Riverside who's going into a big deal with me, but I can't tell you about it yet," and changed the subject abruptly by asking her what she had been doing. Delighted at having her path all smoothed for her, she gave him the chairman's message. He listened attentively, only asking one question: "What's the date of all this?" When she had wound up her story with a cheerful, "and perhaps I can help you write your speech, Jim, if it's going to be a nuisance to you," he took his pipe out of his mouth, and looked at her gravely. "I shall be out of town on the seventh, Anne," he said.

She looked at him, puzzled. "Out of town when you're needed here? Why? Postpone your trip, that's simple enough."

He shook his head. "I can't, it's that big deal with the Riverside man I just told you about, and we've got to make it the seventh," he said. "I'm sorry if you're going to be disappointed, Anne, but this is business, and——"

"And you put business before patriotism. I see," Anne heard herself saying, and then there was a dreadful pause. He got up and stood over her, looking down at her as if she were a stranger. "That's a funny kind of thing to say to me, Anne," he said very slowly. "I don't think you realize what it sounded like, or you wouldn't have said it." "Ask his pardon this minute," Anne's better self whispered to her, but she only flashed back: "I suppose you'd rather have outsiders say it, as they will, when they hear you've refused. Just as if you couldn't put your trip off for one day!" She was standing now, facing him, but her knees were trembling as if they wouldn't hold her. He looked at her with an odd expression, and then put her gently back in her chair. "Listen, Anne," he said, still very quietly. "You've got to answer a question, before the subject is closed. Do you really think I'm yellow, just because I don't make a speech at a corner-stone ceremony on a day when I simply have to be out of town?"

She winced, and avoided his eyes. "I didn't say you were yellow!"

"Not in so many words, perhaps, but it was what you meant, all right. Will you take it back, when you realize that I gave you a perfectly good reason for refusing?"

"A perfectly good reason!" she echoed bitterly. "From the standpoint of a perfectly good business man! You know as well as I do that this is a case where it shouldn't be business first. But it always is! I'm sick of it, sick of having you act as if there was nothing in the world but land to be sold and houses to rent. Oh, it isn't just this question of the seventh, it's everything, your whole attitude. One would think you'd never been in the war——"

"What's the war got to do with it?" he interrupted. The bewilderment in his

voice was the genuine thing, and her scorn blazed out again. "It has everything to do with it. Either a man found his soul there, or he didn't, that's the touchstone. And when I married you, of course I thought it had meant something to you, that it had consecrated your whole life, as it did mine. But it was only an episode, a job——"

"But Anne," he broke in eagerly. "That job's *done*, I'm not fighting in France now, I'm living in California. And you needn't think—" He stopped abruptly, and put his big hand on her shoulder. "Nance dear, you don't get me at all, I can see that, so don't let's argue, you know how I feel about discussions. The subject's closed, as far as I'm concerned. I shall forget what you said——"

"But I shan't forget what you *think!*" Anne flung his hand away, and winked the angry tears from her eyes. "You think I'm a fool because I expect life to be full and rich for you after your year over there and all it meant, because I wonder at your taking up the old life just as if you had come back to it from" (she cast wildly about in her mind for a scathing simile) "from a consulship at Timbuctoo! I wasn't ever going to say this, but you've made me. You've brought it on yourself, and you've got to listen!" Her voice broke in an angry sob.

"I'm listening," he assured her, evenly. "Say anything you want, Anne, only don't expect me to defend myself, you ought to know by this time that I'm no hand at arguing." As she struggled with the tears she would not give way to, he waited courteously, as remote from her, she thought, as any stranger. Then, when at last she had recovered her self-control—"Since you feel this way about things," he asked her quietly, "just what do you propose to do?"

"Of course I said too much, but how could I help it when he simply refused to argue?" Anne told herself hours later, as she lay on the sleeping porch, waiting for the dawn of a hopeless to-morrow. "And he *does* put business before everything else!" "But you shouldn't have questioned his patriotism, you know perfectly well he was a brave soldier," came the insistent voice of her better self. "I know that he didn't find his soul in the war, or he wouldn't treat it just like a common episode that was done and finished," Anne whispered despairingly. "If my canteen work was the biggest thing that ever came into my life, oughtn't his year at the front to mean something tremendous to him? Why does he act as if it was just all in the day's work?" She tossed and tumbled, as it got slowly lighter; at last, she got up very quietly, and opened the door of the bedroom a tiny crack, so that she could look in. She waited there a tense, listening moment, then crept shivering back to bed. "So he can sleep!" she said bitterly. Presently the tears came, and the sun rose for her through a derisive rainbow that prickled and hurt.

They greeted each other politely and distantly at the breakfast table, then each talked a good deal to Poilu, who was lavishly affectionate about favors of toast. As Anne was clearing the table, Jim came back to ask: "Shall I see about your section to-day?" and she replied, with great punctilio: "Thank you very much. Will you try for Thursday, or Friday at the latest? And will you send this wire to Janet Mills?" He nodded, and left the room without a word. When she heard the honk of his horn as he turned the car out of the driveway, she said to Poilu: "The note on the pincushion is old stuff, Puppy, we do it straight from the shoulder these days, and when we leave our husbands, they buy our tickets for us." Then she added hastily: "But you needn't look like that, Poilu, for I'm not deserting him, I'm only going East to work with Janet until I can get my bearings. Perhaps doing things for the soldiers again, big things—" She was so long in finishing the sentence that Poilu got tired of waiting, and went out into the garden to bury a bone.

When you are planning to go East at a moment's notice, and leave your house ready to rent in your absence, there is a great deal to do. Before Anne had scratched off a quarter of the things on her list, it was one o'clock, time to think of food, even if appetite was lacking. She was just salvaging some cold fish and an uninteresting scrap of cauliflower from



*Drawn by Rudolph F. Tandler.*

"We do it straight from the shoulder these days."—Page 599.

the ice chest when the bell rang, and she opened the front door to a big, red-headed young fellow in a chauffeur's livery, who touched his cap with a crisp, soldierly gesture.

"Good morning! Can you tell me if I'm on the right street for the Skyline Road, or should I—" Instead of finishing the question, he suddenly thrust out a big hand, and gripped hers with a boyish shout of pleasure. "Well, will you look who's here! Say, you remember me, don't you, Miss Russell? I'd know you anywhere, though you do look different without your uniform. Say, just think of my pulling off a movie reunion like this, when I didn't know you were within a thousand miles!" He stood beaming at her, shaking her hand joyously up and down.

"I told you we'd meet somewhere, some time, and I'd fry you more eggs," Anne responded, while she searched in the back of her head for the big fellow's name. (It was the homesick red-haired sergeant, of course, whose story had made such an impression on the postman, but she could only remember him as Joe. Joe what? Henderson, no, Anderson, that was it, and the song that had nearly been his undoing that night of the big concert was "My Little Gray Home in the West.") "Come right in, Sergeant, and let's swap news. Are you living here, or just passing through?"

He followed her in, and sank contentedly into Jim's shabby leather chair. "Just up this way for a day or so; my little gray home in the west is at Riverside," he explained, adding with a sheepish grin: "Remember that night? Gosh but I was homesick, and you were some good friend, all right! Say, you're married, Miss Russell, ain't you? You kinder look as if you were the lady of the house. Who's the lucky man?" He smiled the serene smile of the courtier who has said the graceful thing.

"Yes, I married Captain Graham. I met him over there, and we came back within a few weeks of each other, and were married just as soon as he got his honorable discharge," Anne explained. "This is his home town."

"Well, it's a nice place to come back to," Anderson said approvingly, taking the box of cigarettes Anne offered him, and stretching out his long legs with a sigh of contentment. At her reassuring "Just spill the ashes on the floor, it keeps the moths out of the rugs," he looked at her almost with awe. "Say, I didn't know ladies ever felt that way," he said, between puffs. "I'm going to spring that on Friend Wife, but I don't know if it'll make you popular with her, she's awful neat. Sure, I'm married too, and she's a regular peach!" He pulled a photograph out of his pocket, and handed it to Anne. "That's just a snap-shot of her and me, and it ain't very good of her, but it shows the house up fine. Say, Mrs. Graham, it's the cutest little bungalow, and the feller that built it put some kind of gray dope on the shingles it's built out of, so——"

"So it's really a little gray home in the west!" Anne cried, with ready understanding. "That's awfully nice, just as it should be, Joe. And if your wife is any prettier than she looks in the kodak, she must be a perfect beauty. Now tell me all about yourself."

"Well, it's kind of a long story," Anderson began happily, and it was, being so full of details about the wonderful wife and the home-beautiful and the amazingly good job as chauffeur to "the finest family in Riverside" that the rug was filmy with cigarette ashes before he ended with a jubilant, "So that's the story of my life, Miss Russell, pardon *me!* Mrs. Graham. And we're going back to-morrow, I guess. I got to-day to myself, cause my folks are playing golf with friends at the hotel, and I'm on my way to that little inn on the mountain. I thought I'd get my lunch there, and then go 'round the Skyline Road." He glanced at the clock, and got up hastily. "I'll say good-by now——"

"You won't do anything of the kind," Anne declared, refusing his proffered hand. "You're going to stay and have lunch with me, this minute." And as he hesitated, "I'm doing my own work," she added, and blessed the local servant problem that made this reassuring statement possible.

"Well, if that's the case, perhaps I can help you," he said, relieved, and followed her out to the kitchen. He watched her

choose the biggest frying-pan, and positively howled with joy when he saw the gray carton with its "Best Selected Ranch" label. "Fried eggs—Oh boy! Say, how many can I have?"

"How many can you eat?" she counter-queried, and they both roared with laughter, for this was a Familiar Quotation. She let him cut the ham, and as the last slice sizzled in the hot pan, he sighed for pure happiness. "Say, it was worth the war, almost, to know just what a lot it means to be doing this kind of thing again in a home in God's country," he said gravely, and was silent for a long moment. It was his grace before meat.

After lunch, they attacked the pile of dishes light-heartedly, and in an incredibly short time everything was piled neatly away, the sink wiped, and the towels hung up to dry, and they could go back to the living-room. It was an afternoon of chilly, drifting fog, and the little fire that Anne lit made the room even cosier than before. Anderson smoked in quiet contentment for a long time, then suddenly, he laid down his cigarette, and said thoughtfully, staring into the leaping flames:

"I'm kinder sorry, for them, ain't you, the fellers who don't know what the war did for them?"

"What do you mean?" Anne asked, startled.

"Why, this sort of home stuff," with a comprehensive wave of his big arm. "Your husband, and me, and any one who's got any sense at all, we see that coming back to the kind of life we left (if it was a decent way of living) is the big thing. Holy smoke, just think how awful it would be if we were all discontented and wishing we were back there, for the excitement of it, and saying life could never be the same again, like some poor simp in a movie! This—well, it's all so real and so *good*—if you get me!" He laughed shamefacedly, but looked to Anne for ready understanding.



How she had hated that unknown "man from Riverside."—Page 604.

For a moment she was silent, then she leaned forward, clasping her hands across her knees, and asked earnestly:

"Do you really think that? Do you think one of the best things you men got out of the war is feeling that the everyday common things are what are worth while?"

"I don't think it, I *know* it," he asserted. "Of course we learned other things too—the kind of talk the chaplain used to hand out means something to us now, and perhaps it didn't before. And when you think of what you and your buddy would do for each other, well—it makes you kinder feel that you'd rather do a feller a good turn than a mean one. But you can't talk about that sort of thing, you see. It's just there, inside



you—" He stopped abruptly, and poked a log that didn't need poking, then he blurted out:

"You get me, don't you? I'll bet your husband feels just like I do, and can't talk about it."

Anne nodded, she couldn't speak. He hurried on, without waiting for an answer.

"What a feller *can* talk about is how darned lucky he is to get home, and pick up his job again, and find his girl waiting for him, and—" He hesitated a minute, and then said, very low: "and his own kids some day. If ours is a boy, we're going to name him for Pershing, and if it's a girl Maisie wants to call her Joan, for Joan of Arc. But I guess I hadn't ought to talk about those sort of things to a lady—" his honest boyish face crimsoned under its freckles, and he looked wistfully at his hostess, wondering (as he told his wife afterward) if he had "got in dutch." But Anne leaned forward, and put her hand squarely in his. "It's almost the most wonderful thing in the world to have a child, Joe," she said tremulously. "So why shouldn't you talk about it,

"Joe, I want to thank you for what you've done for me."—Page 604.

to some one who can understand? Thank you for telling me." Their eyes met, and he looked his speechless appreciation.

By and by, they walked down to the green gate together, and she delighted him by her intelligent praise of the great gray touring-car. "I'd like to take you joy-riding some day," he announced, as he wriggled his long legs around the steering post. "Say, are you going to be here first part of next month?"

"Yes," Anne said, after an instant of hesitation. "I was going East, but I've thought it over, and I shan't go, now." He looked pleased. "Then watch out for me some time about the fifth or sixth," he said. "My boss has got a date at Santa Fina on the seventh—say, do you know about that big thing they're putting through at the old Trinidad ranch?"

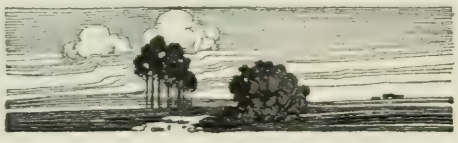
"No, what is it?"

Anderson lowered his voice mysteriously. "Well, it isn't out yet, but they put me wise to it up at the ranch; of course every one there has heard about it. It's going to be made into a kind of convalescent home for disabled Yanks, where they can live out-of-doors, and milk cows to get over shell shock, and all that sort of thing. My boss has been behind it (I told you he was a doctor, didn't I? Well, he's a nerve specialist), and he was bound to get this place because it was just right for climate and all that, but believe me, they had to work for it. The owners were old mossbacks who didn't want to sell, and if it hadn't been for a real-estate fellow called Graham—" He broke off suddenly, and stared at Anne, round-eyed with the joy of establishing the coincidence. "Say, I bet it's your husband, he said he lived up here by the Mission! Well, what do you know about that!"

"Yes, it's my husband," Anne said unhesitatingly, while her heart sang with joy. How she had hated that unknown "man from Riverside" last night, and how she blessed him now! "It's kept him awfully busy lately." Anderson nodded. "I'll bet it has," he agreed. "Dr. Hawter says he wouldn't have believed it could have been done, and at our price and all. It's a man's job all right, putting through a thing like that, that's going to help fellers to come back."

"Yes, it *is* a man's job," Anne said, half to herself. She stretched out her slim brown hand, and grasped Anderson's, shapeless and huge in the shaggy motor glove. "Joe, I want to thank you for what you've done for me." He laughed. "Some joke, your thanking *me*," he said. "I guess it's the other way round, after those eats and smokes." He released the brake, and waved his hand as the big car shot forward. "O revoy, Mrs. Graham, as we useter say in gay Paree—" Another minute, and the car had turned the corner and was out of sight.

Ten minutes later, Anne rejoined Poilu in the living-room. "Tired of hearing me telephone, Puppy?" she asked, taking his sleepy head into her lap, and patting his limp paws affectionately together. "Cheer up, it's all finished now. The ticket-office will cancel the reservation, and Miss Black will *not* be here at half past nine to-morrow to take the inventory, and your master will be home in twenty minutes, because I phoned him I had to see him on important business. Poilu, I've let the fire go out, that was very careless. We want to have it burning for your master, so let's fix it now." She knelt on the hearth, busying herself with the smouldering logs. Presently they burst into flame, and as she stretched out her hands to the heartening blaze, she whispered, very low, "Home fires, Poilu," and she smiled, but her eyes were wet.





The Hôtel de Ville, built 1646–1672 by Simon Maupin.

# THE AMERICAN INVASION OF LYONS

By Benjamin Brooks
Captain, Engineers, U. S. A.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

WHILE spring is yet unthought of along our North Atlantic coast, before it has invaded the British Isles anew, even before it discovers itself to the world along the shining boulevards of Paris, there is one great city in France where it is to be found already exultantly decked out in green of stately poplar rising from the river mists, and in orchards white as snow up on the heights. In days long past the Roman conquerors were not slow to appreciate the place with its two great blue-green rivers giving access on the one hand to the rich land of the Burgundians and on the other to the strongholds of the Helvetians, and with an acropolis between the two for defense. So, while Paris was still a mud-and-thatched village behind a wooden stockade, there were already real folks established here with Roman institutions of art and learning and oratory, and withal a good system for limiting debate; for, while those oratorical contestants who won were crowned with laurel, those who lost were straightway chucked into the Saone by the guards to quench their verbosity.

To-day the ancient charm persists; and when, at this ardent season of which we speak, the young officer arrives according to his orders which state that he "will report upon arrival to the Commanding Officer of the City of Lyons," he counts himself fortunate indeed. Lyons, from the very moment you are out of the smoky tunnel which brings you in from the north, invites you with a smile. There are no disagreeable outskirts and approaches. Your train hangs a moment high over the Saone for a passing glimpse of the low sun warmly tinting the swift water and touching up the curving gray stone quays, double-bordered with old sycamores, and mellowing the cathedral



The government bank and the Ainay Bridge.

towers and flaming the windows of the high acropolis beyond, and then you step out and down from the elevated station immediately into a park where the bare-legged babies escape from their nurses and clasp your knees demanding chewing-gum, and the sleepy birds chirp softly over the matter of lodgings for the night, and the fountains, playing darkly under the thick trees, mingle their sweet cadence with the murmurings of the lovers on the benches. The air is soft as velvet.

You cannot go wrong from here. You find yourself on a narrow peninsula like Manhattan Island (but not so big) with the Rhone on your right instead of the East River, and the Saone on your left instead of the Hudson, and a series of gray stone streets and open squares and fountains instead of the canyons of lower Broadway; and if you follow the broad quays of the Rhone there are the beautiful arching bridges to delight you, painted in the selfsame colors as the Panama-Pacific Exposition—dull horizon blue and dull dark red; and if you follow the equally broad quays of the Saone there are the steep heights and battlements and walls and towers, for all the world like Edinburgh, also to delight you; and if you go straight up-town between the two you come, perchance, past the great cafés with everybody sipping his afternoon drink upon the sidewalk and swarms of people contesting with the trolley-cars for space upon the streets, and arrive, maybe, opposite the solemn stone-arched portico of the Opera House or the still more solemn façade of the Hôtel de Ville with its touch of gold; or perhaps again opposite the bronze lady of the fountain near by, who is not solemn at all, but who sits with a charming grace upon a rocking chariot of sea-shells and, with a smiling nonchalance, drives plunging through the surf the best team of four bronze horses in all Europe—horses that rear and tug at their kelp traces, and paw the foam but never quite upset her. And she will delight you, too. Why not? Is she not created by the same Bartholdi who fathered the Statue of Liberty?

It is but a few steps from hereabouts to a hotel with a sombre, non-committal stone exterior and a prim, puritan, clean white interior which proudly advertises electric lights on all six floors and possibly a bathtub, too—possibly—and an elevator which doesn't work during armistices, but with a polite personnel which works beautifully, and a brisk, plump manager in black with a white frill and a pile of neat gray hair on her head who, in presenting you with a key weighing as much as a monkey-wrench, informs you kindly but firmly that you must be home by eleven hours and a half or you will be locked out—a hotel, in short, carefully selected, where your brother officers do not hang out and where their olive-drab motor-cars do not line the curb in front and where life runs noiselessly on as it was in the beginning. Thus, at a very conservative hour, you find yourself grandly to bed in rare old mahogany, eclipsed by a silken quilt like a huge pillow five feet square and two feet thick; and for your dreams visions of the homeliest female caricatures that ever dared to call themselves a chorus without the safeguard of an intervening net, and perhaps the most charmingly vivacious and fieriest and naughtiest and altogether feminine Carmen that ever sang the part. And so the swift green Rhone near by, foaming and crowding through its bridges, will roar you to sleep "as gently as a suckling dove."

But upon what is built this town of Lyons, upon what rests its solemn charm, its musty dim cathedral with the purple glass, its temple-like court-house, black with age, its plentiful cafés spilling their crowds upon the sidewalks, its comfortable dingy clubs with their groups of stout white-haired merchants and clicking billiard-balls, its fat banks, its lovely fashion shops? Well, first of all, if you will rise and go, with the proper introductions, to the acropolis that mounts to the north in about the relative position of the reservoirs in Central Park, but much higher, with the picturesque abruptness of a Beacon Hill, you will discover behind those piled-up windows that flame so bright at sunset a large part of the secret of the city's old prosperity. What city is more famous for its silks? But did you expect to see great smoking factories housing each a thousand workers? Such is not the road to fame in old Eu-

rope. Instead, you will enter an acropolis of what in America might irreverently be called "sweat-shops," but with a commendable absence of perspiration and with plenty of light from the broad studio-like windows (for one must have light to weave silk)—chambers bare of ornament, clean and puritanically simple with a tiny hearth for kitchen, an alcove with a high mahogany bed and crucifix, and, near the window, the great loom with its spidery silk web and its ancient frame silhouetted against the sky. Such small chambers, you learn, have often served for generations on end as workshop, domicile, and shrine for whole families. I recall one whose sole occupant seemed to be a sort of last leaf, a white-haired weaver of eighty years. It seemed a long time to have stuck to one loom and watched life going by almost like a prisoner from one window. "But," said he, "such an existence has its interest. To weave silk is to contribute to the arts and to be one with the fashions of the day. And then there was the great adventure of the war of 1870 with our same old enemies; and now I am proud to receive in my last stronghold one of the avengers of that old injustice and a liberator of my country from so far across the seas." Out of such patience, such simplicity and frugality, then, come the beautiful shimmering colored silks and the white-and-silver designs which ornament our frivolities and gladden our modern hearts; and thus by slow degrees—by the half metre a day—while the big children tend the little ones out of school hours and the women divide their time and their lightning fingers between lost threads and lost infants, and the men bend ever at the ponderous looms to the monotonous "clack bang, clack bang" of their shuttles and beams, rises from year to year the prosperity of a great city of six or eight hundred thousand.

But this is not all. If you ascend to the very crest of the acropolis and sit speculatively on its terrace you may look out over a broad plain, relatively in the direction of Brooklyn, which sprouts smoke-stacks like asparagus, and you may catch a muffled roar of machinery and the white jets of steam-hammers, for here is where the canny merchants of Lyons are bidding strongly and successfully for the devastated factories of the north to come and transplant themselves.

Incidentally, if the sky is clear and rain-washed, as it has such frequent opportunities to be in France, you may behold far on the eastern horizon the beautifully—the incredibly—white forms of the snowy Alps marching along like a procession of fair maidens to first communion ably chaperoned by the great white, broad-shouldered nun called Mont Blanc in the geographies.

Or again, if you arise early upon a Sunday morning and march out along the quays you will see the greatest example of retail producer-to-consumer merchandising—an exchange of country produce for metropolitan money, which means, of course, another immediate exchange of this same money for the needs of a numerous peasantry; or, in other words, you will be able to visualize the extent of the farm territory served by the city of Lyons. This producer-to-consumer business will interest you perforce by its economic simplicity. A military prejudice against rising before reveille prevents me from stating exactly when the market opens. The curious old women one encounters at midnight sleeping on the sidewalks, their heads propped up on full baskets, and the loud exchange of compliments between donkey-drivers that floats up to one's window about two in the morning have something to do with the opening exercises, and when you inspect the market at eight A. M. it has been going full blast for some time. The Spartan women who slept on their baskets have opened them up under ample umbrellas and have discovered to the world crisp lettuce and strong young onions and cheeses stronger yet and noisy ducks, indignant over the new inconveniences of city life, and mild-mannered rabbits who meekly submit to being weighed by the ears and haggled over and replaced in their baskets. The noisy donkey-drivers have each produced a spike and a chain, driven the spike into the pavement, hooked the chain to the donkey, thrown him some hay, and thus securely anchored have produced from the donkey-cart four poles and an awning, two trestles and a counter, a pair of

mediæval scales, a sack of small change, a half ton or so of new potatoes, nice firm cabbages and cauliflower, crates of irreproachable eggs, goats neatly dressed for Easter with hoofs and fur anklets left on to prove to you that they are goats. The greatest interest centres about the pigs. All French pigs are extremely blond and incredibly clean, with pink ears and noses. Nevertheless, "pigs is pigs," and they emit the same kind of squealing nasal profanity when they are affectionately carried off in the motherly arms of a waddling cook for the family dinner as when strung up by the heels and started through a harsh and systematic American packing-house; and one always wonders whether the wriggling animal will escape the affectionate arms of the purchaser or whether the bargain will stick. Thus, literally, for miles along both river quays extends the weekly market. The awnings flop gayly under the green sycamores, the white bonnets of the fat peasants bob as they stoop and waddle about their inviting wares, the marketmen exchange merry, obscene jests that never were writ in French grammars, the townsfolk swarm densely with eager baskets and shrill voices, the ducks quack, the pigs squeal, and all goes merrily on up to a certain moment when the police arrive with squads of sweepers and, notwithstanding the state of the market or the stock on hand, down come the awnings, into the donkey-carts go the vegetables, up come the terrestrial anchors, and the whole show vanishes by magic, leaving only the tags stuck on the tree trunks to testify that each merchant has duly paid rent to the city for a place on its grand old quay. What could be simpler? No middleman, no freight, no wastage en route, no store rent, no insurance—the very minimum of overhead expense and wear and tear on the cart, the awning, and the portable counter. Donkeys, I suppose, never wear out; at least I never heard of one that did.

But, of course, if we were to set about in America to eliminate our middlemen we should first have to eliminate our middle distance and exterminate the real-estate agents who would make possible truck-gardens into highly improbable town lots, and to crowd our cities up considerably, and to teach our farmers how to get more produce from less acreage, and to guarantee perfect roads all over the country; but since so many of us have seen this miracle performed somewhere in France, who dares say that it is impossible in America?

In considering the sources of the city's prestige one must remember the university. Long years before the war the University of Lyons drew students from far America to study medicine. University education in Lyons is a very serious and profound and extremely thorough business. An inconsistently dreamy-looking Lyonnaise highbrow with inconsistently short skirts and pretty ankles once frankly observed to me at a tea that the Americans were not intellectual! It was perhaps a natural mistake to make, for surely they are not educated along the same lines with the same thoroughness. A Southern college dean once complained to me that the railway magnates that contributed to his college and expected something out of it in return found fault if the graduates were made to spend so much time on fundamentals that they were not specialists in practical surveying when they left college. Similarly another educator from Iowa regretfully explained that if a young man wanted, for instance, to open a dyeing and cleaning establishment he could come to college for a short course in specialized chemistry and other details of that business, and graduate with a diploma and the notion that he had received a college education without ever learning the difference between a Shakespearean play and a Ciceronian oration. Education in Lyons is different. It is so thorough and fundamental and profound and all-embracing that when the young graduate blossoms forth at the age of, say, twenty-three he is still so far from being specially adapted to any means of livelihood that he must remain tied to his mother's apron-strings for Minerva knows how long. I do not attempt to say here which is the best system nor that possibly a happy medium between the two might be better than either; but one sometimes asks, after listening to the charming wealth and depth and breadth of ideas as expressed by gentle Lyon-



The Tilsit Bridge, Avenue de la Bibliothèque, and the Cathedral of Saint John.

naise highbrows, if much of our American restlessness for new excitement might not be overcome by a greater wealth of ideas in the first place.

But there are other differences. A French professor, student of university conditions in America, lectured to the élite of Lyons one Sunday afternoon upon this subject. He called their attention (and incidentally mine) to how very fortunate we are in America in the matter of university plant and equipment and popular support. In France, when a man graduated from college he forgot it; in America he dutifully continued to contribute to the funds of his Alma Mater. In France they built beautiful but useless monuments to their soldiers; in

America we erected memorial halls with the names of the heroes by the threshold, so that we could use the halls to good purpose and read the names every day. In America the wife of the president of a famous university actually kept open house and served tea on Sunday afternoons to the undergraduates. Now imagine the wife of the president of the University of Lyons doing such a democratic thing! A mild ripple of laughter arose from the audience at the mere thought, but it became a very polite suppressed ripple as soon as they discovered that the lady herself was sitting in the front row. Then the lecturer, pointing his finger ominously at me, who happened to be the only American officer in the audience, said: "And here is an American who can bear me out in my assertion that every student has the luxurious opportunity of a bath." This was most embarrassing for three reasons: first, because his excellent French was not the same as that to which I had more frequently listened as mess officer among the market women on the quays; second, because, having absorbed the idea, I recalled visiting several ancient institutions of learning in America where this was not true; and third, because I had it on my mind that the fortunes of war had discouraged me from totally and recklessly immersing myself all at one time in an honest-to-goodness bathtub for fifteen months. But in a community where the ancient Roman custom of ending a hot debate with an enforced bath has been entirely done away with and where the woman conductor on the trolley-car shrieks upbraidings at you if you attempt to open a window in a first-class compartment, and calls your attention to a notice posted by the board of health warning you against breathing air from the outside which may be charged with Spanish influenza, why be ashamed of the humble galvanized iron bucket so generously issued by the Quartermaster Department in lieu of a complete plumbing equipment?

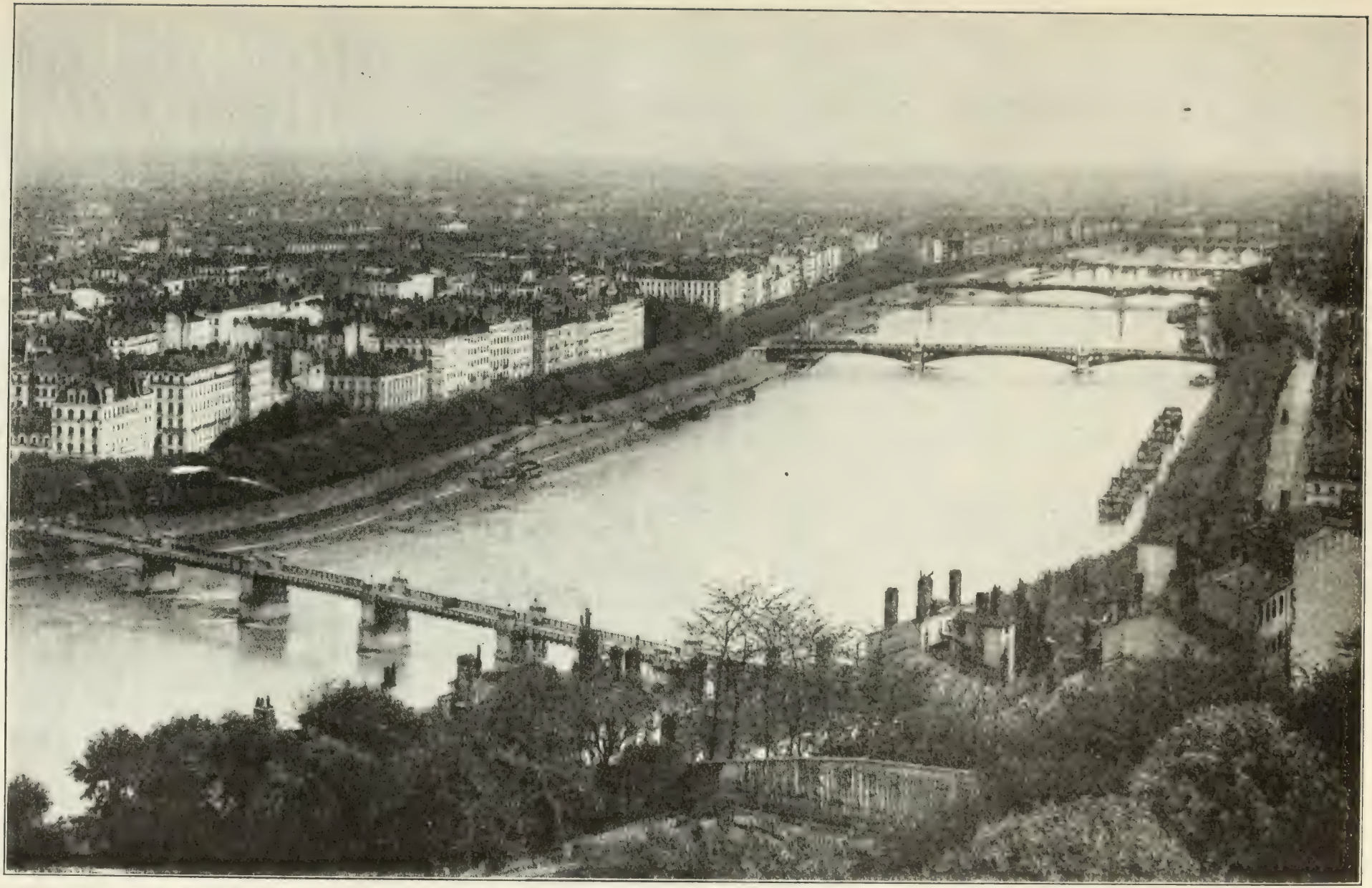
Now, about these public manifestations that I have so far noted down there is a certain air of Old World solemnity. Yet the French are not altogether solemn. Well, hardly! If one might venture a brief synopsis of the Lyonnaise character after a few months' acquaintance, he might say that it consists of a substratum of indomitable, Gallic temperament flattened smoothly down by a steam-roller of Roman law and system and graded precisely to a line of strict economy; but every taxpayer knows that the most substantial road materials will not stay put indefinitely, but immediately the steam-roller is past they begin to rise again under strain of traffic in bumps and ridges. Well then, where in the staid old town of Lyons does the Gallic temperament bump up? I finally found out; but you must promise not to tell too many folks about it. After the cafés are all closed and dark at, say, eleven-thirty—yes, O Father Knickerbocker, at eleven-thirty—you walk out and up the avenue with the slim Terpsichore on your arm with whom you have delightfully dined (for you remember in the old geographies it said the French were fond of music and dancing), and she guides you nonchalantly past the splendid Place de la Bourse and knowingly down the dark little street behind the old gray church and stops intuitively at a certain perfectly blank, black, non-committal door, and bangs with a big iron knocker a certain number of times in a certain way (which you will have to discover for yourself) and after an appropriately long interval of dead silence a fearsome voice issues through a tiny bronze grating in the door and demands, "Qui est là?" and inquires further if you have left your auto standing out in front and if you are alone with Terpsichore or in a crowd and if there are any military police or gendarmes about. Then, having satisfied himself on all these important points, the voice subsides, the bolts thump and the door opens; but before you enter, indulgent reader, be assured that this mysterious place harbors no real wickedness unless you choose to bring it in your own thoughts, and that all this mystery is simply delicious farce comedy designed to satisfy the hitherto restrained Gallic temperament that it is about to enjoy a devil of a good time. With this explanatory preface, then, you enter a long corridor which leads to a kitchen, which leads to a spiral back stairway, which

leads finally down to a subterranean chamber—perhaps once a wine-cellar—and there you are! There also is a one-eyed, swaying, capering Pan with the most compelling rhythmic, vibrating violin tucked under his insinuating chin, and beside him an equally compelling 'cellist. By the time Terpsichore is fairly seated and has bowed to a few acquaintances the young Italian major in his mouse-colored uniform steps to the middle of the floor and dances with his Italian sweetheart—the biggest diamond you ever saw in public flashing from her throat—a curious fancy dance in which the dancers separate from time to time and shake their fingers threateningly at each other and turn their backs poutingly, and then kiss and make up. Then the music changes and a graceful Lyonnaise with a partner in horizon blue and dotted with medals of honor will perhaps do you a very charming tango; and then it changes again and the demobilized Frenchman in evening dress will bow invitingly to the little American Red Cross nurse and guide her beautifully through a sort of maxixe all his own; meanwhile the American officer who has accompanied the nurse will ask permission to dance with your slim Terpsichore and in turn the supple little danseuse you saw just now at the Comédie will excuse herself from her stately gray marquis and, clutching you appealingly by the shoulder, will beg you to initiate her in the elusive simplicity of the American one-step.

But in the very midst of this gay little underground party suddenly the waiter calls: "La Police!" (I think myself the management bribes the police to intervene so as to keep up the right spirit of deviltry, for the only crime I ever witnessed in this awful den was the contraband burning of electric lights after hours.) At all events, the police came fiercely in, mustaches fuzzed out as wide as the corridor; but meanwhile the entire company has fled up through the kitchen and sits convulsed in suppressed giggles in a pitch-dark room awaiting results. The fierce police, piercing eyes staring from beetling brows, find an apparently half-witted, one-eyed man mopping up the floor, an old violin hung on a peg, an erstwhile 'cellist, suddenly turned porter, collecting empty glasses. They are soon appeased. The door bangs, the lights come on, the one-eyed idiot reclaims his intoxicating violin; the proprietor passes the hat to collect for the alleged "fine" he has paid the police; the dance is on again amid shrieks of laughter. About three A. M. it may occur to you that, even though the armistice is signed, the adjutant may have something really important for you on the morrow; so, bidding good night to Terpsichore, you find your car; and, wrapping tightly in the blankets that your chauffeur has thoughtfully borrowed from the quartermaster to keep the perspiration from freezing on you, you motor out to camp.

Such interesting public institutions cannot fail to tempt you to venture, if possible, into the mysterious private life of this old Gallo-Romanic stronghold. What goes on behind the solemn uncommunicative gray stone walls of the fashionable appartments along the river quays? Their very taciturnity invites an exploration; and, if you are worthy and wear an American officer's uniform for introduction, you may probably make it.

If the belle of Sioux City, Iowa, were to invite you to tea, explaining that she lived right round the corner on First Street over the hardware store, the location might surprise you greatly; for in our new prairie towns that never knew a city wall, nor the feudal necessity for living behind one, there is more room for residences than in Lyons. I confess that the first time I was invited to tea in Lyons, just off its most crowded thoroughfare "over the post-office," I was surprised to enter, on about the fourth floor, a residence of great charm and quietude and dignity. There in the hallway, with its high oak panelling, hung the old general's own helmet with its two bronze stars and deep dents just as he had taken it off, to prove beyond a doubt that in this family there was no need to look back to the Middle Ages for ancestors, but that the present generation had its glorious warriors. The dignity with which the little maid swung open the heavy door into the living-room was quite in keeping. The polished inlaid floor I ruthlessly trod with soldier boots was worthy to reflect the ankles of a



View of the bridges over the Rhone.

Josephine. The tapestries and pictures on the walls harmonized like the shadows of a Rembrandt. The enormous mirrors doubled the already spacious distances. The heavily carved gilded glass-topped tables held just the right amount of bric-à-brac and hand-wrought leather books; and about the silver tea-tray were some truly charming ladies—devotees of art and literature and sociability, in picture hats and gowns seriously chosen to go with uniforms of horizon blue and olive drab. And there was bridge-whist in two languages, punctuated with a quiet little laugh now and then, and marvellously good things to eat and drink despite the restrictions.

But, one might ask, is it not noisy and inconvenient to attempt real teas in the heart of a town crammed with, say, eight hundred thousand? Ah, no! Nowhere better than in France do people understand the difficult art of keeping out what should be out and keeping in what should be in. Some day, after you have been often to tea and your gentle hostess's mother has at length concluded that the sad antics of a few conspicuous Americans along the esplanade at Nice are not typical of the whole army and that she may safely plead a headache or a dressmaker and leave you to be entertained by her daughter—some day, I say, when you find yourself snugly behind stone walls three feet thick and it begins to grow dusk and the maid comes in silently and lights the shaded lamp and closes the steel shutters at the windows, and then closes the windows themselves, that swing and bolt like double gates, and then slides into place behind these again the supplemental noise-defying double-glass partitions, and then draws the silken curtains and the heavy portières behind the curtains, and then noislessly places the shining tea-tray before the crackling fire, and glides mouse-like across the thick rug and closes the double door behind her at the near end of the corridor and another double door at the far end of it, and finally leaves you alone with your fair hostess—then, and never till then, will you know the true delightful possibilities of privacy, of intimacy, of quietude as perfected after centuries of wars and rumors of wars and Middle Age marauders.

But better still are the dances. During the armistice Lyons does not dance publicly, for it is still officially in mourning, but privately it is quite dance-mad—after five years. To be a good dancer in Lyons is the same as to be a good writer in Boston, a good spender in New York, or a good promoter in Oklahoma. There is a feeling of mutual concern about a dance, for not only are good dancers rare in France now, but to match the splendid hospitality of your hostess you may make arrangements with the camp baker for an extra loaf or so of nice white American bread for the sandwiches (which she cannot buy for any money) and with tact you may arrange with the top sergeant for a good ragtime piano-player, a jazz drummer; and with the motor transportation officer for a light delivery truck to carry the whole works to the dance. It becomes, therefore, a thoroughly international affair. You get the impression that they are really very glad to have you come. The hostess has spared no effort to turn the whole house upside-down for the necessary space. The dancers are decked out in their very prettiest, their very stateliest, and you find they have taken lessons the afternoon before so as to be up on the one-step and the fox-trot. Never in their young lives, they will tell you, have they danced with such supple men, such strong and agile men as the Americans, and their thrilled enthusiasm would spoil a saint.

It is about half past nine o'clock when you rise from dinner, having discovered that the example of old King Louis, incomparable patron of manners and customs, pleasant human relations, cooks and kitchens, has deserved to be copied all over the civilized world, and that all real folks delight in the same delicious things to eat, the same frank generous deportment, the same happy exchange of ideas, and that a well-paid compliment or a well-turned epigram will get you as far in France to-day as at any time in history—half past nine when the jazz is evoked and the great mirrors begin to reflect the fluttering vari-colored silks of the dancers and the gold filets in their blond hair, and the candles begin to flicker and pick out the gilt and bronze of the furniture, and the perspiration be-

gins to trickle, for the valley of the Rhone is a right warm valley in the spring. But there are at least three intervals between this and midnight for absurdly generous suppers and cooling incomparable punch, and many opportunities to improve one's French, leaning on the balcony and watching the cool moonlight on the unbroken gray façade six stories high across the river and listening to the soothing roar of the beautiful river itself and essaying the same sweet nothings that go with dancing in any country under the sun. At one o'clock those who are so fortunate as to have governmental permission to burn gasolene will expect their motors; and the host himself, candle in hand, apologizing for the lack of what Americans call modern conveniences, will accompany you suddenly out of the brilliant assemblage and gropingly down five flights of black, dank, echoing stone stairs, unbar the big street door for you, and bid you good night upon the quay.

There may be a Lenten season in Lyons; for, as I have explained, it is a very serious-minded city, more like Boston than any place in France where one is invited to well-rendered symphonies and mighty keen lectures and theatres where the maximum of talent is displayed with the severest minimum of scenery and the actors may approach and leave the stage with dignity through the audience as in the old Shakespearean days. There *may* be a Lenten season, I say, but surely an American officer, so soon after the joyous armistice, will never be permitted to suspect it. Before he knows it, Easter is at hand with all the miracle of the resurrection illustrated anew in green river banks and snowy cherry blossoms and tons of pendant wisteria bloom hung along the walls. He finds himself introduced to the mysteries of the tight walled villas that crown the neighboring heights —for in Lyons the palisades come all the way down the river straight through the area corresponding to that occupied by Hoboken and Newark (which therefore have no counterpart there) and he marvels to find so close to, but yet so greatly isolated from the great city, gardens of wild flowers and lush grass, thick mossy bits of forest, and quiet old homes.

The formality of the city goes by the board. I remember one rainy afternoon, when the echoing voices on the tennis-court were perforce silenced, joining in the height of merriment with hitherto supposedly grave people in the ridiculous game of "Consequences," scribbling down "what he said" and "what she said" in a hodge-podge of two languages which caused the others to hold their ribs in laughter. It was in such a villa, in such a beautiful old garden, where I first played the highly disrespectful game of photograph whist. To play this game you first ransack the library for all the old photograph albums in the house and wickedly remove their contents. The photos are dealt around face down. First hand leads a photo of somebody's maiden aunt with a severe and absurd headgear; second hand, low with a fair two spot of the present generation; third hand, high with a great-uncle famed in silk manufacture, with three fat wrinkles where his neck ought to be; then you take the trick with the homeliest photo of all, being that on your own identification card accompanied by your official finger print—all this amidst most uncomplimentary merriment and disrespectful laughter. Thus does the younger generation rebel mockingly, but cautiously, against the older generation which knows so well in France how to put down its young uprisings with severity and affection.

But will it always be able to do so? One cannot help recalling illuminating scraps of conversation that set one thinking. "I think we can go," said one wise maid, "if we get the captain to ask mama. If Cousin Paul asks her she will refuse." And again, after motoring some fair maidens home from an officers' dance at camp—without a chaperone, marvellous to relate!—one of them said: "Thank you infinitely, captain. It has been wonderful. We were never allowed to go so far before with our French boy friends. If one were always as free as this in France one would never have to bother to marry at all!"

"Liberator?" said another devotee of the new American dance. "Liberator? I should say you were in more ways than the funny old weaver on the hill suspected. I shall design a statue for the

Place Bellecour called 'Le Libérateur,' and it shall be a high pedestal with a polished top and on it an American officer dancing a fox-trot with a slim rebellious Lyonnaise."

After admissions like these one wonders perforce what will be the result of the great American invasion. "Poo!" exclaimed an old American lady who had lived twenty years in Paris, "don't flatter yourselves. They will be glad and thankful to be rid of you, bag and baggage. The whole American army has not changed France one little bit. I have lived here long enough to know what the French really think of us." But before the words were fairly out of her mouth the Chamber of Deputies passed the Votes-for-Women Bill and laid it under the noses of the conservative old Senate for ratification; so evidently *something* is changing France more than she perhaps realizes herself.

But suddenly, while yet the cherries are ripening on the trees and the purple wisteria still lingers, bang comes a telegram stating flatly and indisputably that "you will report without delay to the commanding general of the port of embarcation for transportation to the United States!" The United States that have changed so much during your almost two years' absence, where the Statue of Liberty, according to the cartoonists, now stands in an arid desert and a new Goddess of Prudery, so they say, walks abroad—the United States with its great roar of activities, where there are no compartments to the coaches, no walls to the gardens, nothing but a resounding wood partition between you and the phonograph in the next apartment—what will it be like after such Old World calm and beauty?

But even while you sorrowfully pack your trunk the reflections of the bronze castles on the collar of your uniform, caught momentarily in your tiny steel mirror, remind you that you are about to exchange for the comparative idle aftermath of a war of devastation the everlasting activities of a war of construction, tall rocking piledrivers instead of long-range cannon, leviathan dredges instead of careening tanks, dusty lines of contractors' mule-teams instead of mud-splashed cavalry, thunder of dynamite gouging out power plants in the high Sierras instead of deadly mines; and you thrill at the great—the rare—opportunity of living in a land which is not perfect, not finished, not yet arrived at its full destiny, but which eagerly permits itself to be born anew in every generation.

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# THE ROMANCE OF THE OIL-FIELDS

## By Charles Moreau Harger

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

STIMULATED by the rising price level of its finished product, the evolution of an oil-field to-day is an adventure teeming with visions, thrills, and high finance. The era when a group of men raised a few thousand dollars and hired a driller to sink a well, or when a town voted bonds to build a city hall and used the money to prospect for oil, is past. The ramifications of development reach from the remotest farm and hamlet to the highest sky-scraper on Wall Street. If you have not yet been invited to invest in oil securities, be patient—it was merely an oversight; numerous Wallingfords gladly will give you opportunity.

For the past decade oil booms have centred in the mid-continent field—Texas, Oklahoma, and Kansas—which has succeeded the eastern territory as the great source of petroleum supply, producing nearly half the output of the United States. From the first well in southeast Kansas in the middle nineties, it has spread until in scarcely a county west of the Mississippi has there not been search for the wealth millions of years old, settled in pools formed by the chang-

ing structure of earth. These pools may be large or small; they may be under such compression that when tapped the black flood will rise to the surface or may require pumping—but always fortune beckons if once the underground store of oil can be found.

Location and development are systematized to the limit of ingenuity, the outgrowth of years of experience. At the beginning is the spying out of the land. Three men in a Ford car, carrying spades, pickaxes, tripods, and levels, come quietly into town, putting up at the second best hotel. For days and weeks they travel over the country measuring, digging, taking note of slopes, valleys, hills, and the outcropping ledges of rocks. Then as quietly they depart.

A little later come three other men—alert, well-dressed—who put up at the best hotel. They hire motor-cars and drive over a portion of the country, stopping at every farm in a selected section.

"We want to lease your farm for oil," is their introduction. "If we can get, say, 10,000 to 25,000 acres leased, we will put down a well inside of a year, and you will know whether or not there is oil here."

"What you paying for leases?" comes back the question.

It is explained that one dollar will be paid for a lease on the farm for one year, the farmer to get one-eighth of all the oil produced on his land, delivered free to the pipe-line. If no well is drilled in a year in that territory, the leases may be renewed by paying a dollar an acre from year to year. No leases, no well. The farmer signs; so do his neighbors, and suddenly the county wakes to the first ebullition of an oil boom.

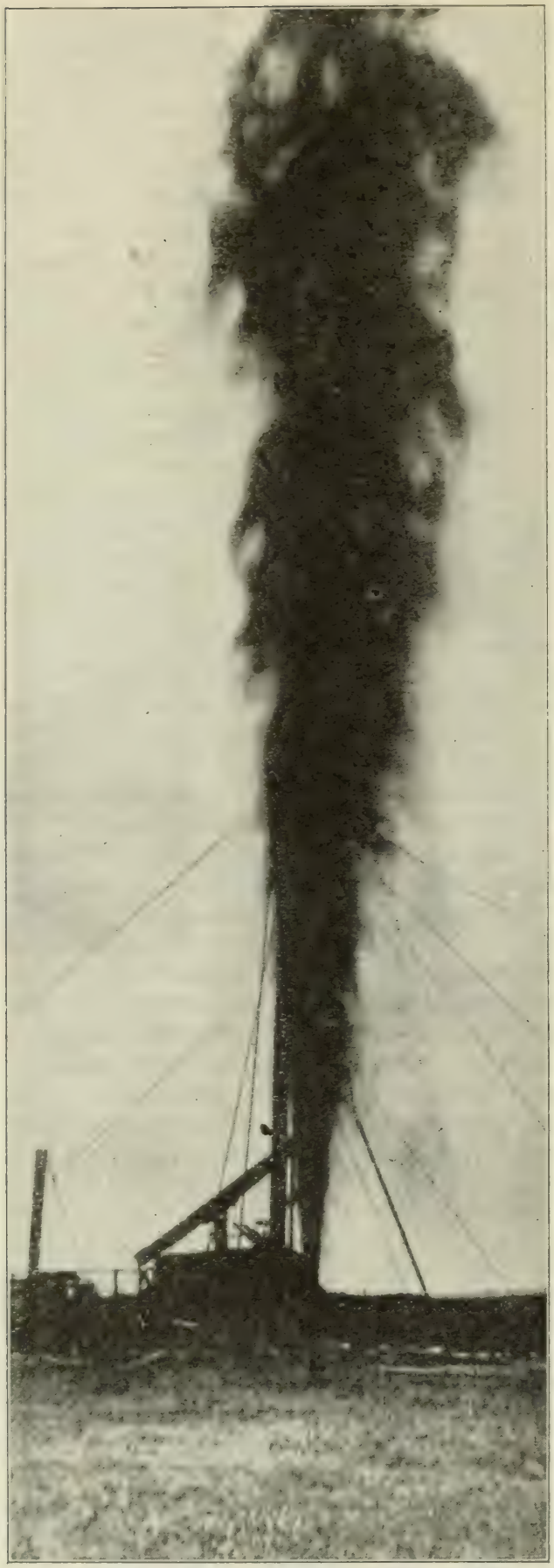
This is "wildcatting," or exploring new territory. The first men were geologists or locators, and they reported that the surface conditions were good. They do not pretend to say where oil certainly is, but claim to be able to determine with fair exactness where conditions are favorable.

"Of course," explained an oilman with long experience, "no one can tell with certainty what is hundreds of feet underground, but study and experiments of the past few years have given a great volume of facts on which to base opinions. Oil is found only where geologic strata have been bent by upheavals of the past. There may be structures where there is no oil, but there is no oil where the structure is not favorable. Chance of success is increased by surface indications, but, after all, it is a gamble. Geology plays a more important part in the location of every oil country removed from proved fields than a few years ago, because conditions are better understood. Hence, the developers fall into two classes: Companies that pay high prices for leases in proved territory, and the wildcatters. The first play a comparatively safe game, with high expense and smaller profits. The wildcatters pay little or nothing for leases in unknown country. Their geologists choose the likely places for drilling. If a few good wells are brought in, their profits are large. Theirs is really the gamble end of the oil business, for the chances are in favor of the operator in country already producing oil."

From their study the locators, or geologists, report indications of oil at 2,000 to 3,000 feet, the usual depth to which wells are drilled in the interior. Leases secured, the financial operations begin. The interest in the leases may be sold outright to one of the great producing and distributing companies or their subsidiaries. These constantly explore new territory, setting aside a few hundred thousand dollars each year for the purpose of finding new pools to maintain production—for every pool has its limit of content. One company last year, at a cost of half a million dollars, drilled forty wells, only three of which were good producers.

A large leased acreage in a field that has been passed on by experts is a tangible asset. The promoters may decide to finance it themselves. A derrick is erected; drill, engine, workmen appear, and down goes a test hole Chinaward. Up to this time the only activity has been that of the geologists and the lease writers; now is reared the pyramid of speculation which has attracted millions from capitalists large and small.

With leases on 25,000 acres and a well being drilled, the promoter makes a trip east. To brokers he presents his plans, tells of the favorable reports, and day by day receives telegrams telling how many hundred feet the drill has penetrated. "It is a good wildcat prospect," he de-



When a "gusher" comes in.

clares, and sells two-thirds of his leases for, say, $3 an acre, taking home $50,000. He can finish the well, costing these days $30,000 to $40,000, and if it is a dry hole his profit is still sure. The eastern broker sells the leases, either outright or in undivided interest, on a basis of $5 or more an acre, and the buyers are "in the oil game." Each proudly announces that he has "oil interests" and confidently awaits the outcome.

Or the promoters may organize the Bounding Billow Oil & Gas Company, retaining 51 per cent of the stock and the management, and take pages in such newspapers as will accept their advertising announcing the sale of 10,000,000 shares at five cents a share, "well now drilling and prices to advance next week." On an even less basis than this two Oklahoma sharps, recently arrested, took in over $500,000 from trusting investors. Mails are heavy with extravagant circulars announcing stock in oil companies. The attorney-general of Kansas gave on July 18, 1919, a list of the 238 corporations in that State allowed by the blue sky board to sell stock; of these 142 were oil companies, and each presumably had satisfied the authorities that it had a sound financial plan.

But out in Fragrant Hill township the drill is pounding away, sinking deeper each day into the earth. At 1,800 feet it strikes "oil-sand," a layer of sand sprinkled with particles of oil. Excitement rises locally. Every farmer has retained the statutory one-eighth royalty in the oil to be produced on his place, and those nearest the well commence to figure in millions. No company can lease the entire product of the farm. Those living nearest the well plan on moving to the city and buying a flock of limousines. Here enters the next step in the high finance of the oil game.

To the farm adjoining the well rolls a big blue racing car carrying another kind of promoter.

"What will you take for one-fourth of your royalty?" he asks.

The farm owner is torn by conflicting interests. If oil were sure, he should

keep his entire royalty; if no oil is under his property, now is the time to possess some real money. In the end he sells one-fourth of his one-eighth for, say, $10,000, and the promoter is to receive one thirty-second of the production, if any.

to be selling an actual interest in the outcome, and not stock in a company. These units are then marketed—a circular laying before me is typical. It says: "My customers have made 700 per cent profit. Invest $100 a unit and get back $500."



*From a photograph by Homer T. Harden.*

When an oil well is afire.

This fraction is capitalized for $100,000, divided into 1,000 "units" of $100 each; or into 5,000 units of $20 each; or, if the promoter has soaring imagination, into 5,000,000 units of two cents each. This procedure has for a long time evaded the blue sky law, as it was held technically

Who buys? Every class, from the banker to the laborer; from the widow to the sales-girl and the school-teacher. One grade teacher borrowed on her salary contract to invest $400 in units last winter—that she sold out eventually for $1,000 did not alter the fact that she took

long chances. Of 4,059 wells completed in the established fields of Oklahoma the first six months of 1919, 1,124 were dry holes. In unproved territory it is a gambling chance, and production may in the successful instances be so small as to return no profit. It is stated that the average production of all wells in the United States now producing oil is four and one-half barrels a day.

Supposing the men with the tripods and levels did guess right. The well when it is down 2,600 feet suddenly becomes a fountain of oil, sending forth 3,000 barrels a day worth $2.25 to $2.70 a barrel! Then is the thrill of a lifetime! The value of the leases held by a single company, or by smaller investors down east, soars; units of royalities near by, marketed at $20 each, go up to $100 and more; royalties on all the surrounding farms jump to tens of thousands cash; other wells are started as rapidly as machinery can be secured. Other promoters have by this time secured leases for twenty miles around, paying perhaps $50 or $1,000 an acre, and they repeat the history of the Fragrant Hill well with greater ease, for on their maps appears a broad black arrow pointing to Section 36, where is marked in staring letters "Gusher."

If the well be a "duster," a dry hole, the entire pyramid collapses, except for the promoters, who move on to other financial hunting-grounds, having so planned that they win, no matter who loses.

"How did you come out?" was asked of the manager of an oil proposition a few weeks ago.

"Dry hole," was the contemptuous reply, "but," brightening, "we made $40,000 out of it."

"I bought a fraction of a lease for $10,000 and sold it to five men for $18,000," remarked a dealer in royalties. "I had never paid a dollar on the purchase, nor had the man before me, who got it for $4,000. The last owners have taken $82,000 from the property, and recently were offered $225,000 for it. You just can't tell when you are safe."

The only statement the stock promoter does not exaggerate is the staggering profit that sometimes has come to oil seekers. The Aladdin-like rise to fortune dazzles the imagination. One well in the mid-continent field has produced an average of 1,000 barrels a day for fourteen months, a total product of over $1,000,000 on an initial investment of $25,000. Nor need one tell more than a half truth about the Trapshooters' company and still be able to dumfound the credulous prospect. Originally it consisted of a dozen members of a gun club, who invested $250 each. The first well was 200 barrels a day; the second started at 14,000 barrels a day. Soon they had so much money they could give all their time to the gun club. One $100 share sold for $41,000. Over $6,000,000 has been paid on their royalties to Indian wards—Osages, Cherokees, Creeks—in the past three years, and the humblest member of the tribe is a king of finance. What the promoter does not tell is the history of hundreds, if not thousands, of oil companies based on nothing more than a lease on a piece of land without the faintest prospect for oil and where no serious effort ever was made to find any. The ignorance of the average investor of the whole oil business has made it easy to induce investment in absolutely worthless securities.

So elusive are the deep hidden oil pools, that a variation of a few rods may spell success or disaster. In one newly opened field was first drilled the Holden well—a generous producer. A second well drilled 400 feet away was dry. Had the second been the initial location, the field, now with scores of rich wells, would be untried. The finding of one well encourages experiment, even if there be many dry holes. One Kansas town voted bonds for $20,000, secured a few hundred acres near the city and drilled a well. At last the money was gone, and no oil. The enterprise lay idle for many months, when a wealthy company offered to pay off the bonds for the leases and make another trial. It found a 2,000-barrel well the first attempt, and has taken over $25,000,000 in oil from the leases. Had the city chosen another location for its well, it would be the richest municipality in the country to-day.

"I can stand on my back porch," said a banker of that town, "and see five hundred derricks—and my own farm which

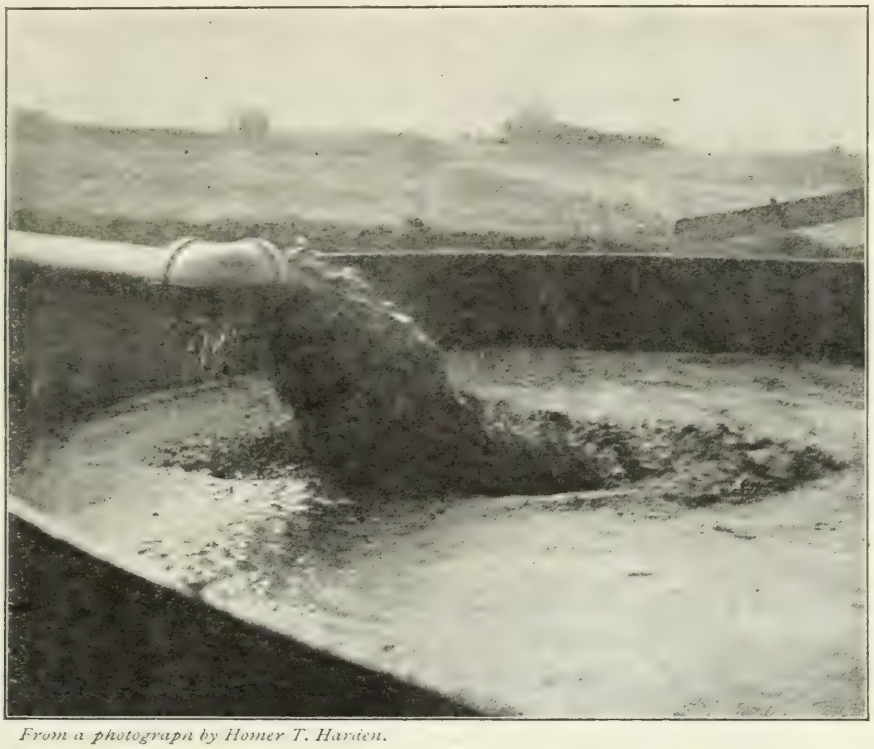
has two dry wells. I have not received a dollar from the oil boom, yet the man on the next farm is getting $3,000 a month from his royalties. Maybe I'll strike it yet—but it is rather disappointing."

One school district has an income of $22,000 a year from a well in the school yard; churchyards are producing enough to support the pastor in luxury and pay dividends to the naturally growing membership. I met the other day a farmer who came to Kansas ten years ago in a covered wagon that contained all his earthly possessions. Last winter he and his four boys were laborers on a well near his little farm. He is now drawing $1,000 a day with prospects of many times that as more wells are drilled on his land—and has refused a million for his royalty.

These instances could be multiplied by the hundred; they are typical of overnight riches where oil has been found. The losses are not to the landowners but to the hundreds of thousands of investors, large and small, some amply able to speculate in the gamble, and some led into risk of their scant savings by the stories of great finds. Were the promotions all on a fair basis, it would be less pathetic, but a vast number of projects have not one chance in a million of returning a dollar to the purchaser of stock. Vicious financeering, fake bases for the company's promises, and absolute rascality keep well in advance of the most earnest efforts of the blue sky boards and state and federal authorities.

Actual development is, however, on a higher plane than in the earlier days. It is told of one now famous Texas field that, when the first drill had reached nearly to oil, people came for miles to see the well "come in." The drill ran for hours without the point being allowed to touch bottom, and finally the manager announced with great regret that it was a dry hole. His agent then leased thousands more acres at a low price, the well was "brought in," the beginning of a wonderful rush of speculators and of hundreds of new wells. From an open prairie worth a few dollars an acre it became an oil city, and the county is said to possess to-day one-tenth the wealth of the state.

The rivalry to secure leases has led to a new profession, the oil scout. His task is to learn what other companies are doing, how their wells are producing, what the ones drilling promise. Lying



*From a photograph by Homer T. Harden.*

Shumway Well No. 5, 14,000 barrels a day.

under floors to hear the conversation of workers, roosting all night in trees to watch operations are but a part of his duties. He is a superdetective with specialized knowledge of his business. This is legitimate, but so vast has become the field and so little does one well affect the total that affairs are far more above board than formerly, so far as actual work is concerned. But no diplomat is closer mouthed than the operators in an oil-field.

The finding of oil in a new territory is not in the amount of oil secured but in the indication that another pool or series of pools has been opened. According to developments, it is believed that a series of oil pools lie beneath a comparatively narrow parallelogram reaching from southwest to northeast, from north-central Texas across Oklahoma into central Kansas. Within this has been found in the past five years marvellous producers like the Shumway No. 5, that flowed 14,000 barrels of oil a day. Wyoming is developing fields with high-grade oil but moderate sized wells, while California continues as it has for years to be a rich territory.

The Ranger, Burkburnett, and Desdemona fields in central Texas have transformed open lands into a congested scramble for oil, with derricks on town lots, in the streets, and beside the cemeteries of towns that rapidly become cities. Railroads are overwhelmed with business, and new hotels are thronged with promoters, stock speculators, and organizers of hundreds of new oil companies, some with prospects and some untarnished blue sky. Oil exchanges, with the fluctuating market prices of scores of companies, are surrounded by as eager a throng as ever faced the stock exchange of New York or Chicago.

Men and women who have known the touch of poverty all their years suddenly count their wealth in six or seven figures. The first purchase is a high-powered automobile, and this market for the most expensive makes is the best in United States. Even Poor Lo drives his seven-passenger, twin-six—and erects a modern mansion.

The remarkable development of production in late years has been due to the increased price of oil growing out of the rapidly growing consumption. When oil was worth only 40 to 60 cents a barrel, little inducement to exploration existed. In the palmy days of the Beaumont, Texas, field, only four cents a barrel was paid for a vast production. Now, with prices ranging from $1.85 to $3.50 a barrel, according to quality, even a moderate sized well is a fortune maker. Yet with this added impetus, consumption leaps forward and has overtaken production. It is possible that we are at the peak of oil production in America. The Bureau of Mines estimates that 40 per cent of our underground reserves are exhausted—but none knows what day may reveal other great fields. With 6,000,000 motor-cars running on our streets and highways, with farm tractors promising to outnumber them in a short time, with fuel oil taking the place of coal and supplanting gas in a large district where gas supply is lessening, not to mention the demands of the navy, merchant marine, and airplanes, the call is insistent.

The investment in the industry can only be estimated. The Standard Oil stocks alone represent two and a half billion dollars, of which one-sixth is devoted to production. Its pipe-lines reaching half across the continent to the Atlantic coast, and from the central west to the Gulf, are but a portion of the vast machinery of distribution. Oil may be transported through them from the Gulf to New York harbor, or from any field east of the Rockies to any of the larger cities.

The need of conservation of production methods has been one of the important demands of state and federal authorities. In the Texas field where during the recent summer production reached 224,000 barrels every twenty-four hours it was estimated that 10,000 barrels were wasted daily. Inability of railroads and pipelines to handle the oil caused an order to shut down the wells for a period. A new field without storage tanks and using open ponds to hold the overflowing oil causes excessive waste. A possibility that the nation will in a few years experience a serious shortage for its demands has resulted in strict legislation by many

states to control the recklessness of producers.

Experts estimate that the world demand for the finished product has increased in the past three years 93 per cent. Some of this is attributable to the immense demand of war activities, now eliminated. However, the exploration of every possible field is essential to maintain the supply of this most important commodity. In 1918 were drilled in the United States 28,828 wells, of which 17,849 were producing, 2,337 gas wells, and 5,752 dry holes. The production was 344,000,000 barrels, three-fourths the world's output. In 1914, the production was 296,000,000 barrels, and, in 1906, 126,000,000 barrels. Production was in 1918 at its highest mark, the first six months of 1919 showing a decrease in some of the important fields. The stocks on hand in midsummer showed a decrease of 70,000,000 barrels compared with one year previous. Last year we imported some 39,000,000 barrels, and still had a shortage of 30,000,000 barrels. This refers to the crude oil, not to the finished product, such as gasolene, of which we are large exporters. Much of the imported oil comes from Mexico, which has fallen off this year because of the governmental unrest in that country.

Our own production at the height of the 1919 season gave no indication of making up the deficit; it was in June, approximately 30,000,000 barrels, of which 14,500,000 barrels was produced in the mid-continent field, 8,000,000 barrels in California, 1,500,000 barrels on the Gulf coast, 2,500,000 barrels in the Appalachian field, 1,500,000 barrels in Indiana-Illinois, and 1,200,000 barrels in the Rocky Mountain district. The future's hope is in millions of acres of land under lease not yet proved, and where exploration may yet meet our needs.

The fate of every field is eventual exhaustion. Beginning as a gusher, a well gradually lessens its flow and finally must be pumped. One large producing company has this year applied electricity to this work, and is connecting its 900 wells with transmission lines, and using motors to drive the pumps over a large territory. Then the reservoir underneath is drained of its precious supply, and its usefulness is past. It may be that going to a deeper level may revive it—and there is hope of larger supplies by sinking wells farther in the earth when the demand becomes sufficient to warrant the greatly increased expense. The spectacular mid-continent wells that were producing their peak a year ago are now showing a material falling off, and the new fields will pass through the same process. Hence, fortunes must be made while the oil remains. Many a well has been quickly exhausted because others near by took part of the limited supply. Feverish anxiety to tap a field in as many places as possible marks every effort that shows even a moderate success. The reservoir may be but a few rods across—it may be but a pocket.

Because of its glittering lottery and the opportunity for speculation in small amounts with promise of making a fortune, oil is America's greatest gamble, far exceeding the gold mining craze in its palmiest days. On one side is a marvellous business enterprise, with investment of hundreds of millions in pipelines, refineries, tank-cars, ships, drilling outfits, and central offices, carried on by an army of laborers, clerks, and executives, forming one of the great industries of the nation. On the other its dazzling possibilities have been coined into a flamboyant offering of stock issues, promoted with honesty or with guile, and gathering from almost every neighborhood hard-earned dollars on which the investors expect a hundred-fold return.

Together these have combined to make the romantic oil era of the past decade unique in the world's financial history. Rising steadily to higher tension, its development to-day touches every industry and exerts a vast influence on our national prosperity.

In myriad safety deposit vaults, desks, and bureau drawers, are untold reams of green and blue and tinseled oil stock certificates, each bearing gilt seals and high-sounding titles. Their owners fondly hope and dream of luxury and ease "when my oil well comes in." Many the disappointments, few the realizations—but that is the history of fairy finance everywhere. At least, there will have been for the investors some days and nights filled with visions of Fortune's alluring smile.

# THE EXPERTS

## By Fred C. Smale

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER TITTLE

MR. EPHRAIM K. BLAIZE, late of Chicago, but recently domiciled in England, and Mynheer Maurice de Graaf, of Arnhem, sat together on the terrace of the Casino Gardens, Monte Carlo, smoking their cigars in the warm southern sunshine.

The two men presented something of a contrast. Blaize was thin, ascetic-looking, and somewhat cynical of temperament, whilst his companion was rotund of figure, genial of habit, and, owing to the smoking of innumerable cigars, mahogany-complexioned. Both were of late middle age, though the American looked considerably the elder of the two.

They held in front of them the current number of the *Connoisseur*, which journal occupied their attention to the entire exclusion of the entrancing view of the blue Mediterranean which lay beyond.

"Very goot reproduction," commented de Graaf, "very goot indeed. Shows every detail, even to the gilt anchor marks. Coloring is goot, too."

"Fool idea though, showing the vases as a pair," growled Blaize. "Gives a wrong impression, seeing that as a pair they do not exist."

"More is de pity," sighed de Graaf. "They were made as a pair and never ought to have been——"

"Divorced," put in Blaize with a short laugh. "Granted, but there it is. You hold one and I hold the other. It's a decree absolute"; and he closed the paper with an irritable gesture.

"Not if you would listen to reason, my friend," protested the other. "A tousand pounds I offer, and you bought your sbecimen for sefen huntret."

"Seven-fifty," corrected Blaize with a dry chuckle, "and I am willing to give a thousand guineas—guineas, mind you, not pounds—for its mate. Yet you refuse to part. Talk of listening to reason, pah!"

De Graaf cast an angry glance at the speaker and seemed about to retort, then he checked himself with another sigh.

"So! It is no use going over it all again," said he. "We haf argued it what you call threatbare. Here is a pair of vases——"

"Two vases," interposed Blaize gruffly.

"A pair of vases," doggedly reiterated de Graaf, "and, as a pair, unique. You hold one, I the other. Neither of us will sell to the other. There is an end to it. We are neither of us marrit, and when one of us dies I suppose our gollections will be sold. Then the survivor will get his chance."

Blaize chuckled grimly once more.

"Not thinking of putting me out of the way, by any chance, are you, mynheer?" he observed.

The Dutchman shook his head gravely.

"No, hardly that," he replied. "I may be what you call a crank concerning curios, but I would not go so far as that. Let us stroll a little, friend Blaize. I am getting chilled."

The American grunted assent, and the two men rose. As they moved away a tall smartly dressed individual in a gray morning suit paused opposite the seat they had just vacated. He looked at the *Connoisseur*, which had been left thereon, and then at the departing pair, as though debating within himself as to whether he should call their attention or not. Then, with a little shrug, he sat down and took up the paper. He turned over the leaves rather listlessly until he came to the illustrations of the vases, then, with a slight yawn, he proceeded to read the brief paragraph underneath. It informed him that the above illustrations had been reproduced from water-color drawings made by the kind permission of Ephraim K. Blaize, Esq., of Westley Court, Hants, and of Mynheer Maurice de Graaf, of Arnhem, Holland, which gentlemen respectively owned the two vases depicted.

"Owing to a blunder on the part of an auctioneer, some years ago," went on the writer, "the specimens were sold separately, and there seems to be no prospect of the pair being reunited, which our readers will agree is, from an artistic point of view, somewhat to be regretted."

The man in the gray suit read the paragraph a second time, more carefully, then he examined the illustration with equal attention. It represented a pair of beautiful specimens of Old Chelsea ware. The ground-color was a deep blue with, on one side, representations of vari-hued exotic birds and, on the other, the painting of a Bouchier subject. The vases were described as being identical in design, thus each illustration might be considered as the reverse of the other.

The man on the seat laid down the paper and remained for some minutes apparently deep in thought, paying no attention to the increasing throng of fashionably dressed passers-by. At last his swarthy features relaxed in a somewhat sardonic smile.

"Yes," he muttered softly, "it is worth while trying."

His lips set tightly underneath his waxed mustache, and he became suddenly alert, his keen eyes closely scrutinizing the passing crowd. At last his search was rewarded, and, rising with a swift movement, he accosted Mr. Eph-



"Not thinking of putting me out of the way, by any chance, are you, Mynheer?"—Page 624.

raim K. Blaize and Mynheer de Graaf, returning from their promenade.

"Pardon, messieurs," said the man in gray, "but, if I am not mistaken, this paper belongs to one of you."

Blaize looked at the speaker, then at the paper in his hand.

"Sure," said he, after a pause. "I left it on the seat. Many thanks."

The stranger smiled sunnily.

"I saw you leave it there," said he, "and my first impulse was to hasten after you. Then I saw what paper it was, and I confess I fell into temptation. I will borrow it for a few minutes, said I to myself, and then return it. I trust that I am forgiven."

De Graaf looked interestedly at the smiling apologist.

"You yourself are a gollector, monsieur?" said he.

The man in gray gave a slight shrug.

"Alas, no," he replied. "I am not rich enough for that, and have to be content with the public galleries and museums. Yet," he added with his swift smile, "what can a collector do more! There is the joy of possession, it is true, but, after all, he can only look."

"True," grunted Ephraim Blaize, "but there is something in owning the thing, whatever it may be, for yourself, after that."

"But that again is not always an unqualified joy," responded the stranger, with a mischievous glance at the faces of the two men. "For instance, to possess a thing that is incomplete, and to know that you cannot supply what is missing; that must be desolating! A famous sword without its sheath, a set of chess without the king, or, let us say, one of a unique pair of vases without its fellow!"

Both the collectors started slightly.

"You know us, then?" blurted out Blaize.

The mischievous smile faded from the other's face.

"Ah, but yes, messieurs. I have been reading of the vases, and I heard you address each other by name just as you left the seat. But allow me to introduce myself. Unfortunately, I have not a card with me, but my name is Besancon, Chevalier Henri de Besancon. I have a little villa near Grenoble. Perhaps some day one or both of you will do me the honor of a visit. As I said, I do not collect, but I happen to possess a few specimens which I think would interest you. I know little of ceramics, however; that is not my specialty, but I am interested in all beautiful things, and I was especially struck by the illustration of the two vases and the remarks printed in connection with it. Shall I tell you why?"

"You had seen the originals at some time, berhaps?" said de Graaf politely.

Blaize remained silent. He was more a man of the world than his friend, and, moreover, he had the Anglo-Saxon prejudice against the suave Latin race. The Chevalier de Besancon seemed to him a trifle too ready of tongue. His English, too, was extremely good for a Frenchman. Indeed, it was only now and again that some little idiom or expression stamped him as an alien to the language he spoke.

"No," replied the chevalier to de Graaf, once more displaying two gleaming rows of teeth, "I have never seen the originals of this illustration, but I have seen two vases precisely like them, absolute duplicates, as a matter of fact."

Ephraim Blaize stared incredulously, while de Graaf gave an ejaculation of surprise.

"Gopies, of course?" exclaimed the latter.

"I do not know as to copies. One or other of the vases must have been made first, of course, so that in one sense the others must all be copies, but these that I speak of are equally genuine. They are not mere worthless imitations, if that is what you mean."

"But, sir, that is impossible!" cried the American. "These vases are unique, that is as a pair. There are no others in the world like them. Mynheer de Graaf will bear me out in that."

The Dutchman nodded.

"That is so, chevalier," said he. "There are no other known sbecimens. You haf not read what is in the paper, berhaps?"

The Frenchman smiled imperturbably.

"Oh, yes, I have, mynheer," he returned; "that is why I was so deeply interested and, may I add, so pleased to make the acquaintance of you both. I assure you that there are at least two

other perfect specimens in existence. I have seen them. They are in the possession of a friend of mine, a Russian count, living in Odessa."

The two collectors looked at each other swiftly, then at Besancon.

"But are you sure that they are not mere fakes—cheap imitations, and not genuine Old Chelsea at all?" asked Blaize. "You said just now that you knew nothing of ceramics."

"That is true," replied Besancon gravely, "but I know the Count Porzroff, and he is not one to have anything about his house that is not absolutely genuine."

"A pair, you say?" slowly observed de Graaf.

"Yes, and in perfect condition, as far as I remember."

The two men exchanged glances once more, then Blaize uttered the thought that was in both their minds:

"Would this count consider an offer for these vases, do you think, chevalier?"

Besancon started slightly, then his features relaxed in a smile.

"Ah, yes, of course!" he cried. "You, messieurs, would each wish to complete your pair. Ah, if only that were possible!"

Then he continued thoughtfully, almost as though communing with himself:

"*Pardieu!* The count is not so very rich, and it is possible that—" He broke off abruptly.

"I will tell you what, messieurs," said he briskly, "I will see what can be done in the matter. I would give you the count's address and place you in direct communication with him if I thought such a course would be wise. I am convinced, however, that it would not. You see, the count is a strange person, what you call an *eccentrique*, and the probability is that a direct business offer from a stranger would make him close up—snap! —like an oyster—so!"

The speaker made a vividly appropriate gesture.

"But if, as a friend, I put the matter delicately, diplomatically, who knows but what something may be done! At any rate I am entirely at your service, messieurs. You are both staying here in Monte Carlo for some time yet—*hein?*"

"A fortnight, probably," said Ephraim Blaize gruffly.

He thought he saw the smirking Frenchman's game. Commission! That was what he was after, unless, as was more probable, the whole thing happened to be a fraud.

"Good!" said Besancon, "then I will go at once to Odessa. But first I must know what price you are prepared to offer for the vases."

There was another exchange of glances.

"If there are four vases instead of two the value of each becomes brobortionately less," said de Graaf shrewdly, "but Mr. Blaize and I must talk the matter ofer. Berhaps you will see us a liddle later at our hotel—the Medropole—if it is not troubling you too much."

The Frenchman made a deprecatory gesture.

"I think not of the trouble," he replied, with a touch of grandiloquence which jarred upon Ephraim Blaize's sensibilities. "It is in the sacred cause of art. I agree with the writer in the paper. Such a superb pair of specimens should not remain apart, and if I can be the means of your procuring the vases I speak of, I take it that you gentlemen will be able to come to an arrangement with regard to pairing the specimens once more."

"That depends," said Blaize. "We haven't seen these vases of yours yet."

"Ah, of course you will inspect them for yourselves before committing yourselves to any bargain," said Besancon.

Ephraim Blaize gave a dry laugh.

"You may depend upon that, chevalier," said he. "Very well, then, this evening, at the Metropole, at, say, seven o'clock, then we'll be able to give you something definite."

"I will be there, messieurs."

With a bow and a flourish of his hat, Besancon left them. Ephraim Blaize watched him out of sight, then he turned to his companion.

"What do you make of him and his yarn, de Graaf?" he asked abruptly.

The other hesitated.

"I gan hardly say. He seems all right, but, as you know, my friend, there are all sorts of beople here in Monte Carlo."

"Exactly. All sorts of crooks. We have got to be careful, mynheer."

"Still," said de Graaf slowly, "I do not see how this man gan svindle us. As he said, we shall not buy what you gall a big in a zack. We shall see—examine first for ourselves, and I dink, friend Blaize, we know what we are apout when it gomes to telling the difference between genuine sbecimens and frauds!"

"I should say so, too," agreed the American. "Well, it seems that he wants us to name a price and, whatever we say, we may take it that he will go the limit we fix, and a bit over if he can work it."

"Subbose we say five huntret each?" said de Graaf, after a pause.

"That is about what I was thinking of myself. It is enough for a starter; though if the vases are really genuine they are worth twice that, even allowing for there being four in existence instead of two."

"So be it, and if it comes off we shall, at any rate, hold the gomplete set between us."

"Unless this chap is able to conjure up still others," returned Blaize grumpily. "Still, we won't worry about that until we see these he speaks of, to begin with."

Punctually at seven o'clock the Chevalier de Besancon appeared at the Hotel Metropole. He received the statement of the two collectors as to the sum they were prepared to pay with a somewhat dubious expression.

"It is for you to say, of course," said he. "As I told you, ceramics are not just in my line, and I am no judge of values. I have, however, been looking up references since I saw you, and I find that in 1882, at a sale of Lord H. Thynne's collection, no less than three thousand two hundred and fifty-five pounds and five thousand four hundred pounds were paid respectively for two Old Chelsea vases."

Ephraim Blaize chuckled dryly.

"I know the case you refer to, chevalier," said he, "and they were the biggest prices ever given, but I may tell you that Mynheer de Graaf and I are not out to break records in that respect."

"You will understand that I am not trying to raise your offer," said Besancon hastily. "I merely wish to know exactly how far I may go. Of course, I may be able to obtain the vases for even less than the sum you mention."

"You may," returned the American, still in the same dry tone, "but if they are genuine Old Chelsea, and precisely like the ones which Mynheer de Graaf and I have, I do not much expect you will. At any rate, you cannot expect us to say more until we have seen for ourselves, and the offer we make is, of course, merely conditional."

"I quite understand," said the Frenchman readily. "Well, I will go to Odessa at once. I shall try to obtain the count's permission to bring the vases here to you."

De Graaf nodded, and Blaize gave a grunt of approval.

"We shall both remain here until the twenty-fourth," said the latter. "That should give you time enough."

"I will return at the earliest possible moment," said Besancon. "It may be within a week, but, in any case, it should not be more than ten days."

"We will not run away," said de Graaf cheerily, "and, of course, chevalier, we shall expect to repay you any exbenses which you incur—eh, Blaize?"

"Certainly—in reason," gruffly assented the American.

The Frenchman made a smiling gesture.

"We shall not quarrel as to that," he returned. "I am no professional dealer, and I shall only require my travelling expenses. Beyond that I am only too pleased to place my services at your disposal without any further recompense."

"Very well," said Blaize phlegmatically. "Within ten days, then, we may expect you back."

"With the vases, I hope," added Besancon, and he left them with a graceful bow.

"If he is a crook he is a pretty smart one," meditatively observed Ephraim Blaize. "I suppose we ought to have asked him to dine with us, eh, de Graaf?"

"If he brings back the vases, and they are genuine, and reasonable as to price, he shall haf such a dinner as nefer was!" exclaimed the Dutchman enthusiastically.




*Drawn by Walter Tittle.*

"You yourself are a gollector, monsieur?"—Page 626.

"There's a whole push of 'ifs' hanging on to that," said the other cynically. "I expect he's counting upon getting the things for a song and then stinging us for the rest. Perhaps this count of his doesn't know an Old Chelsea vase from a china dog. Anyhow, the chevalier is reckoning upon making his profit somewhere, that's a sure thing!"

The sun-bathed days passed. The two collectors loafed more or less contentedly on the terraces and promenades, now and again making short excursions to Nice or in the hills above the town. Neither of them patronized the Casino itself.

"We may be able to afford a thousand pounds for a piece of crockery," Ephraim Blaize observed, "but going and flinging it away to Monseer Blonk is a different proposition. I like to see something for my money, myself."

"If this affair we are waiting for does not gome off, we might blay for the vases we haf," suggested de Graaf half-jestingly, "or rather for the option of buying. It would not be necessary actually to blay. We could agree to watch a *rouge-et-noir* table, then, if red turn up, say, twelf times before white, you buy of me; if white before red, I buy of you. Simple enough!"

But Ephraim Blaize grunted and shook his head.

"No, mynheer," said he. "I'll stick to what I have. If this chevalier fellow enables us to pair, well and good."

"Subbose he bring one vase only!" exclaimed de Graaf blankly.

The American's dried-up features relaxed in a grim smile.

"Then I reckon it will be a case of the highest bidder. But we needn't worry about that. I've an idea that he'll bring both—if he brings any at all."

The following morning de Graaf received a message stating that Mr. Blaize had got news from home which necessitated his devoting the day to correspondence, but that he hoped to see his friend in the evening, whereupon the Dutchman rather disconsolately proceeded forth on a lonely ramble. Although totally different in temperament the two men had become close friends, their enthusiasm with regard to fine art specimens forming a strong bond between them.

During the day de Graaf casually ascertained that the American had sent off at least two telegrams, and that he had also received two. At dinner Blaize appeared, looking slightly more sallow than usual.

"You are worried, my friend," observed de Graaf sympathetically. "Pusiness worries?"

"Yes," returned Blaize briefly, "but I hope it is all right now. Hullo, what's this, another wire?"

The waiter presented it on a salver to the American, who tore open the envelope eagerly and read the message. Then he handed it to de Graaf.

"It's meant for both of us," said he.

The other read as follows:

"'Paris, 6.40. Arriving to-night. Bringing both specimens. Besancon.'"

"Goot!" exclaimed the Dutchman. "Now we shall soon see!"

"We shall," returned Blaize. "In the meantime make a good dinner. I am going to."

"It is a bity he was not here in time to dine with us," said de Graaf, but Blaize only grunted in reply and remained more than usually silent during the meal. Both men, however, were in a state of suppressed excitement. A slight flush was over the American's sallow features and his eyes kindled brightly. It occurred to de Graaf that his friend was even more anxious than he was himself.

After dinner they went and sat smoking in the *foyer* of the hotel, too full of the coming interview even to talk. It was not until they had been there considerably over an hour that de Graaf suddenly exclaimed:

"Here he is, py Gott!"

They both rose to meet Besancon. He appeared rather thinner than before, and decidedly travel-worn. He greeted them with a triumphant smile.

"Ah, gentlemen," he cried, "I am glad to see you. You received my telegram?"

"We did, chevalier," replied Blaize, eying the brown leather portmanteau which the arrival carried, "and—and you have them—both?"

"Yes, both."

"Ah," sighed Blaize in evident relief,

"then come straight up to my room. We shall be safe from interruption there."

The trio ascended in the lift, and when they were in the American's room he carefully closed the door and locked it.

"Now, then," said he briefly.

Besancon opened his bag and carefully drew out two large oblong parcels. He removed seemingly endless wrappings of paper, and at last there stood on the table, beneath the electric light, two exquisite vases, absolute counterparts of the illustrations in the *Connoisseur*. Neither of the collectors spoke, but the flush on Blaize's face deepened, and de Graaf breathed quickly.

"*Voila, messieurs!*" exclaimed Besancon, with a triumphant flourish. "Have I kept my promise?"

"You haf, indeed," replied de Graaf tremulously, but Blaize still remained silent. He examined the vases closely, turning them around so as to observe every detail. Then he drew a small magnifying-glass from his waistcoat pocket and scrutinized the marks they bore, finishing by holding up one of the specimens and examining the bottom. At last he gave a little sigh of satisfaction and turned to de Graaf.

"Well?" he observed.

"They are genuine," said the Dutchman. "This one is a twin to mine at home."

Blaize's sallow features twisted in a slight smile.

"Oh, yes," he observed, "they are genuine."

Then he turned to Besancon, who had been watching keenly.

"What price?"

The Frenchman's face clouded slightly, and he gave a little shrug.

"Ah, messieurs, I am desolated!" he replied gravely. "The count asks precisely double what you authorized me to offer, and he absolutely declines to sell the vases for less. I have brought them to you on my own responsibility, without telling him that you were unlikely to meet him as to price. I thought it the best course."

Ephraim Blaize chuckled softly.

"Two thousand for the pair, eh! That's a big jump."

"And, of course, there may be others," put in de Graaf.

"I can reassure you there," said Besancon quickly. "The count is quite sure that there are no similar specimens in existence; that is, of course, besides the ones you both possess already. The count knows the whole history of the set. He says that the second pair, these before you now, were made by special order for some great lady, a member of the Russian aristocracy, who had seen the original ones and wished to have a pair precisely like them."

Ephraim Blaize tapped a gold pencil-case against his teeth and eyed Besancon reflectively.

"It's a pity," said he. "Perhaps if Mynheer de Graaf and I were to interview this count of yours personally——"

"Impossible!" hastily interrupted Besancon. "As I told you, he is a strange person and very difficult to deal with. He absolutely declines any bargaining. Indeed, he has given me two receipts, for one thousand pounds each, to be handed to you respectively if you accept his offer. Otherwise I am to return the vases to him at once. There is no middle course possible. I am sorry if I seem blunt and disobliging, but I could obtain no other conditions, and my only alternative was to drop the matter altogether. As it was, I had great difficulty in getting the count to allow me to bring the vases here, I can assure you."

De Graaf nodded.

"We quite understand. Well, it would appear, friend Blaize, that we must make up our minds quickly, eh?"

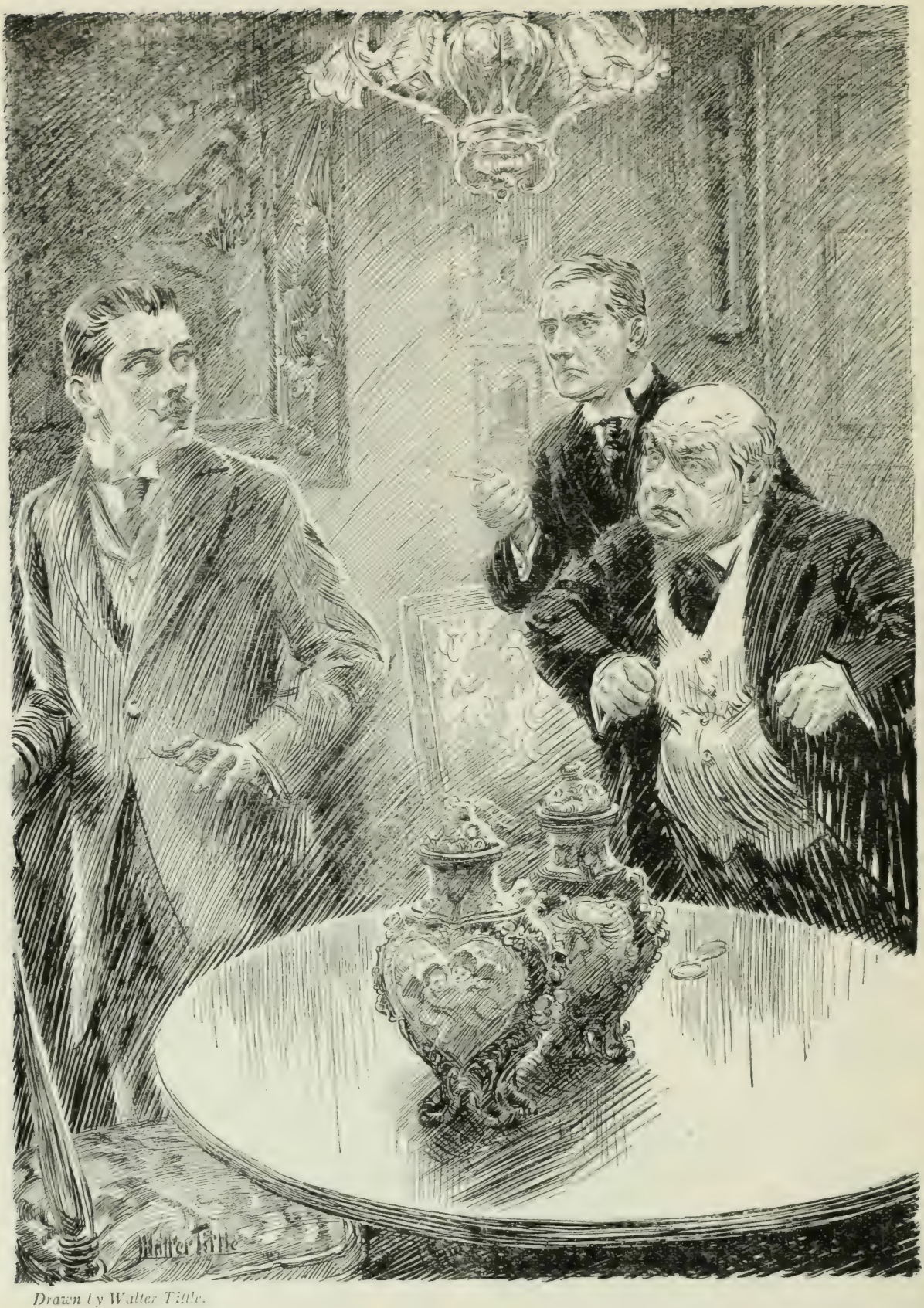
Ephraim Blaize suddenly stopped tapping the pencil-case against his teeth and addressed Besancon.

"You infernal swindler!" said the American quietly.

The Frenchman gave a violent start and his face paled, while de Graaf gasped in astonishment.

"Monsieur!" cried Besancon indignantly.

"You infernal swindler!" repeated Blaize. "This vase"— he touched one of the specimens on the table—"is mine —mine, do you hear! The one I left at home a fortnight ago. There is a private mark on it which I made myself. You can only see it with a magnifying-glass. Every specimen I have is marked in some




*Drawn by Walter Tittle.*

"You are a thief, a liar, and a swindler, and I reckon you've had about all the run that you're entitled to."—Page 633.

way or other, so that I may be able to identify it in any circumstances. You have stolen this from my house in England, and I haven't the slightest doubt but what the other is the property of Mynheer de Graaf."

"Py Gott, that is so!" exclaimed the Dutchman. "I said he was a twin!"

"Your story of this precious count of yours is all a fake from beginning to end," pursued Blaize. "You have not been to Odessa any more than we have. You are a thief, a liar, and a swindler, and I reckon you've had about all the run that you're entitled to."

The American stepped back and placed his finger on the knob of the electric bell.

"Stay!" cried Besancon quickly. His face was white and his voice shook a little, but he met the gaze of the two men steadily. "I look over your insults for a moment," he continued as Blaize paused, "seeing that you are laboring under a delusion. If I had stolen the vases, as you so absurdly say, you would have known of it before I came back."

Ephraim Blaize chuckled dryly.

"Maybe I did know," said he, "or, at any rate, strongly suspected. You are a pretty artful crook, chevalier, but I know all about the shabby old guy in the black cape who had seen the pictures in the paper and came rubbering around my place to have a look at one of the originals. My man that I left in charge wrote to me about it. I got his letter this morning. He is faithful and honest, though he is something of a bonehead and no sort of match for sharpers like you. I can guess just how you worked it. That black cape of yours came in useful. I'll bet that when I get home I'll find a bit of blue pottery worth about eighteen pence standing in the place of this"—he tapped the vase again—"Old MacCormick wouldn't know any difference. As to Mynheer de Graaf, that job was easier, perhaps. He doesn't even leave a caretaker, though I always told him he was foolish on that point."

"Damnt scountrel!" exclaimed the Dutchman, his mahogany-colored features apoplectic with emotion.

"You are talking outrageous nonsense!" said Besancon angrily, but his eye flickered to the door, where the key was still in the lock. "I believe that you are both trying to swindle me yourselves. It is a conspiracy between you to obtain the vases for nothing. I know you collectors! You are all alike—without conscience or scruple when it comes to securing something which you covet!"

Blaize laughed.

"Well, we can soon settle that," he returned. "I'll call up the manager and get him to fetch in a couple of those *gendarme* sports——"

He got no further. Besancon took a sudden step backward and switched off the light, then the key was turned, the door opened and closed swiftly, and he was gone.

"Stop him!" shouted Blaize, fumbling wildly for the switch. "Damn him, he'll get away!"

He found the switch at last, and the light flooded the room once more.

"Stay here and look after the vases," he said quickly to the still half-stupefied de Graaf, and, opening the door, the American ran down the stairs with the agility of a young man. But ere he reached the vestibule of the hotel he heard the whir of a starting motor-car, and he reached the open just in time to see its lights disappearing in the night. He returned slowly to his room.

"Well!" exclaimed de Graaf, as his friend appeared.

"Made his getaway," replied Blaize succinctly.

"But the bolice, haf you told them?"

The other shook his head.

"He will be over the Italian border within twenty minutes. And what's the good, anyway? Even if they did catch him it would mean you and I fooling about here for at least another week, and I want to get home. We have got our vases, and we're lucky, if you ask me! The only point is whether he has pinched anything else, but I reckon not. I got a wire from Mac saying he can't see that anything is missing."

De Graaf sank into a chair and breathed stertorously.

"And I was thinking of puying the vase—my vase!" he exclaimed. "I had my check-pook ready." Then he regarded his companion a little resentfully.

"But why did you not tell me before?"

he asked. "When you heard from England."

Blaize shook his head.

"You are an impulsive man, mynheer," he replied. "If I had told you what I knew you would have been for rushing off home to see if your stuff was safe, and maybe you would have put the police on this crook's track at once. Then, as likely as not, we'd both have lost our vases for good and all. The only chance was to get him here with the goods and then let the band play. It was lucky for him that he brought back the vases safe and sound. If he had as much as scratched mine I'd have had his scalp there and then for sure!"

Then the American's eye fell on the brown portmanteau.

"We're something to the good, anyway!" he observed. "He's left his grip as a memento. Guess I'll toss you for it."

"You are velcome to the bag as long as I haf my vase," returned de Graaf. "And to think that we was so nearly svindled!"

"I always suspected that he was a crook from the first," said Blaize, "though I never dreamed of his having the gall to steal our own vases and then try and sell 'em back to us."

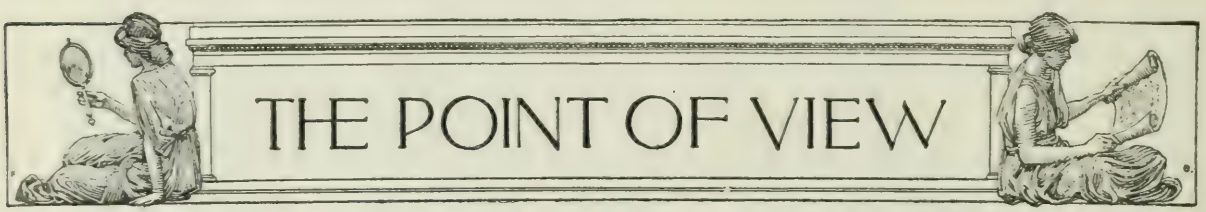
"The worst I thought of him was that he was a gollector, like ourselfs," ingenuously remarked de Graaf.

"I don't believe he was even a Frenchman," said Blaize; "more likely some bunco-steerer from London or N'York. But he was a collector, all right—only he didn't manage to collect of us, thanks be!"

"He gollected our vases," observed de Graaf, with a rueful smile.

"But not the dollars," said Blaize, "and we've got the vases back. We had better pack them up. I'm for home tomorrow."

"I also," said Mynheer de Graaf, "and I think I spread about some mouse-traps the next time I leaf my house."




SOME years ago, when what my grandfather used to refer to as "what you are pleased to call your mind," was still in the hands of the university professors, I ventured into the vegetable garden one evening to interview John, the gardener, on the subject of the approaching presidential election. I was expecting to vote for the first time myself, and I was giving the question very careful consideration, weighing the issues in the light of the recent lectures on economics and sociology which I had been attending. Not so the gardener. He was going to vote the straight Republican ticket because in his opinion the price of potatoes was too high. No references of mine to the theory of protection, the activities of the money trust, or the control of immigration held any meaning for him. He had always voted the Republican ticket for very good reasons, so he averred, and he intended to do so the rest of his life. His decision was final; and though that was not the last discussion I had with him, no argument that I was ever able to adduce had the slightest effect on his political complexion. He had learned how to go through the motions of voting that ticket, and at his age he was not going to make an Athenian of himself and run after anything new.

Politico-Kinetic Stability

Replicas of this estimable agriculturalist abound in all walks of life. They form the backbone of the body politic; and just as physiologists tell us that no thinking goes on in the spinal cord—only reactions—so cerebration is absent in these specimens. Give John the assurance that he will enjoy the fruit of his labors about as heretofore and you will interest him and gain his confidence far more easily then by offering him the single tax or the soviet form of government. Potatoes are concrete. *Progress and Poverty* is some new fangled theory and

he is against it no matter what it promises or how specious it appears.

Of course John has his periods of indecision—generally in the heat of the primaries. On such occasions, when his mental disturbance becomes fairly acute, he goes off down the road and consults with the postmaster. He has great confidence in the postmaster, and so have I. The difference between John and the postmaster is that whereas the latter has been known to consult with me, John would never place any reliance on any political opinion which I might venture. He regards me as rather a dangerous voter with Red tendencies—a conclusion which I have suspected springs from a remark I once hazarded to the effect that all government was a kind of evolution. That was too near revolution for John, and I forfeited his confidence in that hour.

The postmaster, however, like the abnormally sane curator of my vegetables, is a congenital conservative and never fails to have a positive opinion on every political question. He regards me as Quixotic because I once confessed that I did not vote at all in certain cases where I could not find out anything about either of the candidates for an office, but even though I do not always agree with him I am sure he is an excellent man for John to consult with. He and John are pillars of the common law, and have an instinctive distrust of the legislature's activity in making modifications or alterations in it. They, and the many like them, compose the great gyroscope which maintains the nicety of balance in the relations of men and nations. It is not that they are deliberately reactionary. They simply express the human tendency which makes us rather bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of. They feel, with Lord Falkland, that when it is not necessary to change it is necessary *not* to change; and that is not in any sense an illiberal doctrine.

On the issues of the moment John does not vote. He would deny this impeachment, but it is so nevertheless. When he started to exercise his right of suffrage he voted every year on the questions which agitated the country about the time of the Missouri Compromise. Along about the period of the Spanish War he was voting on the Free Silver question. The last few years he has been voting against Progressives, on principle, without regard to the issues. His friend the postmaster is, I think, quite aware of the antediluvian state of John's politics, but he finds it reassuring. He confided to me that the object of the mass meetings which he organizes at election time was not to educate the electors, but to "get out the vote," by rousing interest in the contest. No Democrats ever go to Republican rallies, he says, nor Republicans to Democratic ones.

John tells me he goes to meetings to find out the answers to the rubbish the other side is disseminating, and though I explained to him that *a priori* reasoning has not been well regarded since Francis Bacon's time, I have never been able to pursuade him to listen to a Democratic orator no matter how distinguished. I really think he goes for the beer and crackers, and is secretly much relieved when the harangues are over.

Of course, John and the great mass of conservatives afflicted with his political benightedness are a great source of exasperation to high-minded reformers. Their capacity for ignoring the experience of the centuries is absolutely infinite, nor have the most cogent arguments the slightest influence with them. As a factor in politics they form a constant. They are the flywheel on the machinery of government and make for steadiness and continuity—somewhat at the cost of velocity. Adventurers in every field from commerce to matrimony count on them. But for them the Constitution might be amended every week, and Lord Acton's test of freedom, the security of the minority, would make a sorry showing. They are the guarantors of the harvest, the bulwarks of civilization.

## Some By-Products of Research

WHEN writers in the Point of View and others assure us of the futility of trying to enforce verbal taboos we accept their dicta as philosophically as may be, hoping that the worst vulgarities will fail to make their way in polite society. But such optimism seems ill-founded when we happen upon a scientific treatise on the American Language, a work of indefatigable research which gives us a shuddering glimpse into the future. Under its direction we look over the fence that encloses our pleasant decencies of speech and gaze at the horde of barbarous words and phrases, defaced still further by a formless and uncouth

grammar, and half-clad in indecently abbreviated garments of simplified spelling, all insistently pushing and shouldering their way in. Useless to lock the gate; they will climb over the fence. These are the creatures whom we and our children are to welcome to our firesides, and who presently are to form our means of communication with each other. We are quite sure that they are far worse than anything that has been admitted in the past.

Still, even this depressing book proves unexpectedly entertaining. In its odd way it is for some of us a Book of Remembrance; as, for instance, when the author mentions the mysterious word "Sashay," to whose origin he can find no clue. "Its relationship to the French *chassé* seems to be plain," he says, "and yet it has acquired meanings in American that differ widely from the meaning of *chassé*. . . . It is reported in popular use as a verb signifying to prance or to walk consciously."

My mind goes back many years to my youth in a country village and to the "square dances" which were in vogue. Strictly religious parents who would not allow their girls to waltz looked with lenient eyes on the decorous and innocuous quadrille. The music used to be printed with directions, usually in French, as to the figures, and these directions were frequently "called off." On formal occasions this was done by the leader of the orchestra, while at small and informal dances it might be that one of the guests called off, but it was always a man with a commanding voice. I can still hear those stentorian tones, and always, instead of "chassez," as the direction was printed, he shouted "Sashay!" This was in central New York, but surely the origin of "Sashay" in "southeastern Missouri, Nebraska, northwestern Arkansas, eastern Alabama, and western Indiana . . . and on Cape Cod" is explicable.

When, a little farther on, our author mentions the derogatory significance acquired by the termination *ster*, as in trickster, shyster, etc. (always masculine, be it noted), one recalls one's amusement at the definition given by a very charming woman to the one word which, in English, preserves the original feminine meaning of the termination *ster*.

"Do you know," said she, "the difference between a spinster and an old maid? A spinster could have been married if she had wanted to and an old maid couldn't. And by Jove," she added, "I'm a spinster!"

She was a very charming woman, indeed, and granting her the definition of the word, she named herself correctly. As to feminine terminations, the Point-of-Viewer seems to me to fall somewhat behind the latest usage in the matter of "authoress" and "poetess." Those titles surely belong rather to the Victorian era, before work was recognized as neuter; the period of "Women's excitement about Woman," to quote a clever writer—although perhaps, after all, that period is not quite over.

Later on, in discussing proper names, the treatise mentions that "a candidate for governor of New York had the curious given name of D-Cady," and that brings to mind the eminent Judge Daniel Cady and his famous daughter, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, one of the earliest and most ardent apostles of "Woman's Rights." I recall in passing that the namesakes of Judge Cady used to be called Cady and to write their names D. Cady, but I didn't know they hyphenated them. There was extant in the family an interesting anecdote of Mrs. Stanton's childhood. She happened, it seems, to hear a discussion of the injustice of the law which prevented a married woman from holding property independently of her husband; and then and there was kindled a flame which was not extinguished during that child's lifetime. With precocious interest she turned to her father.

"Is that law in your books?" she asked, having been told at some time that all the laws were in the rows of calf-bound volumes.

"Yes, it is in my books."

"Then I'll get the book down that has it in, and tear it out."

"That won't do any good. If any one wants to get rid of a law he has to go to the legislature and ask them to repeal it."

"Then I'll do that."

"A little girl can't very well do that."

"I'll do it when I'm grown up."

And do it she did, and never gave up until the law was repealed.

Indeed, the learned treatise is full of interesting things and, quite accidentally, it is a passably good Book of Remembrance.

WERE you so fortunate as to be born in a small town? Were you so fortunate as to be born long enough ago to remember the big gypsy ket-

tle in the back yard, the gypsy fire underneath, the novel outdoor cookery, the long wooden stirrer, the barrel of cider against the fence, that tantalizing, luscious, spicy, fruity odor, then, in the clear, golden, frosty twilight, the finished product—the product that the winter long was to form a welcome part of the daily fare, and daily was to call forth that pleasant autumn picture?

Apple Butter

Can't you see it now? Can't you smell that wood smoke, see the blue haze encircling the mammoth kettle? And don't you wish you could taste real apple butter once again, compounded of smoke and eager young response as well as of the tangible ingredients? But apart from the sentiment of the thing, how good and wholesome it was, how worthy a place in the daily fare. The carefully prepared apples, the fresh cider, the artful mixing of spices, the right sweetening, this American dish has no superior, I trow, anywhere in the world.

The day the wonderful barrel was hoisted on its support in the back yard did you not, now and then, slyly stroll over in the vicinity thereof with a chosen friend or two, stand watchful of the dripping bung, presently boldly toy with the spigot, though all the time fearful you might not be successful in turning it off and might occasion the loss of the precious vintage—and the more precious apple butter? But who could forego quenching one's thirst with new cider, especially when standing close to a dripping bung?

Did they let you take part in that great paring of the evening before, family and neighborly helpers gathered in the big kitchen where, amid quip and gossip, they deftly pared and cored and quartered until a tub, shiningly clean, was well filled with the fragrant fruit? Fingers got shrunken and stained in the labor, but that just showed apple-butter time had come; with those living in a small town, the ceremonial of the year.

Maybe they let you stir the precious stuff after the sweetening was in and the mixture must be watched every instant to keep it from burning. A proud, responsible, happy trust, the fortunes of the family—at least the winter well-being—dependent on your devotedness to this duty. You scraped the sides, you sounded the bottom, you stood over the seething mass until your arms ached, your legs wobbled, your eyes burned, your cheeks smarted. Presently relief came; mother approached with saucer and wooden spoon to test the contents of the kettle. No, not thick enough yet; must boil down more. So the post of stirrer becomes one that tests endurance to the utmost, that requires shifts of workers. When the next watch comes to your relief, burned, benumbed, you seek a sunny "lair of grass" where you can lie relaxed, and, without the drawback of aching muscles, enjoy the delectable odor commingled of brown sugar, cinnamon, cloves, allspice, "rhambos," and cider.

In apple butter East and West meet; the spices from the Orient are called to add their tang to the harvest gathered from trees growing on Ohio hillsides, to the fruit and to the juice of the fruit. As the mixture thickens and darkens to the point where it is pronounced "done," the air, too, grows thicker and sweeter with the perfume from hot spices, the whole neighborhood learns that the Blanks are "making their apple butter"; have arrived at their ceremonial.

Dusk, and at last the apple butter is done, is ready to be put into the jars. "Crocks," you called them, and they stood there in array; big ones, middle-sized ones, and little ones. When filled they were neatly covered, then carried to the cellar and placed arow on a shelf devoted to their sole use. The shelf the winter through yielded the welcome "sauce" craved in that period before fresh fruit from the tropics had become a commonplace, before bananas, oranges, and grapefruit were in daily use in the average household.

With the present price for fruit shipped from a distance, and with the present harking back to old family industries, perhaps we shall return to the home-made apple butter, again shall make it after the old fashion. Hasten the day! Give the youngsters a taste of what real apple butter is, give them a chance to assist at the rites associated with its preparation. And give the older ones, in addition to the perfect dish, the reawaking of memories—youth, mother, home, small town, ruddy, crisp autumn weather, gypsy fire and kettle, cider and spice, smoke and once-familiar figures that move therein, labors shared in common, family bond and neighborly bond—Old Days!




# FOR BETTER ILLUSTRATION

By N. C. Wyeth

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

MOST of us will agree, I presume, that American illustration, considering the remarkable opportunities that have been offered by the publishers, in the past twenty years, is not up to the standard of excellence which we have every right to expect, and the quality of production does not seem to grow more important as the time passes. Here and there we find admirable pictures no doubt, but considering the mass of drawings that are being made, the number of good works is almost negligible; and even the best too often lacks potentiality, that promise of *growth into* the broader field of painting and mural decoration which is the logical sequence to illustration.

Let us glance at present methods and circumstances which I think are interfering with the production of substantial illustrators, and then propose a few corrective suggestions which I believe to be fundamental.

The popular blame for the failure of the modern illustrator is, of course, laid upon the tremendous and enveloping spirit of commercialism, and unquestionably this does play a large part in his undoing. However, commercialism is a condition, and it must be met. But I feel by stopping here that we are missing the real issue and are not striking at the source of our failures.

There is a very depressing belief in artistic circles, particularly amongst the painters themselves, that illustration is not an art but a craft, that it is not conceived from inspirational sources, but is built and fashioned as a stage-setting would be around the theme of a story, or planned like an ingenious design. Now it happens that the painter's opinion in this matter has far-reaching and distressing results for the illustrator, as it is he who stands at the advisory head of our art training-schools and, consciously or unconsciously, establishes the standards, and shapes the policies and methods therein.

To my very definite knowledge, the painter's opinion of the illustrator's profession as compared to his own, is often very near that of contempt, and if it amounted only to this I would have nothing to say; but his influence in the art academies is really the fundamental cause of a very serious neglect in the courses of training meted out to the illustrators, and this in spite of the fact that the illustrating classes have become a popular and paying branch of these institutions.

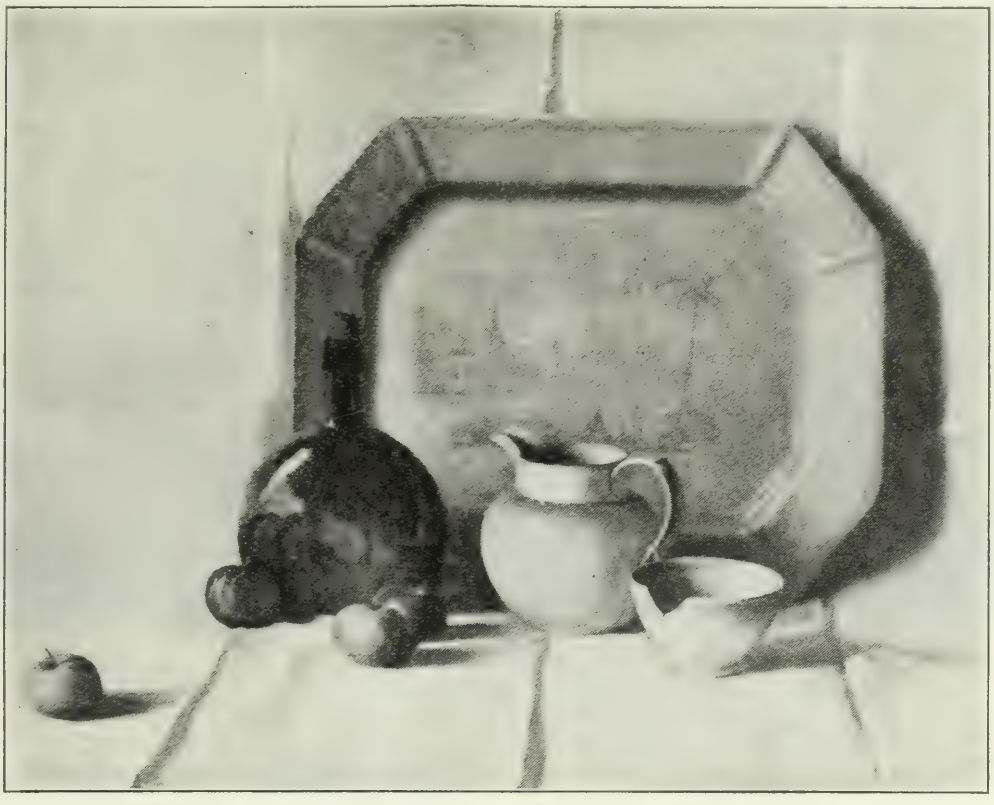
It has been my experience in the past few years to discuss the plans and prospects of a considerable number of art students aspiring to illustration. Many of them have come to me fresh from the art schools with the ostensible purpose of carrying on their study to more practical ends. From these contacts I have learned from the truest source possible just what the illustrator is getting from the academies.

We all realize that the period of adolescence in the life of the young artist or poet, when he is awakening into dreams of artistic achievement, while he is enjoying the subtle but none the less definite thrills of an inner-urge to express himself, is the most wonderful, the most illusive, and the most susceptible period of his life. Now, unless this young spirit is blest with understanding parents who recognize, and are willing to cherish and foster this tender dawning of a new vision with the right supplementary training in the home, there remains no other provision for the proper development of his talent but to send him to an art school. So, invariably he is taken from the discipline and the mildly philosophical influences of the public schools, and is thrust into a school where there is still less of these things.

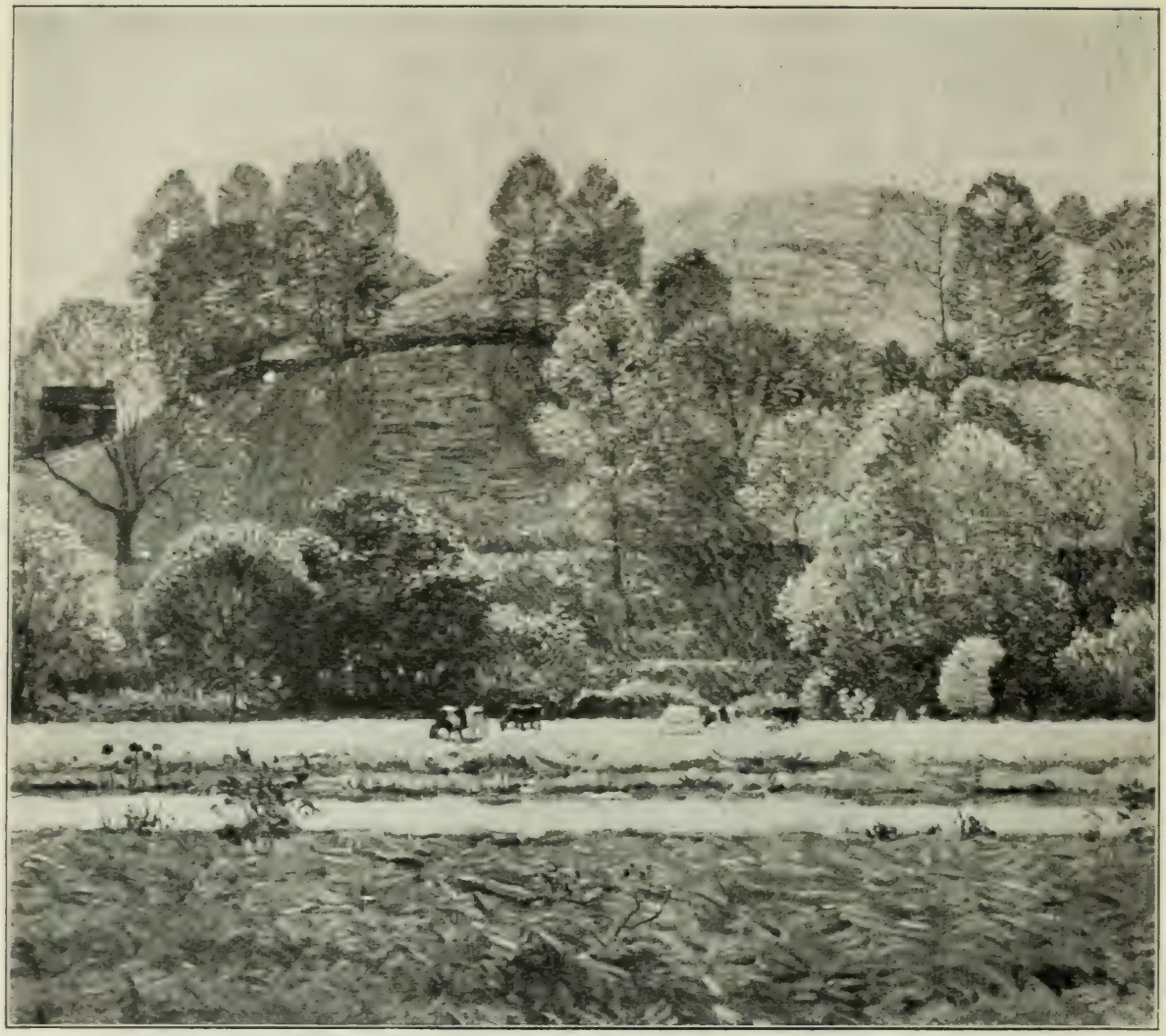
His first experience is to be seated before a cast, and with a few elementary remarks

on drawing from the instructor, his work is started for the term. Now, outside of the weekly or semiweekly returns of the instructor the boy is allowed almost complete freedom to work or not, according to his moods, with no steadying influences of an intellectual nature, no one to remind him that *art* and *life* are incorporate, that to grow in artistic power he must grow in character. On the contrary, the philosophic ideas which he picks up are gleaned from the other students, older students, indiscreet students, the product of their loose surroundings. He is plunged almost immediately into a whirlpool of shapeless, radical ideas (so abundant amongst art students). It is not long before he has lost complete sight of his early, inherent vision, and has accepted in its place the novel, more exciting schemes upon which to shape his destiny. This is so often the beginning of the end. Only rarely does a fortunate student happen upon a helpful mind, one sufficiently strong and sympathetic to help him back into the real light. Back in the golden days of art an air of great seriousness, of religious fervor, surrounded the training of the artist; the profession was closely linked with the church, and to a very great extent supported by it, so when one entered the field, it was done with becoming reverence and humility which preserved a most fertile condition of mind for spiritual as well as technical growth. But to-day we have not the church, nor have we supplied any substitute to invest the profession with these inspirational qualities.

Now to speak more specifically of the prevailing system of teaching. The great majority of the art schools mark a distinct division between the painting classes and the illustrating classes. This is a grave mistake. The training course for the illustrator should not be one whit different or less thorough, than that for the painter. But it is a fact that the course of study required of the illustrator is depressingly brief. He is fairly galloped through the antique, takes a "swipe" at still-life painting, and bounces in and out of the life class. And heaped upon this slovenly drilling are the highly distracting interests of *composition*. Apply this system of training to the young musician, allow him to compose before he knows the five-finger ex-



Still Life Study.



Landscape Study.
Painted out of doors.

ercises. The cases are precisely parallel.

Why the fallacy of precipitating a young, undeveloped mind into the advanced courses of an illustrating class before he has had a chance to occupy his senses sufficiently with the truth, and nothing but the truth, to acquire a thorough working knowledge of nature in her simplest forms, before attempting to present her in the impressionistic dressings of his emotions, is more than I can comprehend. To destroy individuality, seems to be the main function of the illustrating classroom to-day.

To turn the embryo mind face to face with technical methods, style, and the restrictions of publishing processes which all figure so prominently in composition, before he is able to feel that divine urge which comes only from a sound initiation into nature's truths is, to my mind, the principal reason why such a tragic percentage of art students fail.

I know from experience what it means to answer that premature call for pictures. The second week I spent in an art school I was requested to do this as a part of the routine, and how I suffered for that entire year. I noted that cleverness was rewarded; stunty and affected methods got the applause; so naturally I concluded that my salvation in art lay in my ability to develop a new *stunt*. And how many hundreds of promising young men are making this same mistake in our art schools to-day! To be sure, the crafty ingenuity of a few survives to reach a popular level—they enjoy a vogue, but invariably such ability grows weaker as time goes by, and finally passes out altogether. There is no substance, no body to such work, it is a mere shell, and



"September Afternoon."
Studied directly from nature.

being solely dependent on superficial effect the light of inspiration soon burns out.

I will admit the commercial value of such craftsmanship, but it does not figure at all in the building up of important illustration, and that is what I am writing about.

Now this brings me to that dire need of philosophic influence in the art schools, a phase of study which should be made as important a part of the curriculum as drawing or painting.

One has but to talk with any of the majority of students to soon learn that they consider art something that they do rather than something they live. They are essentially dilettantes.

It seems to me that the first responsibility to be taught the young artist, along with sturdy technical study is this, that he must sense deeply of the fact and substance of the object he is drawing; he must learn to love that object for its own sake, not because it is picturesque, or odd, or striking, but simply because it is an object of form and substance revealed to him by the wonder of light that represents a phase of the great cosmic order of things.

My grandfather, who was associated with Louis Agassiz for many years, used to tell me that this was the very keystone to his power of teaching. He invested natural science with such a profound spirit of romance, and his thrilling appreciation of cosmic relationship was so strong, that he awakened the youngest of his listeners to the most enthusiastic appreciation of science. To the master this power to sense reality is an instinctive trait, of course, but how can this feeling ever live in a man who has never established stirring relations with the realities in the first place? The fact is the student is inclined and encour-

aged to look upon the phenomena of life as merely fit or unfit material with which to construct clever pictures. The result: they never reach the point where the creation of a picture becomes a constitutional necessity, but rather amounts to a mere intellectual attainment—the one vital, the other ephemeral. To unfold to the young mind the glory of all facts of existence should be the fundamental function of the art school, but in just this they are utterly deficient.

The view-point I have expressed, once established, the young artist will naturally become more interested in the common objects around him, and this is apt to save him that futile chase for ultrapicturesqueness in the shape of Dutch windmills, or South Sea Island cannibals, but instead he will derive his inspiration from the happenings in his own life, the virility of it passing without waste into his work. It was Thoreau who believed (and came as near to fulfilling his belief as any one ever did) that the action of doing a thing, and the writing about it should be so close that they amount to one and the same thing. And so with the picture-maker. But isn't it obviously clear how the very training we get in the art schools, and colleges too, tends to separate us from life, teaches us to work too much with our brains and too little with our hearts? Romain Rolland in "Jean Christophe" says: "Write the simple life of one of these simple men, write the peaceful epic of the days and nights following one like to another, and yet all different, all sons of the same mother, from the dawning of the first day in the life of the world. Write it simply, as simple as its own unfolding. Waste no thought upon the word and the letter, and the subtle vain researches in which the force of the artists of to-day is turned to naught. You are addressing all men; use the language of all men. There are no words noble or vulgar; there is no style chaste or impure; there are only words and styles which say or do not say exactly what they have to say. Be sound and thorough in all you do; think just what you think, and feel just what you feel. Let the rhythm of your heart prevail in your writings; the style is the soul."

We cannot, in art, produce a fraction more than what we are. The strange and popularly accepted belief that great artists were invariably wayward, and are excused for it on the grounds of special privileges, is as false as it is impossible. No great artist ever thrived on such principles. If stories have been handed down to us of moral lapses in the lives of the masters, their work survives in spite of the mistakes, and not on account of them. No art justifies anything but honest, straightforward living. The moral superiority of Beethoven, the greatest of them all, comes to my mind while I write this.

Do we hear any of this in the art schools? Decidedly no.

To teach the young illustrator that his salvation lies within himself, that to be able to draw virile pictures means that he must live virilely; upon such stuff should the system of the art schools be built. And without it we cannot expect him to be of any permanent benefit to the upbuilding of American illustration.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 6.

Vol. LXVI. No. 5 NOVEMBER 1919

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# The Christmas Number
# SCRIBNER'S *for* December

▼ ▼ ▼

## More *of* Roosevelt's Own Letters

THE versatility, wide humanity, literary appreciation, and abounding humor of THEODORE ROOSEVELT are shown in this selection made by Mr. Bishop particularly for the *Christmas* number. No one subject runs through the series, but Roosevelt's sparkling intelligence, intellectually at home with every kind of mind, is one of the most attractive revelations of this astounding man.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE was the friend through all his literary career of JOHN FOX, JR. Mr. Page arrived in this country from Italy to learn that Fox had died while he (Page) was on the ocean. One of Fox's memoranda was to meet his old friend on his arrival. Mr. Page has written an article of great charm, showing the attractive personality of Fox and then giving a comprehensive view of his literary work. No finer tribute could be paid by one old friend to another, or one novelist of distinction to another who has just gone.

JOHN BURROUGHS, perennially young, has a paper that would have delighted Colonel Roosevelt's heart. It is *"Notes of a Naturalist,"* written as only John Burroughs can write of nature.

## FICTION

### A FEATURE *of the* CHRISTMAS NUMBER

JOHN GALSWORTHY: The study of an ineffective man, entitled *"Expectations."*

HARRIET WELLES: *"One Hundred Years Too Soon,"* a story of the Dowager Empress of China.

KATHERINE HOLLAND BROWN: *"The Very Anxious Mother,"* a Christmas story.

MARGARET ADELAIDE WILSON: *"Drums,"* the romantic story of a musician.

MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT: *"When His Ship Came In,"* a subtle and dramatic presentation of an unusual character, by the author of "John O'May."

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OTHER STORIES AND ESSAYS, and a GROUP OF POEMS for the season.

MANY ILLUSTRATIONS, including a remarkable frontispiece, "The Nativity."

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION by Alexander Dana Noyes; *The Point of View* and *The Field of Art.*

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*From a drawing by C. Bosseron Chambers.*

"THE NATIVITY."

—Page 713.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXVI DECEMBER, 1919 NO. 6

# EXPECTATIONS

## BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. J. MOWAT

NOT many years ago a couple were living in the south of England whose name was Wotchett—Ralph and Eileen Wotchett; a name, derived, Ralph asserted, from a Saxon Thegn called Otchar mentioned in Domesday, or at all events—when search of the book had proved vain—on the edge of that substantial record.

He—possibly the thirtieth descendant of the Thegn—was close on six feet in height and thin, with thirsty eyes, and a smile which had fixed itself in his cheeks, so on the verge of appearing was it. His hair waved, and was of a dusty shade, bordering on gray. His wife, of the same age and nearly the same height as himself, was of sanguine coloring and a Cornish family, which had held land in such a manner that it had nearly melted in their grasp. All that had come to Eileen was a reversion, on the mortgageable value of which she and Ralph had been living for some time. Ralph Wotchett also had expectations. By profession he was an architect, but perhaps because of his expectations he had always had bad luck. The involutions of the reasons why his clients died, became insolvent, abandoned their projects, or otherwise failed to come up to the scratch were followed by him alone in the full of their maze-like windings. The house they were living in, indeed, was one of those he had designed for a client, but the "fat chough" had refused to go into it for some unaccountable reason; he and Eileen were only perching there, however, on the edge of settling down in some more permanent residence when they came into their expectations.

Considering the vicissitudes and disappointments of their life together, it was remarkable how certain they remained that they would at last cross the bar and reach the harbor of comfortable circumstance. They had, one may suppose, expectations in their blood. The germ had infected their systems, so that though not selfish or greedy people, and well knowing how to rough it, they dreamed so of what they had not, that they continually got rid of what they had in order to obtain more of it. If, for example, Ralph received an order, he felt so strongly that this was the chance of his life if properly grasped, that he would almost as a matter of course increase and complicate the project till it became unworkable, or in his zeal omit some vital calculation such as a rise in the price of bricks; nor would any one be more surprised than he at this, or more certain that all connected with the matter had been "fat choughs" except—himself. On such occasions Eileen would get angry, but if any one suggested that Ralph had overreached himself, she would get still angrier. She was very loyal, and fortunately of a somewhat fly-away nature; and before long she always joined him in his feeling that the whole transaction had been just the usual "skin-game" on the part of Providence to keep them out of their expectations. It was the same in domestic life. If Ralph had to eat a breakfast, which would be almost every morning, he had so many and such im-

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They had often discussed what she would leave them.—Page 645.

aginative ways of getting from it a better breakfast than was in it, that he often remained on the edge of it, as it were. He had special methods of cooking, so as to extract from everything a more than ordinary flavor, and these took all the time that he would have to eat the results in. Coffee he would make with a whole egg, shell and all, stirred in; it had to be left on the hob for an incomparable time, and he would start to catch his train with his first cup in his hand, and Eileen would run after him and take it away with one of her feathery laughs. They were in fact rather like a kitten which knows it has a tail, and will fly round and round all day with the expectation of catching that desirable appendage. Sometimes, indeed, by sheer perseverance, of which he had a great deal in a roundabout way, Ralph would achieve something, but, when this happened, something else, not foreseen by him, had always happened first, which rendered that accomplishment nugatory and left it expensive on his hands. Nevertheless they retained their faith that some day they would get ahead of Providence and come into their own.

In view of not yet having come into their expectations they had waited to have children; but two had rather unexpectedly been born. The babes had succumbed, however, one to preparation for betterment too ingenious to be fulfilled, the other to fulfilment itself—a special kind of food had been treated so ingeniously that it had undoubtedly engendered poison. And they remained childless.

They were about fifty when Ralph received one morning a solicitor's letter announcing the death of his godmother, Aunt Lispeth. When he read out the

news they looked at their plates a full minute without speaking. Their expectations had matured. Aunt Lispeth who had latterly lived at Ipswich in a house which he had just not built for her, was an old maid. They had often discussed what she would leave them—though in no mean or grasping spirit, for they did not grudge the "poor old girl" her few remaining years, however they might feel that she was long past enjoying herself. The chance would come to them some time, and when it did of course must be made the best of. Then Eileen said:

"You must go down at once, Ralph!"

Donning black, Ralph set off hurriedly, and just missed his train; he caught one, however, in the afternoon, and arrived that evening in Ipswich. It was October, drizzling and dark; the last cab moved out as he tried to enter it, for he had been detained by his ticket which he had put for extra readiness in his glove, and forgotten—as if the ticket-collector couldn't have seen it there, the "fat chough!" He walked up to his aunt's house, and was admitted to a mansion where a dinner-party was going on. It was impossible to persuade the servant that this was his aunt's, so he was obliged to retire to an hotel and wire to Eileen to send him the right address—the "fat choughs" in the street did not seem to know it. He got her answer the following midday, and going to the proper number, found the darkened house. The two servants who admitted him described the manner of their mistress's death and showed him up into her room. Aunt Lispeth had been



The poor old girl! How thin, how white!—Page 646.

laid out daintily. Ralph contemplated her with the smile which never moved from his cheeks, and with a sort of awe in his thirsty eyes. The poor old girl! How thin, how white! It had been time she went! A little stiffened twist in her neck where her lean head had fallen to one side at the last, had not been set quite straight; and there seemed the ghost of an expression on her face, almost cynical; by looking closer he saw that it came from a gap in the white lashes of one eye, giving it an air of not being quite closed, as though she were trying to wink at him. He went out rather hastily, and ascertaining that the funeral was fixed for noon next day, paid a visit to the solicitor.

There he was told that the lawyer himself was sole executor, and he—Ralph—residuary legatee. He could not help a feeling of exultation, for he was at that time particularly hard pressed. He restrained it, however, and went to his hotel to write to Eileen. He received a telegram in answer next morning at ten o'clock: "For goodness' sake leave all details to lawyer, Eileen," which he thought very peculiar. He lunched with the lawyer, and they opened his aunt's will. It was quite short and simple, made certain specific bequests of lace and jewelry, left a hundred pounds to her executor, the lawyer, and the rest of her property to her nephew Ralph Wotchett. The lawyer proposed to advertise for debts in the usual way, and Ralph with considerable control confined himself to urging all speed in the application for probate, and disposal of the estate. He caught a late train back to Eileen. She received his account distrustfully; she was sure he had put his finger in the pie, and if he had it would all go wrong. Well, if he hadn't, he soon would! It was really as if something had given way in her now that their expectations were on the point of being realized.

They had often discussed his aunt's income, but they went into it again that night, to see whether it could not by fresh investment be increased. It was derived from Norwich and Birmingham Corporation Stocks, and Ralph proved that by going into industrial concerns the four hundred a year could quite safely be made into six. Eileen agreed that this would be a good thing to do, but nothing definite was decided. Now that they had come into money they did not feel so inclined to move, though both felt that they might increase their scale of living, which had lately been at a distressingly low ebb. They spoke too about the advisability of a small car. Ralph knew of one—a second-hand Ford—to be had for a song. They ought not—he thought—to miss the chance. He would take occasion to meet the owner casually and throw out a feeler. It would not do to let the fellow know that there was any money coming to them, or he would put the price up for a certainty. In fact it would be better to secure the car before the news got about. He secured it a few days later for eighty pounds including repairs; which would take about three weeks. A letter from the lawyer next day informed them that he was attending to matters with all speed; and the next five weeks passed in slowly realizing that at last they had turned the corner of their lives, and were in smooth water. They ordered among other things the materials for a fowl-house long desired, which Ralph helped to put up; and a considerable number of fowls, for feeding which he had a design which would enable them to lay a great many more eggs in the future. He also caused an old stable to be converted into a garage. He still went to London two or three times a week, to attend to business which was not as a rule there. On his way from St. Pancras to Red Lion Square, where his office was, he had long been attracted by an emerald pendant with pearl clasp in a jeweler's shop window. He went in now to ask its price. Fifty-eight pounds—emeralds were a rising market. The expression rankled in him, and going to Hatton Garden to inquire into its truth, he found the statement confirmed. "The chief advantage of having money," he thought, "is to be able to buy at the right moment." He had not given Eileen anything for a long time, and this was an occasion which could hardly be passed over. He bought the pendant on his way back to St. Pancras, the draft in payment absorbing practically all his balance. Eileen was delighted with it. They spent



He lunched with the lawyer, and they opened his aunt's will.—Page 646.

that evening in the nearest approach to a festival that they had known for several years. It was, as it were, the crown of the long waiting. All those little acerbities which creep into the manner of two married people who are always trying to round the corner fell away, and they sat together in one large chair, talking and laughing over the countless tricks which Providence—"the fat chough"—had played them. They carried their lightheartedness to bed.

They were awakened next morning by the sound of a car. The Ford was being delivered with a request for payment. Ralph did not pay; it would be "all right" he said. He stabled the car, and wrote to the lawyer that he would be glad to have news, and an advance of one hundred pounds. On his return from

town in the evening two days later he found Eileen in the dining-room with her hair wild and an opened letter before her. She looked up with the word: "Here!" and Ralph took the letter.

"LODGERS & WAYBURN, SOLICITORS,
IPSWICH

DEAR MR. WOTCHETT:

In answer to yours of the fifteenth, I have obtained probate, paid all debts, and distributed the various legacies. The sale of furniture took place last Monday. I now have pleasure in enclosing you a complete and I think final account, by which you will see that there is a sum in hand of £43 due to you as residuary legatee. I am afraid this will seem a disappointing result, but as you were doubtless aware (though I was not when I had the pleasure of seeing you), the greater part of your aunt's property passed under a




He bought the pendant on his way back to St. Pancras. Page 646.

Deed of Settlement, and it seems she had been dipping heavily into the capital of the remainder for some years past.

Believe me
Faithfully yours,
EDWARD LODGERS."

For a minute the only sounds were the snapping of Ralph's jaws and Eileen's rapid breathing. Then she said:

"You never said a word about a settlement. I suppose you got it muddled as usual!"

Ralph did not answer, too deep in his anger with the old woman who had left that "fat chough" a hundred pounds to provide him—Ralph—with forty-three.

"You always believe what you want to believe!" cried Eileen. "I never saw such a man."

Ralph went to Ipswich on the morrow. After going into everything with the lawyer, he succeeded in varying the account by fifteen shillings, considerably more than which was absorbed by the fee for this interview, his fare, and hotel bill. The conduct of his aunt, in having caused him to get it into his head that there was no Settlement, and in living on her capital, gave him pain quite beyond the power of expression; and more than once he recalled with a shudder that slightly quizzical look on her dead face. He returned to Eileen the following day, with his brain racing round and round. Getting up next morning, he said:

"I believe I can get a hundred for that car; I'll go up and see about it."

"Take this," said Eileen, handing him the emerald pendant. Ralph took it with a grunt.

"Lucky," he muttered, "emeralds are a rising market. I bought it on purpose."

He came back that night more cheerful. He had sold the car for sixty-five pounds, and the pendant for forty-two pounds—a good price, for emeralds were on the fall. With the check for forty-three pounds, which represented his expectations, he proved that they would only be fourteen pounds out on the whole business when the fowls and fowl-house had been paid for; and they would have the fowls—the price of eggs was going up. Eileen agreed that it was the moment to develop poultry-keeping. They might expect good returns. And holding up her face she said:

"Give me a kiss, dear Ralph!"

Ralph gave it, with his thirsty eyes fixed on something round the corner of her head, and the smile, which never moved, on his cheeks.

"There's always your reversion," he said, "I suppose we shall come into it some day."

---

# VEILED MOONLIGHT

## By Charlotte Wilson

THERE is no passion in the world to-night:
No waking bird's small liquid jet of song,
No dank wood wind with faint enchantments strong,
No amorous moon to pour down throbbing light
On the desirous meadows; sickly bright
She threads her way the listless clouds among;
And none can say the world was ever young,
And none can prove the dream of youth was right!
O thou, my lost Illusion! O thou Doubt,
With subtle eyes and pale, destroying hands!
Thou walkest with me, hedging me about
With old philosophies from sad old lands—
And all my passionate days are spent, poured out,
Like rich wine spilt upon the desert sands.

# THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HIS TIME

## SHOWN IN HIS OWN LETTERS

BY JOSEPH BUCKLIN BISHOP

Author of "The Panama Gateway," etc.

### "GREAT-HEART"

[FOURTH PAPER]

Plain speech with plain folk,
  And plain words for false things,
Plain faith in plain dealing
  'Twixt neighbors or kings
He used and he followed,
  However it sped . . .
Oh, our world is none more honest
  Now Great-Heart is dead.

*—From "Great-Heart," a poem dedicated to the memory of Theodore Roosevelt, by Rudyard Kipling.*

IN a letter that he wrote in 1908 Roosevelt said: "Great-Heart is my favorite character in allegory, just as Pilgrim's Progress is to my mind one of the greatest books that was ever written; and I think that Abraham Lincoln is the ideal Great-Heart of public life." On these chosen models Theodore Roosevelt shaped his life. How closely he followed them, his letters are the best and final testimony. Those which are included in the present article have been selected, almost at random, from the huge mass of his correspondence, not because they are in essential qualities different from the others, but because they reveal with especial clearness his intimate thoughts and motives, and show him to have been what Sir George Otto Trevelyan has aptly called "a very great elementary character." That he won the title of Great-Heart, the affection of a whole nation which was bestowed upon him, is ample evidence. That he has an equal claim to another of Bunyan's titles, Valiant-for-Truth, his letters, notably those reproduced herewith, furnish convincing proof.

Over all his letters one feels the play of a sane and healthy mind. It is the plain, virile, common-sense view that he takes on all questions. Nothing morbid or mawkish, or sordid or sentimental, ever enters into it.

That he was in constant contemplation of Lincoln and was a devoted follower in his footsteps, innumerable passages in his letters leave no doubt. An especially beautiful tribute occurs in a letter that he wrote, on December 14, 1904, to Doctor Henry S. Pritchett, then president of the American Institute of Technology:

"I think of Lincoln, shambling, homely, with his strong, sad, deeply furrowed face, all the time. I see him in the different rooms and in the halls. For some reason or other he is to me infinitely the most real of the dead Presidents. So far as one who is not a great man can model himself on one who was, I try to follow out the general lines of policy which Lincoln laid down. I do not like to say this in public, for I suppose it would seem as if I were presuming, but I know you will understand the spirit in which I am saying it. I wish to Heaven I had his invariable equanimity. I try my best not to give expression to irritation, but sometimes I do get deeply irritated."

Writing to Sir George Otto Trevelyan, on March 9, 1905, after his inauguration as President, he said:

"It has been peculiarly pleasant to me to find that my supporters are to be found in the overwhelming majority among those whom Abraham Lincoln called the plain people. As I suppose you know, Lincoln is my hero. He was a man of the people who always felt with and for the

people, but who had not the slightest touch of the demagogue in him. It is probably difficult for his countrymen to get him exactly in the right perspective as compared with the great men of other lands. But to me he does seem to be one of the great figures, who will loom ever larger as the centuries go by. His unfaltering resolution, his quiet, unyielding courage, his infinite patience and gentleness, and the heights of disinterestedness which he attained whenever the crisis called for putting aside self, together with his far-sighted, hard-headed common sense, point him out as just the kind of chief who can do most good in a democratic republic like ours."

Shortly after election in 1904 Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes of the Supreme Court sent to Roosevelt a little book by President Eliot of Harvard entitled "The Durable Satisfactions of Life." Two sentences in it—"Not one human being in ten million is really long remembered. For the mass of mankind oblivion, like death, is sure"—especially attracted the President's attention, and on December 5 he wrote to the Justice a quite remarkable letter in which he said:

"I was rather struck at what President Eliot said about oblivion so speedily overtaking almost everyone. But after all, what does the fact amount to that here and there a man escapes oblivion longer than his fellows? Ozymandias in the desert—when a like interval has gone by, who will know more of any man of the present day than Shelley knew of him? I suppose it's only about ten thousand years since the last glacial epoch (at least, that is, I understand, the newest uncertain guess of the geologists); and this covers more than the period in which there is anything that we can even regard as civilization. Of course when we go back even half that time we get past the period when any man's memory, no matter how great the man, is more than a flickering shadow to us; yet this distance is too small to be measured when we look at the ages, even at rather short range—not astronomically but geometrically.

"It makes small odds to any of us after we are dead whether the next generation forgets us, or whether a number of generations pass before our memory, steadily growing more and more dim, at last fades into nothing. On this point it seems to me that the only important thing is to be able to feel, when our time comes to go out into the blackness, that those survivors who care for us and to whom it will be a pleasure to think well of us when we are gone shall have that pleasure.

"I should be quite unable to tell you why I think it would be pleasant to feel that one had lived manfully and honorably when the time comes after which all things are the same to every man; yet I am very sure that it is well so to feel, that it is well to have lived so that at the end it may be possible to know that on the whole one's duties had not been shirked, that there has been no flinching from foes, no lack of gentleness and loyalty to friends, and a reasonable measure of success in the effort to do the task allotted."

John Hay's death, on July 1, 1905, was a cause of keen sorrow to Roosevelt and aroused in his mind reflections similar to those just quoted. From several letters that he wrote at the time the following selections are made:

To Senator Lodge: "John Hay's death was very sudden and removes from American life a man whose position was literally unique. The country was the better because he lived, for it was a fine thing to have set before our young men the example of success contained in the career of a man who had held so many and such important public positions, while there was not in his nature the slightest touch of the demagogue, and who in addition to his great career in political life had also left a deep mark in literature. His 'Life of Lincoln' is a monument, and of its kind his 'Castilian Days' is perfect. This is all very sad for Mrs. Hay. Personally his loss is very great to me because I was very fond of him, and as you know always stopped at his house after church on Sunday to have an hour's talk with him.

"He is one of the men whom we shall miss greatly all the time, and our memories of him will be green as long as you and I live. But I have not quite your feeling about his death, so far as making us melancholy is concerned. You have often

said that the epitaph on Wolfe was the finest thing ever written, and I cordially agree with you. But Wolfe was still young and one could mourn his loss. John Hay, however, died within a very few years of the period when death comes to all of us as a certainty, and I should esteem any man happy who lived till 65 as John Hay has lived, who saw his children marry, his grandchildren born, who was happy in his home life, who wrote his name clearly in the record of our times, who rendered great and durable services to the Nation both as statesman and writer, who held high public positions, and died in the harness in the zenith of his fame. When it comes our turn to go out into the blackness, I only hope the circumstances will be as favorable."

To ex-Senator Beveridge: "Hay was a really great man, and the more credit is given him the more I am delighted, while the result at the last election showed how futile it was for my enemies to try and draw the distinction between what Hay did and what I did. Whether I originated the work, or whether he did and merely received my backing and approval, is of no consequence to the party, and what is said about it is of no earthly consequence to me. The same people who, not because they cared for Hay, but because they hated me, insisted that everything of which they approved in the management of the State Department was due to him will now make exactly the same claim in reference to Root and will hope thereby to damage or irritate me, whereas in reality they will not be making the slightest impression upon either my fortunes or my temper."

Concerning his own popularity, he wrote on March 1, 1906, to Sereno E. Pratt in New York:

"I have felt a slightly contemptuous amusement over the discussion that has been going on for several months about my popularity or waning popularity or absence of popularity. I am not a college freshman nor that would-be popular fox-hunting hero in 'Soapy Sponge,' and therefore I am not concerned about my popularity save in exactly so far as it is an instrument which will help me to achieve my purposes. A couple of years ago or thereabouts, a good many timid souls told me that by my action in Panama I had ruined my popularity and was no longer available as a candidate; to which I answered that while I much wished to be a candidate and hoped that I had not ruined my popularity, yet if it was necessary to ruin it in order to secure to the United States the chance to build the Panama Canal, I should not hesitate a half second, and did not understand how any man could hesitate.

"So, my dear sir, I should be quite unable to tell you whether I was or was not 'popular.' If I am, I am also entirely prepared to believe that I shall be extremely unpopular before I go out. But this is not what I am concerning myself about. I am not paying heed to public opinion; I am paying heed to the public interest; and if I can accomplish, not all that I desire, but a reasonable proportion of what I desire, by the end of my term (and in the four and a half years that have gone by I have succeeded in accomplishing such reasonable proportion), why, I am more than satisfied."

### INDIFFERENCE TO GREAT WEALTH

Complete indifference to great wealth, to money simply as money, was one of Roosevelt's strongest characteristics. Writing on April 11, 1908, to his friend Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice, afterward British Ambassador at Washington, he said:

"I am simply unable to understand the value placed by so many people upon great wealth. I very thoroly understand the need of sufficient means to enable the man or woman to be comfortable; I also entirely understand the pleasure of having enough more than this to add certain luxuries, and above all, that greatest of all luxuries, the escape from the need of considering at every turn whether it is possible to spend a dollar or two extra; but when the last limit has been reached, then increase in wealth means but little, certainly as compared with all kinds of other things. In consequence, I am simply unable to make myself take the attitude of respect toward the very wealthy men which such an enormous multitude of people evidently really feel.

"The very luxurious, grossly material life of the average multimillionaire whom

I know does not appeal to me in the least, and nothing could hire me to lead it. It is an exceedingly nice thing to have money enough to be able to take a hunting trip in Africa after big game (if you are not able to make it pay for itself in some other way). It is an exceedingly nice thing, if you are young, to have one or two good jumping horses and to be able to occasionally hunt—altho Heaven forfend that anyone for whom I care should treat riding to hounds as the serious business of life! It is an exceedingly nice thing to have a good house and to be able to purchase good books and good pictures, and especially to have that house isolated from others. But I wholly fail to see where any real enjoyment comes from a dozen automobiles, a couple of hundred horses, and a good many different houses luxuriously upholstered. From the standpoint of real pleasure I should selfishly prefer my oldtime ranch on the Little Missouri to anything in Newport."

In similar vein he wrote to Whitelaw Reid, American Ambassador in London, on May 25, 1908, in condemnation of a favorite ambition of many Americans of large wealth:

"I have grown to have a constantly increasing horror of the Americans who go abroad desiring to be presented at court or to meet sovereigns. In very young people it is excusable folly; in older people it is mere snobbishness . . . I can not be too sincerely grateful that when Mrs. Roosevelt and I were abroad before I was President, we refused to be presented. I have a hearty respect for the right kind of a king and for the right kind of aristocracy, and for the right kind of Englishman who wishes to be presented or have his wife or daughter presented; but it is the business of an American to be a republican, a democrat, to behave in a simple and straight-forward manner, and, without anything cheap or blatant about it, to be just what he is, a plain citizen of the American Republic; and he is thoroly out of place, loses his dignity in the eyes of others, and loses his own self-respect, when he tries to play a rôle for which he is not suited, and which personally I think is less exalted than his own natural rôle."

His views as to the use which should be made of ex-Presidents, and his personal ideas of what his work should be as a private citizen during the closing years of his life, with further reference to wealth, are set forth in a letter to Mr. John St. Loe Strachey, editor of the London *Spectator*, under date of November 28, 1908:

"When people have spoken to me as to what America should do with its ex-Presidents, I have always answered that there was one ex-President as to whom they need not concern themselves in the least, because I would do for myself. It would be to me personally an unpleasant thing to be pensioned and given some honorary position. I emphatically do not desire to clutch at the fringe of departing greatness. Indeed, to me there is something rather attractive, something in the way of living up to a proper democratic ideal, in having a President go out of office just as I shall go, and become absolutely and without reservation a private man, and do any honorable work which he finds to do.

"I feel very strongly that one great lesson to be taught here in America is that while the first duty of every man is to earn enough for his wife and children, that when once this has been accomplished no man should treat money as the primary consideration. He is very foolish unless he makes it the first consideration, up to the point of supporting his family; but normally, thereafter it should come secondary. Now, I feel that I can still for some years command a certain amount of attention from the American public, and during those years and before my influence totally vanishes I want to use it so far as possible to help onward certain movements for the betterment of our people."

### PINK-TEA AMBASSADORS

Two letters which the President wrote set forth in engaging language his views about the duties of ambassadors and ministers at foreign courts. The first was addressed, on December 26, 1904, to George von L. Meyer, who at the time was serving as ambassador at Rome:

"I desire to send you as Ambassador to St. Petersburg. St. Petersburg is at this moment and bids fair to continue to be for at least a year, the most important

post in the diplomatic service, from the standpoint of work to be done, and you come in the category of public servants who desire to do public work, as distinguished from those whose desire is merely to occupy public place—a class for which I have no particular respect. I wish in St. Petersburg a man who, while able to do all the social work, able to entertain and meet the Russians and his fellow diplomats on equal terms, able to do all the necessary plush business—business which is indispensable—can do in addition, the really vital and important thing. . . . The trouble with our ambassadors in stations of real importance is that they totally fail to give us real help and real information, and seem to think that the life work of an ambassador is a kind of glorified pink tea party."

The second was to Richard Harding Davis, under date of January 3, 1905, in response to a letter from him giving his views and estimates of various American diplomats whom he had encountered in foreign lands:

"There are a large number of well-meaning ambassadors and ministers, and even consuls and secretaries, who belong to what I call the pink tea type, who merely reside in the service instead of working in the service, and these I intend to change whenever the need arises. The Minister to —— is a nice man with an even nicer wife. He has been eight years in the service. He is polite to people, gives nice little dinners, etc., etc. During all that time it has never made one atom of real difference to the country whether he was in or out. He is in the service for his own advantage, not for the good of the service, although he does all the secondarily important work well; and in all probability I shall change him and promote some man who during all that time has done really hard work in a place where there is no pink tea possibility.

"I shall not make a fetish of keeping a man in, but if a man is a *really* good man he will be kept in. A pink tea man shall stay in or go out, just as I find convenient. Of course most places at embassies and legations are pink tea slaves. A few are not, and in these we need real men, and these real men shall be rewarded."

A better illustration of the sane and healthy quality of Roosevelt's mind could not be found than is afforded in this letter that he wrote on November 11, 1907, to a clergyman who had differed with him about placing "In God We Trust" on the new coinage:

"When the question of the new coinage came up we looked into the law and found there was no warrant therein for putting 'IN GOD WE TRUST' on the coins. As the custom, altho without legal warrant, had grown up, however, I might have felt at liberty to keep the inscription had I approved of its being on the coinage. But as I did not approve of it, I did not direct that it should again be put on. Of course the matter of the law is absolutely in the hands of Congress, and any direction of Congress in the matter will be immediately obeyed. At present, as I have said, there is no warrant in law for the inscription.

"My own feeling in the matter is due to my very firm conviction that to put such a motto on coins, or to use it in any kindred manner, not only does no good but does positive harm, and is in effect irreverence which comes dangerously close to sacrilege. A beautiful and solemn sentence such as the one in question should be treated and uttered only with that fine reverence which necessarily implies a certain exaltation of spirit. Any use which tends to cheapen it, and above all, any use which tends to secure its being treated in a spirit of levity, is from every standpoint profoundly to be regretted. It is a motto which it is indeed well to have inscribed on our great national monuments, in our temples of justice, in our legislative halls, and in buildings such as those at West Point and Annapolis—in short wherever it will tend to arouse and inspire a lofty emotion in those who look thereon. But it seems to me eminently unwise to cheapen such a motto by use on coins, just as it would be to cheapen it by use on postage stamps, or in advertisements.

"As regards its use on the coinage we have actual experience by which to go. In all my life I have never heard any human being speak reverently of this motto on the coins or show any sign of its having appealed to any high emotion in him. But I have literally hundreds of times heard it used as an occasion of, and incite-

ment to, the sneering ridicule which it is above all things undesirable that so beautiful and exalted a phrase should excite. For example, thruout the long contest, extending over several decades, on the free coinage question, the existence of this motto on the coins was a constant source of jest and ridicule; and this was unavoidable. Every one must remember the innumerable cartoons and articles based on phrases like 'In God we trust for the other eight cents;' 'In God we trust for the short weight;' 'In God we trust for the thirty-seven cents we do not pay;' and so forth, and so forth. Surely I am well within bounds when I say that a use of the phrase which invites constant levity of this type is most undesirable. If Congress alters the law and directs me to replace on the coins the sentence in question the direction will be immediately put into effect; but I very earnestly trust that the religious sentiment of the country, the spirit of reverence in the country, will prevent any such action being taken."

### THE GORKY INCIDENT

Maxim Gorky, Russian author, poet, and revolutionist, paid a visit to the United States in the spring of 1906. Soon after his arrival it was discovered that the woman with whom he was living at the time and who accompanied him was not his wife and that he had a wife and children in Russia. There was a wide-spread outcry against him after this revelation was made. In the midst of it Gorky appeared in Washington and a proposal was made to the President that he consent to receive a call from him. The refusal was prompt and sharp. In a letter to the bearer of the proposal, April 23, 1906, the President gave his reasons in a letter that carries its own comment:

"The Gorky class of realistic writer of poems and short stories is a class of beings for whom I have no very great regard *per se;* but I would not have the slightest objection to receiving him, and indeed would be rather glad to receive him, if he was merely a member of it. But in addition he represents the very type of fool academic revolutionist which tends to bring to confusion and failure the great needed measures of social, political and industrial reform. I have scant sympathy for that maudlin sentimentality which encourages these creatures abroad, when at home, as Gorky instantly showed by his action when he came here, they would be the special sympathisers with, for instance, the peculiarly foul assassins who are now rallying to the support of the men indicted for the murder of the ex-Governor of Idaho. In addition to this, Gorky in his domestic relations seems to represent with nice exactness the general continental European revolutionary attitude, which in governmental matters is a revolt against order as well as against tyranny, and in domestic matters is a revolt against the ordinary decencies and moralities even more than against conventional hypocrisies and cruelties."

He was appealed to repeatedly by senators and members of Congress to promote some officer in the army or navy over the heads of other officers, or to intercede in behalf of some officer who was in disgrace for some cause or other, the appeal being based usually on personal grounds. To a powerful senator who made a request of this sort he wrote on March 2, 1906:

"I am very sorry to say that I cannot see Mrs. —— concerning the court-martial case of her brother. I have been obliged in cases of this kind to make a definite rule that I will not see the delinquent's mother, sister, daughter, or other kinsfolk. They are the very people who under no circumstances should ever be seen. They are of course entirely unable to express any opinion of the slightest value as to the guilt, innocence, or general worthiness of the accused; and an appeal for the accused on the ground of sympathy for his kinsfolk is one which it is simply impossible to entertain if justice is to be done or the service not to be ruined. So that to see them means nothing whatever but an entirely useless harrowing of feelings. I have been carefully over this case, going through the brief of the counsel for the accused, going through the extracts of the testimony and the brief of the Judge Advocate General. The utmost leniency that I could show would be to allow him to resign. He is obviously entirely incompetent to remain any longer in the service. I need not say, my dear

Senator, how I regret my inability to do what you request; but it would not be fair to do for one man who had influential friends anything I would not do for the man who had not a friend in the world. I try to handle the Army and the Navy on the basis of doing absolute justice and showing no favoritism for any reason, a course which I know has your hearty approval."

The genesis of his quite famous address on the "Man with the Muckrake," which he delivered on April 14, 1906, at the laying of the corner-stone of the Office Building of the House of Representatives, is revealed in a letter that he wrote to an eminent jurist a few weeks previous. He had used the phrase in a speech which he made at a banquet to Speaker Cannon, given by the Gridiron Club in Washington on March 14. In that speech he had denounced the writers in magazines and newspapers who made mendacious and slanderous attacks upon men in public life and upon men engaged in public work, and who at the same time defended labor leaders who were guilty, directly or indirectly, of murderous assaults upon officials who opposed their schemes. To the jurist, who had written in commendation of his speech, Roosevelt wrote, on March 20, 1906:

"As you know, my dear Judge, I will go to the limit in enforcing the law against the wealthiest man or the wealthiest corporation if I think he or it has done wrong; but my whole soul revolts at a campaign of foul slander waged against men, down at bottom and primarily, because they have succeeded in business; and above all, at the sinister tendency to condone crimes of brutality, including murder, if those committing them can obtain the support of some powerful labor organization. I shall try and see if I can not write out that speech, recasting and elaborating it so as to make it more definite, as soon as I get the chance."

To another correspondent, Ray Stannard Baker, he wrote on April 9, referring to the same address:

"One reason I want to make that address is because people so persistently misunderstood what I said that I want to have it reported in full. For instance, you understand it. I want to let in light and air, but I do not want to let in sewer gas. If a room is fetid and the windows are bolted I am perfectly contented to knock out the windows, but I would not knock a hole into the drain pipe. In other words, I feel that the man who in a yellow newspaper or in a yellow magazine makes a ferocious attack on good men or even attacks bad men with exaggeration or for things they have not done, is a potent enemy of those of us who are really striving in good faith to expose bad men and drive them from power. I disapprove of the whitewash brush quite as much as of mud slinging, and it seems to me that the disapproval of one in no shape or way implies approval of the other. This I shall try to make clear."

A letter that Roosevelt wrote to Andrew Carnegie on August 5, 1906, is of interest as showing his views of the Hague tribunal:

"In any such matter as the Hague Conference business the violent extremists who favor the matter are to be dreaded almost or quite as much as the Bourbon reactionaries who are against us. This is as true of the cause of International peace as it is of the cause of economic equity between labor and capital at home. I do not know whether in the French Revolution I have most contempt and abhorrence for the Murat, Hébert, Robespierre, and Danton type of revolutionists, or for the aristocratic, bureaucratic, and despotic rulers of the old regime; for the former did no good in the Revolution, but at the best simply nullified the good that others did and produced a reaction which re-enthroned despotism; while they made the name of liberty a word of shuddering horror for the time being.

"I hope to see real progress made at the next Hague Conference. It it is possible in some way to bring about a stop, complete or partial, to the race in adding to armaments, I shall be glad; but I do not yet see my way clear as regards the details of such a plan. We must always remember that it would be a fatal thing for the great free peoples to reduce themselves to impotence and leave the despotisms and barbarians armed. It would be safe to do so if there were some system of international police; but there is now no such system."

A glimpse of some of the annoyances to which a President on vacation is subjected is furnished in a letter from Oyster Bay to Senator Lodge on August 6, 1906:

"I have been having a real rest this summer, and incidentally have grown to realize that I have reached that time of life when too violent physical exercise does not rest a man when he has had an exhausting mental career. We have been having a delightful summer. The secret service men are a very small but very necessary thorn in the flesh. Of course they would not be the least use in preventing any assault on my life. I do not believe there is any danger of such an assault, and if there were it would be simple nonsense to try to prevent it, for as Lincoln said, though it would be safer for a President to live in a cage, it would interfere with his business."

A letter which he wrote to the Kaiser, on December 26, 1908, is of curious interest in view of Roosevelt's vain effort to get permission to raise a division for the war against the Kaiser in 1917:

"It is very unlikely that I shall ever hold office again. But if—what I most earnestly hope may never occur—there should be a big war in which the United States was engaged, while I am still in bodily vigor, I should endeavor to get permission to raise a division of mounted rifles—cavalry, in our use of the word; that is, nine regiments such as the one I commanded in the war with Spain. I hope the chance may never come, however."

The same idea of taking part in a war should one occur was expressed in a letter to Mr. John St. Loe Strachey on November 28, 1908:

"If war should occur while I am still physically fit, I should certainly try to raise a brigade, and if possible a division, of cavalry, mounted riflemen, such as those in my regiment ten years ago."

### FRIENDSHIP WITH "DOOLEY"

Between the President and Finley Peter Dunne (Mr. Dooley) a cordial and thoroughly congenial friendship existed, undisturbed by the latter's many humorous accounts of notable events in Roosevelt's career. Mr. Dooley published an article describing the election of November, 1904, as an "Anglo-Saxon triumph," which aroused the President to a lively protest in which he said:

"Now, oh laughing philosopher (because you are not only the one who laughs, but also a genuine philosopher and because your philosophy has a real effect upon this country), I want to enter a strong protest against your very amusing and very wrong-headed article on the 'Anglo-Saxon triumph.' In this article, as in everything else you have written about me, you are as nice as possible as to me personally, and the fun about the feeling abroad, including England, is perfectly legitimate. If you have ever happened to see what I have written on the matter of the Anglo-Saxon business you may have noticed that I have always insisted that we are not Anglo-Saxon at all —even admitting for the sake of argument, which I do not, that there are any Anglo-Saxons—but a new and mixed race —a race drawing its blood from many different sources.

"My own view is, that if a man is good enough for me to profit by his services before election, he is good enough for me to do what I can for him after election; and I do not give a damn whether his name happens to be Casey, or Schwartzmeister, or Van Rensselaer, or Peabody. I think my whole public life has been an emphatic protest against the Peabodys and Van Rensselaers arrogating to themselves any superiorities over the Caseys and Schwartzmeisters. But in return I will not, where I have anything to say about it, tolerate for one moment any assumption of superiority by the Caseys and Schwartzmeisters over the Peabodys and Van Rensselaers. I did not notice any difference between them as they fought in my regiment; and I had lots of representatives of all of them in it. If you will look at the nomenclature of the Yale, Harvard and Princeton teams this year, or any other year, and then at the feats performed by the men bearing the names, you will come to the conclusion, friend Dooley, that Peabody and Van Rensselaer and Saltonstall and Witherspoon are pretty tough citizens to handle in a mixup and that they will be found

quite as often at the top of the heap as at the bottom."

The most amusing article that Dooley ever wrote about Roosevelt was entitled "Alone in Cubia," in which he gave a burlesque account of Roosevelt's exploits in the Spanish War. That the President was able to enjoy this and take no offense was shown in a letter to Dunne which he wrote on June 18, 1906:

"Three cheers, Mr. Dooley! Do come on and let me see you soon. I am by no means as much alone as in Cubia, because I have an ample surrounding of Senators and Congressmen, not to speak of railroad men, Standard Oil men, beef packers, and venders of patent medicines the depth of whose feelings for me cannot be expressed in words!"

In similar vein of appreciation and affection he wrote again on January 9, 1907:

"Let me repeat that Dooley, especially when he writes about Teddy Rosenfelt, has no more interested and amused reader than said Rosenfelt himself. I have known that a few people have recently thought quite otherwise, as they have also told you that they thought; but this is not a feeling that I have shared in the least. On the contrary, I feel that what you have written about me, with exceptions too trivial to mention, has been written in just the nicest possible style—that what Dooley says shows 'the good-natured affection that the boys in the army felt for old Grant and the people in Illinois for Lincoln.' I hate to compare myself with two great men, even when I am only quoting you, and I do it of course merely to show how thoroly I understand and appreciate our friend Mr. Dooley's attitude."

Roosevelt had entered college with the fixed determination of becoming a scientific naturalist, and his love for that field of knowledge never left him. One of his most intimate and enjoyable friendships was with John Burroughs, always addressed by him as "Dear Oom John," and his correspondence abounds in letters to him. These are of interest as showing a distinct and separate side of his character and knowledge. A few of them are given herewith, which reveal his keen delight in bird and animal life:

Oyster Bay, June 22, 1907.

Dear Oom John:

I hope you know what a pleasure it was to have you and Childs out here the other day, and I am so glad that the purple finch, the black-throated green warbler and the red-winged blackbird all behaved like gentlemen and turned up as I had said they would.

Oyster Bay, July 11, 1907.

Dear Oom John:

Yesterday we cut that fine clover, which I horrified you by walking about in while looking for that redwing blackbird's nest. After we cut it I was interested to see two orchard orioles (the ones you saw in the garden) come and industriously hunt over the cut clover for insects.

Three days ago I shot a yellow-throated or Dominican warbler here—the first I had ever seen. I was able to identify it with absolute certainty, but as the record might be deemed of importance, I reluctantly shot the bird, a male, and gave the mutilated skin to the American Museum of Natural History people so that they might be sure of the identification. The breeding season was past, and no damage came to the species from shooting the specimen; but I must say that I care less and less for the mere "collecting" as I grow older.

Oyster Bay, July 19, 1907.

Dear Oom John:

In cutting that clover field we were working very hurriedly to avoid a rain. There were four of us at work, and I simply never thought of the nests till afterwards, when we were loading the hay from the cocks into the hay wagon. I am as positive as I can be, however, from the behavior of the female redwings, that there was certainly one, and I think two, of the nests within fifty yards of that corner of the old barn.

Have you Chapman's book on the warblers? If so, you will find the description and picture of the Dominican or yellow-throated warbler. Altho the picture does not portray the bird as it ought to, with the long bill of the black-and-white warbler instead of the ordinary Dendroica. If you will tell me what book of

birds you have by you, which contains an account of the warblers, I will write you back the page on which you will find the description.

It is funny how incidents sometimes crowd together. Really I have begun to feel a little like a nature fakir myself during the last fortnight; for I have seen two or three things which I very much wish you could have seen with me. The other night I took out the boys in row boats for a camping-out expedition. We camped on the beach under a low bluff near the grove where a few years ago, on a similar expedition, we saw a red fox. This time two young foxes, evidently three years' cubs, came around the camp fire half a dozen times during the night, coming up within ten yards of the fire to pick up scraps and seeming to be very little bothered by our presence. Yesterday on the tennis ground I found a mole shrew. He was near the side lines first. I picked him up in my handkerchief, as he bit my hand, and after we had all looked at him I let him go, but in a few minutes he came back and deliberately crossed the tennis grounds by the net. As he ran over the level floor of the court his motion reminded all of us of the motion of those mechanical mice that run around on wheels when wound up.

A chipmunk that lives near the tennis court continually crosses it while the game is in progress. He has done it two or three times this year, and either he or his predecessor has had the same habit for several years. I am really puzzled to know why he should go across this perfectly bare surface, with the players jumping about on it, when he is not frightened and has no reason that I can see for going. Apparently he grows accustomed to the players and moves about among them as he would move about, for instance, among a herd of cattle. I suppose that Mr. Blank would describe him as joining in the game!

I was immensely amused at Blank's outburst concerning your visit here. It was his evident belief that I had picketed out the blackthroated green warbler on the top of that locust tree in anticipation of your presence.

During his Presidency Roosevelt purchased a small tract of land in western Virginia, with a small, cabin-like house, to which he and Mrs. Roosevelt were accustomed to go for brief visits from time to time. He named the place "Pine Knot," and on one occasion he had as guest John Burroughs. Writing to Frank M. Chapman, of the New York Museum of Natural History, on May 10, 1908, he described what occurred during the visit:

"John Burroughs and I had a very pleasant time during our three days at Pine Knot. I was much pleased to be able to show him all the birds I had said I would, including the Bewick's wren, the blue grosbeak, the gnatcatcher, the summer redbird, etc. The one bird about which we were doubtful was the Henslow's bunting. I think he found the place almost too primitive, for a family of flying squirrels had made their abode inside the house. This tended to keep *him* awake at nights, whereas *we* have become rather attached to them. In one plowed field I found a nighthawk sitting. If I had chosen to knock it down with my hat I could have done so, but I wanted not to hurt it; and as I endeavored softly to seize it, it got away just as my fingers touched it. It did not go far, but sat lengthwise along the limb of a small tree and let me come within two feet of it before flying. When I see you again I am going to point out one or two minor matters in connection with the song of the Bewick's wren and the looks of the blue grosbeak, where we were a little puzzled by your accounts. I suppose that there is a good deal of individual variation among the birds themselves as well as among the observers.

"I now feel as tho I wonder how I ever got on without your 'Birds of the Eastern United States' and your book on warblers."

Interesting illustration of the way in which the reading of an article or a book invariably stimulated original thought and reflection in his own mind is found in the following letters:

*To Mrs. H. C. Lodge, January* 11, 1907:

"I return Gissing's book on Dickens and also 'The Greek View of Life.' Isn't

it curious how much resemblance there is between the Japanese spirit and the Greek spirit of the Periclean age? The Japanese, unlike the Greeks, were able to transform their spirit of intense but particularistic patriotism into a broad national patriotism, and so they have been formidable as a nationality in a way in which it was wholly impossible for the Greeks ever to be. It is curious that one of the worst of the Greek attitudes, that toward women, should be produced in the Japan of to-day."

*To W. C. Brownell, January* 29, 1907:

"Every now and then one suddenly comes across a sentence which exactly phrases a thought which there has long seemed to be need of formulating, but as to which the words to express it have been lacking. In your article on Lowell, which of course I liked all thru (except that I would put parts of 'The Biglow Papers' higher with reference to the 'Commemoration Ode' than you do), I particularly like your phrase 'the American democratic ideal is Brahminism in manners and tastes, not in sympathies and ideas.'

"Abraham Lincoln's democracy was so essential and virile that it would not have lost in any way if he had had the manners and tastes of Lowell. One can like to see the White House restored by McKim, and our gold coinage modeled by Saint-Gaudens, without the least abatement of the feeling of being one of Abraham Lincoln's plain people and of keenest sympathy with, admiration for and desire to represent, them."

*To Brander Matthews, July* 20, 1907:

"What delightful reading Lang always is! Your letter, with his essay on the American President of the future, was sandwiched in this morning between internal politics and our relations with Japan; and I appreciated the diversion. Who but Lang could write with such genuine humor, and be so amusing, and yet leave no sting behind?

"By the way, I wish Lang would tell me if there really is an 'Aryan' race; Aryan speech, yes; Aryan race—well, I am *very* doubtful."

While he was engaged in bringing about peace between Japan and Russia in the summer of 1905, he created considerable controversy throughout the country by going down in a submarine, a species of voyage which at the time was regarded as perilous. Vigorous protests were made against the proceeding, when his intention was announced in advance, including one from Mr. Dooley which closed with the memorable sentence: "If you must go, Mr. President, take Fairbanks with you!" He made the trip, nevertheless, and was submerged for about seventy minutes, which he occupied in making a thorough examination of the vessel. Writing to his friend Count von Sternberg, the German Ambassador, he expressed views about the future of the submarine which, addressed to a German, afford curious reading after the uses to which the submarine was put by Germany in the European War:

"I myself am both amused and interested as to what you say about the interest excited about my trip in the *Plunger*. I went down in it chiefly because I did not like to have the officers and enlisted men think I wanted them to try things I was reluctant to try myself. I believe a good deal can be done with these submarines, although there is always the danger of people getting carried away with the idea and thinking that they can be of more use than they possibly could be."

No President, and no public man anywhere, was ever more photographed than Roosevelt, and it is interesting to see from a letter written on November 18, 1904, to R. W. Gilder, editor of the *Century* magazine, what his feelings on the subject really were:

"I do not want to begin to have new photographs taken. If I do it in one case, I must do it in others. In the first place, it is an intolerable nuisance; and in the next place it creates a false impression. People do not realize that I do not like to sit for photographs and that it is only a good-natured acquiescence on my part when I do. Now there is not the slightest need of a new photograph. Dozens of excellent ones have been taken.

Take any one of these. It will do just exactly as well."

### LORD MORLEY ON ROOSEVELT

Two days after the election in 1904, John Morley, now Lord Morley, the distinguished English essayist and author, paid a visit of several days to President Roosevelt in the White House. When Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone" appeared a few months earlier, the President had written to him a letter of warm appreciation of the work, and a cordial correspondence had ensued. When the date of the visit had been fixed, the President did me the very great and agreeable honor of inviting me as a fellow guest. Subsequently I put in writing an account of some of the incidents of this most interesting and memorable visit which I submitted to the President and obtained from him permission to include in my record of his life. I may, therefore, without impropriety, reproduce portions of it here, especially since they are of value in throwing light upon his personality in much the same way that his letters do.

Mr. Morley and I arrived together on the afternoon of Thursday, November 10, and found the President in the highest health and spirits, fairly overflowing with joy because of his great triumph.

From the first the President greatly interested Mr. Morley. The two men had much in common intellectually. Both had been wide readers and writers of history, and close students of men and affairs. Each had written a life of Cromwell. The President's talk, frank, vigorous, and marvellous in its range over human history, ancient, modern, and contemporaneous, as it always was when he had a sympathetic and understanding listener, was a revelation to Mr. Morley, who said to me later that he had never heard anything like it. He spoke of it frequently when we were alone together, saying repeatedly: "He is a most extraordinary man!"

On the morning of the second day of our visit, when the President left us to go to his office, Mr. Morley asked me to show him the rooms on the first floor of the White House. I took him through the Red Room, the Green Room, and the Blue Room into the large East Room. As we stood in the centre of it and I had given a brief history of it, he turned to me and, putting his hand on my shoulder, said: "My dear fellow, do you know the two most extraordinary things I have seen in your country? Niagara Falls and the President of the United States—both great wonders of nature!" Later in the day I repeated this remark to the President, and also to Secretary Hay and Secretary Taft, all of whom, the President no less than his two associates, enjoying it greatly. Secretary Hay recorded it in his diary in incomplete form, and it is so published in Mr. W. R. Thayer's life of him.

Each day, after the President had left us to attend to his duties, Mr. Morley and I went to the library in the White House, where, in frank and intimate conversation, Mr. Morley asked me to explain such of the allusions to American political methods made by the President as he had not fully understood. There were many such allusions. I recall one in particular. In describing the elements in politics that had from time to time antagonized him, the President said: "By all odds the most contemptible creature we have encountered in our politics is the Goo Goo." Mr. Morley, in obvious perplexity, exclaimed: "The Goo Goo? Really, Mr. President, I don't understand you." He was much amused on learning that the species referred to was human and living and not extinct like the Dodo.

I turned the conversation on one occasion to French history and politics, on which I knew Mr. Morley to be a high authority, and we spoke at some length of Napoleon. In the course of our talk Mr. Morley said: "This man whose guests we are has many of Napoleon's qualities —indomitable courage, tireless perseverance, great capacity for leadership—and one thing that Napoleon never had—high moral purpose! And think what it would have meant for the world if he had had that!" I quote from memory and am not sure of the exact phraseology, but the sense is as I have expressed it. Taken with the first remark about Roosevelt, this second one is essential to give accurately the estimate which Mr. Morley made of Roosevelt's character.

The physical vigor of the President impressed Mr. Morley no less than his intellectual activity, being himself a frail man in rather delicate health. At dinner one evening the President had a number of prominent labor leaders to meet Mr. Morley, who was desirous of obtaining information as to labor problems and conditions in the United States. There was much animated conversation both during the dinner and afterward. When the guests were departing the President followed them into the hall, talking and gesticulating in his usual emphatic manner. Mr. Morley touched me on the arm, pointed to him, and said: "Look at him! And he has been doing that all day long!" As he said this he sank into a chair as if completely exhausted by the mere sight of such tireless energy.

One subject upon which Mr. Morley talked much with the President was the announcement which the latter had made on the night of election declaring his intention not to take a nomination for another term. He expressed himself as quite unable to comprehend it, saying that the act seemed to him as inexplicable as it would have been if Mr. Gladstone, at the height of his career, had declared after a triumph at the polls that he would never consent to go before the people of Great Britain again as candidate for Prime Minister.

The subject was in Mr. Morley's mind when, soon after his White House visit, he said in a speech which he made at the annual banquet of the Chamber of Commerce, in New York, on November 15, 1904:

"It would be most unbecoming of me to say a word as to the personality of your new President. I will say this in passing, that it is very gratifying to me to find that a man may write a book about Oliver Cromwell and yet be thought a very good man to whom to trust the destinies of a nation, because, for no better reason, I have written about Oliver Cromwell also. One of his memorable performances was, as you all know, his self-denying ordinance—a thing for which Oliver Cromwell himself was solely responsible—to withdraw himself from active military and public life at a certain moment. There appears to be something like a self-denying ordinance announced for the public the day after election. Whether that was an imitation of Cromwell or not I do not inquire, but this I do say, without, I hope, being impertinent, that in your new President you have got a man. All sorts of events within the four years may break out upon the world—events in the oldest parts of Europe—there are lives in the old parts of Europe upon which results may hang; you have in the Pacific enormous risks, possibilities, open questions, and all I can say is that it will be a great thing for diplomatists to know that in dealing with the government that will come into power and office here on the 4th of March next year, they are dealing with a man who has behind him, unless I am mistaken, the American people."

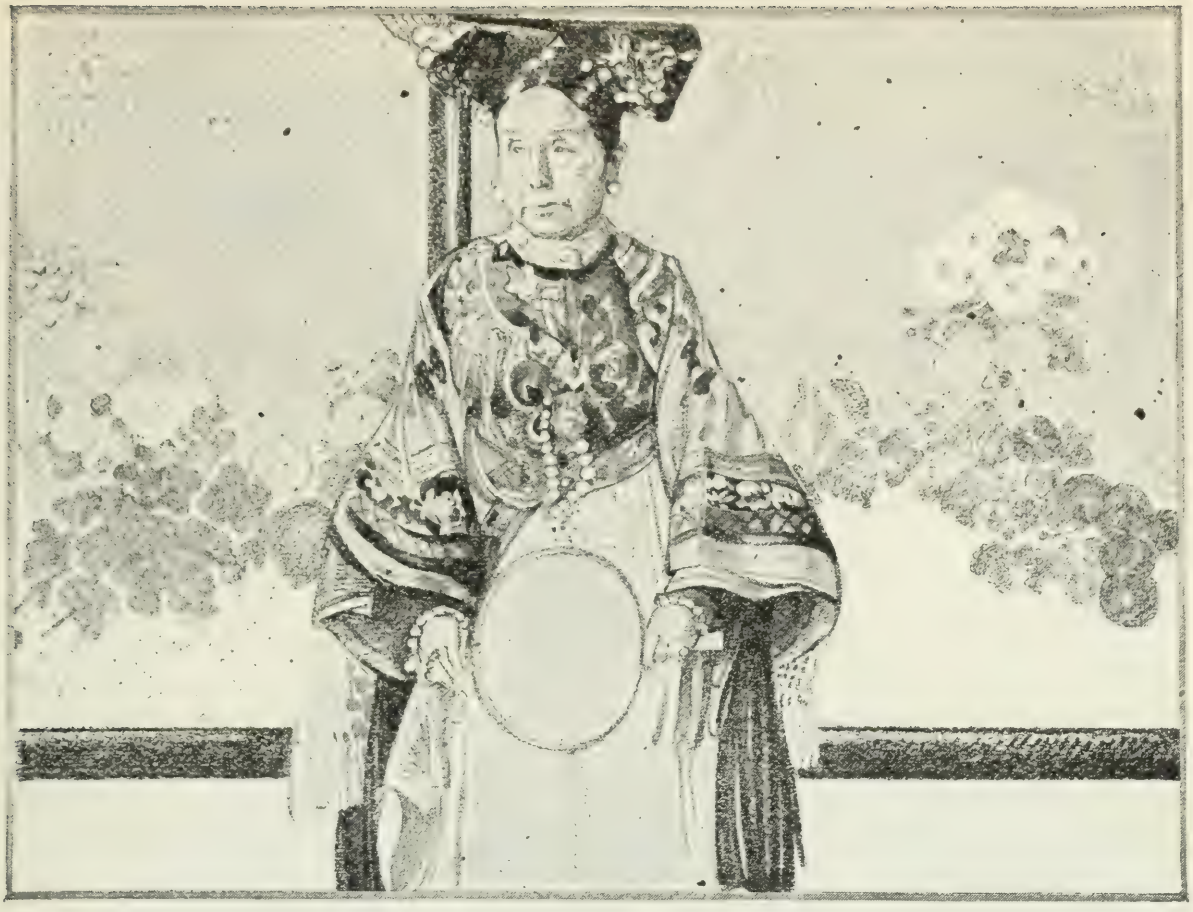
After he returned to England Mr. Morley summed up his estimate of the President in a neat epigram. Writing to Roosevelt on September 15, 1905, Senator Lodge said:

"Lady Harcourt (widow of Sir Vernon Harcourt) told me that Morley came to see her when he returned from the United States. She asked him to tell her about you. He said: 'He is not an American, you know. He is America.'"

To this Roosevelt replied on the same date:

"That was a very nice thing of Morley to say, so long as it is confined to one or two of my intimate friends who won't misunderstand it! Just at the moment people are speaking altogether too well of me, which is enough to make any man feel uncomfortable, for if he has any sense he knows that the reaction is perfectly certain to come under such circumstances, and that then people will revenge themselves for feeling humiliated for having said too much on one side by saying too much on the other."

[The fifth instalment of Theodore Roosevelt's Own Letters will appear in the January number.]



The Empress Dowager returned.

# ONE HUNDRED YEARS TOO SOON

By Harriet Welles

Author of "Anchors Aweigh"

Illustrations by O. F. Howard

A SECRETARY of Legation, at Peking, showing a visiting tourist friend over the now un-Forbidden City, stopped in the garden by the gate and motioned toward a long bed of white iris. "When I was here on my first tour of duty, twenty years ago, I once saw a troop of Manchu cavalry riding home from a tilt with some northern tribesmen; they brought loot and captives. Each soldier carried a long spear or a furled white pennant which looked, for all the world, like those pointed buds of the white iris," said the Secretary of Legation.

Kwei-li came to the imperial harem from the wide Manchurian plains where she, the daughter of a great Tartar chieftain, was captured during a brief, frenzied clash between her father's tribesmen and the imperial troops. Perhaps because the dreamy mistiness of the smoky tents lingered in her quiet eyes, and the shining softness of the clear, northern sunshine gleamed on her heavy hair, or because a certain imperious dignity characterized her movements, she did not fall a prey to her captors but came, like any superlative article of barter, to the market of the highest bidders. There, noting her beauty and birth, a favor-seeking courtier, looking for bribes, bethought him of the oldest of all wiles, and Kwei-li, all unheeding, went to the imperial harem.

During the days of strife and clamor she had known fierceness and anger; after

her capture she learned bewilderment and discomfort and resentment; fear, during her whole life, she never knew, and always, during the first weeks following her capture, the hope of escape or of recapture by her own people flickered mirage-like, just ahead. After that—a return to the wide sweet winds of her beloved plains smelling of snow or low shrubs.

But in the guarded confines of the palaces she learned the final bitterness of captivity and ate the bread of idleness—always within sight of the ponderous, encompassing walls. Tearless misery, too, Kwei-li learned in those beautiful buildings whose curving eaves are the architectural evolution from the old, curving, Manchu tent-ridges.

Sick in mind and body she struggled dumbly through the long winter; in the spring her daughter was born to live a few short hours and mightily puzzle the attendants, for the baby had, seemingly, inherited the mother's vivid health. Only Kwei-li knew that, in the dimly lighted room, while the servants dozed, she had gently smothered the sleeping child. "You shall never know . . . walls," breathed Kwei-li through chattering teeth, and never again looked at the tiny form or wept when they carried it away.

Very slowly, as her strength returned, and her proud aloofness barred the tentative advances of the other women, her solitariness became an acknowledged privilege; she was allowed a wide range to wander around the lake and along the flower-lined marble walls.

How often, I wonder, did Kwei-li's sick spirit look, with infinite longing, toward the sparkling water and measure the distance between her and the loitering servants? How often mentally compare the twisted pines, the labored achievement of intricately carved well-coping and benches and walls with the untouched loveliness of her wind-swept plains?

In the harem, where the Emperor had ceased to come, the talk, always persistent among the idle, chattering women preening themselves, butterfly-like, in their colorful brocades, grew to a babel from which Kwei-li thankfully escaped, heedless of the poignant interest of the passing days.

For the Emperor, reaching his majority, had succeeded to the dragon throne, ousting his aunt, the Empress Dowager, who, for many years, had appeased an almost insatiable craving for power by the absolute despotism of her unflinching rule. Now, she bowed to the necessity of laying down her life's work in favor of the successor she had herself chosen.

But hardly had the Emperor taken over the reins of government than the results of his years of study became apparent. He brought to his work an overwhelming sympathy for the toiling millions over whom he was to rule, and an alert mind nourished by reading in all the books of the modern reformers and reactionaries. Brotherhood of a brave and beautiful kind the Emperor planned, and in that plan no personal ambition had ever taken root or flourished. With the simplicity of an unselfishness which greatly hoped, he set about his task and launched upon the unprepared and astounded courtiers his orders for reforms and improvements.

Jove-like he hurled the quickly successive edicts into the leisurely groups of officials up and down his country; imperiously the decrees came ordering universities; demanding free schools of all kinds from science to modern agriculture; eliminating the essay and graft of the old government examinations; urging the building of railroads; asking for commercial bureaus to encourage foreign trade; abolishing the slow courier posts and installing a fast imperial customs post together with telephones and telegraphs to link together the far-flung empire; suggesting the sending of missions of the imperial clansmen to foreign countries to study the forms of American and European government; advising a system of budgets as in western countries; ordering the adoption of western arms and drills for the Tartar troops; demanding the introduction of patent and copyright laws; offering special rewards to inventors and authors; requiring rigid reforms in the military examinations. These, and a score of subtle, lesser decrees, he issued in twice as many days.

Among the officials in the Forbidden City chaos reigned; but radical as were the changes the Emperor advocated, there is a possibility that, among thinking



*Drawn by O. F. Howard.*

Her solitariness became an acknowledged privilege; she was allowed a wide range to wander.
—Page 664.

Manchus, they might have had a certain success if he had eliminated the clauses which referred to European civilization. Among the untravelled elder statesmen the belief obtained that such a civilization —of which they knew only the unlovely oriental flowering in such deeds as the demanding of vast and valuable grants of land with less than vague excuses, or the forcing of drugs upon a defenseless people, at the cannon's mouth—was neither admirable nor worthy of imitation; but before their amazement could crystallize into active approval or resistance the Emperor shot the bolt which sealed his fate. By a single stroke of his pen he eliminated as a useless expense to the country the governorships of Hupeh, Kuantung, and Yünnan on which kinsmen and favorites of the Empress Dowager had grown superlatively rich in suitable idleness.

Every one in the Forbidden City—with the exceptions of Kwei-li and the Emperor—knew how little the old Empress had relished handing over her throne, and now, when spies, mischief-makers, and tale-bearers were as thick about the palaces as the clustering pink blossoms on the hawthorn-trees, she bided her time. For, like the beautiful, fruitless hawthorns were the Emperor's dreams of helping his struggling people.

The tragic comedy played itself swiftly out. For a few months the Emperor occupied the dragon throne; then the Empress Dowager returned and the Emperor's short day was over—his plans and hopes furiously derided and discarded—and the old Empress, resenting even so limited a banishment and enraged at his treatment of her relatives and sycophants, came back, for the remainder of her life, to the dragon throne and the Forbidden City.

Of these happenings Kwei-li knew nothing as the lengthening days grew into midsummer and the pavements gleamed in the hot sunshine. On the bank of the Lotus Lake there was a bench where she liked to sit; behind it the hollyhocks grew in so thick a screen that, by being careful of her position, she could make them entirely hide the wall where, across the water, the buildings around the well shut out the intruding barrier.

Hour after hour she sat there, wondering, with a sort of numb wistfulness, if this was to be her life during the slowly advancing years—while the servants chattered near and bees mumbled drowsily among the hollyhocks. "I can't bear it!" whispered Kwei-li fiercely to the unheeding dragon-flies and beat impotent fists on the marble bench.

"What does she see, that she comes every day to that seat?" yawned the servants bored by the inaction of their daily pilgrimage.

But one afternoon Kwei-li, listlessly approaching, was moved to anger at sight of an intruder. Could it be? Yes! There upon the marble seat lounged some one as preoccupied, as oblivious to their surroundings, as she had ever been. Imperiously she summoned a servant. "Tell that person on my bench to go!" she ordered.

The servant, glad of any break in the monotonous days, hurried forward and more quickly returned.

"Yes?" questioned Kwei-li irritably. "He goes?"

"I dared not give the message," stammered the servant.

Kwei-li started forward. "'Dared not.' What are these words?" she demanded sharply, then paused. Reflected on the glassy water were the vivid embroideries of a dragon robe and, above it, a face unbelievably sad.

Kwei-li drew a little breath. "It is the Emperor. He seems as lonely as I," she whispered, and stepped forward. The Emperor raised his heavy eyes and frowned at Kwei-li standing against the hollyhocks—a quiet figure with the sunlight on her hair. Behind her the servants watched noiselessly.

"Is it then . . . so bad?" asked Kwei-li, as though they were continuing a conversation begun a few minutes earlier.

"Yes," answered the Emperor simply.

She came nearer. "Walls?" she questioned.

He looked at her uncomprehendingly.

"Walls . . . that shut you in," she amended.

"I meant to help my people," he said bitterly, and added a plaint as old as the first reformer: "They did not understand!"

"Who?" questioned Kwei-li with breathless eagerness.



*Drawn by O. F. Howard.*

"I meant to help my people. . . . They did not understand!"—Page 666.

"The officials . . . advisers they are called," answered the Emperor.

"But, of course!" cried Kwei-li, then pasued. "What did you tell those advisers?" she asked.

The spirit of all the reformers burned in the Emperor's voice. "I told them that they would be free to return to their homes; that all men should be allowed to work—nay, that it would be a shameful thing for any one not to work! Each man to live by the result of his toil . . . and never any more landowner and tenant; master and servant; king and courtier. They thought me mad," explained the Emperor dully.

"Why didn't you speak directly to the people? Didn't you know that freedom of that kind would be the last thing that courtiers—who live by trickery and by poaching on others—would want?" she asked.

"But I, who know courts, wanted it!" he cried, and hesitated. "What of you?" he questioned.

"I have eaten my heart out in your palaces! I coveted death for my baby that she might never know of life . . . inside of walls!" asserted Kwei-li fiercely.

The Emperor looked at her. "You, who understand have been here all the time—and I never knew," he said.

Behind him some one coughed with provocative insistence. The Emperor turned. "Yes?" he questioned of the salaaming servant.

Kwei-li, walking slowly home, saw that the crimson hollyhocks glowed against the wall; saw that the doves, pink-footed and gray-winged, preening themselves on the marble well-coping repeated the colors of the hawthorn-trees; felt the quiet beauty of slant sunshine across the Lotus Lake. "I hadn't noticed them before," said Kwei-li.

After that she saw the Emperor almost daily. With the bond of sympathy between them he grew, before many months, to realize that without Kwei-li his life in the Forbidden City would have been intolerable. And as he listened to the longing in her voice as she spoke of the nomad existence of her people—the ripple of wind across the sparse, desert grass; the shadows of clouds wheeling to their stations in the pale wide sky; thin smoke-wraiths from the camp-fires going up against the sun; the seasonal flight of the wild geese—a zigzag of spread wings across the rising moon; the roar and sweep of rain; the dripping, plaintive notes of a wandering herdsman's pipe; the silence of untenanted spaces, drowned in a blue haze; the luminous stars so close above the camel's-hair tents; the stately march of the seasons—it grew, in his mind, to be the image of some unattainable dream-country far beyond the imagination's most distant horizon line.

And once she described a group of temples and palaces, barbarically splendid with crimson lacquer and curving, bronze eaves . . . a throbbing note of color set in the bitter-cold whiteness of the snowy desert.

The Emperor breathed deeply. "Who owns such palaces?" he asked resentfully.

Kwei-li glanced at him. "They are yours—kept always in readiness for your coming."

"I never even knew of them," amended the Emperor with humbleness.

"Some day, perhaps," suggested Kwei-li wistfully.

"Together!" promised the Emperor; then remembering, "Perhaps," he added soberly. She nodded comprehension.

Sometimes the Emperor spoke of his country and the toiling, struggling people. "The real barrier to progress is the lack of co-operation—and yet how can you blame my countrymen? For centuries they have pinned their faith to walls—every city and town and hamlet stands inside its wall, is a world to itself, absolutely independent of the next town or city. Every man, woman, and child would fight for the preservation of their particular village but they cannot grasp the idea that it is time for us, as a nation, to eliminate walls and fight together, as a united people—or perish!" The Emperor paused. "Walls are the curse of China," he said bitterly.

Kwei-li gave a little gasping sigh—picturing wide plains beyond the sunset. "Be thankful that there are gates," she comforted.

His glance softened as he looked at her. "I am thankful!" he agreed.

"Why should many men work, all their

days, for the mere food to hold body and soul together while others, less deserving, own the land and do no work?" asked the Emperor. Kwei-li, a happy nomad, could not answer.

He went on: "Sometimes, just before I waken, the vision of my duty is so clear; I know so well that greed is the illegitimate child of love! Men say: 'It is fair for me to gain my fellow-man's possessions; I need them for the greater comfort of my wife and family.' And greed, lurking behind love, plans the great warehouse that enchains hundreds and shuts out the sunshine for *many* because somewhere *one* woman and her children demand a life filled with futilities. For what man having piled up great riches has not faced the day when gold, pitted against sorrow and suffering, laughed glitteringly in his face—for very uselessness?

"Is there any real, *thinking*, unselfish love, I wonder? Most certainly not around palaces!" He touched Kwei-li's shining hair. "Unless, by accident, it creeps in," amended the Emperor.

Among the palace residents aware of this growing attachment, it aroused varying emotions; resentment, of course, where resentment was most likely to occur; indifference, among the powerful who believed that the Emperor's day would never return; anger, in the old Empress, to whom any detail concerning him was just cause for unreasonable rage. The hopes raised by the Emperor's unfulfilled reforms had taken root, with curious tenacity, in unexpected places—even now the Empress was planning a brilliant coup which should, once for all, eliminate the detested foreigner whose machinations had, she believed, been strengthened and encouraged by the policies of the Em-



In the afternoon coolies, sweeping the paved enclosure, fled at the moan of a clear, remembered voice.—Page 671.

peror's reign. Through the incantations of some magically endowed fanatics this miracle was to be achieved; the harm done by the Emperor triumphantly refuted. There would be time enough then to deal with the iconoclast.

So while Kwei-li and the Emperor dreamed away the days in plans for an empire where every person should be free and happy, tragedy stalked unhindered through the teeming streets of the city; death lurked behind every sheltering vantage-point.

This also quickly played itself out. There came a day when panic, stark and unashamed, fell upon the occupants of the palaces and conference chambers in the Forbidden City; the despised foreigners, far from being exterminated, were marching their combined troops upon Peking to demand reparation. Already, in the nearest harbor, their cruisers were coming to anchor; loaded transports stood in from sea. Above the rising consternation in the Forbidden City the old Empress gave one order: to prepare for immediate flight.

Kwei-li and the Emperor had spoken indifferently of the impending trouble in the afternoon, but when at midnight the swiftly-travelling news sifted to the lesser wives that the court was going, before dawn, and that they were to be left behind, Kwei-li had brushed the rumor aside as unworthy of belief.

There followed a night of confusion and terror; all the more valuable jewels, paintings, ornaments, and receptacles were buried; papers were burned; chaos reigned; sleep, for any one, was an impossibility. Through it all, like some great pulse, came the heavy booming of unknown guns drawing steadily nearer.

Just before dawn, when the excitement was at its height, Kwei-li, standing by the well, was astonished to see a group of men and women in coolies' clothing come hurriedly out from the shadowy buildings and go toward some dingy hired street-carts lined up in the courtyard. They were so silent that Kwei-li would not have recognized the old Empress if she had not raised her voice to resume an altercation with a man near her. That the Empress was in a furious rage was very apparent. "You will do as I order! Do you imagine that I will leave you behind to make more trouble?" Kwei-li heard her ask. The man muttered an answer. "Put him into that cart and see that he stays there," the Empress commanded two servants.

The flickering torches flared up. Kwei-li gasped and rubbed her eyes. The Emperor was getting into the nearest cart!

Even as she stared, unbelieving, the old Empress turned and pointed a shaking finger at him. "You and your accursed foreigners are to blame for this!" she cried in a voice choked with rage; she made a rending motion with her hands.

Kwei-li stepped forward. Her voice was fearlessly clear. "You *aren't* going to run away—like a coward!" said Kwei-li. It was an assertion, not a question. "If you sided with the foreigners, as she said, why don't you stay and tell them so, and ask their help in the right governing of your people? No one who is brave enough to rule *honestly* would ever run away!"

Before the Emperor could answer or descend, the old Empress was upon them, almost inarticulate with rage. "Who are you to tell us what to do—you—you goatherd!" she shrieked at the unshrinking Kwei-li. Words failed her. Turning toward the clustering, terrified servants she ordered thickly: "Throw her down that well!" Then, as the men hesitated, her rage overflowed all control. "How dare you disobey me? *How dare you? Hold him! Throw her down the well!*" she screamed in a paroxysm of fury.

The panic-stricken coolies obeyed.

The Emperor, struggling to free himself, had an instant glimpse of a white face and of small hands grasping the marble coping, but Kwei-li made no outcry. There came the dull splash of deep water.

With the whining creak of wide flung gates and the clatter of hoofs on the pavements the fleeing court was on its way.

There followed months of disorder and dissension, punctuated at regular intervals by the demands of the conquering foreigners and the bickerings of statesmen: then the court returned to the Forbidden City with the arrogantly unrepentant old Empress in an apparently conciliatory mood and the Emperor sunk

in melancholy listlessness. This time no pretense of consideration was shown him; he went into practical imprisonment in a detached palace—The Hall of the Ocean Terrace—on an island in the Lotus Lake.

In the Forbidden City intense activity reigned. Buried jewels and treasure were dug up—the boasted loot of allied officers and soldiery were mostly the unconsidered residue. The old Empress smiled complacently as magnificent pearls and priceless ornaments came back to their places. During those days the tutelary god of the Manchus was almost invisible through the clouds of incense, gratefully burned. All the glitter and glamour of the court was resumed intensified by the remembrance of the discomforts of its winter of hardship. This was over. Along the marble walls mulberry and hawthorn trees blossomed; their petals drifted down the walks. Outside, the loaded camel-trains, unmolested, swung along through a haze of golden dust. Spring and peace had, most deservedly, come again to the palaces. Only some damaged buildings and broken places in the wall remained to remind the court of past mischance.

And then, just as all was going so suitably well, and the past was beginning to assume the misty semblance of a swiftly fading, half-forgotten nightmare, Kwei-li came back. In the morning the palace courtyards resounded to the rippling call of doves, sunning themselves on the well-curb; in the afternoon coolies, sweeping the paved enclosure, fled at the moan of a clear, remembered voice that rose, like the wraith of a departed melody, from within the carved and fretted railing. Officials, hurrying to appointments in various council-halls, paused, and gazed apprehensively toward the well; servants, loitering along the sunshiny walls, ran in terrified amazement as the clear notes dropped to a breathless whisper. By night, every one in the palaces knew that Kwei-li had returned; they wondered what was to be done about it. The Empress's half-forgotten deed loomed large as a grave mistake, and no one realized this more acutely than the old Dowager.

With great haste she arranged that posthumous honors be bestowed on the dead woman, and ordered sacrifices made for the propitiation of the uneasy spirit which haunted the well. But honors had never interested the living Kwei-li; dead, they intrigued her not at all, and she came and went with the care-free joyousness of one to whom the riddle of life is no longer unsolved.

Around the well, almost daily, were held gatherings of magicians and astrologers, attempting by chanted praise, smoke of incense, the clang of cymbals, or the thin, high call of great lily-shaped trumpets, to exorcise or conciliate the grieving spirit that hung, mist-like, above the marble coping.

But Kwei-li would not be appeased; all that spring she chanted her moaning requiem, sometimes in a whisper, again clear and high, until the well enclosure, so long a place of quiet beauty, became as shunned as a plague-spot.

Astrologers of renown were called from distant provinces; the magicians redoubled their efforts; spring wore into summer. And, at last, just as the old Empress had almost confessed to terrified helplessness, the report came that the right word had been found. The Empress Dowager ordered a great ceremonial which she would attend.

The smoke of incense went up straight in the windless air above the well when, the next day, the colorful ceremonial robes were donned to do honor to the departed spirit. Rich rewards were given to the successful exorcisers. The Empress Dowager drew a sigh of relief.

But two days later Kwei-li was back; her mournful whisper rose to a desolate chant that chilled the blood and sent the superstitious servants scurrying by devious routes, as far from the well as the walls would permit. Panic, unreasoning and engulfing, brooded over the palaces. Kwei-li, the lonely and unimportant, came, in a night, to outrank the tutelary deities, but she could not be appeased. To the Empress Dowager all the humiliating experiences of her ignominious flight came, in the end, to be of small moment compared with her regret for a few seconds of hastily indulged spitefulness that disposed so unprofitably of the Emperor's favorite. It tempered her usual arrogance amazingly. To an adviser who

questioned her sudden tolerance she answered seriously: "It is well to heed whom the gods defend!"

The adviser hesitated. "That is the silly talk of women and servants! Why should the spirit of Kwei-li come back?" he rashly asked.

The Empress Dowager was too shaken to reprimand him. "Kwei-li has come back to wait for the Emperor," she whispered. Her voice rose to a panicky cry: "I forbid him to die! What peace would there be for any one if both of them haunted the palaces?"

"There is no need for him to die—while you live!" soothed the adviser.

In the palace on the island in the lake the Emperor faced the future with his memories for companions. He was closely guarded, and the guards were changed daily so that any soldier who through acquaintance with the Emperor might sympathize and spread dissension, would have scant opportunity to make mischief. So, while the slow months dragged into years and faith faltered and hope grew dim, his mind, revolving in endless questioning circles, became dulled and apathetic. He had failed his people—ignorant, suffering, oppressed, the teeming millions struggled in bitter cold and blinding heat outside his palace walls; he had failed his supporters—death or banishment had been the portion of those whose clear-visioned loyalty had backed his evanescent plans for reforms—one hundred years too soon! And when sometimes at midnight or just before dawn he awakened to hear the Chien Men gate creak heavily open to let in or out the clattering donkeys, he drowsily visualized the statesmen and courtiers sitting cross-legged on the springless carts as they hurried to and from the councils which would soon eliminate all traces of his short reign. He had failed himself—all the brave dreams had faded or gone aglimmering. These things he accepted with a numb and dreary resignation; but, to the end, one aching wound remained: he had failed the woman who loved him.

The succeeding springs called their message to deaf ears in The Hall of the Ocean Terrace. He paid no heed to new green on ancient, twisted pines or the shimmer of blossoming trees against the walls.

He never left his prison except to respond to the Dowager Empress's imperious command for his presence at some function; then, to emphasize his humbleness, he was required to make his obeisances with forehead touching the floor; the very servants ignored him or elbowed him aside.

But always, as he was borne back to his prison, he turned his head to avoid the sight of the marble bench where, later, the hollyhocks would blossom.

Kwei-li was gone—she had done forever with walls.

Of the voice calling above the well-curb, he never knew.

"'He is safe and harmless as long as you are alive,'" the statesman had said.

When it became known that the Empress Dowager's hours were numbered, and that the Emperor could not be allowed to outlive her, the courtiers held a hurried council. They need not have harbored apprehensions; the Emperor ate freely of the food nervously proffered by furtive-eyed servants.

But when, after a discreet interval, the attendants came to dress him in the magnificent dragon robes in which Chinese etiquette demands that a ruler shall die, he firmly and stubbornly refused; nor would he die facing toward the sacred hills. Just at the end, when the labored breath came heavily, he roused himself and, in a weak whisper, gave the tired sum of his life's achievements: "It is . . . sometimes allowed . . . the humble . . . to dream greatly. . . . But the great . . . will do well . . . never to dream—never to . . . dream."

"The Emperor has mounted the dragon and ascended to be a guest on high," read the official announcement of his death.

But perhaps, unattended, he had slipped away to join Kwei-li beyond the farthest wall.

The Secretary of Legation and his visiting tourist friend, paused on their way out of the Forbidden City by the well in the old courtyard. The secretary

smiled tolerantly and looked at the carved coping as he spoke: "An odd thing happened the summer after the court came back from their flight into Shensi. During the allied forces' bombardment and occupation of Peking they knocked a slit-like fissure in that far wall and the end off those opposite buildings. We had a lot of high wind that year, and it blew just right to funnel across those two openings and siphon through the intricate, lace-like carving of that well-curb.

"It made the most uncanny noise! First time I heard it I'd have sworn that it was a human voice. It really startled me—until I figured it out.

"The Chinese liked it! Every time it was windy outside, you could count on seeing a lot of dressy dignitaries gathered around the well. But, of course, after the leisurely orientals repaired the buildings and filled in the wall, it shut off the draft and the noise stopped.

"Well, I think we've seen everything, and it is time for tiffin. Shall we be going?" asked the Secretary of Legation.



The loaded camel-trains, unmolested, swung along through a haze of golden dust.—Page 671.

# JOHN FOX

## BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

"JOHN FOX!" What does not this name recall to those who truly knew him! And I who knew him among those to whom he was best known, know well that no words can picture, as he was, that Spirit of Light and Brightness and unchanging Youth which was "John Fox, Jr."

The first time the writer met him was at an Authors' Reading at Chickering Hall in New York—now many years ago. Mr. James Russell Lowell presided and Wm. Dean Howells and Charles Dudley Warner and George William Curtis were among the readers. When the reading was over, a smiling young man with white teeth came up on the platform and introduced himself as from Kentucky, and working on *The Sun*. The writer began life in Kentucky, and the name and people of Kentucky are bound up with memories of his youth. The next day—I remember the very spot on Broadway between 14th and 23d Streets—the same young man stopped the writer on the street to say he had not written *The Sun* account of the reading. That day he entered the writer's life, and a little later the latter read in a theatre in Louisville from John Fox's MS. a chapter or two of "A Mountain Europa," and after a little while, when he began writing, he was for many years a close comrade. A few months later "A Mountain Europa" and "A Cumberland Vendetta" came out in a magazine; and John Fox had occupied the Cumberland Mountains as his own.

But before coming to his works, which were the public's, a little about John Fox himself, who was his friends'.

Some authors of any note rather suffer by comparison with their works when one comes to know them. Like those actors who forget that acting belongs to the stage, they sometimes become theatrical even behind the scenes. To this class John Fox was a shining exception. His marked personal trait, like that of his books, was an absolute naturalness and absence of pose which stamped both with the hall-mark of sincerity. It is a high trait either in art or life. He wrote simply and of Life as he knew it, and he touched it all as his life was touched with a delicate sentiment as true as it was spontaneous.

Some years after John Fox had begun to write I was talking with a magazine publisher of American writers and their work, and I mentioned John Fox.

"But he has not yet arrived. His books do not go," said my companion. This I contested and contended that a book's popularity bears no relation to literature—I pointed out that he was judging by the news-stands, reports and the press criticism, while I was speaking of Literature, and I maintained that John Fox had never written a page that did not sing. Later on, John Fox's books had a great vogue and appeared often among the records of that fallacious standard setter of art—the "Best Sellers." But long before that, John Fox was writing stories full of the breath of the Cumberland Mountains, every line of which bore the stamp of literature.

But of John Fox himself.

I promised to speak of him—but hesitate before the task. My hesitation will be understood by those who knew him, for they will know that no pen could draw his portrait suitably. That quaint physiognomy lit by a spirit of humorous mirth; spare, sinewy figure, alert with nervous energy; love of beauty and enjoyment of pleasure, with the keenness and frankness of a child; detestation of the commonplace; hatred of the ignoble, of egotism, and of bores; richness of sentiment; appreciation of all that makes the joy and charm of life, expressed in sympathetic speech and tone, and in ringing laughter, mirthful and mirth-inspiring—these united in one were John Fox, but at best only his silhouette. There was that

in him of the old Adventurers that crossed the seas and pierced the mountains—that of the gay lads that sang and sported at the Mermaid and the Kitcat. Like them he drank with zest of the wine of the joy of life, and he absorbed and gave back with new richness the life and color of whatever company he mingled in, with his joyous and delightful comradeship, friendliness, and spirit.

He was born in Kentucky, at Paris—in what year he would not say—for he held firmly to the theory that no person should know or consider his age, and that men would live longer and Youth continue perennially did one not know how old he was. He was wont to discourse humorously on this theme, of the latter part of which, at least, he was a shining example.

His people went from Virginia, and, as I believe, from the region of the Forks of the Pamunkey, where the Foxes were settled in early colonial days. Fox's Bridge, in Hanover County, formerly New Kent, dates back to the colonial history of that region and traditions still lingered in the writer's childhood of a famous schoolmaster of the name.

John Fox, Jr., was the eldest child of John W. Fox and his second wife, and I have heard that an elder half-brother, his brother James, the offspring of an earlier marriage, had some charge of his education. He went to school at one time to James Lane Allen, who later wrote the charming stories of old Kentucky contained in the volume entitled, "With Flute and Violin," "Two Gentlemen of Kentucky," "The White Cowl," "King Solomon of Kentucky," and later other stories and novels, such as "The Kentucky Cardinal," "The Choir Invisible," etc., a series of inimitable stories unsurpassed in our time for daintiness of fancy, purity of style, and charm of reflection of the life portrayed therein. Allen's literary taste and genius undoubtedly had a strong influence on his gifted young scholar's life, and the latter early turned his pen to the portrayal of those picturesque phases of Kentucky with which fortune later threw him in touch and which caught his fancy by their originality and picturesqueness. To James Lane Allen he dedicated one of his earliest works.

At the proper time, having been well grounded in the classics; for his father was a lover of the classics—he was sent to Harvard, where he apparently graduated easily enough and was among the youngest, if not the youngest man, in his class—the class of 1883. He appears, however, to have signalized himself rather by his social than his scholastic gifts, and he was, I have heard, a shining member of the Glee Club, having a charming voice and a rare touch on the piano. I have heard him tell with fine humor of a Maine newspaper's caustic account of his Glee Club's performance in a Maine town, which referred to one of the stars as "a broad-shouldered young jackass, understood to be from Kentucky." He found himself in a dilemma between ire at being referred to as a "Kentucky jackass," and pride at having his broad shoulders signalized. From college Fox went to New York to seek his fortune as a reporter, little knowing what fame that fortune was to bestow on him in the coming years.

The writer's good fortune gave him, as stated, the privilege of reading in Louisville from Fox's now noted story, "A Mountain Europa," and thus he had the happiness of first introducing him to a Kentucky audience! This story was followed almost immediately by a story of mountain-life entitled "A Cumberland Vendetta." He also wrote, about this time, a little story called, "Hell fer Sartain," which may be said to be almost, if not quite, unique. It is really only an outline sketch; but in its portrayal of character in a few lines it has the same mastery of art shown in Rembrandt's etchings. It contains the germ of much that Fox wrote later in his novels of the Cumberland Mountains, and its motif of passion and courage may be said to be that which runs through much of his work like the dominant, recurrent strain in a great composer's symphony. The work of an unknown author, whatever its merit, has little pecuniary value for, at least, two persons: himself and his publisher. It is the public's approval that stamps on it its shekel value. Poe received ten dollars for "The Raven." John Fox received, I believe, five dollars for "Hell fer Sartain," but both wrote under a compulsion stronger than that which can be computed in figures. His stories soon paid better.

I once heard John Fox asked how he felt when he first knew of the acceptance of his first story. He burst into a merry laugh.

"It was at the Gap," he said, "mail came in late at night. When I got the letter I struck out as hard as I could and dashed through the mud and rain a half mile to show it to my brother."

After this he could no more have been kept from the pen than a duck from the water.

Following these stories, appeared in a magazine another story, "The Last Stetson," and they were collected and published in 1894 by Harper Brothers in a volume entitled, "A Mountain Europa." This was his first volume. It was soon followed by a volume of stories called "Hell fer Sartain and Other Stories." They attracted from the public little more attention than that usually accorded an author's first volume of short stories. But they attracted much attention from those who recognized at sight literary merit, apart from advertisement. Here was a new writer, dealing with a new phase of American life with a hand as sure as it was delicate: a note as fresh and full of the breath of the mountains as Miss Murfree's best stories.

Among others whose attention they caught was Theodore Roosevelt, and from this time began a friendship between the two men, based both on personal and literary sympathies, which never changed. The future President had won his spurs in literature by a fine study of early Kentucky, with a capital title, "The Winning of the West," and he instantly recognized the true ring in Fox's work.

It was back in the early days of his literary life that John Fox and the writer became intimate. He came to pay the writer a visit in the winter of 1894, and was so delightful a guest, not only to host and hostess, but to the children of the family, that he was not allowed to leave for five months. With children he was ever a great favorite, and he became the friend and playmate of every child he was thrown with. It was this sympathy which, when the time came, gave to his description of the boyhood of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" an idyllic quality unsurpassed in the stories of any writer in the English tongue. From this time on for a considerable number of years a part of his literary work every year was done during his ever-welcome stay with us.

Among the members of the household in these early days was a black Scotch terrier, "Satan," whom, having a poet's license and a hereditary love of dogs, Fox has immortalized in his story, "Christmas Night with Satan," as he has also done "Will Carey" of the Century Company, the "Uncle Carey" of the tale. Only the domestic part of Satan's life as given is historical, but "Satan" and his panegyrist were great friends and had, indeed, something in common beside beguiling ways. The former used to disappear at night for a run under the stars and, returning later, would stand in the street and bark on one key until he was let in. Profiting by his observation of this, if Fox left his latch-key he on an occasion carried out the same manœuvre, imitating "Satan" admirably, until some one descended and let him in.

He used to find and give much pleasure in descanting on his inability to make a final decision or, at least, hold to it when made—about going to visit anywhere—and especially about leaving a place where he might be. He declared that he had stayed in a little hotel in Bardstown once for a week because he could not summon the resolution to match his socks which the laundress had sent back mismatched. And he rarely arrived without having lost his baggage or some part of it. I recall his arriving once and being met at the station, when his first words after his greeting were: "Of course, I have lost my valise. But" (cheerfully) "the conductor will send it on. He knows me." Just then the station-master, to whom the check for his trunk had been handed, returned with the information that his trunk was not on the train. "That lost, too?" said he with a laugh. "Well, thank God for that! Now I can stay as long as I like. I knew I would lose it; but was afraid I'd lose it going somewhere else."

Once, on this or some other occasion, his trunk on being traced was found to have gone to England. The decision to take a certain train he declared among the most painful things in life—saying



*Bradley Studios, New York.*

John Fox, Jr.

that not only he but his friends would feel that some fundamental change had taken place in him if he kept a travelling appointment.

On one occasion, having accepted an invitation to visit one of his special friends, he went instead to Saratoga, when he telegraphed that he had missed his train. "You did not miss your train, did you?" asked an acquaintance. "She knows I did not," said he. "She will understand it. She knows me better than I do myself." And so, in fact, we all did—and rejoiced to have him as he was. For it was his personality which not only made him the charming character that he was, but gave to his work the free, delightful picturesqueness, the originality and indefinable charm that made it a reflection of the life of the mountains as true to nature as though pictured in a mirror.

In truth, convention sat lightly upon him, and this extended to literary no less than to social convention. Few writers have paid less court to those who are supposed to be the judges in the field of modern literature—"the Literati." He was frankly bored by the conventionality of the ordinary literary life and evaded it with joyous satisfaction. He loved good fellowship mingled with wit and humor; he was at home amid those who exemplified it; he detested convention and pretentiousness and fled from them—sometimes even to his mountain fastness.

He chose and loved his friends because of this good fellowship. If he became intimate with a "captain of industry"; a publisher, or a writer, you might be sure that they were good fellows. And had they not been so, he would sooner have "played with" the smith or the farmer's man. It was the man he chose, not his position.

Among literary men many of his friends were war-correspondents—they have at once the literary gift and the adventurous spirit which attracted him. Moved by the call of adventure he himself joined the fraternity both in our war with Spain and in the Japanese-Russian War. Of the former he has given something of his experience in his novel, "Crittenden," than which no truer nor more spirited picture of that singular episode in our history with its far-reaching results has ever been painted. But not even he could write so inimitably the story of his adventures as he told it—told how having started out on board a transport with the most complex modern war-correspondent's equipment that could be furnished, for he represented *Harpers Weekly*, he found it impossible to get ashore; so, abandoning everything, he bribed a boat to take him off one night and, having picked up a stray negro as lost as himself, went through the campaign with a body-servant, an empty tomato-can, and one shirt. He turned up at last in Kentucky, arriving with a temperature of 104 degrees, which he declared to be nothing, adding that this was General Wheeler's temperature when he went into the battle of Santiago, and that that night he was normal. While in hospital a fellow-patient sent by a pretty nurse a card enquiring how he was. The card was sent back with the reply: "Worse, send to enquire often."

In the Japanese-Russian War he again essayed his new profession of a war-correspondent and went to Japan for the purpose as the representative of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. Like most of his companions of this craft, however, who tried to reach the field of operations from that side, he never got very far into Manchuria. But his volume, "Following the Sun-Flag," was, at least from the literary standpoint, possibly the best thing about Japan, if not about the war, that came out in that period.

## II

Now as to his work.

It is difficult to review John Fox's work so as to convey any just idea of it in either substance or form; for his work was of the kind which no description can present. "Le style, c'est l'homme." To get any conception of it, it must be read.

He was essentially a story-teller, as definitely so as Defoe or Edgar Allen Poe. He was a romancer, because he was imbued with romance, and the romantic life of the mountaineers, amid which he was thrown in the impressionable years of his youth, appealed to him immensely; but he was too close an observer and too true an artist not to present life in its

verity, and he was even more a realist than a romanticist. And yet, generally each tale, while a story, is also a novel, in that it reflects a section of the whole current of the life of the time. This, indeed, is characteristic of John Fox's work: that even in a short story it is never only a detached episode; but about his central figure or fact he groups so complete a company and places them in so essential a setting that we feel that we have a complete picture of the life within the horizon given by the author.

To describe his work justly it should be said that he chose, or possibly was chosen by, the most picturesque and romantic phase of American life still remaining on the continent and pictured it with such unconscious art that we know instinctively that his pictures are true. He had at once the sense of proportion and the instinct for form. His art was signalized by the rare gift of finding the precise word to present his idea. It is the gift of the masters.

Beauty, whether in nature or in human life, appealed to him tremendously, and he possessed "the line of beauty" with which to present it. When I first knew him he was wild with admiration for Keats, and he would recite his master lyrics and linger over his jewelled lines with absolute delight. He was unconsciously absorbing the art of literary jewelry himself. He was equally the artist in using tenderness and strength. In his picture of an heroic deed his instinct for simplicity often clutches the heart and makes the eyes sting with the sudden stirring of unshed tears. Few writers have been gifted to describe the beauty of the spring, whether in nature or in woman, with more charming grace than John Fox.

It was his happy fortune to be thrown in contact with the picturesque survival of life in the mountains "isolated and crystalized" in its antique form: "To understand which you have to go back a century," just as it was brought into high relief against the penetration of the new life of "The Furriners in the Settlemints." It was the equally happy fortune of the mountaineers that they found a chronicler who, like Scott with his Highlanders, felt the picturesqueness and the pathos and the charm of that passing life and possessed the gift to immortalize it in the clear amber of his art. He had later much experience in the life of cities, including that element which sets or follows fashion with pious devotion, and this was at a time when novelists usually find such life the best grist for their mill; but although John Fox enjoyed it all immensely, it did not appeal to him as a subject for the exercise of his special gift. It was the "Bluegrass," "God's Country," the Kentucky Piedmont and Lowlands of his youth, and the mountains, spread in everlasting blue, billowy ranges above the Cumberland that held him in thrall, and, however he might enjoy his long, recurrent holidays amid the denizens of the cities, he still returned with renewed zest to his mountains and his mountaineers. He still wrote of the "little race" shut in with gray hill and shining river, with "strength of heart and body and brain taught by Mother Nature to stand together, as each man of the race was taught to stand alone; protect his women; mind his own business; think his own thoughts, and meddle not at all." Perhaps, as he has said of one of his characters, it was "to get away for a while as his custom was—to get away from his own worst self to the better self that he was in the mountains—alone." He always declared that he could write only in the mountains, and, indeed, the great volume of his work was created amid the towering and inspiring mountains of his love.

When he visited "the Settlemints" he took with him his freedom and his native courtesy, and this was ever one of his charms. I remember an episode of his early visits to New York. There was an entertainment one snowy night at the house of one of his acquaintances and Fox was invited. Among the belles of the occasion was a beautiful foreigner, to whom Fox was presented. When the entertainment broke up, this lady was shown to her carriage by a number of gallants, one or two of them men of distinction in New York society. As they stood about the door after handing her in, a young man, with a "Beg pardon," stepped into the carriage, closed the door, and at the sound the horses pranced away through the

snow. In great surprise one of the gallants on the sidewalk turned to the others: "Who is that?"

The answer was: "John Fox, a young Kentuckian."

"Well," said the other, "by heaven! Fox knows his business." The simple fact was that Fox, finding the lady unattended, had, according to the Southern custom, asked permission to see her home to her door.

Though he lived from early manhood in Virginia—in "The Gap," that he has immortalized—his devotion, both in his life and his art, was ever for Kentucky. It was of her that he wrote, it was her that he loved "from the Peavine to the Purchase; through Bluegrass, Bear-grass and Pennyroyal; from Mammoth Cave and Gethsemane; the Knobs to the Benson Hills; from aristocratic Fayette and Bourbon—'Sweet Owen,' Fortress of Democracy—to Border Harlem, hot-bed of the feud; from the Mississippi to Hell-fer-Sartain Creek in bloody Breathitt." "All this," he has said in "The Kentuckians," "the magic name of old Kentucky meant to her loyal sons who are to this country what the Irishman is to the world, and no matter where cast, remain what they were born—Kentuckians—to the end."

Of all of Kentucky has he written with an affection and an understanding of her which Turgenief never surpassed in writing of his Russia, and he has painted them as they are in every mood—in a setting which is Kentucky's self to the Kentuckian—"the pet shrine of the Great Mother herself."

Here is a bit of description set like a jewel in a page of simple narrative:

"They were going up a path through a tangled thicket of undergrowth. A little stream of water tinkled down a ravine like a child prattling to itself and tinkled dreamily on through dark shadows into the sunlight. A bluebird fluttered across it and high above them a cardinal drew a sinuous line of scarlet through the green gloom and dropped with a splutter of fire into a cool pool."

As another poetic touch I give this, a lover's description to himself of his lady's arm:

"The little hollow midway from which the gracious, lovely lines start up and down. It would hold the rain a snowdrop might catch; dew enough for the bath—the ivory bath—of a humming-bird; enough nectar to make Cupid delirious were he to use it for a drinking-cup. Looking for Psyche, the little god rests there, no doubt, while she sleeps. If he does not, he is blind, indeed."

But the whole body of John Fox's work, highly conceived and finely executed, written ever in simple, singing English, is starred with gems of which these two, taken at random, within a few pages of each other, give only a suggestion. Whenever he touches nature, it is with the lover's delicacy. Read his descriptions of the dawn in the Cumberlands, of sunset in the Bluegrass; or, in another key, read of the assembling of the army for the Spanish War, and beside the martial picture, the picture of the unbroken Peace of Nature, "of the Peace from the dome of Heaven to the earth's heart, Peace everywhere except in women's hearts."

In his description of passion, whether of love or hate, he presents it with a power unsurpassed in modern literature. If his plots are simple and his passions primary rather than subtle, so much the better. They are also elemental and contain withal fine distinctions which he knew and has painted with the fidelity that only the initiated can appreciate. But whether of passion or heroism, of rugged fury or of tenderness, he paints them as they are, in natural colors, without a stroke of exaggeration, without a single jarring tone. And this, too, is the gift of the masters.

But of all Kentucky, the mountains above the Cumberland were his chief delight. If the work has often a minor note and, at times, even a tone of melancholy, it is because the life of the mountains is cast in a tone of sadness and even of tragedy.

He had a certain genius for names. They meant much to him and he chose them with as much care as Balzac. The names of his stories and novels—"A Mountain Europa," "The Knight of the Cumberland," "The Blight in the Hills," "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine,"—occur among his titles, and at once enlist attention by their originality and their poetic suggestion, and woven

about these names John Fox gave as stirring a series of stories, filled with the romance, the pathos, the tragedy, and the charm of the life he pictured as any generation of readers has ever been vouchsafed in the course of our American literature.

His early stories were as fresh and racy of the soil as those which brought Bret Harte his fame in the '70's, and with equal reason; for the touch of the master-hand was in the one as in the other. His characters, amid their artistic setting, stood out with the same clearness, the same individuality and the same compelling recognition of their reality that we find in the early novelist's tales of the Sierras.

These stories were but the prelude. They were followed in due time by longer stories of which the first, published in 1897, dedicated to his father and his father's Kentuckians, and finally called, "The Kentuckians," was a study of life in "the Bluegrass" against a mountain background.

To one who knew the life of the little Kentucky capital in that time, set—embosomed in a half-moon on the shining river with a green crescent of hills—now azure, now gay with bloom—holding it in its outstretched arms, and with all the problems and passions of Kentucky in full play, the story appears like a bit of personal experience reflected in a magic mirror.

Said a Kentucky lady, mistress of one of the fine historic mansions standing in its shaded grounds, when asked by an acquaintance whose summers were passed in flitting from one summer resort of fashion to another, "Where do you spend your summers?" "In my back-yard."

But the other little knew what that back-yard contained. John Fox and Burns Wilson tried, each with his art, to paint the blooming peach and apple trees and the smooth turf starred with anemones and narcissi and dappled with the sunlight strained through the sifting boughs of primeval forest trees, where the birds sing "as though love were going to live forever, and the soft air is like some comforting human presence." And John Fox painted the life lived there with art as simple and sincere as the life itself.

Later on came more mountain stories assembled under the titles of "Bluegrass and Rhododendron," "Christmas Eve on Lonesome," "The Knight of the Cumberland," and "The Blight in the Hills," reflecting, as from so many facets of a jewel, bits of the life of that element of our race that, caught amid the mountains, have remained as in an eddy amid the sweep of the current of progress this one hundred and fifty years.

But before these came his longest story yet. It was published in 1900, and was entitled "Crittenden," a story of love and war. And once more the life of "the Bluegrass" was its theme—the life of "God's country," a phrase which the author says has no humor to the Kentuckian, "because he feels its reality," this time, covering the period and action, of the Spanish War, in which the author as already mentioned, had had experience as a war-correspondent. It is a pure love-story, with the interest of the war-time and its rich color added—the Kentucky color—with all of Fox's charm as raconteur, imbued with his lofty sentiment, presented against a background of the historic picturesqueness of the State which, with its population divided, boasts that in the Civil War it furnished more troops to either side than any other State. In it the author gives through side-lights a permanent record of the hasty, enforced preparation for war through which the country passed in that crisis and inferentially gives the hereditary spirit which, once divided between the South and the North, yet through all inexperience, haste, and error, contrived to bring full success in that episode, and which, finally, fully united, has sufficed but now to save the world.

Yet, although in time it will be probably reckoned the best picture painted of that much criticized, rattling little war and of its one sharp land-battle, and Fox now had the pick of the important magazines at his disposal, and the literary merit of his work was fully recognized by those who love literature, it had not yet caught the general public. This, however, was obliged to follow in due time where such undeniable art was stamped on every volume. And when his next novel, "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," appeared a year or two later (1903), this final judge, the public, placed on it at once the imprimatur of its emphatic ap-

proval. It also was a story of love and war, for which "Crittenden" had served only as a prelude. It immediately became—and justly—the favorite of the year with both the literary set and the public, for it contained one of the simplest, most idyllic, and beautiful stories of peace and war that has been written in our time, or in any time. The tale is of the period of the Civil War, and of the gathering of the storm which preceded its outburst in that tragic time. The scene is laid first in the mountains of eastern Kentucky and then in the Bluegrass region: Piedmont and Lowland, which was the debatable land of the great civil strife. All the passions of that fierce era are delineated with a vividness which is at times startling; but are touched with a deftness and imbued with a romance which deprives them of any hint of partisanry. The author is merely the narrator and the narrator is ever the artist. If his sympathies were manifestly and irrevocably with the one side, and he speaks of it ever in tones of unforgetable tenderness, his principles gave him a just realization of the other. And his story is in its balanced breadth his serious contribution to the great cause of a restored and liberated Union. It will be long before a novelist arises to take the palm from this novel of Kentucky's relation to the great Civil War, a relation almost unique in that, to the great strife of the sections, in Kentucky, the division was within her own house and the strife was on her doorstep. Hardly again will so understanding a picture be given to the recurrent, almost antiphonal sweep of the tides of passion, and the clash of the contending forces underlying the life of the South and the existence of our government.

The story of "Chad" adds another to our gallery of boys who belong to our national literature and to our personal memory, and in all the shining list there is none superior to this clear-eyed, solemn, simple, gallant mountain boy, drawn from the depths of a true artist's imagination and given to the world as at once the exponent and the paladin of the section of our race that represents the basic passions and principles of the Anglo-Saxon civilization. But about "Chad" he assembled with masterly art the life of the mountains and of the lowlands, of peace and of war—and the public awakened to the realization of his art, stamped it with the seal of its pronounced approval and has held him since in unchanged esteem.

Following "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," in due season came "The Knight of the Cumberland," already referred to, and then came "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," which, like its predecessor, was received by the now wholly converted public with a cordiality that added to Fox's already established reputation, and this, in turn, was followed by a novel entitled "The Heart of the Hills," in which, as in "The Kentuckians," there was a love-story of the mountain-lover and the girl from the city, told with all the vividness and skill of one who, born an artist, painted with the brush of a lover.

Fox, indeed, had a Greek's love of beauty and the gift to portray it. He never touched beauty in nature or humanity that his pen did not glow. Among the most charming pictures in our literature are his bits of description of his heroines: Anne Bruce; Margaret and Melissa; June Toliver; Judith Page, and others, which are portraits of the Kentucky girl which only one who had known and loved her could have have drawn. Their feminine portraiture in lines of incomparable tenderness and charm is his tribute to the women of his people which should place them under obligation to him so long as purity and beauty and feminine grace shall be deemed attributes of woman's loveliness. But if beauty drew him, heroism controlled him no less. His heroes are ever cast in an heroic mould and this heroism is as often moral as physical, and in his pages the latter ever is the handmaid of the former. The simple explanation is that the field he chose was one filled with an unbroken record of courage and devotion to ideals sound or unsound. He chose it because of its appeal to him. And in writing as he has he has done his native State an inestimable service. He has, with a keen, a profound, and a complete understanding of her, presented in imperishable form a reflection of the people of Kentucky which shows them to the world with their virtues and their faults to be one of the most heroic and chivalrous elements of the Anglo-Saxon race. He has presented well-nigh

in its entirety the life of the people in which the primeval passions may still flame, but above which rule the primal virtues—of the people whose women are still feminine and alluring, and whose men are still gallant and high-spirited; amid whom chivalry still survives and men "kneel only to women and to God."

And the highest tribute paid to the Kentuckians is that in all this volume of work—in all this history of that people, dealing with elemental passions, portrayed often with quite startling frankness—there is not one foul line; not one salacious suggestion; not one ignoble thought.

Kentuckian of the Kentuckians, having experience of all sorts and conditions of humanity, inspired by the spirit of the chronicler, John Fox, clean in speech and in pen, has drawn his father's Kentuckians as they are, and as his art makes us feel that they are, and he has drawn them clean. No greater tribute has ever been paid to a people and happy that people to have had such an historian.

"In Happy Valley," which appeared in 1917, were gathered together a number of stories which had appeared in magazine form, all full of the touches which mark his work. He then returned once more to work on a novel which he called "Erskine Dale: Pioneer." The scene is laid in Virginia and Virginia's western district, Kentucky, in the days of the transition from colonial to revolutionary life, and Fox thought it as good work as he could do. He aimed at making it a reflection of the life of that stirring period, and those who have seen the MS. declare it is Fox at his best.

He apparently looked forward to covering the whole gamut of Kentucky life, and he was working back to the sources of the current which he had followed with such ardor when the call came to lay down his pen. He was just completing this romantic novel of the passage across the mountain barriers, of the race that made Kentucky, established there the outposts, and sent forward across river and prairie and mountain range the long picturesque movement toward the setting sun. He had remained in the mountains among his own people, to whom he was ever devoted, and worked steadily all winter and spring finishing this novel of the period in which the nation, traversing the mountains, sprang at a bound to the domination of the Middle West—visiting once or twice Lexington and Louisville for access to the libraries there with their rich records of that vivid time, and he was at the very end when he was stricken down suddenly as though by a secret arrow from the forest which he loved.

He had gone into the mountains on a fishing-trip, one of those excursions where he got his fresh inspiration, and the very day of his arrival he was struck by what was thought a slight attack of pleurisy. Unable to continue his trip and rapidly growing worse, he returned home and within two days he passed away, leaving behind him for Kentucky and for his friends everywhere, the fragrant memory of a charming personality, of a loyal, kindly gentleman, with chivalrous ideals—and leaving, besides, a volume of work lofty in conception, sincere and artistic in execution, a worthy picture of the Kentucky he knew and loved, drawn with the pencil of a delicate artist, and filled with the affection of a devoted son.

The announcement of his death was the first news which the writer received on his arrival in this country after a long absence abroad, and at the same time he learned that on the calendar on John Fox's desk was marked the date on which John Fox had planned to greet him and his on their arrival at home.

In reviewing his work, too many names and too many touches of sentiment reminiscent of the early and abiding friendship and association between the author and the writer of this sketch have met the writer's eye for him to speak of the former without feeling his loss more deeply than one is permitted to express publicly, but this is the writer's tribute to a friend whom he knew in the early years of his literary life, and in whose triumphs he has taken a profound and abiding interest.

To those who loved him, John Fox's loss is unspeakable, and though his friends will miss him and mourn him long, one thought will abide to console them—that he lived untouched by age and that, having enriched the literature of his people by his genius, he passed as he would have wished, with the spirit of youth undimmed in his heart.



They climbed slowly but steadily upward, sometimes going up short steep grades and sometimes along level roads.—Page 689.

# ALGY ALLEN'S CELADON

## By Elizabeth Parker Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALLACE MORGAN

"THERE'S a man out in China, Denby," said Algy Allen, stretching his long legs lazily, "who has too much money and not enough sense, and I think it would be worth my fare out there to go and take him in hand. His name is John Argyle Gray, and he lives in Hong Kong and I have his street and number, especially his number."

"Well, my young friend," replied Denby, squinting over his cigar, "do you flatter yourself that when you get through with Mr. Gray you will have evened things up a little? Will he have less money and more sense?"

"I hope so," grinned Algy.

The two men were sitting before a blazing fire in Denby's comfortable library, having just finished dinner in Denby's more than comfortable dining-room.

"May I ask without seeming to pry into your plans, Algy, what method you have chosen for separating this unsuspecting Mr. Gray from a part of his fortune?"

Algy laughed good-naturedly and drank his whiskey-and-soda.

"Certainly, Denby, I'd be glad to give you blue-prints and specifications, but you see I only heard about the man yesterday, and I've been so busy since then being kicked out of my ancestral home and disinherited by my father and taken in by you that I've hardly had time to think out any details."

"I suppose you work that winning smile of yours and lure money from people's pockets."

"Oh, yes, I smile pleasantly and the coins fly to me the way those letters in the movies leave the bunch and shoot into words."

"Well, if you need bail, cable me."

"Thanks, I will."

"Where did you hear about this Mr. Gray?"

"Oh, that was one of the last bits of knowledge I picked up under my father's

roof. There was a fat old geezer sitting in the library with Dad, and I happened to be strolling around and I heard him telling Dad about this rich Mr. Gray in Hong Kong. He said he lived at 74 Casemate Road, part way up the Peak, in a house like a palace and furnished better than some palaces. Dad asked



At her touch Algy's heart became as a piece of wax on a hot radiator, and all his secrets were hers for the asking.—Page 690.

the old geezer how Mr. Gray was in the business line. 'Business line,' said the fat man, 'John Gray doesn't know any more about business than a pussy-willow; he just keeps adding to his collections of Chinese porcelains, ivory, and carved jade, and stuff like that; his collection of celadon is the finest in the world and worth a fortune. If he hears of some new piece, he gets it no matter what it costs. He's so easy that if any one steals money from him he forgives him right away and asks him if he doesn't want some more.' Dad said: 'Why, he sounds good, couldn't we—?' but the fat fellow said: 'Sh-h-h, yes, we could,' and got up and shut the door."

Denby smoked for a few minutes.

"Do you know, Algy, Mr. Gray sounds rather nice to me."

"Yes, he sounds nice to me, too. Say, Denby, what is celadon?"

"Oh, it's a kind of porcelain they make in China trying to imitate jade. The emperors used to give prizes for the best imitation. I thought you used to hang around China a bit, it seems queer you never heard of celadon."

"I guess it wasn't in my line."

Algy was silent for some time and seemed to be pondering deeply. Denby watched him through the smoke.

"What's the matter, Algy, got an idea for doing Mr. Gray?"

"Say," said Algy, looking up suddenly, "is celadon a kind of light green shiny-looking china?"

"That's what it is, like pale jade."

Algy threw back his head and laughed long and boisterously.

"Tell us the joke," said Denby.

"Why, say, there's a lot of celadon up at the house. Dad used to be dippy on Chinese stuff. All I have to do is to wait till Dad goes to the office and go up there and bring out a suit-case of celadon, take it over to Hong Kong, and sell it to Gray."

"What will your father say when he finds it gone?"

"He won't know the difference. he's nutty about Persian prayer-rugs now, but his mind's too full of business to be a collector; he doesn't know what he's got and what he hasn't got. He gets spells. He went off on ikons once and then forgot all about them and fell for those grinning Buddha dogs. I could put a dozen of those in the garbage-can now and Dad wouldn't care. That's Dad all over; gets tired of things."

"He got tired of you, didn't he?"

"Yes, but he'll work around to me again."

"Perhaps he'll work around to celadon again, too, and then he may get tired of you once more."

"More than likely, but I'm going to show him this time that I can make money as well as anybody, then he'll make me a member of the firm."

The two men soon separated for their respective evening gayeties, and as Algy did not get up the next morning till Denby had gone to his office the older man did not meet his disinherited guest till dinner, when he was surprised to see him come into the dining-room in a rough gray suit.

"Hope you'll excuse my costume," murmured Algy gracefully, "but I'm leaving at nine o'clock for Vancouver. I'm starting for Hong Kong."

"You don't mean it?" said Denby leaning forward. "I never thought you would really put it through."

"Trust me," replied Algy. "I went up to Dad's this morning and I picked up the finest lot of celadon you ever saw. Each piece is packed separately."

"I should hope so!"

"Oh, yes, I did it right. I selected a good strong trunk up at the house and then got a big bunch of towels out of the bathroom and packed them just fine; telephoned for a cab and took my plunder to the station and checked it through."

"Great Scott! Every piece will be smashed to atoms."

"Oh, no, they were bath towels. And, say, I guess this is my lucky day, I just happened to remember that Hong Kong is an open port."

"That's right, it is."

"Yes, sir, I could go in there with bubonic plague, cholera, and small-pox, and a trunk full of the crown jewels of England, and not an inspector would show up."

"Perhaps the undertakers and the police might show some interest."

"Well, that's true, too. Now I guess

I'll just finish my coffee and cigarette and run along. New York is an easy place to get out of. I'll be asleep in my stateroom before the train starts."

And thus Algy sauntered out to his cab and travelled blithely to China, which he reached in about a month.

As the liner entered the harbor of Hong Kong after emerging from the winding entrance passage that leads in from the China Sea, Algy stood on the deck and looked at the lower city where he had spent many a happy hour, and then his gaze wandered up the front of the Peak with its terraced streets and gardens and dignified-looking houses clinging to its side. Algy did not know where Casemate Road was, but he made up his mind that he would not be long in the place before he located the palatial residence of Mr. John Argyle Gray. He knew that it would be an easy matter to get a letter of introduction to Mr. Gray, and that probably no letter would be necessary if he let him know that he had a trunk full of celadon to dispose of.

He took a room at the Hong Kong hotel, and the very first night at dinner he felt the old lure of the East return in full measure. The big dining-room, with its long windows open to the warm evening air, the many tables filled with English officers in red dinner-jackets with English ladies in the regulation evening dress of the civilized world, and the Chinese servants hurrying about in their long white gowns. Algy rather hoped he would see some old acquaintances in the dining-room, but the guests were all strangers, and so, being hungry, he put his mind on his very excellent dinner.

When he was finishing his coffee he began to wonder how he should spend the hours that intervened before midnight, for to Algy an evening of inaction was not to be contemplated. He recalled evenings in other places that had begun as inauspiciously as this one and had ended in uproarious gayety, due entirely to his own genius for stumbling into happy situations.

He decided upon a cigarette on one of the wide piazzas and left the dining-room.

It was just pleasantly dark and not unpleasantly warm when he reached the long up-stairs veranda, and thousands of lights were twinkling in every direction as he looked out into the night. He lit a cigarette and began to walk briskly toward the other end of the balcony, when he was surprised to see a woman dressed in white standing alone by the railing at a point where light was streaming from a shuttered window.

"Aha," said Algy to himself, "I don't usually fail to find something." But he gave her only a passing look, and paced on to the far end of the veranda. There he, too, stood by the railing a few minutes pretending to enjoy the evening air, but really to see if any one came out and joined her. Then, as no one did, he slowly returned to the spot where she stood.

He made a slight pause before he passed her, and in that instant the woman took courage and spoke.

"I beg your pardon, but will you please come and stand by the railing and talk as if you were an old friend in case any one should come out on the porch. I am an American, I am Mrs. Ordway, and may I ask your name so that I can address you correctly if necessary?"

"Why, sure, I'll give you my name and history if you wish. I'm Algy Allen and I came in to-day on the *Empress*. I'm from New York, doesn't it stick out all over me?"

"Yes, it's true New York does show pretty plainly, now that I look closer."

"Glad to hear it; anything I can do for you? Always happy to help a lady."

"Why, yes, there is something you can do. That's why I had the courage to speak to a perfect stranger. I used to live in New York myself."

"That's so? Great burg, when you know it. I live on Park Avenue, or rather I did till Dad booted me out of the house."

"Did he really? How can you speak of it so cheerfully?"

"Oh, it's only temporary. Dad will forget it soon and cable me ten thousand or so and invite me to make him a visit. But tell me what you want me to do for you; just mention it and it's as good as done."

"Well, you won't think it's very much, but I want you to take me home."




*Drawn by Wallace Morgan.*

"Stop right there. . . . I didn't see anything that looked like onions and I tell you I don't know any more about celadon then a lobster."—Page 692.

"Sure, rickshaws or chairs?"

"But wait till I tell you how I came to be here all alone."

"Now, Mrs. Ordway, that's all right, don't explain anything. I'll be only too glad to go home with you; to tell you the truth I was hoping something would turn up."

"But I would much rather explain just how things are; perhaps you can give me some advice."

"Sure, all you want."

"Well, you see, I came here to-night with a Mr. Harley to have dinner in a private room. As we had a little time before dinner was served, Mr. Harley suggested that we come down on this veranda for a breath of air before dining. We had walked up and down a few times when a Chinese servant in private livery came to the door and told Mr. Harley that he had a letter for him. He stepped inside to the light to read the letter and he has never come back, and that was over an hour ago."

"Perhaps he fell down-stairs."

She smiled faintly. "Oh, no, for I asked a passing servant to go to the office and inquire about him, and they said he had gone out the front entrance. I waited, thinking he was speaking to some one in a rickshaw outside, but I will not wait any longer, for I really cannot stand alone on a public hotel veranda at night, and I cannot go home alone either.

"Have you had any dinner?"

"Not a mouthful." She spoke quite crossly.

"Well, the private dining-room must be there yet, that can't have run off, too; let's go up there. I'll smoke while you eat."

"Fine," she said, "come on. How different I feel now. I can really almost laugh about it; that is, if Mr. Harley hasn't been killed."

"Who'd kill him? Was somebody gunning for him?"

She glanced up quickly.

"Oh, no, but you know Hong Kong is an uncertain place. Here's our little dining-room. I'll tell the servant to bring me a light supper and we can have our coffee at my house."

She spoke to the waiter in Chinese and he brought her cold chicken, a salad, and later an ice. Algy noticed that she was very pretty.

"And may I ask what has brought you to Hong Kong?" she questioned, as she ate her unsubstantial meal.

"Oh, I came over to put through a little business deal. You see, as I told you, Dad kicked me out, or rather he sat in a chair in the library and informed me that I'd better beat it."

"Had you done something dreadful?"

"No, I hadn't done anything."

"Then why turn you out?"

"Why, that was just it. I hadn't done anything and Dad wanted me to do something, be energetic, you know, and show some signs of human intelligence. Now it would kill me to be energetic, but I flatter myself that when Dad hears of my successful trip to China he'll make me a member of the firm."

"I see, you expect to make a lot of money."

"Sure. I'll make a good thing of it, trust me. I exchange the goods for the coin and there's a close-up of Dad falling on my neck."

"Now let us go," announced Mrs. Ordway. "I have finished my little supper. Will you please order chairs, I live part way up the Peak."

When they were started Algy enjoyed being in a chair once more. He liked the gentle swaying motion and it always seemed luxurious to be carried along on the shoulders of the sturdy chairmen.

They climbed slowly but steadily upward, sometimes going up short steep grades and sometimes along level roads, till they halted before the gates of a small house. The men set down the chairs, and Mrs. Ordway and Algy stepped out.

"Where are we?" asked Algy.

"This is 72 Casemate Road."

Algy grinned to himself in the darkness and looked at the shadowy bulk of the next house behind its high wall. Then the outer gate was opened by a servant and he followed Mrs. Ordway up some stone steps, through a narrow hall, and into a delightful drawing-room hung with pale yellow silk and sweet with white hyacinths. Algy glanced around.

"Snug little place you have here, only

it smells like a funeral," he added truthfully.

"Don't be horrid after you were so nice to bring me here."

"That wasn't nice; I wanted to come."

A tall Cantonese servant brought coffee in a gold service and stood impassively holding the tray, his eyes on his mistress. Mrs. Ordway leisurely selected a comfortable chair with a gold screen as a background, and then the servant placed the tray on a little table at her side and bowed himself out.

Mrs. Ordway had seemed very pretty in the ugly little dining-room at the hotel, but now in her carefully chosen setting she was really lovely. She wore a white lace dress and had dark reddish hair and beautiful shoulders and arms.

She poured the coffee daintily into the gold cups and passed one to Algy with a smile. Then she lit a cigarette and leaned back in her chair contentedly. Algy was just congratulating himself on having discovered Mrs. Ordway, when he suddenly thought of something and asked:

"Where is Mr. Ordway?"

The lady sat up straight and looked at him, her cigarette half way to her lips.

"How you startled me; he's in heaven; that is, I suppose he is," and she gave a low laugh. "Why do you ask?"

"I wanted to know if you were a widow. Do you know I think you're a regular winner. I'm glad he's in heaven."

Mrs. Ordway tipped her head far back, held her cigarette to her very red lips, and blew smoke toward the ceiling. Algy looked at her white throat; it was wonderful. It looked like the throat of an acrobat or juggler. Suddenly she looked full at Algy and laughed as if to herself.

"What are you laughing at?"

"Oh, I was thinking what an odd man you are; you're so amusing asking about my poor, dear husband."

"I just wanted to know if he might be peeking through the curtain at me. Say, as long as he's in heaven, let's go and sit on the sofa."

"All right, and you can amuse me. Do you know there's not a single entertaining man in Hong Kong."

"I believe you if Harley's a specimen; that wasn't a very brilliant stunt he pulled off this evening. Do you think he's in any kind of mix-up?"

"Don't let's talk about him; tell me about yourself. What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to surprise Dad. I'm going to make money selling a lot of old stuff he's forgotten he had. He always thought I didn't appreciate his collection of antiques."

"Antiques? Is that what you're going to sell?"

"Sure, some of Dad's celadon."

"Well, that's quite interesting. How many pieces have you to sell?"

"I don't know, I didn't count them. I've got a trunkful."

"A trunkful of celadon! Where is it?"

"In my bedroom at the hotel."

Mrs. Ordway threw herself back on the cushions and laughed. Algy began to laugh, too. Then she suddenly leaned forward and put her hand on his and looked closely into his face.

"You certainly are a wonderful business man, but don't you think you need a manager? I know lots about Chinese porcelain. I could help you sell your celadon."

Algy's hand closed over hers with a firm pressure and he looked steadily into her dark eyes. They sat in that position for a minute as if each were trying to measure the meaning of the other's look, then Algy smiled in her face, drew her toward him by the hand, and spoke softly.

"Yes, be my manager. I was off my nut to think I could come over here and sell a lot of stuff I don't know anything about."

"What had you thought of doing, won't you tell me all about it?" and she laid her white hand on his shoulder.

At her touch Algy's heart became as a piece of wax on a hot radiator, and all his secrets were hers for the asking.

"Did you ever hear of John Argyle Gray?" he asked.

"Why, of course, he lives next door. He has wonderful collections and is immensely wealthy."

"That's the same guy. Well, he's going to buy my celadon."

"Do you know him?"

"No, but I'll write and tell him I have a lot to sell and I guess he'll see me."

"He's bothered all the time with people who want to sell him things. I don't know him, but I can get you a letter from some one high in the government."

"You're awful good; you don't mind if I put my arm around you, do you?"

"No; go ahead."

She handed him a cigarette and took one herself, and they lit them from the same match.

"Tell me more about your celadon," she begged.

"Oh, don't let's talk about that old celadon any more, I'm losing interest in it. Let's just sit like this. Do you suppose your husband is looking down through the ceiling?"

"Let him look," and she blew her cigarette smoke up in the air.

"I didn't know it would be so nice to have a manager," whispered Algy, and he tried to draw her closer to him, but Mrs. Ordway jumped to her feet.

"And I didn't know it was so late," she said; "you must go at once. I'll send you down in my private chair. I'm glad you like your manager. Come up tomorrow evening at ten and I will have your letter for you," and she laughingly pushed him into the hall.

Algy leaned back luxuriously in Mrs. Ordway's silk-lined chair and blew his cigarette smoke out the window. As the chairmen turned the corner of Casemate Road he looked back and saw a man alight from another chair and enter Mrs. Ordway's gate.

"That's Harley," thought Algy to himself. "I wonder what's between them?"

The next afternoon Algy went out to Happy Valley in a rickshaw and strolled into the Country Club. He saw Mrs. Ordway having tea with a hawk-nosed man, but she pretended not to see him. That night he went to a gay dinner given by the officers of the American monitor in the harbor and made energetic love to several American girls, but at ten o'clock, notwithstanding, he stepped from his chair at his new manager's door.

Algy appeared before Mrs. Ordway, in her yellow drawing-room, in resplendent evening clothes and armed with a huge bunch of flowers, but he was not prepared for the glittering effect presented by his manager. She was dressed in silver tissue and wore diamonds in her dark-red hair and on her lovely neck and arms, so that she seemed to stand before him a shining vision.

"Whew!" said Algy grinning, "you take my breath away."

He tossed the flowers on a table and took both her hands.

"Why, you look like a crystal chandelier dressed up for a ball."

She swung his hands out wide and laughed up at him.

"Now, don't try to belittle my costume. I can see in the mirror that I look awfully nice."

"You're a peach. Say, you can manage me forever. Come and sit on the sofa, that is if you can sit down in that dress."

She made a little mouth at him and took a seat beside him.

"I have your letter," she said.

He raised her soft hand to his lips and looked at her over it.

"Some manager," he whispered.

He strolled over to a table and lit a cigarette.

"Bring me one," she said.

He picked up the whole table and brought it, then sat down beside her and gave her a light from the end of his as he held it in his lips.

"Did you find out about Harley?" he asked.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Don't mention him. You rescued me from a very unpleasant position."

"And put myself in a deuced pleasant one," and he put his arm around her shoulders.

The next afternoon, through an exchange of notes, Algy received an appointment to call on Mr. John Argyle Gray, and with wonderful promptness he arrived at exactly five o'clock. The house was very large and the gates and house entrance were really imposing. Everything inside was rich and soft and expensive, but the room into which he was shown was distinctly disappointing.

"Looks like a blooming museum," said Algy as he gazed at the rows of glass cases full of treasures of porcelain.

Mr. Gray was a fussy, nervous, peer-

ing little man who rubbed his hands together and walked about when he talked.

"How do you do, Mr. Allen? Very glad to meet you. So kind of you to send me word about your celadon. I am most anxious to see it; my curiosity is very greatly aroused. I should be glad to have a few particulars about it. Sit down, I insist upon it; I am too nervous to sit myself. I constantly walk about. Tell me, please, how many pieces you have to dispose of," and Mr. Gray began to pace up and down on a huge Chinese rug.

"Well, now," said Algy, smiling pleasantly, "you've got me on the very first question. I really don't know how many pieces there are, I just put them in a trunk and brought them along."

Mr. Gray stopped in his walk and stared at Algy, who had chosen a very comfortable chair.

"You mean to say that the pieces are not catalogued?"

"Perhaps they are, I don't know anything about that. I'm just selling them."

"Most extraordinary! Do the pieces belong to the Sung, Ming, or Ching periods?"

Algy stared in his turn.

"You can search me," he said.

"Have any of the pieces the iron foot or the brown mouth, that is rather important to know, or have any of them got the biscuit exposed showing a spot of brown. You know in some districts the clay was strongly ferruginous."

"You don't say so," said Algy. "Well, I didn't see any spots. I'm not an expert on celadon."

"No, so I perceive, but you must have noticed that the shades of green were different in the different pieces, one shade is described as the jade green of slender willow twigs."

Mr. Gray became much excited and began to pace about more rapidly.

"Oh, beautiful, enchanting," he said as he walked back and forth. "What could be lovelier than the way they describe those colors! The green of the parrot's feathers, the dull green of a melon, the color of sea waves, the soft, jade green of onion sprouts in autumn——"

Algy sprang to his feet and confronted Mr. Gray as he came down the rug.

"Stop right there," he shouted in desperation. "I didn't see anything that looked like onions and I tell you I don't know any more about celadon than a lobster; I never heard of it till a month ago."

Mr. Gray calmed down, stopped his pacing, and held out his hand to Algy.

"Young man," he said, "I like you; you seem to be refreshingly honest, you have a quieting effect on my nerves. It is pleasant to find some one who does not pretend to know all there is to know about Chinese porcelain. In Hong Kong many impostors make a handsome living out of spurious wares and sometimes, I am glad to say, we bring them to justice. If you will allow me, I shall give myself the pleasure of calling at your hotel this evening to look at your celadon. I hope you have no other engagement."

"Sure I haven't, and if I had I'd break it. And I'd like to return the compliment, Mr. Gray. I like you, too, you're a good sport. I wish you could meet Dad."

Algy went out to his waiting chair very light of heart. His scheme was proceeding well, and he would doubtless get a large sum from Mr. Gray for his celadon. When he reached the hotel and entered the office, the clerk spoke to him.

"There's a gentleman waiting for you up in your room, Mr. Allen; he declined to give his name."

"What did you let him up there for? I don't want any one up in my room."

"Well, we didn't want him to go up, but he said he was an old friend and you wouldn't mind if he went up there to rest."

Algy thought a minute and then went up in the elevator. As he was fitting the key in the keyhole the door was flung wide open and his father stood before him.

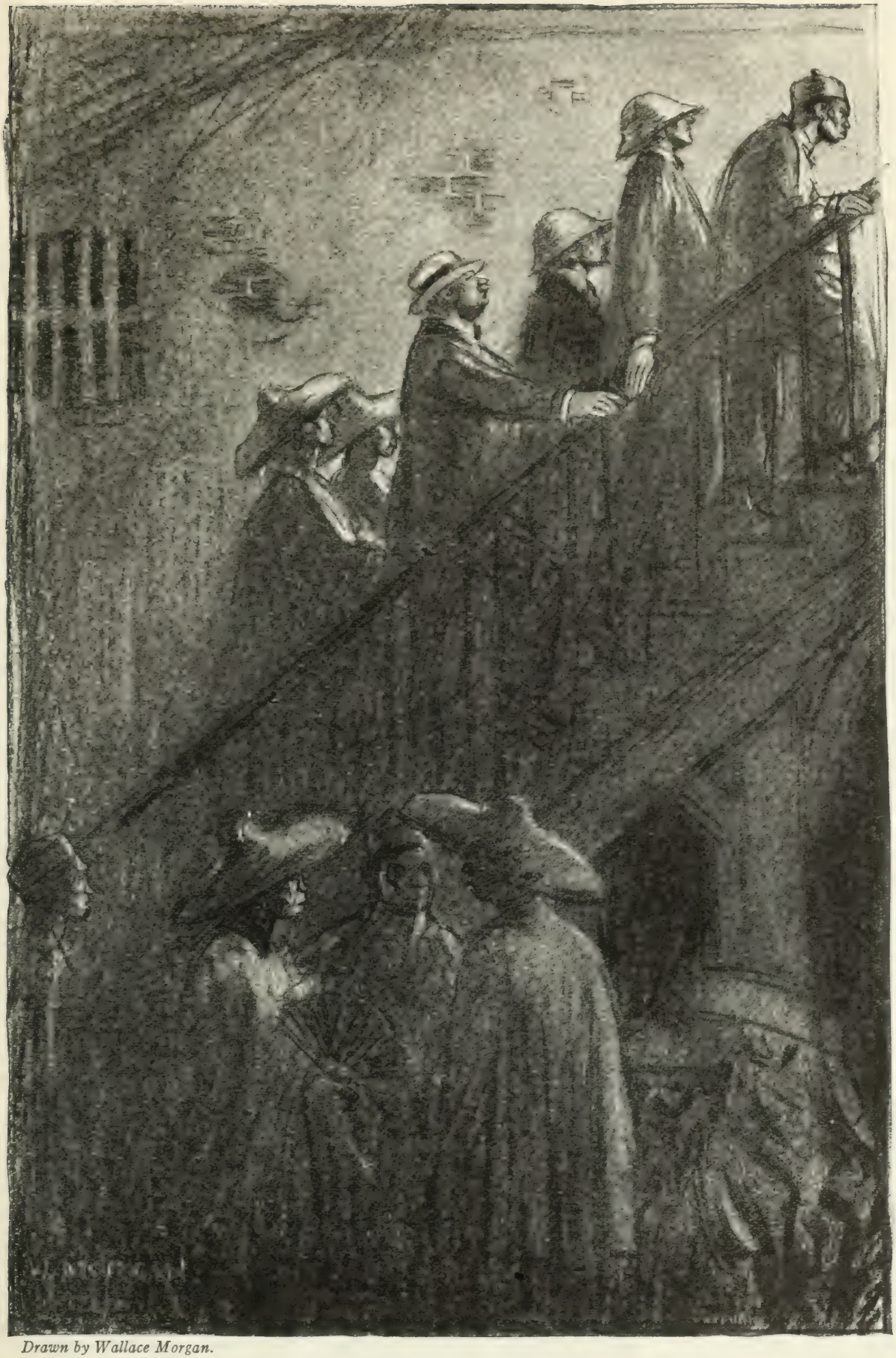
"Dad!"

"Son!"

And the old man drew him into the brightly lighted room and shut the door.

"I couldn't live without you, my boy, so I had to come after you, and just remember this, if I ever tell you to get out of the house again don't you go an inch."

"No, Dad, I'll be darned if I'll budge,"



*Drawn by Wallace Morgan.*

The man in the door guided them up some dark stairs and into a large back room.—Page 695.

and Algy sat down on the trunk that held the celadon, feeling rather guilty.

"And now, son, hurry and dress for dinner, I'm half starved."

When they were finishing their coffee later in the dining-room, Algy thought it time to make his confession.

"Dad," he said hesitatingly, "do you know why I came over to Hong Kong?"

"Why no, son; some attraction, I suppose," and the old man winked.

"No attraction this time. I thought I'd put through a deal that would make you proud of me, so I brought along all that old celadon I knew you were tired of, and I'm going to sell it to a collector here."

The old man skilfully smothered a gasp of astonishment and said in a natural tone:

"Good for you, son, that's a bright idea; I guess you'll make a sharp business man yet. The money's better than the celadon any day. Whatever you get for it, I'll double it.

"Mr. John Argyle Gray, the great collector, is coming to look at it this evening."

"Say, have you hooked Gray? Well, you've got ahead of me. What kind of man is he?"

"He's a good sport, Dad. I told him I wished he could meet you. Let's go out in the lounge and smoke and wait for him."

They had not long to wait, for Mr. Gray appeared almost at once. Algy greeted him heartily.

"This is Dad," he explained.

"Delighted to meet you," responded Mr. Gray courteously. "I've taken a strong liking to your son."

The happy father beamed and the three men went up in the elevator. Algy went in first to switch on the light.

"As I was saying to your son," murmured Mr. Gray, "I am consumed with curiosity to see this collection of celadon——" A cry from Algy interrupted him and the older men rushed into the room. Algy stood pointing to where the trunk had been.

"It's gone," he gasped. "The trunk's gone; it's been stolen."

In a moment Mr. Gray was alert and businesslike. He took out his note-book and pencil and turned to Algy.

"When did you last see the trunk in your room?"

"It was there just before dinner; I sat on it."

"Who knew of the celadon?"

"Just one person, a woman, a Mrs. Ordway."

"Was she pretty, with dark-red hair?"

"Yes."

"That simplifies matters very much. I will go out and give some orders to my chairmen; they are old and trusted servants and have recovered stolen goods for me before. They will know exactly what to do. As I have such strong suspicions to guide me, I shall not be greatly surprised if we get the trunk very soon indeed. I shall start the machinery that I hope may catch two clever criminals. I shall leave you now; good-night."

"Nice old boy, isn't he, Dad," said Algy, lighting a cigarette.

The old man seemed thoughtful.

"Darned nice," he answered. "I guess I'll leave him alone."

No word came from Mr. Gray until the father and son were just leaving the dining-room after dinner the following night, when a Chinese house-servant in livery brought a note to Algy. He read it and whispered to his father.

"He says we are to come with his servant. There are chairs outside; he has found the trunk."

Algy and his father were soon ready in the luxurious chairs waiting outside. Mr. Gray was in another and two hired chairs followed. The little procession went through the lighted streets, passed some noisy barracks, and came out on the Happy Valley road. They soon turned from this, however, into a badly lighted street that ran toward the harbor. The chairs were set down in a dark angle and the men alighted.

There were fifteen men in all, with the ten chairmen. The two officers in the hired chairs went ahead and took four chairmen with them and disappeared into a narrow doorway. Those left outside waited some time in silence, and then a chairman beckoned to them from the door. Mr. Gray, Algy, and his father, and

two chairmen went forward and the man in the door guided them up some dark stairs and into a large back room.

Two strange Chinamen were cowering in a corner and in the centre of the room stood Algy's trunk. One of the officials stepped up to the shrinking Chinamen in the corner and took the hat off the taller of the two. The entire disguise came off with the hat and revealed not a Chinaman at all but a lean, hawk-nosed white man, and Algy recognized Mrs. Ordway's companion at the Country Club at Happy Valley.

Then the officer approached the other Chinaman, who stood sullenly back against the wall, but who made no effort to resist. He snatched the make-up from the second conspirator, and as the disguise was removed Algy stood rooted to the spot, for he recognized the face through the paint and the red hair was familiar enough. The dark eyes stared at Algy horribly, but no shame was in them, only furious anger for the profitable career that was ended.

"Good evening, Mrs. Ordway," said Algy, "I bet that's your friend Harley. You're the finest manager I ever saw, but that game you played was a pretty simple one for old hands like you and your friend."

"Well, you walked into the trap all right."

"Oh, I knew it was a plant, but I thought I could outplay you and I have done it, you see."

She laughed maliciously.

"I wish you luck selling your celadon. I have examined a few pieces and I think it is about the finest collection I ever saw."

"And now, with your permission," said Mr. Gray, "we will all adjourn to my house, where we can examine the celadon at our leisure. I will have the trunk carried up there at once."

They all went out, leaving the two thieves in the hands of the law. Algy passed out last, and as he looked back he saw that Mrs. Ordway was laughing as if she were thinking of something very funny.

It was quite late when they were finally seated in Mr. Gray's very luxurious study and the two coolies deposited the trunk before them in the middle of the floor. The thieves had broken the lock, so no key was needed.

"You open it," said Algy, addressing Mr. Gray.

The old collector raised the lid with almost trembling eagerness; he had never lost his feeling of reverence in the presence of old porcelain. He unrolled a bath-towel with a smile at the manner of packing and took out a small tea-pot.

"Most extraordinary," he said, "I am sure there must be some mistake. It was not the custom to make tea-pots in celadon."

He unrolled another bath-towel and took out a sugar-bowl.

"Nor sugar-bowls," he added, as he set the little horror on the table.

Old Mr. Allen rose to his feet.

"Algy, which case did you get this collection from?"

"Why, from that glass china-closet in the dining-room."

The old man sank back in his chair and laughed till he cried.

"That stuff isn't celadon," he gasped. "That's an infernal tea-set that your Aunt Abby gave me for Christmas. She bought it in the basement of some department-store. I've been wondering how in the world I could get rid of the thing."

"Well, I took it off your hands anyway, didn't I, Dad?"

Mr. Gray grasped Algy's hand.

"At least it has been the means of bringing two slippery criminals to justice. I hope that the lady was not a particular friend of yours."

"She was my business manager," replied Algy with a grin.

# NOTES OF A NATURALIST

By John Burroughs

## I

### THE BLUEBIRD

OUR bluebird is evidently an offshoot from the thrushes. It has the thrush's quality of voice and the thrush's gentleness of manners, and the young have the speckled breast of the thrushes. Its scolding and alarm notes are very suggestive of that of the wood thrush, yet its origin as a distinct species, how obscure and how remote! Can one think of it as the result of slow and insensible changes stretching over vast periods of time? It is not much on its legs compared with any of the thrushes, and it has the unthrushlike habit of nesting in holes and cavities of trees. Unlike most of our birds that nest in cavities, the female is far less brilliant in plumage than the male. In our chickadees and nuthatches and woodpeckers the two sexes are alike conspicuously colored. The bluebird is distinctly a perching bird, never descending to the ground except to pick up an insect now and then, which it usually spies from its perch several yards away. It eats fruit at times, such as elderberries, when hard put for insect food. Its blue color would seem to be a disadvantage on the Darwinian hypothesis, as may be said of all brilliantly colored birds. Had it been in any sense a ground bird, it is very certain its color would not have been blue.

But how it came to split off from the thrush family and develop into a distinct species is past finding out. If we say that the slow change from brown to blue might, under changing habits, be of survival value, then we want to know what brought about the change in habits? Why did not all the thrushes turn blue and cease to be hoppers and runners?

The Darwinian plummet cannot sound these waters. Nature's ways are not our ways though we are a part of Nature. We cannot interpret her in terms of our own methods. If we fancy she brings about new species as we achieve new varieties, we are sure to misread her.

## II

### THE WEASEL

IN wild life the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. For instance, the weasel catches the rabbit and the red squirrel, both of which are much more fleet of foot than he is. The red squirrel can fairly fly through the tops of the trees, where the weasel would be entirely out of its element, and the rabbit can easily leave him behind, and yet the weasel captures and sucks the blood of both. Recently, when the ground was covered with our first snow, some men at work in a field near me heard a rabbit cry on the slope below them. Their dog rushed down and found a weasel holding a rabbit, which it released on the approach of the dog and took to the cover of a near-by stone wall. The whole story was written there on the snow. The bloodsucker had pursued the rabbit, pulling out tufts of fur for many yards and then had pulled it down.

Two neighbors of mine were hunting in the woods when they came upon a weasel chasing a red squirrel around the trunk of a big oak; round and round they went in a fury of flight and pursuit. The men stood and looked on. It soon became apparent that the weasel was going to get the squirrel, so they watched their chance and shot the bloodsucker. Why the squirrel did not take to the treetops where the weasel could not have followed him and thus make his escape—who knows? One of my neighbors says he has seen where a weasel went up a tree and took a gray squirrel out of its nest and dropped it on the snow, then dragged it to cover and left it dead. The weasel seems to inspire such terror in its victim that it becomes fairly paralyzed and falls an easy prey. Those cruel,

blazing, bead-like eyes, that gliding snake-like form, that fearless, fate-like pursuit and tenacity of purpose, all put a spell upon the pursued that soon renders it helpless. A weasel once pursued a hen to my very feet and seized it and would not let it go until I put my foot upon it and gripped it by the back of the neck with my hand. Its methods are a kind of *Schrecklichkeit* in the animal world. It is the incarnation of the devil among our lesser animals.

## III

### NATURAL SCULPTURE

We may say that all the forms in the non-living world come by chance, or by the action of the undirected irrational physical forces, mechanical or mechanico-chemical. There are not two kinds of forces shaping the earth's surface, but the same forces are doing two kinds of work, piling up and pulling down—aggregating and accumulating, and separating and disintegrating.

It is to me an interesting fact that the striking and beautiful forms in inorganic nature are not as a rule the result of a building-up process, but of a pulling-down or degradation process. A natural bridge, an obelisk, caves, canals, the profile in the rocks, the architectural and monumental rock forms, such as those in the Grand Cañon and in the Garden of the Gods, are all the result of erosion. Water and other aerial forces are the builders and sculptors, and the nature and structure of the material determine the form. It is as if these striking forms were inherent in the rocks, waiting for the erosive forces to liberate them. The stratified rocks out of which they are carved were not laid down in forms that appeal to us, but layer upon layer, like the leaves of a book; neither has the crumpling and deformation of the earth's crust piled them up and folded them in a manner artistic and suggestive. Yet behold what the invisible workmen have carved out of them in the Grand Cañon! It looks as though titanic architects and sculptors had been busy here for ages. But only little grains of sand and a vast multitude of little drops of water, active through geologic ages, were the agents that wrought this stupendous spectacle. If the river could have builded something equally grand and beautiful with the material it took out of this chasm! But it could not—poetry at one end of the series and dull prose at the other. The deposition took the form of broad, featureless, uninteresting plains—material for a new series of stratified rocks, out of which other future Grand Cañons may be carved. Thus the gods of erosion are the artists, while the builders of the mountains are only ordinary workmen.

## IV

### MISINTERPRETING NATURE

We are bound to misinterpret Nature if we start with the assumption that her methods are at all like our methods. We pick out our favorites among plants and animals, those that best suit our purposes. If we want wool from the sheep, we select the best fleeced animals to breed from. If we want mutton, we act accordingly. If we want cows for quantity of milk, irrespective of quality, we select with that end in view; if we want butter fat, we breed for that end, and so on. With our fruits and grains and vegetables we follow the same course. We go straight to our object with as little waste and delay as possible.

Not so with Nature. She is only solicitous of those qualities in her fruits and grains which best enable them to survive. In like manner she subordinates her wool and fur and milk to the same general purpose. Her one end is to increase and multiply. In a herd of wild cattle there will be no great milchers. In a band of mountain sheep there will be no prize fleeces. The wild fowl do not lay eggs for market.

Those powers and qualities are dominant in the wild creatures that are necessary for the survival of the species—strength, speed, sharpness of eye and ear, keenness of scent—all wait upon their survival value.

Our hawks could not survive without wing power or great speed, but the crow survives without this power, because he is an omnivorous feeder and can thrive where the hawk would starve, and also because no bird of prey wants him, and,

more than that, because he is dependent upon nothing that requires speed to secure. He is cunning and suspicious for reasons that are not obvious. The fox in this country requires both speed and cunning, but in South America Darwin saw a fox so indifferent and unafraid that he walked up to it and killed it with his geologist's hammer. Has it no enemies in that country?

Nature's course is always a roundabout one. Our petty economies are no concern of hers. Man wants specific results at once. Nature works slowly to general results. Her army is drilled only in battle. Her tools grow sharper in the using. The strength of her species is the strength of the obstacles they overcome. Darwin went wrong when he assumed that Nature selects as man selects. Nature selects solely upon the principle of power of survival. Man selects upon the principle of utility. He wants some particular good—a race-horse, a draft-horse—better quality or greater quantity of this or that. Nature aims to fill the world with her progeny. Only power to win in the competition of life counts with her. She plays one hand against the other. The stakes are hers whichever wins. Wheat and tares are all one to her. She pits one species of plant or animal against another—heads I win, tails you lose. Some plants spread both by seed and runners, this doubles their chances; they are kept in check because certain localities are unfavorable to them (the hawkweed). I know a section of the country where a species of mint has completely usurped the pastures. It makes good bee pasturage, but poor cattle pasturage. Quack grass will run out other grass because it travels under ground in the root as well as above ground in the seed.

## V

### MAN A PART OF NATURE

This bit of nature which I call myself, and which I habitually think of as entirely apart from the nature by which I am surrounded, going its own way, crossing or defeating or using the forces of the nature external to it, is yet as strictly a part of the total energy we call nature as is each wave in the ocean, no matter how high it raises its crest, a part of the ocean. Our wills, our activities, go but a little way in separating us from the totality of things. Outside of the very limited sphere of what we call our spontaneous activities, we too are things and are shaped and ruled by forces that we know not of.

It is only in action, or in the act of living, that we view ourselves as distinct from nature. When we think, we see that we are a part of the world in which we live, as much so as the trees and the other animals are a part. Intellect unites what life separates. Our whole civilization is the separating of one thing from another and classifying and organizing them. We work ourselves away from rude Nature while we are absolutely dependent upon her for health and strength. We cease to be savages while we strive to retain the savage health and virility. We improve Nature while we make war upon her. We improve her for our own purposes. All the forces we use—wind, water, gravity, electricity—are still those of rude Nature. Is it not by gravity that the water rises to the top stories of our houses? Is it not by gravity that the aeroplane soars to the clouds? When the mammoth guns hurl a ton of iron twenty miles they pit the greater weight against the lesser. The lighter projectile goes, and the heavier gun stays. So the athlete hurls the hammer because he greatly outweighs it.

## VI

### MARCUS AURELIUS ON DEATH

Marcus Aurelius speaks of death as "nothing else than a dissolution of the elements of which every human being is composed." May we say it is like a redistribution of the type after the page is printed? The type is unchanged, only the order of arrangement is broken up. In the death of the body the component elements—water, lime, iron, phosphorus, magnesia, and so on, remain the same but their organization is changed. Is that all? Is this a true analogy? The meaning of the printed page, the idea embodied, is the main matter. Can this

idea be said to exist independent of the type? Only in the mind that reads the page, and then not permanently. Then it is only an arrangement of molecules of matter in the brain which is certainly only temporary. On the printed page it is a certain combination of white and black that moves the cells of the brain through the eye to create the idea. So the conception in our minds of our neighbor or friend—his character, his personality—exists after he is dead, but when our own brain ceases to function, where is it then?

We rather resent being summed up in this way in terms of physics, or even of psychology. Can you reconstruct the flower or the fruit from its ashes? Physics or biochemistry and psychology describe all men in the same terms, our component parts are all the same, but character, personality, mentality—do not these escape your analysis? and are they not also real?

## VII

### THE INTERPRETER OF NATURE

EMERSON quotes Bacon as saying that man is the minister and interpreter of nature. But man has been very slow to see that he is a part of that same nature of which he is the minister and interpreter. His interpretation is not complete until he has learned to interpret himself also. This he has done all unconsciously through his art, his literature, his religion, his philosophy. Painting interprets one phase of him, music another, poetry another, sculpture another, his civic orders another, his creeds and beliefs and superstitions another, so that at this day and age of the world he has been pretty well interpreted. But the final interpretation is as far off as ever, because the condition of man is not static, but dynamic. He is forever born anew into the world and experiences new wonder, new joy, new loves, new enthusiasms. Nature is infinite, and the soul of man is infinite, and the action and reaction between the two which gives us our culture and our civilization can never cease. When man thinks he is interpreting nature, he is really interpreting himself—reading his own heart and mind through the forms and movements that surround him. In his art and his literature he bodies forth his own ideals; in his religion he gives the measure of his awe and reverence and his aspirations toward the perfect good; in his science he illustrates his capacity for logical order and for weighing evidence. There is no astronomy to the night prowler, there is no geology to the woodchuck or the ground-mole, there is no biology to the dog or to the wolf, there is no botany to the cows and the sheep—all these sciences are creations of the mind of man; they are the order and the logic which he reads into nature. Nature interprets man to himself. Her beauty, her sublimity, her harmony, her terror, are names which he gives to the emotions he experiences in her presence. The midnight skies sound the depths of his capacity for the emotion of grandeur and immensity, the summer landscape reveals to him his susceptibility to beauty.

It is considered sound rhetoric to speak of the statue as existing in the block of marble before the sculptor touches it. How easy to fall into such false analogies! Can we say that the music existed in the flute or in the violin before the musician touches them? The statue in the form of an idea or a conception exists in the mind of the sculptor, and he fashions the marble accordingly. Does the book exist in the pot of printer's ink? Living things exist in the germ, the oak in the acorn, the chick in the egg, but from the world of dead matter there is no resurrection or evolution. Life alone puts a particular stamp upon it. We may say that the snow-flake exists in the cloud vapor because of the laws of crystallization, but the house does not exist in a thousand of brick in the same sense. It exists in the mind of the builder.

The sculptor does not interpret the marble, he interprets his own soul, through the medium of the marble—the picture is not in the painter's color tubes waiting to be developed as the flower is in the bud; it is in the artist's imagination. The apple and the peach and the wheat and the corn exist in the soil potentially; life working through the laws of physics and chemistry draws their materials out and builds up the perfect

fruit. To decipher, to interpret, to translate, are terms that apply to human things, and not to universal nature. We do not interpret the stars when we form the constellations. The grouping of the stars in the heavens is accidental—the chair, the dipper, the harp, the huntsman, are our fabrications. Does Shelley interpret the skylark, or Wordsworth the cuckoo, or Bryant the bobolink, or Whitman the mocking-bird and the thrush? Each interprets his own heart. Each poet's mind is the die or seal that gives the impression to this wax.

All the so-called laws of nature are of our own creation. Out of an unfailing sequence of events we frame laws—the law of gravity, of chemical affinity, of magnetism, of electricity, and refer to them as if they had an objective reality, when they are only concepts in our own minds. Nature has no statute books and no legislators, though we habitually think of her processes under these symbols. Human laws can be annulled, but Nature's laws cannot. Her ways are irrevocable, though theology revokes or suspends them in its own behalf. It was Joshua's mind that stopped while he conquered his enemies, and not the sun.

The winds and the tides do not heed our prayers; fire and flood, famine and pestilence are deaf to our appeals. One of the cardinal doctrines of Emerson was that all true prayers are self-answered—the spirit which the act of prayer begets in the suppliant is the answer. A heartfelt prayer for faith or courage or humility is already answered in the attitude of soul that devoutly asks it. We know that the official prayers in the churches for victory to the armies in the field are of no avail, and how absurd to expect them to be, but who shall say that the prayer of the soldier on the eve of battle may not steady his hand and clinch his courage? But the prayer for rain or for heat or cold, or for the stay of an epidemic, or for any material good, is as vain as to reach his hands for the moon.

## VIII

### ORIGINAL SOURCES

The writers who go directly to life and nature for their material are, in every age, few compared with the great number that go to the libraries and lecture-halls, and sustain only a second-hand relation to the primary sources of inspiration. They cannot go directly to the fountainhead but depend upon those who can and do. They are like those forms of vegetation, the mushrooms, that have no chlorophyll, and hence cannot get their food from the primary sources, the carbonic acid in the air; they must draw it from the remains of plants that did get it at first hand from nature. Chlorophyll is the miracle worker of the vegetable world, it makes the solar power available for life. It is in direct and original relation to the sun. It also makes animal life possible. The plant can go to inorganic nature and through its chlorophyll can draw the sustenance from it. We must go to the plant, or to the animal that went to the plant, for our sustenance.

The secondary men go to books and creeds and institutions for their religion, but the original men, having the divine chlorophyll, go to Nature herself. The stars in their courses teach them. The earth inspires them.

## IX

### THE COSMIC HARMONY

The order and the harmony of the Cosmos is not like that which man produces or aims to produce in his work—the order and harmony that will give him the best and the quickest results; but it is an astronomic order and harmony which flows inevitably from the circular movements and circular forms to which the Cosmos tends. Revolution and evolution are the two feet upon which creation goes. All natural forms strive for the spherical. The waves on the beach curve and roll and make the pebbles round. From the drops of rain and dew to the mighty celestial orbs one law prevails. Nature works to no special ends, she works to all ends, and her harmony results from her universality. The comets are apparently celestial outlaws, but they all have their periodic movements, and make their rounds on time. Collisions in the abysses of space, which undoubtedly take place, look like disharmonies

and failures of order, as they undoubtedly are. What else can we call them? When a new star suddenly appears in the heavens, or an old one blazes up, and from a star of the tenth magnitude becomes one of the first, and then slowly grows dim again, there has been a celestial catastrophe, an astronomic accident on a cosmic scale. Had such things occurred frequently enough would not the whole solar system have been finally wrecked, or could it even have begun? For the disharmonies in nature we must look to the world of the living things, but even here the defeats and failures are the exception—else there would be no living world. Organic evolution reaches its goal despite the delays and suffering and its devious course. The inland stream finds its way to the sea at last, though its course double and redouble upon itself scores of times, and it travels ten miles to advance one. A drought that destroys animal and vegetable life, or a flood that sweeps it away, or a thunderbolt that shatters a living tree, are all disharmonies of nature. In fact, one may say that disease, pestilence, famine, tornadoes, wars, and all forms of what we call evil are disharmonies, because their tendency is to defeat the orderly development of life.

The disharmonies in Nature in both the living and non-living world tend to correct themselves. When Nature cannot make both ends meet she diminishes her girth. If there is not food enough for her creatures she lessens the number of mouths to be fed. A surplus of food, on the other hand, tends to multiply the mouths.

Man often introduces an element of disorder into Nature. His work in deforesting the land brings on floods and the opposite conditions of drought. He destroys the natural checks and compensations.

## X

### POWER OF FLIGHT IN BIRDS

To what widely different use birds put their power of flight! To the great mass of them it is simply a means of locomotion, of getting from one point to another. A small minority put their wing power to more ideal uses, as the lark when she claps her wings at heaven's gate, and the ruffed grouse when he drums; even the woodcock has some other use for his wings than to get from one point to another. Listen to his flight song in the April twilight up against the sky.

Our small hawks use their power of flight mainly to catch their prey, as does the swallow skimming the air all day on tireless wing, but some of the other hawks, such as our red-tailed hawk, climb their great spirals apparently with other motives than those which relate to their daily fare. The crow has little other use for his wings than to gad about like a busy politician from one neighborhood to another. In Florida I have seen large flocks of the white curlew performing striking evolutions high up against the sky, evidently expressive of the gay and festive feeling begotten by the mating instinct.

The most beautiful flier we ever see against our skies is the unsavory buzzard. He is the winged embodiment of grace, ease, and leisure. Judging from appearances alone, he is the most disinterested of all the winged creatures we see. He rides the airy billows as if only to enjoy his mastery over them. He is as calm and unhurried as the orbs in their courses. His great circles and spirals have a kind of astronomic completeness. That all this power of wing and grace of motion should be given to an unclean bird, to a repulsive scavenger, is one of the anomalies of nature. He does not need to hurry or conceal his approach; what he is after cannot flee or hide; he has no enemies; nothing wants him; and he is at peace with all the world.

## XI

### THE ROBIN

Of all our birds the robin has life in the fullest measure, or best stands the Darwinian test of the fittest to survive. His versatility, adaptiveness, and fecundity are remarkable. While not an omnivorous feeder, he yet has a very wide range among fruits and insects. From cherries to currants and strawberries he ranges freely, while he is the only thrush that makes angleworms one of his dietetic staples and looks upon a fat grub as a

rare tidbit. Then his nesting habits are the most unique and diverse of all. Now he is a tree builder in the fork of a trunk or on a horizontal branch, then a builder in vines or rose bushes around your porch, then on some coign of vantage about your house or barn, or under the shed, or under a bridge, or in the stone wall, or on the ground above a hedge. I have known him to go into a well and build there on a projecting stone. He brings off his first brood in May, and the second in June, and if a dry season does not seriously curtail his food supply, a third one in September. He is a hustler in every sense of the word—a typical American in his enterprise and versatility. He has been seen as far north as the arctic circle. His voice is the first I hear in the morning, and the last at night. Little wonder that there are twenty robins to one bluebird, or wood thrush, or catbird. The song sparrow is probably our next most successful bird, but she is far behind the robin. We could never have a plague of song sparrows or bluebirds, but since the robins are now protected in the South as well as in the North, we are exposed to the danger of a plague of robins. Since they may no longer have robin pot-pies in Mississippi the time is near at hand when we may no longer have cherry-pies in New York or New England. Yet who does not cherish a deep love for the robin? He is a plebeian bird, but he adds a touch to life in the country that one would not like to miss.

The robin is neither a walker nor a hopper; he is doomed always to be a runner. Go slow he cannot; his engine is always "in high"—it starts "in high" and stops "in high."

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# DRUMS

## By Margaret Adelaide Wilson

Illustrations by W. E. Hill

"DRUMS now," said the tuner, looking around from the piano he had been so ruthlessly dismembering. "How far would an interest in drums carry you?"

"Not across the street," I answered promptly. "I am not interested in drums."

"To be sure. Yes, to be sure." The tuner's nod seemed to say that I had come true to color.

"But why do you ask?" My tone may have been a little nettled.

The tuner considered mildly. "I can't say. Perhaps it was that picture there." He nodded toward a small sketch of Samoa hanging over the piano, a vivid splash of color that a friend had made for us years before. "Palms and sunshine and blue seas, they always make me think of Perrine; and then, of course, drums come next." He jerked his head toward the picture again. "That's where Perrine's interest in drums carried *him*."

I left my bird-of-passage position in the doorway and slipped into a chair. The tuner appeared not to notice that I had surrendered to his spell. His contemplative gaze was upon the open door, and he pursed his lips and frowned a little as if in space he were tracing the strange ways over which Perrine's interest in drums had carried him.

I first knew Perrine in Fairfield, Minn., said the tuner after a pause. I had come out from England to make my fortune, and how I happened to land in Fairfield I don't remember. I do remember, though, that it was hard sledding making both ends meet, and I'd not have managed at all if it had not been that I knew something of repair work on other musical instruments besides the piano. There were about fifteen hundred souls in Fairfield, and of course there was a town orchestra. I mended violins and horns for the town orchestra, and in turn they asked me to their practice nights in Odd Fellows' Hall. It was there I met Perrine. Perrine played the drum.



The engine-driver and the brakeman used to say they didn't envy Perrine his home-comings.

That wasn't his regular business, of course. By trade he was conductor on the little stub railroad that connected Fairfield with Grange, the county-seat, forty miles away. There was just one train on the road. It went out from Fairfield every morning at six o'clock and came back every evening at five. It had an engine, a mail-car, and a passenger-car, and if there was any freight to go, a freight-car was coupled on behind the passenger-car. It was a tidy arrangement for the train crew, who were all family men and had homes in Fairfield. At five o'clock they would lock up the train, bank the fires, and go home to gardening, if it was summer, or if it was winter, to their evening paper by the fire with the wife and children hanging round to tell them the news of the day.

Perrine had no children, and his wife was a big, fair, pop-eyed woman with not much cosiness about her. A real general she was, and the engine-driver and the brakeman used to say they didn't envy Perrine his home-comings. But Perrine had one pleasure they couldn't share. On Monday and Friday evenings he would swallow his supper and hurry down to Odd Fellows' Hall to practice with the orchestra.

I remember the first time I noticed Perrine. Odd Fellows' Hall was lighted by a row of oil-lamps in brackets, and between the lamps the wall was draped with banners and what-not—I'm not a lodge man myself, and I never did get the hang of their trappings. The rest of the orchestra sat around anywhere, but his drum being so unwieldy, Perrine was always a sort of fixture against the wall. A big red satin banner hung just above his head, and the

gilt tassels tickled his hair whenever he straightened up. But mostly he was bent forward over his drum, his thin face with its hooked nose giving him the look of a pensive bird. I'd seen a good bit of real musicians in my father's shop in London, and I guessed that there was none of the breed in the Fairfield town orchestra except tall, hook-nosed Perrine. The rest were good fellows enough, but their main idea was to make as much noise as possible. I was sorry for Perrine because he had to put up with the drum. You see, I was like yourself about drums in those days.

For a while Perrine and I had only a nodding acquaintance, and then his tuning-key broke and I mended it for him, and after that we grew to be friends. He took to stopping for me as he went to practice, and as we walked down-town together he would talk to me of drums. He was mad about drums. I'd been pitying him because he couldn't play first violin or something really worth-while, and all the time Perrine was convinced that the drum was the only worth-while instrument in the whole orchestra. The rest he considered mere trimmings. The drum had been no Hobson's choice with him.

"I don't recollect when I wasn't fond of drums," he told me one night as we went creaking over the snow to Wednesday practice. "Of course, not many people could understand my fondness. The drum never has a chance in modern music. This symphony now"—he stopped under a street lamp, pulled a sheet of music from his pocket, and thrust it at me—"I simply badgered the boys into getting the thing. D'ye know why? Because I thought the third movement—the funeral march—would certainly give the drum some solo work. Well, d'ye see any? No! What does it say?" He tapped his forefinger angrily on the sheet.

"Timpani coperti," I read. "Muffled roll. Well, it ought to be effective."

"Effective, yes, if it could be heard," he snorted. "But what chance is there? Here's a movement meant to tell men that death is passing—death, mind you, one of the high rhythmic moments of our existence. No mere physical sensations, but an event of the soul, so to speak. And who has the solo? A damned squeaking woodwind! The drum comes in, to be sure, but so covered up and trailed about and harried with those squallers and squeakers that it's a miracle if people ever get the message of the music at all. There's your composers for you. Don't know the A B Cs of their business."

"Beethoven used drums solo," I said to soothe him.

"Once or twice," he answered me moodily. "I went to Chicago once, and I heard a really great orchestra play to an audience bigger than all the town of Fairfield. And when the drum solo began, why, I saw the people begin to twist in their seats. It went too straight home for them. They couldn't stand that drum reaching their naked souls. A woman next to me asked her husband why the band didn't go on playing. Why—the—band—didn't go on playing," he brought out in a fierce drawl.

As we reached the steps he said: "They understood about music in your country once. There was a king of England—Edward was his name, I think—who always had a drum go into battle before him. It was drawn on a chariot of its own, with six milk-white horses, and the drummer dined at the king's table. Not another musical instrument in the procession, you understand. I'm an American, and fond of my country, God knows, but when I think of that king I almost wish I was English."

I had a fancy then that I owed something of his liking for me to that old English king. I was English—an English king had known how to honor the drum—there was no denying that Perrine was getting a bit beyond himself in his passion for his instrument.

He began to show it in other ways. He spent a quarter's salary buying himself a new kettle-drum, a tremendous affair with tone enough for Sousa's band. He got a good wigging for it from the general, his wife; but worse than that, it displeased the rest of the orchestra. They complained that Perrine's new drum drowned all the rest of them out. It was a loss I could put up with myself, but I understood their feelings, and I tried to drop a hint to Perrine to subdue that tremendous double-tonguing of his. It was love's labor lost.

Another chap came to town that claimed to be something of a dab at the

drum. He was a barber, a sleek, sociable young fellow who showed pretty plainly that he'd like to be in with the rest of the boys on the orchestra. Besides playing the drum he could twang one of those ukelele things and strummed on the piano by ear. A handy chap, in fact, and the leader of the orchestra began to whisper around that he'd be much better than Perrine at the drum, and that in the end they would have to ask Perrine to resign.

I had grown to think a lot of Perrine, and I knew it would half kill him to be turned out of the orchestra. What would he do on Mondays and Fridays without that to look forward to? I decided that I'd have to speak more plainly to him about letting his drum have full voice. Even at the risk of offending him I must ward off the worse catastrophe.



But mostly he was bent forward over his drum.—Page 704.

And then something happened that took the job off my hands.

It seems that a sister of Mrs. Perrine's had gone out years ago to the Solomon Islands as a missionary. Just about this time a letter came saying that the sister had died and had left an adopted daughter as ward to the Perrines, with a small income to be used in the clothing and feeding and educating of the girl until she should come of age.

At first Mrs. Perrine was furious at the thought of a sixteen-year-old girl, a native, being foisted on her out of a clear sky. But the sum mentioned as being left for her keep was a snug one, and the missionary who wrote let fall that the girl was a clever housekeeper as well. As Mrs. Perrine thought it over her anger cooled, and she wrote the missionary and his wife that she would take the girl as soon as arrangements could be made for fetching her. The missionary had said plainly that she was too timid to take so long a journey alone.

The next question was, who should fetch her? I fancy it was the biggest shock Fairfield had had when they found Perrine was to go. The truth was, Mrs. Perrine had once taken a trip on the Great Lakes and had been seasick from start to finish, and she wasn't going to risk the experience again. But actually to intrust Perrine with enough money to take him half around the world, it was hardly believable to those who knew Mrs. Perrine.

I myself had a greater shock when I found Perrine didn't want to go. I'd have thought he would be aching to get away from the general for a while. But he'd fallen into a rut and was timid of change. Except for those two days he'd

spent in Chicago the time he heard the orchestra, his daily round for twenty-five years had been from Fairfield to Grange, and from Grange back to Fairfield again. It frightened him to think of the vast stretches of land and sea to be traversed before he could complete the journey his wife had laid out for him.

Besides, how could he leave his beloved drum for four months? Four months was the time Mrs. Perrine allowed for the trip. By consulting missionary magazines and the head of the foreign board, she had figured out the whole trip for Perrine, even to the time of day he'd reach the Solomon Islands.

But about the drum. Perrine really had thoughts of taking it with him. He said he'd like to hear how it sounded at sea. I wish you could have seen Mrs. Perrine's eyes pop at that. When he couldn't even afford to take his lawful wife, to think of carting that drum around, she said. As if the drum were some illegal attachment he'd formed. What he ought to do was to sell the useless thing and give the money to some good cause in the benighted land to which he was going.

I was at supper with the Perrines when this conversation took place, having been asked, not because of Mrs. Perrine's fondness for me, but because I was the only person in Fairfield who had ever been on the sea, and, therefore, supposedly knew what was needed for an ocean trip.

When she said that about the drum the look on Perrine's face fairly made me jump. "Sell my drum!" he repeated in a strange voice.

"Well, what have I said?" she asked, looking really frightened. "What—what are you *beakling* so at me for, John?"

*Beakling!* Fright had made the woman original for once. Perrine continued to "beakle" at her.

"Sell my drum!" he said again. "I'd sooner sell my soul. Not if it were to buy my way into heaven——"

That restored Mrs. Perrine. "Don't be profane," she said, drawing up her lips like a purse-string. "That's hardly the frame of mind in which to venture on so solemn an undertaking. If there were any one else to go——"

But there wasn't, and of course Perrine went. Whether his frame of mind improved or not, I cannot say. I only saw him once after that. He had asked me to help him pack his drum, which he was going to store in Grange while he was gone.

"That barber's not going to lay a finger on it," he said to me as we worked together in the cold hall. It was the only sign he ever gave of having suspected the barber's intentions.

I heard from Perrine just twice after he left. A card came from San Francisco, announcing the date of his sailing, and then there was a short letter to say that he had arrived safely in Honolulu and had to wait there four days for the steamer that was to take him the second lap of his journey.

"The natives are very friendly," he wrote, "though I can't say I like their music. Ukeleles, like that thing the barber fellow tinkles. Their continual strumming rather spoils the town for me. The sea is not spoiled, though. There is a point where the surf breaks tremendously, with tones like a bass-drum. I miss my drum, by the way, unsatisfactory as it was in some ways."

It was that last phrase that puzzled me. I'd have asked Perrine to explain if I'd known where to write him. Did he mean kettle-drums were unsatisfactory, or was it drums in general? Perhaps he had come across a new love in the way of musical instruments and was preparing me for the change.

I inquired of Mrs. Perrine once or twice, but she hadn't heard from her husband and didn't expect to hear. "It would be of no use his writing until he reaches his destination," she explained, "and then it would be of no use his writing, for he will start home immediately and his letter would not precede him."

"I thought he might have dropped you a line about his trip," I said.

"It was not a pleasure trip," Mrs. Perrine reminded me. I did not ask after Perrine again.

About the time he was supposed to be due back in Fairfield I had an offer of a job in Seattle and I went West. I heard nothing more from the little old town till one day there came a copy of the *Fairfield Weekly News*. On the front page was a notice, marked in blue pencil, telling of the supposed loss of the ship on which Perrine had sailed for the Solomon Islands. She'd been overdue for three

months, the paper said, and now it was supposed that she had gone down with all hands in a typhoon. The sympathy of Fairfield was with the bereaved widow, Mrs. Perrine.

Poor Perrine, I thought. Then I remembered that perhaps he was just as well off, for the barber had supplanted him in the Fairfield orchestra, and there was not much else Perrine would care to come home to. Later in the day I recollected that phrase in his letter, "unsatisfactory as it was." It was too bad that I'd never know what he had meant by it.

A few weeks later I met Molly, and Fairfield, Perrine, and everything that concerned them was swallowed up in the thought of her. It was three years before I finally won her. We decided to spend our honeymoon seeing a little more of the world, so I packed my tuning-kit and we took passage on the tramp schooner *Silvershell*, bound for the islands of the South Pacific.

On the island of Tumul I found Perrine.



Besides playing the drum he could twang one of those ukelele things.—Page 705.

You might never in a lifetime hear of the island of Tumul. It lies out of the track of ships, in a lonely stretch of ocean two or three hundred miles south by west of the Carolines. And to explain how we came to touch there I'll have to go back a little in my story.

We had stopped to get fresh water at a hideous little mission station on a bare-looking island of the Caroline group. We didn't come to anchor, but lay in a

gentle swell off the mouth of the harbor while the boats were sent ashore with the casks.

"You're not missing much in the way of scenery by not going ashore," the captain said to Molly and me as we stood watching the boats being slung up again. "It's a pretty desolate place. I stopped here last trip with a fine young lad, son of a chief on another island. He is attending school here. I wish I had time to find how he's getting on."

While he was speaking I saw a native canoe come slipping out from the shore. The captain saw it, too, and he straightened up and watched it with the strangest look. "Tattooed in red and black," I heard him mutter. "For the death of a chief. It can't be Saraka."

There was a sort of mattress in the prow of the canoe, and a slender figure wrapped in white lay on the mat, with a huge, grizzly-haired native kneeling at its feet. The six men at the paddles brought the canoe up under the schooner's side, then dipping their paddles held it motionless in the water, and we looked down into the face of the most beautiful lad I have ever seen. He would be about seventeen, I should say, and his skin was lighter than that of the other men. His long eyelashes made soft shadows on his smooth, pale cheeks, and his lips were curved a little at the corners, as if he might have been laughing when this strange desire to rest overtook him. For at first one was sure he was only sleeping. It seemed impossible that this was death.

The captain stared down as if turned to stone, then he cried out something in a strange language. The old man kneeling at the foot of the bier answered without moving or lifting his head. They talked together a moment, then the captain jerked out an order to some sailors standing near, the old man spoke to the naked fellows at the paddle, and they sprang to their feet and lifted the mattress very carefully, and next thing I knew the bier was on deck, still resting on the shoulders of those bronze, catlike men.

"It is Saraka, the chief's son," the captain told us in a queer, jerking voice. "I am to take him home to his father."

He spoke again to the old man, who was standing now with his arms folded, waiting. He had been the boy's slave, it seemed, a giant of a man, with a good, ugly face, distorted now with grief. He bent and touched his head to the captain's hand, and then the little procession went off down the deck without a sound, the six men carrying the bier, the old slave following behind. After a moment the canoemen came back, dropped over the side again, and went sliding across the water into the shadows of the shore.

The old man had chosen that his chief's son should lie in the forecastle, why, no one knows. That night the captain told us that the lad had died of homesickness.

"I blame myself somewhat," he said heavily. "Perhaps I overpersuaded his father into sending him here. But it was the nearest good school, and I couldn't bear to think of so fine a lad growing up untutored. Well, it is too late to think of that now."

"You are taking him back to Tumul?" I asked. It was a three days' trip, and in this tropic weather—you see what was in my mind.

The captain nodded. "The old man prepared the body," he said gruffly. "They understand how to do those things here. The missionaries wanted to bury the lad in the mission graveyard. They finally let the old slave have his way, though. He said Saraka's spirit could never have found rest there. Well, I'm not saying he doesn't know."

It was a strange time, those three days when we were taking Saraka home. Molly and I couldn't get the lad out of our thoughts, and in spite of ourselves we'd be slipping down into the dusk of the forecastle to see him as he lay there, his lips curved in that faint smile, the old man watching beside him with bowed head.

On the third morning a speck like a gray pearl was visible on the horizon, and before noon we had come to anchor in Tumul Bay.

It was not a very big island. The bay was in the shape of a crescent, and beyond the strip of pink coral that formed the beach, the land rose in great forested ridges, with deep canyons between, where tree ferns lifted their plumes above the shadows. Each ridge seemed to have its sprinkling of native huts, and one could see clearings along their level tops.

Molly stayed on the *Silvershell*, and I



"What—what are you *beakling* so at me for, John?"—Page 706.

went ashore with the captain as he seemed to want me to. When we reached the shore the captain said we'd not be putting off to the schooner till toward sundown and I'd have several hours to look around. Then he went striding off after the bier with its smiling lad, and I watched them begin to climb a path that seemed to lead to a village perched high on the westward shoulder of the island, and I followed a path that led around to the eastern side, and finally climbed the wall of a tremendous gorge to a plateau where I could see the gleam of thatches among the trees. It occurred to me to wonder whether the natives would be friendly to a stranger on foot and alone, but I argued that the captain would have told me if there was any danger. I climbed on, rounding sharp curves where I could look straight across the gorge to the opposite mountain and straight down hundreds of feet to the tops of forest trees below, and at last I came out on a high, level space with a clearing in the middle and the forest banked around. There were two or three huts in the clearing, all but one of them in disrepair. The largest hut was neatly thatched with pandanus fibre and stood back against the forest on a raised platform of velvety sod. A few rods away, on the edge of the gorge, a man, barefooted and in a brilliant orange tunic and white trousers, bent

over a strange, squat-looking thing that looked as if it might be a tub or a boat, maybe, hollowed out of a log. Absurdly enough, the man's back, his position even, struck me as familiar. I walked slowly toward him. He turned his head, and I saw that it was Perrine.

Perrine! His face was tanned to the color of mahogany, and with that big hooked nose of his and his gorgeous coat he looked like some huge tropical bird, a parrot, perhaps, with something of a melancholy turn to his mind.

"You here!" he exclaimed, his face lighting up. Then suddenly a suspicious look came into his eyes. "Well, what set you to hunting me down?"

"Hunting you down!" I said. "I didn't even know you were alive. The *Fairfield News* said you'd gone down in a typhoon."

"Accurate enough for the *Fairfield News*," he remarked dryly. "But how did you come here if you weren't hunting me?"

"It just happened so. Molly—that's my wife—and I are on our wedding-trip."

"On a wedding-trip to Tumul! Bender, you're telling a story!"

"God's own truth," I said. "Tumul wasn't really part of the trip."

I'd have told him how I came to land at Tumul, but as I looked at him I suddenly remembered that phrase in his letter, "unsatisfactory as it was," and everything else was forgotten in the thought that now I could get him to explain.

"What put you off kettle-drums?" I said.

It had been four years since Perrine wrote that letter, but he understood at once.

"The sea began it," he said simply. "No, I don't know but that it dated further back than that. The Fairfield town orchestra really began it. You remember that symphony I got—the one with the funeral march in the third movement? Well, that symphony did something to me. Music that is music has a message to convey; you'll admit that, won't you, Bender? Well, then," he went on as I nodded, "you've got to find the most perfect medium possible for conveying that message. If it's a frivolous message, a mere appeal to the senses, for instance, you needn't be particular about your medium. A—a barber can convey all he knows about love on a ukelele. Violins, too—they have their place, of course."

He looked at me as if he was half hoping I'd dispute him. But I didn't speak, and he went on.

"But the affairs of the soul, it isn't a matter of melody with them. Birth, death, what is their essence? Rhythm! The voices of sense fall silent before those two events," says Perrine, "and you've got to bring the message home with another voice, a voice that goes beyond the scanty limitations of pitch and sound, that reaches down and grips the very heart of man. And then"—Perrine wagged his long forefinger at me and his eyes glowed with enthusiasm—"then man goes back to the elemental voice of music, the drum!"

He reached back and caressed the squat log against which he leaned, and his action brought light.

"That's a drum!" I said.

He bowed his head in almost reverent assent. "A perfect instrument, humanly speaking. And to think how far I had to travel before I found it!" He ran his hand again over its squat side, and then I saw that the wood was polished, probably by the caressing touch of hundreds of hands. It was no instrument of Perrine's and my generation, that was plain.

I bent to examine it, when suddenly an exclamation from Perrine made me look up.

"They are carrying something on their shoulders!" he said. "They are going up to the chief's village."

I followed his eyes and saw some figures silhouetted for a moment on a jutting turn in the path that cut the opposite wall of the gorge a mile away.

"It is the chief's son Saraka," I said. "That is how we came to Tumul. He had died at the mission and we brought him home."

"Saraka!" Perrine repeated. "Dead! I said they oughtn't to send him there," he went on after a moment. "An education? Contact with civilization? Pshaw! That barber was a product. Saraka dead! Why, he was music, that boy. To see him running, to hear his laughter in the forest! But the captain wouldn't listen to me. Because he had



The captain saw it, too, and he straightened up and watched it.—Page 708.

picked me off a floating spar in mid-ocean he would have it that my brain was touched. He pities me."

I saw that the captain's pity sat lightly on Perrine. I began to see something else, too, that with all his harking back to old prejudices Perrine was a bigger man than when he left Fairfield. He stood watching that slow procession winding up the mountain trail, and then he turned to me with a light in his deep-set eyes I had never seen there before.

"I must not wait for them to break the news to the old chief," he said. "The captain is a good man, but he will not know how to tell him. That is my part."

He picked up two black sticks strung together on a thong and tipped with pads of soft skin, and stood for a moment with his head on one side, as if listening to some sound I could not hear. The wind had died away and it was very still up there on the plateau. Not a sound came from the forest, not even a parrot's cry.

And then Perrine began beating. It was nothing regular at first, just a heavy, jerky succession of blows like a deep voice telling leaden news. When he had done there was a silence, and then from across the gorge came a few sharp, despairing notes in answer.

"What is it?" I asked. "What does it mean?"

"I told him that his son is dead," said Perrine solemnly, "and he understands. "But I have more to say. I must not let him mourn as those without hope."

I'd never thought of Perrine as a religious man. In fact, his wife had always given the impression that he was quite otherwise. But that lean face of his with its hooked nose had the look of one of those old Bible prophets as he bent to his drum again.

At first I thought that soft beating was my own heart and it frightened me. But as it grew in volume it seemed to come from the earth, from the trees around, and without changing the pitch it changed the thing it was saying, I can't tell you how. I'm not an imaginative man, but I heard strange things in that drum. It was as if it wrapped one round, took him up, made him part of its steady beating, drew the very soul out into a rhythm that had neither time nor space but was eternal.

Eternal rhythm; I believe that there

was the comfort of it. Youth, laughter, all the things that make the dead dear and remembered for us, they were in the voice of that solemn pleading drum. Perrine was telling you that they could not die.

I don't know if all this came to me at the time. Perhaps not, but many a time since I've thought about it, puzzling out the message. I've had to, you see, for Molly's laughter, too, is a part of it now.

When the last note died away across the gorge Perrine let the sticks fall from his hand and stood with his head a little bent, listening. A single deep note came from the opposite hill.

"He understands," said Perrine.

Well, I left him there. The sun had dropped into the sea the sudden way it does in tropical countries, and far below I saw the captain and the men gathering by the boat again. I left him there without so much as a good-by that I can remember, and there have been bitter times since when I've wondered at my madness in not staying with him till I'd learned all his drum could tell me. Maybe, though, it couldn't have told me anything, not really. Maybe the captain was right and Perrine was a bit touched, and up there on the plateau I'd just caught his madness for a moment. I'm sure the barber fellow would think so. But then I'm not so sure that the barber fellow had the last word on life.



"Well, what set you to hunting me down?"—Page 710.

# A GROUP OF POEMS FOR THE SEASON



## THE NATIVITY

By Edith Dickins

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY C. BOSSERON CHAMBERS

THE dark hills lie against the night,
Far off, across the midnight blue
The soft bells speak the old, glad joy
Like angel's footsteps echoing through
The veils of light, that fold on fold
Drift dark across God's stairs of gold.

*There was a bitter field to-night*
*Where red blood stained the Christmas white.*

The altar's fragrant incense dims
The new born glory, pictured there,
How quietly the old, old light
Falls on the Blessed Mother's hair,
The good St. Joseph, half asleep,
The shepherds, and the gentle sheep.

*Like a sharp sword, the night wind's breath*
*Went through the hearts alone with death.*

How could they smile so peacefully,
Like dreams of calm, forgotten years,
When all the war-wracked, tortured world
Spent its mad grief in blood and tears—
When children in their terror wild
Cried vainly to the Holy Child?

*Torn hands into the hard earth pressed—*
*Once rose leaves on the mother's breast.*

O war and agony and tears!
How many hundred years of red
And bitter woe, have torn with grief
Poor innocent glad hearts, long dead,
Yet still across the worlds that weep
He smiles a blessing on the sheep!

*Lost on strange roads, the long, dark night*
*They were so small, in God's great sight.*

His voice is softer than the snow
Where all life's ruined glory lies,—
O patient hands that bless us still
The weary soul's last sacrifice
Ends not upon the blood stained sod,
And love itself goes home to God!

*O Mary, in the shadows deep*
*Against thy heart they fell asleep!*

Shine, light, across the troubled years,
Sleep, little lambs, the long night through,
White angels singing down the stars,
Earth's broken voices answer you;
O Holy Child, we bring Thee still
The empty hearts Thy love shall fill!



## DAY AND NIGHT

By Sara Teasdale

In Warsaw in Poland
Half the world away,
The soul I love the best
Thought of me to-day;

I know, for I went
Winged as a bird,
In the wide flowing wind
His own voice I heard;

His arms were around me
In a ferny place,
I looked in the pool
And there was his face—

But now it is night
And the cold stars say:
"Warsaw in Poland
Is half the world away."

# FINALE

## By Danford Barney

THERE is an end; I knew it must be so—
An end with the dissolving of mad tears,
When all the blinded eyes must see anew
The olden ways adorned in ecstasy.
Oh, figure of the long imprisoned hours,
Shall you be waiting, kindly as of yore,
Kindly and wise to long enduring hurt
That may not speak, nor yet be understood,
When we return, oh, to far paradise?
And wind's dim murmur down the lonesome valley
Hazy in summer noon, and western light,
And music from the throats of arbored birds,
And lazy hum of drowsy crawling things
Warm with uncountered rest, and, above all,
The sullen beat of seas beyond a hill
Deep with gigantic distance, sad with faith
Eternal, and eternal as their tides—
These and the everlasting shall we find,
Free limbed and these lips free of false denials,
To flout the passionate gales, to whisper tales
At twilight, sing and chatter with the world?

"Beauty of woman, comrade, earth, and sea":
God, that the mind should ever have conceived
Such benisons to make or break in dreams,
Dreams ill begotten in these far stark fields!
Beauty, the living, it must come again,
Since words we sought to say for comrade's sake
Were bantered by the faithless, and we lost
The little vestige of the truth we were;
And those who wore authority to save,
Making it pride to scourge our holier hours,
Shall creep to knock upon the outer gate
To beg admittance . . . Glad, immaculate heart,
It shall be ours to resurrect these dead
With ours the everlasting sweet accord,
Ever the eyes in which you set the fire
Immortal from this travesty of war.
And we'll go down the rich, familiar lanes
Of eager faces as we went before,
Taking the reed these lesser sought to break,
Go down old lanes, or by new hearth fires pipe
To weary children ditties of glad lore!

In the Field, A. E. F., November 9, 1918.

# THE SACRIFICE

By Margaret E. Sangster, Jr.

Drawing by F. Walter Taylor

I started out in a cloak of pride,
With talent, too, that I did not hide;
I started out on Life's stony road,
Ambition's weight was my only load;
And the way seemed fair in the dawn's first glow,
And I hurried—ran—*for I did not know!*

Love smiled from a garden by the way,
And called to me, but I would not stray
From the road that stretched like a ribbon white,
Up endless hills to an endless night.
Love smiled at me, but I pushed ahead,
And Love fell back in the garden—dead,
But I did not care as I hastened by,
And I did not pause for regret or sigh. . . .
The road before was a path of hope,
And every hill with its gentle slope
Led up to heights I had dreamed and prayed
To reach some day.
Ah, I might have stayed
With Love and Youth in the garden gay,
That smiled at me from beside the way.

I plodded up, and the gentle hills
Grew hard to climb, and the laughing rills
Were torrents peopled with sodden forms;
The sky grew black with the hint of storms,
And rocks leaped out, and they bruised my feet,
And faint I grew in the fever heat.
(But ever on led the path that lay
As gray as dust in the waning day.)
My back was bent, and my heart was sore,
And the cloak of pride that I grandly wore
Was rent, and patched for all eyes to see—
Ambition, talent, seemed naught to me. . . .
But I struggled on till I reached the top,
*For only then did I dare to stop!*

I stood on the summit gazing down,
And the earth looked sordid and dull and brown,
And neutral-tinted and neutral-souled;
And all of life seemed a story told,
And the only spot that was bright to see
Was a patch of green that had bloomed for me
Where a garden lived in a spring long fled,
When Love stood smiling—
*But Love was dead!*



*Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.*

The Sacrifice.

# POET AND CHILD

By Ada Foster Murray

Life had so much to say to you—
Her voice was golden-throated;
Above the waves of care and grief you floated
Because you heard her song.
No leaden day was long
For you who kept the colors and the dew,
The leafy, hidden pleasaunces that grew
Close by your open road of friendly living;
These still had filled your strong heart with thanksgiving
Had you come back maimed, blind, or suffering.

But ah, no singer shall your years rehearse
With the old poets ambered in your verse.
Not yours to grow, dark-boughed, serenely rooted
In the quick earth to which your senses clung
While yet the spirit's reach was heaven-fruited.
We, beggared of the songs you must have sung,
See you with him who found it rich to die
Before his sun was high.
Your voice is clear with all the singing young.

Of priceless treasures are you repossessed?—
The Rose you loved to wear upon your breast,
Has she not found again that gracious rest?
Through sunny fields and wide—
Fields sweet with new and memoried loveliness—
She dances now delighted at your side,
Fair in her broidered daintiness of dress.
What were your Palm of Gold, your Croix de Guerre
Beside this rose that God gave you to wear?
Dearer than all the saints and poets now
The thrill of the live curls about her brow.

That early autumn day
Before you went away
There was a Fear that swept her from your side.
Strange seem that black mirage and ghostly ride
Now that you both have died.
No mist of tender longing veils her days,
Yet you who went by such divergent ways
Have the same joy of wonder in your gaze.

There are so many stairways to the stars;
But hers was triple-garlanded with flowers,
Made white with violets for the small still feet
That never knew the street,
Or even the kind softness of the sod.
Swift was her way to God;
So short the space

She could not miss the shining of His face.
But by what stair of flame,
Still undismayed, to this green peace you came!

Cloud-like and beautiful some souls trail by
And on the years' horizons fade and die;
But some shine as a star,
Steadfast—so near, so far.

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## THE MYSTERY

(EXCEPT YE BECOME AS LITTLE CHILDREN . . .)

By Tertius van Dyke

I SAID I will fight my way
Through the riddle of history
To the very heart of the mystery
In the press of the thickest fray;

I will join in the eager quest
For the thing that a man desires:
I will win my way through the blazing fires
To the end of life's bitter jest.

So I swung my sword on high,
And I struck with a right good will;
But the leaping blade could never still
My spirit's secret cry.

Smitten at last I fell
In the clash of the whirling strife,
And my spirit slid betwixt death and life
To the trembling brink of hell.

I woke in the flower-starred grass
'Neath an arch of June-blue sky:
And I heard wild bird songs drifting by
And I felt cloud shadows pass.

And a little lad ran up
With a merry-serious face,
And thrust with a child's unmannered grace
A dripping leaf-made cup.

And when I had drunk, he said:
"If you like I could be your guide
And walk with you by the quiet brookside
Till the sun is gone to bed.

"There's many a thing to see!"
He cried with glowing eyes,
"And the best of all is a great surprise
Called the heart of mystery."

"You've seen it, my little lad?"—
"And I'll show it to you!" he cried,
"If you'll only come where the violets hide
And let your face be glad."

"But how do I know you speak true?
Little lad, I grow old in that quest,
But not since a child has my heart found rest—
Now who in the world are you?"

He laughed: "I should think you would know,"
And paused,—then I heard with a start
While the old joys surged through my trembling heart
"We were playmates long ago."

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## THE HOSTS OF MARY

By Theodosia Garrison

She came unto a great tree
With low boughs and fair,
Out of the hard road
And the noon's glare;
The cool shade encircled her
Like kind arms there.

She came unto a still brook
In a green place;
There did she wash the dust
From her sweet face,
There did she stoop and drink,
And rest a space.

The great tree, the little brook,
Kind hosts were they;
Think you she thought of them
At end of day,
When from the inn's closed door
She turned away?



# WHEN HIS SHIPS CAME IN

By Maxwell Struthers Burt

Author of "John O'May," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY ELENORE PLAISTED ABBOTT

IN reality this isn't a story at all; it is a statement of a state of mind, or, rather, a statement of two different states of mind; and it begins at Oxford and ends with ships—long ships in the dusk of a green harbor.

It begins—the statement—on a November afternoon with the visit of a certain Perry Drake to my college rooms.

There was a mist about; one of those dripping, soft English mists that wrap themselves around the throat of the country like a damp gray muffler, and I had come back from a long walk, up the Isis and across it and beyond, to where there is a ruined convent that once sheltered Fair Rosamond, engaged in complicating the already complicated life of Henry II. Only low and crumbled walls are left now, and inside these cows graze, and on the other side undergraduates sail, without skill and amidst great excitement, small sailboats on the narrow river. One thinks, especially on gray days, about the shortness of mortal things—a great love and then a little heap of stones and undergraduates sailing boats.

In the town itself the mist oozed along The High and poured through the narrow streets on either side. There was a smell of dampness from old stone buildings and the pervading smell of sour bread that haunts all Oxford. When I came to my college I ordered tea, and I ran up the three flights of stairs that led to my room, and locked the door, and stirred the fire, and turned up the lamp. I was glad to shut out the mist and the gathering darkness and the memory of the shaken walls that had once been the secret room of Fair Rosamond—I did not know that within a few minutes my mind, far from being filled with a sense of the shortness of mortal things, was to be filled instead with a sense of mortality in all its pride. For young Drake, you see, came in.

Some one knocked at the door, and I answered, rather crossly, I am afraid, and the door opened, and a tall, slim, gorgeous figure stepped across the threshold. In the shadows, where for a moment it hesitated, I could make out only the indisputable cut of the dark clothes, the sleekness of the gold hair, a hint of a canary-colored hunting waistcoat. I am a quiet man; I had spent my year and a month at Oxford quietly; I did not know, except casually, any "hunting bloods"; therefore I was at a loss to understand this visit. I remained ungraciously in my chair.

The gorgeous figure stepped forward—into the light. A distinct aura of splendor disturbed the old-fashioned shabbiness of my rooms. Then the gorgeous figure smiled and spoke. "I say," it said, with the most adept of British intonations, "you *are* jolly hospitable, aren't you?" and out of the limbo of the past appeared to me the name, Perry Drake.

Inevitably, of course, I made the wrong gesture; I jumped to my feet and thrust out my hand and uttered words of extravagant American greeting. I shouldn't have; I realized that in a moment. Transatlantic enthusiasm means no more, as a matter of fact, than English stolidity; it is a symbol, a convention; but it is a symbol the English don't like. They prefer to recognize all but their very oldest friends as if the one thing that restrained positive hatred was the fact that according to the common law all men have a right to live. The English head for democracy does strange things to the English heart for exclusiveness. And young Drake set me back to the exact line of acquaintanceship where I belonged; he set me back beautifully, gracefully; not even permitting himself

a touch of the tolerant amusement due the accustomed aristocrat.

Then he sat down. He drew out an amber cigarette-holder and lit a cigarette. He accepted a cup of tea from my hands and ate a formidable muffin. I suggested a Scotch and soda; he acquiesced.

"I'm not drinkin' a great lot," he observed. "Oh, well, every now and then on a bing, perhaps—but as a rule. . . . Y'see, I want to really do something in the grind this year. Last year I think I was a hundred rods at least behind the last man."

"The 'varsity grind?" I asked weakly.

He smiled broadly.

"Hardly that," he said; "not yet awhile—the college grind."

The college grind! That was enough! A grind, let it be remarked, is a point-to-point—a cross-country—horse race; much more desperate even than the ordinary steeplechase. Some of the Oxford colleges—the "smarter" Oxford colleges—hold them annually, and there is every year a major one between Oxford and Cambridge. And, to my positive knowledge, or rather, for I hadn't seen him for nine years, to my positive impression, young Drake had never been astride a horse in his life until, two years before, he had come to England.

"You hunt regularly?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. Of course."

Not to hunt, I gathered, was beyond the imagination, like not brushing your teeth or forgetting to make your hair very neat. Being a poor man I congratulated myself that I was at a college the chief interests of which were rowing and football and other inexpensive sports.

It was all very bewildering. I brooded upon young Drake as he sat opposite me across the fireplace. I endeavored to fit him into the credible, endeavored to bridge the difference between the boy I had known at school and this evident product of an old and colorful civilization. I have used the word gorgeous, but the adjective needs, of course, amplification. Drake was gorgeous only in the way a gentleman can be gorgeous; a gorgeousness of subdued perfection, that is, all but the canary hunting waistcoat, a gorgeousness of texture and exquisite selection; not of hue. His gestures, his voice, his ornaments were flawless, from his quiet accent to the plain gold of his cigarette-case and the clouded amber of his cigarette-holder. Here, so all of these seemed to say, is a man who, being born to the choice of everything, chooses by instinct, infallibly, with an untaught precision that is the result of centuries marking the delicate channels of blood and brain, the one right thing of each variety. This is the sign, isn't it, of aristocracy reached an ultimate flowering?

I remembered him, remembered Drake, so distinctly at school; a small, thin, meagre boy, who wore poor clothes and had a perpetual cold in his nose. He was, if I am not mistaken, the only son of a poverty-stricken college professor. I bullied him; we all bullied him. We hated the way his shock of light hair stood straight up on end; we hated his bright, furtive, intelligent, rat-like blue eyes; and, above all, we hated his extraordinary powers of concentration and his ability to get, one way or another, what he wanted; the manner in which he captured school prizes. A very unlikable, very distinguished, in a nasty way, little boy. And then he had disappeared from my horizon as schoolmates do. Vague rumors had reached me that he had gone to an American university and that subsequently he had been sent by a doting aunt, whom I knew to be not overly rich, to Oxford. In the year that I myself "had been up" one or two Englishmen had asked me if I knew him. "A compatriot of yours. Rather a good sort, I understand. Belongs to that hunting set at 'Duns.'" I had admitted a slight acquaintanceship; as a matter of fact, I was rather afraid of what, I was beginning to realize, had become a shining presence. Saint Dunstan was a great and powerful college; merely to go there set a mark upon a young man's brow; to belong to "the hunting set" meant a further admittance to the inmost circle of English youth. But there had been one young man, bland and very wise for his years, who had allowed his voice to curdle slightly. "Drake? Oh, yes! I've hunted with him. Do you know him well enough to advise him to go at

it a bit more slowly? He'll break his neck, y'see, and—" and here he had opened his eyes very wide and fixed them upon me with a sudden amused look—"that'd be a pity, for your friend Drake is going far—he's going just as far as he wants." There had been some added comments on "the extraordinary capacity of Americans to get what they wanted when they wanted it"; and then, "Really, you know," had proceeded my bland interlocutor, "under all your surface warmth you're a damned cold-blooded lot, you Americans."

And now here was the shining presence himself; sitting opposite me; drinking my Scotch and soda; smiling at me; having sought me out himself.

Finally he got to his feet.

"I've been meanin'," he said, "to look you up all along, but never got round to it. Now I have, I want to see a lot of you. Come to 'Duns'—first quad—just beyond the big gate, second entry, ground floor. The porter'll tell you. They're rather bad rooms, though interesting—all sorts of prime ministers and colonial governors and things have had 'em." He paused, as if struck by a sudden thought. "What are you doin' next Sunday night?"

I admitted an embarrassing lack of engagements.

"Good! Then you'll dine with me. We've a little club that dines every fortnight. I'll get the secretary to send you a formal invitation. .Come to my rooms at seven." And he departed.

His steps sounded on the long flights of stone stairs; then the door into the quadrangle opened and banged to. It was exactly as if the mist, broken for a while by a shaft of brilliant sunlight, had shut down again.

Somewhere in the pleasant but drunken eighteenth century there were founded in most of the Oxford colleges what are known as "wine clubs"; informal organizations, in a way, but extremely formal as to who shall or shall not belong to them. They wear hatbands, thus adding to the already bewildering profusion of Oxford life in this respect, and as a rule they hold fortnightly dinners, on which occasions the members decorate themselves with distinguishing marks; a certain claret-colored dress coat, for instance, or an evening waistcoat of rainbow hues, or a broad ribbon across the shirt front. And they are very beautiful, these dinners, and unlike anything else in the world, especially when, as is sometimes the case, they are held in the college dining-hall itself late on a Sunday night, when every one else is through. Then the portraits of dead college worthies and of generous peers and of great men who went to the college look down from the wainscoted walls, and above, in the arched ceiling, where the heavy oaken beams are, rich shadows lie, and to one end of the hall, in stone fireplaces, high as a man's head, fires crackle. The long table of polished wood, undishonored by napery, flows like a canal ablaze for a festival between the dim walls on either side, and in its ruddy depths are caught and held the lights of candles in great silver candelabra, and the warm colors of bowls of fruit, and the pooled reflections of port and claret and sherry and madeira in cut-glass decanters. This is very fine and unforgettable; but the thing you remember most perhaps is the score or more of keen young faces about the table, with their odd mixture of gravity and mischief, of English wit and English reserve, of the wildness of English youth—greater than any wildness American youth can conjure—fused through and through with, what is so foreign to an American, instant recognition of all tradition great or small. One sees curious little duels going on between champagne, too liberally indulged in, and a desire to perform with due gravity the after-dinner ceremony of inhaling snuff. . . . No, I don't think people forget Oxford . . . those who have gone there. Particularly now, in these strange, dark times.

And it was to such a "wine club" that Drake had invited me for Sunday night; only among other "wine clubs" it was like a perfect sherry compared with sherries just merely good. One sat, as it were, at the very inner shrine; at the heart of the British Empire between the ages of twenty and twenty-three. When Drake had asked me so modestly and deprecatingly I had had no idea of the importance of his words. For the Me-

ridian Club of Saint Dunstan's had been, you see, the breathing spot of so many famous men, born famous or become famous, that one grew weary of thinking of them, as one does of thinking about the epitaphs on the tombstones of an abbey; and the Meridian Club was so "smart" that it had no uniform at all, save the conventional one of evening dress, and never dined "in hall," but had its own rooms over a little tailor-shop in a small street leading off The High; just two rooms, rather disdainfully shabby; and in one you sat and smoked, and in the other there was nothing but a table, blazing with silver, and around the walls the serried coats of arms of all the former members. That was all; very simple, except that the Meridian Club had its own chef and its own vintage wines and its port with a history of sea voyages, and that each fortnightly dinner cost each member a matter of four pounds apiece, and that prime ministers had been known to consider an invitation to dine there an honor. And now here was Drake, an American, the son of a poverty-stricken professor, leading me from his rooms, across the street, and up the narrow historic stairs. I was torn between pride in a compatriot and wonderment. I was making rapid calculations, decidedly interesting but hardly proper for a guest to make; eight months of term and two of them crossed out for holidays—for so the Oxford year is reckoned—make a total of fourteen Sundays on which to give dinners; and fourteen dinners at four pounds apiece would amount to fifty-six pounds, and fifty-six pounds in American money are two hundred and eighty dollars, and Drake, or so at least I had heard on good authority, had an allowance of just fifteen hundred annually from his aunt.

"Here we are!" he said, and the next moment we found ourselves in an anteroom filled with refulgent youths—twelve members; twelve guests. And then dinner was announced, and we went into the shabby little room beyond, where the silver shone and the serried coats of arms twinkled in the shadows of the background.

I don't remember much about that dinner; to begin with, it was all too new, too interesting to admit of any immediate definite impression; and to end with, somewhere about the middle course some one began to press a peculiarly excellent burgundy upon me, and after that, as far as I was concerned, the atmosphere grew charmingly claret-colored and pleasantly devoid of any accurate thinking. Drake and his friends talked the language of the English aristocracy, a sort of Manchu dialect I have never been able quite to master; and the young man on my right, whom they called "Tummy" and who I subsequently discovered was the son of the most famous man of the day, was apparently interested only, and that sleepily but passionately, in beagles, an animal of which I am entirely ignorant. Drake spoke to me only twice. Once, in a silence, he asked me if I had been "huntin' much," and when I answered that I was too poor, he smiled pityingly and asked me "what I thought he was," and advised me to set about hiring "a hack" immediately.

"They only cost a pound an afternoon, y'know," he volunteered further, "and they're not bad; although, of course, a hireling is never like your own horse." I admitted that "a hireling" wasn't, although personally I had never had the satisfaction of owning my own horse.

And again, later on, I have an impression of his complaining bitterly into my ear about the difficulties he was encountering in obtaining a proper coat of arms from the American jeweller to whom he had intrusted that delicate task. "The blighted asses can't find the proper colors," he explained. "They've got the quarterings and all that, but not the colors. Tiresome, isn't it? And every one that belongs here has to hang up his arms before he goes down from Oxford."

At this moment the room happened to be more than usually ruddy and soft and delightful, and I was stricken with an urgent desire to laugh, loudly and boisterously; a desire which fortunately I restrained. I could not, however, rid myself entirely of a mental image of a duck rampant swallowing a frog couchant, and the idea seemed at the time so funny to me that I longed to tell Drake about it. Instead, I merely observed that I under-



*Drawn by Elenore Abbott.*

Somehow I understood Drake's attitude toward her, even if I did not fully sympathize with it.—Page 729.

stood it was difficult enough to obtain even a proper coat of arms, let alone such esoteric additions as armorial colorings.

"Really?" he said. "I dare say it is. I hadn't thought of that. Yes, no doubt."

And he really hadn't. That was the astonishing thing. Despite the claret-colored warmth in which, for me, the room then swam, an intuition came to me at the moment that later on I substantiated. No, Drake hadn't realized the difficulties that would surround an American jeweller attempting to reconstruct the Drake coat of arms. Extraordinary!

"They're wonderful little devils," said the passionately sleepy young man on my left; "wonderful! Of course, I can't spend all my time with 'em, but for the last three years. . . . Lots keener than big hounds, y'know. . . . Good old Drake!" He bowed elaborately and "took wine" with my host, who had raised his glass of burgundy. "Know Drake well?" he asked in an aside, the ceremony completed. "Splendid fellow, Drake! Splendid!" And he closed his eyes as if the strain of the conversation had been too much for him.

Later on there hung in the balance a dreadful moment when, after the invariable English custom, I was called upon to speak.

"Cheerio!" said "Tummy," opening his eyes; and I am not in the least sure what would have happened if, at the other end of the table, a young and burly peer had not instantly got to his feet and, entirely unaware of my presence, addressed the assemblage. For five minutes he addressed it beautifully; with wit, with precision, fluently, with just the right touch of tenderness; then he waved his hand; "Auld lang syne!" he said, and fell straight back into the sea-coal fire behind him, from which he was rescued, quietly and expeditiously, and with a faint smell of singed hair, by two excellently trained servants. It seemed an extraordinary exhibition of some sort of noblesse oblige. Just what sort, it was rather difficult to determine; but one was aware of an extreme effort of will.

And then the dinner was over, and we all poured out into the quiet and shadowy and sober Oxford streets. There was a vague mist come up from the river that touched our cheeks with coolness and hung in white streamers about parapets and gables.

I don't know why, in his busy and acquaintance-cluttered life, Drake should have singled me out as he did; I don't know why to this day, although I have often thought about it. Possibly I represented a connection with things which, although he had forgot them almost entirely, might still have held a small, blurred sentimental place in his heart; possibly it was a roundabout way of heaping coals of fire upon my head for unforgiven schoolboy arrogance; or possibly he may just have liked me. But the last explanation seems hardly credible when one considers that Drake obviously was not in the habit of allowing his affections to interfere with the steady flow of his ambitions. Perhaps the most plausible interpretation, although not the kindest, was that he desired an audience; picked me out as the one person in Oxford qualified fully to appreciate the great distance he had come. At all events, from the time of the dinner on I saw of him, that winter, a lot; and I am glad I did, for it left in my mind pictures of a life which otherwise I would have missed and which possibly will never be quite the same again. There was a spaciousness about it, a secure gayety unlike, I imagine, any other life in the world. Even the wealthiest Americans do not escape the inheritance, the environment, of national haste and anxiety. But here were people so sure of themselves and their possessions, so much a part of the sequence of gracious generations, that they had had the time to cultivate all the beautiful and happy things of life until charm lay upon them like the bloom of espaliered peaches. And they were curiously modest people; curiously modest and brave. It was as if they were so linked with history that their own individualities were both heightened and yet concomitantly rendered as nothing; as if, that is, these individualities could be flung away in the face of need, and yet, because of their links with the past and the future, never entirely lost. The fear of death is, after all, only the fear of

a loss of personality. It is a democratic fear.

Drake had me frequently to lunch with him at the Gridiron Club, a university organization, and he took me to the rooms of the Bullingdon, another university club and perhaps the most exclusive in England, the gold buttons of its waistcoats costing alone forty pounds—here again a cause for thought about Drake's finances—and drove me, in his "smart" little trap, to pigeon shoots and race meets, and even on occasions lent me hunters, whether his own or whether hired by him, I never could altogether tell. He seemed oblivious to debt, as if he floated in a translucent medium far above the mundane fogs and worries of ordinary humanity. There was a perambulating roulette-wheel that fled from room to room and college to college, pursued by deans who never quite caught up, and Drake, with incredible sang-froid, staked and won, or lost, gold pieces upon it. Also he sat in at baccarat, that most desperate of games, with a smiling indifference.

But I liked best the drives and the rides I took with him. Concerning these there linger with me fragmentary memories as cool and misty and flowing as the smooth roads and hedges and small fields through which we passed. Sometimes, coming home, we would stop at an inn for tea in some village as sweet and ruddy as an autumn apple. Then we would get back to Oxford late, just as the lamps along The High were blossoming into the mystery of the night. There was about this an untellable quiet elation, a sense of spiritual richness and of tradition, a feeling of meeting, with only the difference of your own personality, an adventure infinitely ancient and yet an adventure new with the coming of each new generation. Here was England; old as beauty; young as the youngest hawthorne blossom.

And yet perhaps the most I gained from Drake was not at Oxford, but during the Christmas vacation when, by some hook or crook, and for reasons entirely his own, he got me an invitation to stay at the house of his friend, Willy Harboard, in Devonshire. And, moreover, here for the first time I was able to get some light upon Drake himself. He was, you see, among intimate friends; relieved from the minute inspection of university life; and, most important of all, for here a man's real character is most likely to show, he was in the presence of women—two of them young and pretty women; Willy Harboard's sisters, the Honorable Diana and the Honorable Elizabeth Harboard; very natural young women, mischievous and humorous and quick to detect what the English call "swank."

Yet they seemed to like Drake immensely, particularly the younger—"Beth," she was called. I even suspected more than a liking on her part. Into her very perfect blue eyes came odd little shadows, hesitancies of vision when Drake was about.

And, you understand, I was not altogether prepared for this; I was not altogether willing to accept Drake at the valuation evidently put upon him by his particular circle of friends at Oxford. Even at the best, expatriation always is a trifle meretricious, always carries a slight aroma of grease paint; one is aware of a certain ultimate lack of fineness of brain and heart. The fine man works within the compass of his limitations, he does not try to escape them; indeed, he rather rejoices in his limitations since they force effort upon him; moreover, his is the vision to see that in every land and every people there is beauty, even if it isn't the particular kind of beauty that appeals most to him. But if in Drake's attitude there was meretriciousness, it was a meretriciousness difficult to detect. I had thought against the background of a less crowded life, with people more simple than undergraduates ever dare to be, he would bulk rather comically; that the power his greater age and experience gave him at the university would be discounted. I was wrong; there seemed no break in his shining armor. Apparently only my bland friend at Oxford and myself held the key to the falseness of this position; but it was a key that wouldn't unlock.

I experienced again the intuition that had come to me at the Meridian dinner, when Drake had expressed his surprise at American jewellers encountering difficulties in putting together American

coats of arms. Here was no ordinary acting, but an immense effort of will that had produced a complete and exceptional metamorphosis of blood and nationality. One could admire Drake's determination, if not his judgment. And, in order to get along with him with any great degree of understanding, it was necessary to subscribe to his own estimate of himself; to take him, that is, not as a transplanted American but as an Englishman; to permit him to regard me not as a fellow American would have done, but as a kindly Englishman, fond of his transatlantic cousins, would have regarded an acquaintance from across the seas.

And yet I could not altogether avoid an unconscious taking for granted common sympathies and mutual national understandings that were not there; as a result I frequently had the baffled feeling of coming up against a stone wall in the dark.

Drake asked me questions that would seem possible only to an Englishman; an Englishman who had been much in America, but who suffered, of course, from the inevitable obfuscation of even the most broad-minded of his race where other peoples are concerned.

He swung his stick as we came out of the belt of woods that framed the green park of the Harboard place to the west and shut it off from the sea. Suddenly we were upon the edge of a great white cliff that fell away to a stretch of shining sand; and beyond the sand was the blue water with sea-gulls wheeling, and, far out, a tramp steamer drawing a line of dirty smoke across the horizon.

"Oh, yes," he said definitely, "American women are infinitely cleverer than English women; much more amusin'. I'd a hundred times rather talk to them; but they aren't really women at all; they're beautiful exclamation points."

I found myself indignant—I was not thoroughly broken in as yet, as you perceive. "How the devil can you say that," I objected, "when you must have had, unless you were unlike every other young man of twenty-two, at least some sort of sentimental relationship with some American girl before you left; when you've had American aunts and an American mother? You know as well as I do that, under surface differences, women the world over, and men too, are just about the same; particularly women."

He looked at me with the quietly amused eyes possible only to an Englishman in the presence of a man of another race irritated by English comment. He was entirely unconvinced, but he admired my "spunk." He even became largely confidential, as an Englishman will, once you talk back to him. He confided to me that he would like to fall in love with his friend Elizabeth Harboard.

"Then why don't you?" I retorted, still brutally obstinate. "You would if you were an American; and the fact that you have neither money nor position would only be an added incentive."

He was amused by that, too, as if he had been listening to an eager, thoughtless child. Back of him was a wiser, more worldly tradition; a tradition that did not permit the desires of an individual, at least not publicly, to interfere with much more important duties toward the race.

Here, of course, was an absolute break in national agreement. No American is disciplined along such lines to any great extent. We marry more passionately than any blood in the world, even if we do remain married less passionately. And yet the other prescription must be very strong to those who live under it.

We left the cliffs, Drake and I, and walked back through the belt of woods, damp and golden brown in their January garb, and came to the foot of the wide lawn that swept upward to the long gray-brown house, sheltered in its great trees. It stood out from the mist of the approaching dusk like an immense cross set up centuries before for the guidance of men. A herd of fallow deer grazing to one side of us raised their heads as we passed. As we crossed the terrace and went up the main steps, soft lights broke out along the weather-beaten façade. In the hall within, before the huge carved fireplace, the radiance of lamps touching her brown hair to gold, Elizabeth Harboard was sitting. She looked up and smiled at us as we entered. She was very modern, very slangy, very capable; her delicate apple-blossom beau-

ty did not conceal the steel-wire strength that lay beneath, but somehow I understood Drake's attitude toward her, even if I did not fully sympathize with it. It was not what this girl would be willing to do, it was what a man who loved her would be willing to ask her to do; and it is only young nations that think that love alone can make up for all other lost beauties and finenesses. . . .

The incident I have just mentioned—the incident on the cliffs—was only one of many indicative of Drake's complete expatriation; possibly the least significant incident of all, because the most open to charges of deliberation and self-consciousness; but the others—the constant others—were, on the whole, too subtle, too delicate, to permit of relation. Yet, because of their subtlety, their delicacy, they were all the more convincing. One cannot convey accurately on paper gestures, movements, accents, methods of treating a horse, manners of treating a woman. But there was one perfectly clear-cut happening that took place toward the end of our stay in Devonshire that will show in an instant what I have been attempting to describe. If you put a man in fundamental circumstances you very speedily see the heart of him, and here was the discovery that the debonair Drake could blaze with a sudden, white-hot, terrible patrician anger, accompanied by an absolute, unthinking refusal to punish except with the traditional weapon of a gentleman attacked by a man of lower estate. An Englishman sets boxing very high in the scale of human endeavor, but he sets fisticuffs very low. Only when he cannot help himself will he resort to them, and then, particularly when they are exchanged with a man of another class, there is about them always humiliation, never any triumph. The Englishman has none of the democratic American feeling that when it comes to such primitive matters as bloody noses, one man's nose is just about as good as another's.

We had been riding—the two Harboard girls and Drake and myself; Willy was off somewhere with his father—all afternoon across country and through the high-hedged Devonshire lanes, and about dusk we had turned our horses' heads homeward. We were in a part of the country unfamiliar to me, and we rode through several villages the near presence of which to the Harboard place I had never even suspected. These were ordinary villages enough, but there was one we came to finally that was an alien place, that had about it something of the grim air of a small, untidy city at nightfall.

"They make some peculiarly unpleasant soap here," volunteered Diana Harboard. "We never use it. We'll take a short cut through this street."

But the short cut was unfortunate; it took us past several public houses, drab and leering in the gathering darkness. Around the entrances to these lounged men of a different race from the peasants who had recently been touching their hats to us as we passed. These were surly men, with caps on their heads and their throats muffled in heavy scarfs. One realized that here was a place entirely outside the Harboard tradition; hostile to the Harboard tradition; sinister as the shadow of a hawk above a garden.

In front of the last public house lounged a single man, and this man Elizabeth Harboard's horse chose to spatter with mud. The retort was instantaneous; the man lurched to the curb, looked up at Elizabeth Harboard, and spoke an entirely unforgivable word.

Drake pulled up his horse instantly.

"Go on!" he said to us.

"No!" said Elizabeth Harboard.

"Go on! I can't have you here!"

"No!"

"Very well! Here, hold my horse!" and he threw me his lines.

Then he got off and walked up to the man on the curb, his riding-whip, with the long lash curled about the handle, ready in his hand. "Take off your coat!" he said.

The man twisted his head and looked him up and down.

"What for, guv'nor?" he asked in an amused, insolent voice.

"Take it off!" commanded Drake. "Very well, then I'll beat it off for you"; and he brought his whip down with a great swishing sound across the man's shoulders.

In the mind of the latter was evidently not the slightest knowledge of nor respect for the traditions of a gentleman concerning weapons. "You bloody coward!" he sobbed, and struck at Drake with all his might. But he hadn't much chance from the start. Drake used excellent footwork and met each rush with a hail of blows. Only once was he at a disadvantage, and then occurred the most illuminating moment of the combat. Suddenly, as the man retreated, Drake's whip fell from his hands and lay at his feet, where he was unable to reach it before his antagonist came on again. I expected him to drop his feudal methods of attack and resort to his fists; but not at all; he ducked, side-stepped, finally, with a lightning-like downward motion, had his whip again in his hand; and all the while he had refused, you understand, to touch his opponent with any part of his body.

From then on there was not much fight left in the lounger's soul, and he staggered back and clung to a lamp-post, where he swayed like a tattered piece of cloth flung out on the ash-heap of a tenement.

"You've had enough?" said Drake crisply. "Good! Here, get blind!" and he threw the man half a sovereign. Then he mounted his horse. The little group of interested spectators, which had by this time gathered, cheered feebly—cheered the man who had just beaten their comrade.

As for us, we turned our horses' noses into the dark and rode off as if nothing in the least had happened.

But I was not that way; I couldn't be. I belonged to a nervous race; moreover, I was shaken—my innermost republican self—by the spectacle of a man being beaten; it outraged me in a way I could not explain. At all events, I wanted to talk. But I didn't. I realized that my companions had washed the incident clean out of their minds, as an ugly thing from which it would have been cowardly to turn, but which, being done, was done for good. These extraordinary English nerves that swing back to the normal as instantly as a compass points north! No wonder Englishmen seldom lose their souls, and never a war.

We left the Harboards' the next week and went back to Oxford; Drake's affair with the Honorable Elizabeth still in the nebulous state where it had been all along.

Early spring came upon us in the slow, delicate, odorous manner of the Thames valley. Brown towers melted into a sky of pearl and faint blue; the rooks seemed suddenly more alert; there was a premonition rather than an actual vision of mauve and pale violet and dryadic green. And then, with what seemed impossible quickness, the Easter vacation loomed on the horizon, and here was Drake with a proposal that I accompany him to Nice and the Riviera, with a special emphasis laid on Monte Carlo for the purpose, I judged, of resuscitating a shrunken fortune. Surely my intimacy with him was taking a quiet man into new and totally unexpected places. But, oddly enough and to my own astonishment, I acquiesced at once.

In the south of France the spring, whose first faint prophecies we had just left behind us in England, met us with a full-throated blowing of flutes.

Once we were settled in a large white hotel, surrounded by a garden of orange-trees and semitropical flowers, I gave myself up to sunshine and smells and chromatics; but Drake, of a less simple and sensuous nature, concentrated upon the business on hand, which was an attempt, backed by a well-thought-out system, to win money from the Prince of Monaco. In some esoteric way he had it figured out that by living at a distance and by hiring a fabulously expensive motor-car by the week he would do the thing more cheaply. A saturnine pirate, by the name of Jean, drove us each day to Monte Carlo and every night brought us back along the twisted lower road at breakneck speed. In his intervals of leisure Drake spent his time in hating the country; the depths of his hatred depending, of course, upon whether the day before had been financially successful or not. But on the whole a respectable standard of hatred was maintained.

He deprecated the climate, which he claimed, not without truth, froze you on the shady side and scorched you on the sunny side of the street; and he developed

toward Russian grand dukes, with perfumed beards, a malevolence I have seldom seen equalled. The sight of Drake approaching a table in the casino at Monte Carlo was a sight that never grew entirely stale; all the modest and child-like and logical Continentals were so assured that here was a great and not to be impeded Islander, and gave way accordingly.

The Côte d'Azur is an extraordinary country; a dislocating country; a country that shuts you off from everything you have ever known before or are likely to know again. It is as unreal as the back drop of a comic opera, and, like a comic opera, its morals are a question of waltz tunes. The bad grow lazily harmless, and the good innocently bad. One becomes like a little child again—a little child with a nasty habit or two, such as gambling or making eyes at the perfectly respectable wives of perfectly respectable Austrians, who take their after-dinner coffee opposite you. In other respects, also, I was enjoying myself immensely; enjoying the sight of the sea in the morning and the sight of the sunset and the saffron sails of the fishing-boats in the evening; and enjoying myself because Drake, despite ups and downs, was winning a comfortable sum of money; and because, at night, Jean drove through the perfumed moonlight along the tunnelled and curving road, with the waves just below us, like a gray arrow shot from a singing bow.

And I have a feeling that we might have gone on living this way forever, Drake and myself, without a thought of an Oxford about to resume its normal course, or an England, well ordered and not in the least like a comic opera, if the long ships that I spoke of at the very beginning of this narration hadn't come in; hadn't appeared mysteriously out of the horizon one violet afternoon.

They came in as casually as I have described their coming. We knew vaguely they were due to arrive, because they were on their way back from an around-the-world voyage that an American battle fleet had taken; but nobody cared very much, and about as little as any one, I imagine, Drake and myself. How can you visualize a battleship when your mind is filled with drowsy sunlight and the voices of croupiers calling numbers?

And so we went that day to Monte Carlo without a thought of what was to meet us on the way back, and, as luck would have it, Drake grew tired and decided to leave before dinner; and, as luck would still further have it, he directed Jean to take the Grand Corniche road, which loops along high on the tops of the cliffs instead of on the edge of the shore like the lower road. And this last was particularly fortunate, for you look down on the world with the inspiration that wings must give.

It was very solitary. We met no one. We caught a glimpse every now and then of the lower road, far below us, darting in and out of its countless tunnels. Over the blue of the sea came the first violet of dusk; and then this deepened to purple and orange, and finally melted into the green, endless twilight of the Mediterranean; and suddenly we looped around the shoulder of a hill, and there, in a half-moon harbor, with boats putting off from them and boats coming back to them and signal-lanterns strung along, and their ports like serried stars, were the great ships at anchor. And, as the motor slowed up up on the edge of an incline, we heard a bugle-call, very clear and sweet and high. My heart snapped like a taut fiddle-string, and all at once I couldn't see.

"They're there, Drake!" I shouted in his ear. "They're there! They've come!"

And the next moment I felt very silly, for he wasn't affected—at least, not openly—at all. He looked at me with calm curiosity. "Those cruisers?" he said. "Oh, yes! We might take a look at them to-morrow." Then he closed his eyes as if he were a little tired.

For the first time since I had seen Drake at Oxford I was very angry with him; I remained angry all through dinner. I was angry when I put on my coat at his suggestion that we go to a music-hall. I wouldn't have gone with him if I hadn't wanted to see the streets; the streets were well worth seeing.

It was as if a magician's hand had done queer things to the streets; swept aside for a moment the Russian grand

dukes and the mustached German princes and the fine, but dusty, little soldiers in blue tam-o'-shanters, and in their places had substituted, borne thither on a magic carpet, countless slim, clean-shaven, white uniformed young men, who looked at the world with singularly clear, amused eyes and talked a language that a few, and I was one of them, understood. I caught it—the language—every foot or so, and I loved it—loved it passionately; its simple, matter-of-fact inflections; its shades of humor; even its carelessness and nasal twang. In front of the cafés sat sailormen by dozens and by scores; the tobacco shops were crowded with them; they hung across counters and talked a language of signs to giggling French girls; they paraded the streets by fours; they fraternized with sailors from French ships. And through it all walked Drake unmoved. There were moments when I felt that our evening together would end in mutual insult. But it didn't; it ended quite otherwise; and for the first, and perhaps the last, time in my life I had to thank a providence that had invented such a thing as a German man-of-war's-man. We were to see something of the Teutonic aptitude for precipitating trouble where before was no trouble at all. The ports of the world are historic with this aptitude.

As we made our way into the smoky music-hall we saw a group of them, these German sailors, sitting at a table opposite the one we eventually found. They looked out of place, and they were evidently aware of the fact, for they were drinking their beer in silence and gloom, a gloom that we all know by now is produced in the German bosom by the thought of any one else having at all a good time.

"There must be a German ship in, too," said Drake.

"A little gunboat," I told him. "I saw it this morning."

He glared resentfully at the offending, but altogether quiet, aliens. Had I been a clever man I would have realized that this break in ordinary debonair placidity was a perverted form of enthusiasm, but I wasn't clever, I realized nothing until later.

When the show was over we started to walk back to our hotel. Once the main streets were crossed and passed we found ourselves in shadowy, deserted byways, where the trees made black fingers against the silver of the houses. Just one block up and around the corner lay Drake's second state of mind: and we strolled into it entirely unsuspecting.

The quiet was stirred by a sharp exclamation, then voices raised, then silence again, and then a sudden scuffling of feet; and as we came to the corner we ran full into a group of men fighting. Nor was there any doubt of the violence of their intent. We drew back, but as we did so there issued a guttural oath from one of the men, and then the tangled mass seemed to resolve itself for a moment before our eyes into two slim men in white, guarding themselves desperately against the attack of four burly figures clad in darker sailor clothes.

"Germans, by God!" said Drake, and jumped—with a clatter of falling walking-stick and coat—straight into the swaying pack.

Now, I am a peaceful man and, although in my extreme youth I indulged rather painfully in boxing, I would rather fight with any known weapons in the world except my fists, for I have a nose that is long and sensitive. Besides, Drake confused me; I could not reconcile his present actions with the well-remembered episode in the village while we were visiting the Harboards, or square them with his hitherto apparent lack of interest in American sailors. I laid aside my coat and hat deliberately; then a voice said, a voice with labored breath, and evidently to Drake; a voice with a sharp nasal twang: "Fine work, bo'o! Hit the —— again!" and I jumped too.

After that I remember nothing except circling stars and intermittent flashes; except once when I saw Drake for a second, with a white face, down which ran a dark streak, lifted above the ruck; and as I looked he met squarely with his fist another face, heavily mustached, that came up like the countenance of a bewildered seal from dark waters.

I don't know; I judge that it was a glorious fight; but, as you have already probably guessed, I am not the coolest of

fighters, and I think I was still striking out gallantly when Drake grabbed my arm. "They've gone," he said; "and jolly well glad to get out of it, too."

I looked about me; at my feet lay the cap of a German sailor. Sitting on the curb was a young man in white, nursing a wrist; his companion, also in white, leaned heavily against a neighboring wall. Drake's impeccable hair stood straight up on end; the dark streak on his face had widened until it covered one whole cheek.

"Come on," he said thickly. "I'll wash it off at the hotel." And we picked up our hats and coats and lurched drunkenly up the street.

And Drake was drunken, actually drunken; glorious and transformed and vulgar. And he swore, a thing I had never heard him do before, swore frequently through his nose. He was like a wounded berserker returning from battle.

And that's all there is to tell; except that the next morning Drake came into my room before I was dressed and asked me if I didn't want to go back to England. He was once more faultless and cool and debonair. The soft sunlight, shot through with the green of orange-trees, touched the sleek gold of his hair and the brilliance of his club tie. Of the night before there was nothing left but a strip of court-plaster.

"I've got all the money I want," he said, "and I'm jolly well fed up with this place."

But this time I understood young Drake perfectly, and I knew that he was lying; I knew that he was afraid of the three long ships and what they might do to all his carefully laid plans and ambitions.

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# PIONEERS

## By Badger Clark

A BROKEN wagon wheel that rots away beside the river,
A sunken grave that dimples on the bluff above the trail;
The larks call, the wind sweeps, the prairie grasses quiver
And sing a wistful roving song of hoof and wheel and sail.
Pioneers, pioneers, you trailed it on to glory,
Across the circling deserts to the mountains blue and dim.
New England was a night camp; Old England was a story.
The new home, the true home lay out beyond the rim.

You fretted at the old hearth, the kettle and the cricket,
The fathers' little acres, the wood lot and the pond.
Ay, better storm and famine and the arrow from the thicket,
Along the trail to wider lands that glimmered out beyond.
Pioneers, pioneers, the quicksands where you wallowed,
The rocky hills and thirsty plains—they hardly won your heed.
You snatched the thorny chance, broke the trail that others followed
For sheer joy, for dear joy of marching in the lead.

Your wagon track is laid with steel; your tired dust is sleeping.
Your spirit stalks the valleys where a restive nation teems.
Your soul has never left them in their sowing and their reaping.
The children of the outward trail, their eyes are full of dreams.
Pioneers, pioneers, your children will not reckon
The dangers on the dusky ways no man has ever gone.
They look beyond the sunset where the better countries beckon,
With old faith, with bold faith to find a wider dawn.

# ON THEORY IN SCIENCE AND IN LIFE

By Robert Gibbes Thomas

Author of "Applied Calculus"; Member American Association for the Advancement of Science, etc.

THEORY has been defined as everything we can think of, and practice as all there is to think of. Whether this makes either more comprehensive than is the reality or not, certain it is that theory and practice are complementary. They should by no means be opposed or divorced. True it is, "that practice and theory are twin sisters who must develop together, that theory without practice is senseless, and practice without theory hopeless."

While impractical theory is defenseless, the word *theoretical* is not a synonym for *impractical*—the theoretical is not thereby the impractical. The words *theory* and *theoretical* are often misapplied, and the significance of theory is frequently not realized. How often is a proposition as well as its advocate summarily condemned as *theoretical* with as scant courtesy as is at times shown to the so-called *heretical*.

Theory is by "thoughtless thinkers" disparaged in advocacy of the practical, and yet theory is a generalization of the principles upon which practice proceeds. Leonardo da Vinci, great artist and scientist, indefatigable in experiments, was never satisfied with the applications alone, he wanted to understand as thoroughly as possible the principles underlying them.

True theories are but orderly expressions of the facts and their mutual relations, but in the interpretation of the facts some *ideas* are involved. The merely practical man is prone to overlook the *fact* that ideas are among the *first of facts*.

When a proposed theory is in accordance with all the conditions and is inconsistent with none of the facts, there is *sound theory;* when practice is guided by reason and proceeds upon the principles of established theory, there is *good practice*.

The great experimentalist, Louis Pasteur, was an enthusiastic advocate of theory. Upon opening the Faculté des Sciences at Lille, he eloquently upheld the rights of theory. He said that without theory practice was but routine born of habit—that theory alone could bring forth and develop the spirit of invention—theory evolved from man's restless brain by godlike reason. He warned his hearers against sharing the opinion of those narrow minds who disdain everything in science which has not an immediate application, quoting with approval Franklin's charming reply when, at the first demonstration of a purely scientific discovery, people around him said: "But what is the use of it?" Franklin answered them: "What is the use of a new-born child?" Pasteur continued: "Yes, gentlemen, 'what is the use of a new-born child?' And yet, perhaps, at that tender age, germs already existed in *you* of the talents which distinguish you!"

He went on to suggest that in their baby boys were incipient magistrates, scientists, and heroes as valiant as those who were then covering themselves with glory under the walls of Sebastopol. He told them that a theoretical discovery has but the merit of its existence—that it awakens hope—that if it be cultivated and let grow they would see what it would become. He told how the modern telegraph had its birth, in 1822, in the apparently chance observation of the Danish physicist Oersted that a wire carrying an electric current deviated a magnetized needle from its position. He said that Franklin's interlocutor might well have said when the needle moved, "But what is the use of that?"—and yet that discovery was barely twenty years old when it produced by its application the almost supernatural effects of the electric telegraph.

Pasteur held that true theories are characterized by being able to predict new facts, a natural consequence of those already known—in a word, that the char-

acteristic of a true theory is its fruitfulness. According to Pasteur, the greatness of human actions can be measured by the inspiration which gave them birth.

In Louis Pasteur there was a wonderful balance. In his own words, "There are two men in each one of us; the scientist, he who starts with a clear field and desires to rise to the knowledge of Nature through observation, experimentation, and reasoning, and the man of sentiment, the man of belief, the man who mourns his dead children, and who cannot, alas, prove that he will see them again, but who believes that he will, and lives in that hope, the man who will not die like a vibrio, but who feels that the force that is within him cannot die. The two domains are distinct, and woe to him who tries to let them trespass on each other in the so imperfect state of human knowledge."*

All honor to this shining exemplar of the harmonious union of the theoretical and the practical, of the ideal and the real, who, unlike some great scientists, did not, in his devotion to science, allow the gentler elements of his nature to atrophy through disuse—who, immersed in the material, was yet alive to the spiritual!

The scientist Tyndall held that by his observations and reflections in the domain of *fact* the scientific philosopher is led irresistibly into the domain of *theory*, his final repose depending on the establishment of absolute harmony between both domains.

While a theory is a plan or scheme subsisting in the mind, it should be based upon principles verified, when possible, by experiment or observation. Strictly it is a rational explanation that agrees with all the facts and disagrees with none; in this sense it is opposed to, or a final result of *hypothesis*.

To the late distinguished Member of the Institute of France, Henri Poincaré, the scientific world is indebted for the setting forth in convincing language of the rôle that hypothesis has played in the development of science. He holds that while upon a superficial view the ephemeral nature of scientific theories takes by surprise the man of the world, even those theories that are discredited and abandoned have not been in vain—that they do not entirely perish, and of each of them some traces still remain, in which traces is to be found the true reality.

In view of the results of some experimental investigations of recent date and of the conclusions of some mathematical logicians, and considering the fact that at the present day the very foundation rocks of science, the conservation of energy and the indestructibility of matter, are seemingly disintegrating, it is reassuring to read some of the weightiest words of the greatest of late modern mathematicians:

"The progress of science has seemed to imperil the best established principles, those even which were regarded as fundamental. Yet nothing shows they will not be saved; and if this comes about only imperfectly, they will still subsist even though they are modified."*

Living as man does in a world of mystery, confronted as he has been since primitive times by natural phenomena demanding explanation, since the dawn of thought he has reasoned about his surroundings and formed theories in regard to them. With imperfect knowledge of the facts, lack of observation, and dearth of experiment, it is not surprising that theories have been formed that could not stand before advancing knowledge. The history of science records many instances of theories, strongly intrenched in the minds of generations of men, having finally to be abandoned in the light of fuller knowledge. That history is also illuminated by brilliant examples of established theories, propounded at times in advance of existing knowledge and requiring to be modified, if at all, only in details, to conform to the newer knowledge.

Necessary as hypothesis and theory are to the progress of science, it is not to be denied that experiment is the source of truth, it alone can give certainty. This being so, wherein arises the necessity of hypothesis and theory? It is acknowledged that science would be useless unless it taught us something about reality. Let it be acknowledged that the aim of science is not things themselves but the relations between things, and that outside those relations there is no reality knowa-

* Vallery-Radot, René, "Life of Pasteur," 1906.

* Poincaré, H. "Value of Science," 1907.

ble, and the fruitfulness of hypothesis and theory is recognized.

To discover truth it is not sufficient merely to observe and experiment. We must use our observations to perceive relations, and so must generalize. It has been said that science is built up of facts as a house is built of stones, but that an accumulation of facts is no more a science than a heap of stones is a house. Experiment should teach us something more than isolated facts. In the hands of a master like Pasteur, it teaches us to predict; and to predict, we must generalize, we must theorize. It is even impossible to experiment without preconceived ideas, and, if it were possible, it would be fruitless.

While by generalization an observed fact enables us to predict other facts, it should not be forgotten that the first alone is certain, and that the others are only probable until they are confirmed by experiment. It is better to theorize and predict the probable than never to have predicted at all. Theories founded upon experiment are naturally open to modification in the future, for an experimental law is always subject to revision. What is due to experiment may always be rectified by experiment. When, however, we bring to the interpretation of experiment intuitive principles of mind, the resulting theory, while occasioned by experiment, may never thereafter be invalidated by experiment. There is the highest authority* for the conclusion that the principles of geometry dealing with purely ideal relations are not in their origin independent of experience, but in reality they arise through observation of material objects. Still geometry is not an experimental science, and its truths will never be proved or disproved by experiment.

Sir Isaac Newton's method of procedure in the establishment of his theory of universal gravitation was that of the true scientist. Conceiving the idea that gravity, known to exist on or near the earth only, was universal and acted between all the particles of the universe in the same way as on the earth, he proceeds to test the truth of the proposition by observing and computing the attraction of the earth for the moon. Owing to an inaccurate value of the earth's radius, which was in use at that time, the computation seemed to show that the law of attraction was not as his theory required. Although unshaken in his belief, he considers his theory unverified and lays aside his calculations. It is not until thirteen years after that, a new determination of the earth's radius having been made, he repeats the investigation and finds the theory verified. Five years later he was induced to consider the whole subject of gravitation, and then he solved the supplementary problems that finally established his theory. It has been said that, when he reached the final result, all the mechanism of the universe lay spread before him. What at first he had supposed was only approximately true, he proved to be really exact—what was theory became law.

Thus, while the far-reaching mind of Newton at an early age evolved the then daring idea that the sublime, inscrutable, central force of astronomy was nothing but commonplace gravity, it was by laborious calculation and observation extending over many years that he finally established the greatest induction ever made in physical science. It is worthy of note that the early discrepancy in the case of the moon was due to no flaw in the theory but to inaccurate data, due to error of practice.

"In recounting his theory, Sir Isaac is careful to state that he frames no hypothesis as to the cause of the properties of gravity. He shows himself a theorist of the highest rank—he does not confuse theory proper with unverifiable hypothesis. With unsurpassed mental power and great simplicity of character, his aim is to discover Truth, to know Nature, and the ways of Nature's God—the *Universal Ruler*, he styles Him."*

While the theory of organic evolution cannot be rightly considered the exclusive production of any one mind, it will be conceded that its acceptance has been mainly due to the labors of Charles Robert Darwin. He it was that gave form and consistency to the various views on the subject—views held by successive thinkers commencing with Aristotle, and including Goethe and Lamarck more re-

* Poincaré, H. "Science and Hypothesis," 1907.

* Mach, Ernst, "Science of Mechanics," 1893.

cently among others. It was he that, after the central idea of the theory was suggested to his mind, fortified it with an amazing mass of facts, collected through years of unparalleled industry. While collecting facts he was reasoning upon those facts and answering objections that arose in his own mind—he was with supreme honesty testing the theory by the facts. He discovered the principle of natural selection, which seems to control the progress of changes, whatever may be the originating cause.

On the twenty-first anniversary of the day on which he had opened his journal for the record of facts bearing upon the question of species, an abstract of his conclusions with reasons therefor was presented to a scientific society of London. The theory of descent from that time has been in the main the accepted doctrine of science, notwithstanding the revolution in thought as to man's place in nature its acceptance produced.

However worthy Darwin may be of having his name applied to the theory of descent or organic evolution, the fact is that "Darwinism" is not synonymous with either term.* What is considered as established in science is the general theory that species are descended from one another and from common ancestors. While the establishment of this theory was due in a large measure to Darwin, it does not stand or fall with his subsidiary theories. As the theory of gravitation was to explain the action of gravity, not the cause of it, so the theory of descent is for explaining the origin of kinds of life, not the origin of life.

Exact science has shown no continuous passage from the inorganic to the organic, and though philosophy may throw a bridge across the gap, it is of airy structure and lacks material intermediate supports. Until a real connection is established between the two worlds, the theory of evolution remains incomplete; nevertheless, the most comprehensive scientific structure of the nineteenth century will ever be associated with the name of Darwin. When, in 1882, death brought his labors to a close, it was natural, in consideration of his character and achievement, that his remains should have been laid by the side of those of Sir Isaac Newton in Westminster Abbey.

Darwin made definite what, on philosophical grounds, Kant had vaguely suggested, and what Spencer himself all but arrived at before Darwin's announcement.

In science there have been many cases of theory being in advance of the known facts. A recent instance is the mechanical pressure of light. In 1873 Clerk Maxwell, in one of his mathematical inspirations, proved that it should exist, and deduced the value of the pressure. His conclusion was mathematically confirmed, in 1876, by another scientist, on totally different grounds. The experimental verification lagged behind the mathematical prediction, but, in 1901, the mechanical pressure of light was actually shown and measured.

Later the experimental work was repeated with more exactness, and there is now no doubt that the pressure has Maxwell's value.

At the earth the pressure of the sun's light is not quite a milligram per square metre of the earth's surface or, to put it roughly, 70,000 tons on the whole earth. If a particle of earth is $\frac{1}{100,000}$ of an inch in diameter, it is not attracted by the sun, as the light pressure balances the attraction of gravity.

The mechanical pressure of light, mathematically demonstrated and afterward experimentally shown to exist, explains what has long puzzled the astronomers. They could not account for the fact that when a comet was moving away from the sun the tail sometimes streamed away in advance of the nucleus or main body. As there are in the tail particles much less than the "weight" which the sunlight can balance, they are repelled instead of being attracted. So the seeming anomaly is accounted for by the mechanical pressure of light—a force in the universe hitherto unsuspected and first known as a theoretical discovery. This force now furnishes an explanation for those mysterious and beautiful phenomena, the Corona, the Solar Prominences, the Zodiacal Light, and the Aurora Borealis.*

With an implication of the Good and the True, right significantly has Ruskin

* Kellogg, Vernon L., "Darwinism To-day," 1907.

* Duncan, R. K., "The New Knowledge," 1905.

used the beautiful Greek word, *Theoria*, "for the exulting, reverent, and grateful perception of the Beautiful."

It is the belief in the uniformity of nature's laws that makes science possible; and to formulate those laws from experiment, by reason and theory, is the work of science. Great minds have been engaged upon the compilation, and new statutes are ever being added to the general law. Theories stand or fall according to their sufficiency to account for the facts in nature, and may or may not rise to the dignity of law.

While in experimental science the necessity for reason and theory in bringing to light the truths of nature is evident, let not the mistake be made of supposing that in man's life Reason is King, and science supreme in every sphere. In occupation with the world of the material, let not the realm of the spirit be ignored. Brain has been styled "reason's self encased in bone," but be it remembered that mind is feeling, intellect, will, and the chief component, *feeling*.

Even that personification of intellect, Herbert Spencer, held that the emotions are masters and the intellect the servant. In this, the philosopher is not in discord with the thought of the saintly Brooks:

"For feeling is a *teacher;* every dream
That makes us purer makes us wiser too,
And every beauty coming on a beam
Of God's sweet sunlight brings new truth to view.

And feeling is a *worker;* at the base
Of earth's deep action, lies earth's deeper thought;
And lower still than thought is feeling's place,
Which heaves the whole mass duly as it ought."

To-day, as always, whether rightly or wrongly, it is the heart that controls the beliefs as well as the actions of the great majority of mankind—hence the duty of educating the heart as well as the head, of developing the spirit as well as the intellect. It has been well advised that, to keep his mind sweet, the modern scientific man should be saturated with the Bible and Plato, with Homer, Shakespeare, and Milton, and so be enabled to strike a balance between the rational and the emotional.

"It is the gift of Poetry, to hallow every place in which it moves, to breathe around Nature an odor more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

The ideal in man's life is as theory in science. As false theories may prevail for a time in the one, so may low ideals govern in the other; and as true theory may be in advance of experiment and even beyond its reach, so may the pure ideal surpass and be ever beyond the practice of men.

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?"

As theories in science will ultimately fail unless they are in accordance with reality, so too will ideals inevitably lead to confusion unless they are based upon the eternal verities.

In life as in science, there is no higher ideal than truth, and "the gladness of true heroism visits the heart of him who covets it for its own sake;" so let there be no neglect of any means by which to perceive it and as much as possible realize it. Using *all* the powers with which he has been endowed—with the *Philosopher*—"the wise man will fearlessly follow truth, knowing that whatever happens, all will in the end be well."

The thought of the master mathematician that the search for truth should be the goal of our activities—meaning moral truth as well as scientific truth—and that the truth attainable is the universal harmony of the world, the source of all beauty, and the sole objective reality, finds expression in the words of the master poet:

"Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe:
There is an inmost centre in us all,
Where truth abides in fullness; . . .
. . .; and '*to know*'
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
Than effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without."

# THE ENCHANTMENT OF YOUTH

By Thomas Edgelow

Illustration by Reginald Birch

ANTHONY, instead of going straight down the main street, which slept peacefully in the June sunshine, took the longer way round through Lucky Pig Lane and drew up at the gate of the vicarage.

At seventeen one is sensitive to appearances, and really a man should not be seen in his sister's donkey-cart. True, the cart was light and rubber-tired; Meg was clipped of her shaggy coat, so that from much grooming and a judicious application of a paraffine rag she gleamed a delicious mouse-gray, while the harness shone resplendently in its silver mountings. Altogether, *for* a donkey-cart, the whole equipage was worthy of admiration; and yet, Anthony argued, one cannot deny that a donkey-cart suggests the first or the last of the seven ages of man. In London, indeed, it might signify a coster's merchandise, but in Cornwall either extreme youth or a lean and slippered age claimed it for its own.

Occasionally even Anthony's father commandeered Meg's services, but then the Reverend, the Honorable Gordon Tremellis, third son of the late Lord Duncarey and brother of the present peer, was so conscious of his temporal dignity that even a donkey-cart failed to impair it. Besides, he had his brougham, while Anthony was compelled to cover on his bicycle the long distances that the county of Cornwall demands of its inhabitants.

On this sunny afternoon the bicycle awaited the attention of the village blacksmith, and the walk to Newquay, seven miles away, had appeared in the summer heat worse even than the indignity of the donkey-cart. The occasion of the visit to that rising seaside resort had not been without tremendous import, for had it not been a pilgrimage of love?

You see, the Reverend, the Honorable Gordon Tremellis, had dreamed peacefully away some fifty odd years of life—quite half of them in the living that from long custom had become the right of the younger sons of the earldom of Duncarey. Indeed, George, a graceless brother of his dead wife, who had not only passed many years in his character of black sheep in Australia, and who had aggravated his offense by returning vulgarly wealthy, had referred to the vicar's sacred office as a "meal ticket." That the objectionable expression possessed all the merit of truth had nearly, but not quite, caused the vicar to refuse the large check his impossible brother-in-law had left with him for the Church Repair Fund.

So, in the well-remunerated curé of the souls in the parish of St. Cullen (and the village of St. Cullen, together with the surrounding farms, boasted a population of at least three thousand), the vicar had dreamed away his placid existence. The collapse of a mining concern that had swept away one-half his small private fortune had aroused the vicar to the fact that it was high time that he saw about Anthony.

Anthony himself had no wish to be seen about; he was too happy in his last year at Winchester and was looking forward to going on to Oxford. However, on the vicar insisting with all a weak man's obstinacy, Anthony left school hurriedly, and his father's curate added to his other duties that of tutor.

"As, alas!" the vicar had remarked to his son, in his pulpit voice, "you have no inclination for the church, I insist on the law, as you can look for but a slender inheritance from me. Mr. Carter will coach you for the preliminary examination, which is merely to prove that you are possessed of a decent education, . . . after which I shall immediately article you to a firm of London lawyers."

So, after a futile protest that he hated the thought of an office, Anthony had settled down, albeit sulkily enough, to a routine where the mornings and evenings

were given up to study, while the afternoons were his own. Cut off from any companions of his own age (for Mary, his sister, was unsympathetically nine years older), Anthony's boredom had been complete.

The friendship that he had formed with one of the two local doctors—for St. Cullen boasted two medical practitioners—had been apparently squashed by the vicar. Doctor Gifford was not a communicant. Worse, he was not, according to the vicar's views, quite a gentleman. Much worse still, he was the father of two daughters of about Anthony's own age, flashy young persons, who gave a fleeting impression of too much silk stocking for the country and of too little reverence for public opinion. As neither Gladys nor Joan Gifford had quite filled Anthony's ideals, he had, after some opposition, almost ceased to visit the doctor's cheery household. Indeed, girls in the aggregate had only recently been released from his pitying contempt.

And then, somewhat as summer lightning will flash across a dimly twilight sky, Alma, the doctor's eldest daughter, rose on Anthony's horizon. Forthwith followed for Anthony that rose-tinted ecstasy of living that is an attribute of youth. No longer was St. Cullen a sleepy village situated near the north coast of Cornwall and celebrated chiefly for its ancient church, but instantly it became the one spot on God's green earth made sacred as Alma's home.

The very stones in the quaintly cobbled pavements took on the glory that those little feet had lent them as lightly they passed up the village street. As for the doctor's door-step (which was fortunately scrubbed every morning by a buxom serving-wench), Anthony one dark night had actually knelt and kissed the place her darling feet had trod.

Nor was this, Anthony's first love, unjustified by external appearances, for Alma was petite, and fresh as the dew cupped by the wood violets in the spring of the year, while her brown hair held coppery tints in the short, almost boyish curls that clustered on her low, broad forehead. The deep, almost Sèvres blue of her eyes played havoc with a man's heart, but as for Alma's hands—words failed Anthony, even in self-communing, when he tried to describe them for his own gratification. So white they were, with delicious little blue veins, and of a softness inconceivable to those who had not been permitted to imprison them, if only for an instant. Fluttering little hands they were that seemed to plead for love and yet more love, and Anthony, from the richness of his youth, gave unsparingly.

It was a pity, indeed, that Alma was six years older than her lover; but what has age to do with love? Age and time are for veterinary surgeons, insurance companies, and the like, but, oh, not for lovers!

Full nine hours a night did Anthony sleep, for the physical demands of healthy youth will conquer even love—as witness the enormous meals his seventeen years necessitated—and out of the remaining fifteen Anthony suffered as only a boy can suffer all those hours that he passed away from her side.

But thoughtlessly you and I have kept the mouse-gray Meg waiting at the vicarage gate. Holding it open, Anthony clicked with his tongue, and Meg, with the patient intelligence of animals, slowly drew the smart little cart inside to await further orders. Impatiently Anthony drove around to the stables and handed her over to the vicar's man, whose duties included those of gardener and coachman, to say nothing of valet, while Sundays knew him as a pew-opener. The Reverend Gordon Tremellis believed in the saving influence of work for others.

"You surely 'ave sweat 'er up, Mr. Anthony," John grumbled as he undid the traces. "I tell 'ee flesh and blood won't stand it, and Miss Mary would be sore fashed, she would, if she saw it. To New-quay, b'aint ye?"

"Well, if I have? It's not your funeral, John, and . . . and, John, don't say anything to the governor about where I have been. To-morrow I'll give you those snap shots I took of your granddaughter."

"They do say as 'ow boys will be boys," chuckled the old man, "an' I'll lay there be a maid bottom of it. Be she to Newquay, Mr. Anthony?"

"Be she to Newquay," and "a maid"! As if *Alma* could be likened to these vul-

gar country girls! Recoiling, Anthony made his way to the house without answering the shrewdly smiling John. Once safely in his room up-stairs, he produced a jeweller's package from his pocket and undid it reverently. Inside, reposing each in its own little leather case, were three gold-and-amber cigarette-holders.

Confession has to be made, so it may as well be admitted here that Alma smoked. So did her younger sisters, while Anthony had reached that pleasing stage of development when a mild cigarette was no longer actively disagreeable in its aftermath. Of course, had Alma smoked a nargileh, or an Indian cheroot, in Anthony's eyes she would have remained equally as fresh and charming; but when at night, after Anthony had stolen softly from the vicarage to sit on a footstool at her feet, Alma blew entrancing little puffs of cigarette smoke from the rosy wonder of her laughing little mouth, then for Anthony smoking became an accomplishment for the angels of heaven.

Now on the previous night, Alma had remarked that she must really get herself a cigarette-holder. At the time, Anthony's entire financial resources amounted to eighteen shillings and nine pence. Undaunted, he had braved with Meg the fancied ridicule of the road, and had made a pilgrimage to Coburg, the best jeweller in Newquay. Some instinct had told Anthony, who had never contracted any more serious debt than a small amount at his school tuck shop, that his name would be sufficient for Mr. Coburg to offer him the contents of his glittering show-cases on credit. And so it proved. The only son of the Reverend, the Honorable Gordon Tremellis, whose brother occasionally revived the ancient glories of Duncarey Court, could take what he wanted. Mr. Coburg's hands expressively waved away the suggestion of payment. Whenever it was most convenient . . . now or at any time.

Then it was that a strange shyness descended upon Anthony. As yet his love was undeclared, and of course Alma, in the experience of only twenty-three years, could not possibly guess its pulsing existence. How could he single her out from her sisters with his gift? No, he dared not—at least not yet. He must buy *three* cigarette-holders at three guineas apiece. Later, when courage should be born to him, he would be able to render homage to the sister of his choice.

Somewhat impatiently at dinner Anthony parried the questions his father asked about how he had passed the afternoon. Thankfully he accepted the fact that his sister was away on a visit. Mary's keener eyes had a way of seeing into a fellow's secrets. Well, perhaps soon he would show them all. In his mind he went over the scene. They would, of course, be married secretly. Then, with his bride on his arm, he would march proudly into the vicar's study. "This lady has done me the inestimable honor of becoming my wife, sir." On such occasions a man's speech might be a little stilted. How the vicar would start and frown! Then, catching sight suddenly, as it were, of the appealing beauty of those dark eyes, of those little white hands that would flutter on Anthony's arm, a softer expression would grow on his father's face, and with a husky, "Well, well! young people will be young people, I suppose," and a "Come here and kiss me, my dear; the boy does not deserve you, but we must try to make amends," the curtain would descend on a family rejoicing.

The sordid question of ways and means hardly entered into it. Of course the vicar would make them an adequate allowance until Anthony was earning money as a lawyer. True, he hated the idea of the law, but with Alma in a London flat (overlooking the park for choice) it would be bearable, and he could take her to theatres sometimes, though for his part he would sooner stay at home and, kneeling, cover those white little hands with his kisses. Still, he must not be selfish. Alma would want amusement, and of course she could never care for him one-millionth part as much as he worshipped her. Besides, youth does not expect a return; enough to give—to pour out in ecstasy of praise the love for the adored one.

The maid was placing the port on the table. With a sigh of relief Anthony realized that dinner was over. He was unconscious that he had eaten enormously and well. Appreciatively he told himself

that his appetite had gone. Food, after all, was a coarse affair. The soup, fish, cutlets and green peas, roast duck with more green peas, and quantities of potatoes, followed by two heaping helpings of strawberries and cream, vanished from his memory. How could he eat when he thought of Alma?

"As I was remarking to Mr. Carter to-day," the vicar was saying, "if they dare go to the country on Welsh disestablishment . . ." He droned on. Now and then Anthony's mind received a word here and there—"The bishop," "Nonconformists," "Children of wrath."

Anthony drank the half glass of port his father allowed him and escaped from the dining-room.

"Do not forget to prepare your lessons for Mr. Carter in the morning," the vicar called after him; "and mind, I insist on bed after prayers."

Later, like sheep, the servants—there were only three maids and a boy of all work—trooped into the dining-room at half past nine. Anthony, in divine contemplation of the sacred hour ahead of him, sat through his father's reading of the third chapter of St. Paul's first epistle to the Thessalonians, through the short exhortation, and knelt through the evening prayers.

"And now to rest," the vicar murmured, while his son, as in custom bound, kissed the top of his ear.

Anthony bounded up the stairs and closed his bedroom door with ostentation. Fifteen minutes later, in rubber-soled tennis shoes, he tiptoed down the creaking stairs. From under the study door came the warm glow of the vicar's reading-lamp. Anthony, listening at the door, heard what he expected to hear—the stentorian breathing of his sleeping parent.

It was a fiction respected in the household that the vicar slept badly and, as a scholar, burned the midnight oil, the while he perused some such work as "Talmadge's Fifty Sermons" or "Stone on the Apocrypha." Cold fact had it that the vicar slept in his arm-chair from after prayers until three o'clock, when he changed his chair for his bed and slept deeply until eight the next morning.

Although the church clock had only struck ten a moment before, the heavy bolts of the front door had already been shot. Not that Anthony relied on front doors, for was not his love-affair made doubly delicious from its very secrecy, and who has ever heard of a lover using a door when there was a window through which he might enter or exit? Quite easily and without risk of discovery Anthony might have let himself in and out at night by a prosaic kitchen door. Rightfully scorning such an exit, he crawled through the lower half of the dining-room window, and a moment later was sprinting toward the doctor's house, which stood conspicuously on the village street.

The doctor and his daughters kept scandalously late hours for the country. Often the lights might be seen burning as late as midnight, but then, and it's no good denying it, the doctor was a bit of a dog. For instance, he had his clothes made in London, and by some miraculous process he always managed to maintain a decided and well-defined crease in his trousers. A tall, rather military-looking man was the doctor, and not a day over forty-two by the look of him, and yet Alma was twenty-three. A wicked blue eye had Doctor Gifford—an eye for the girls, in fact—and his big mustache was as fiercely waxed as though he would eat a fellow as soon as look at him. Then think of the horse-flesh he drove! While his rival, the gently mannered and bespectacled Doctor Thornton, kept two respectably quiet ponies, which in turn jogged comfortably along in the shafts of the four-wheel basket chaise, frequently with a flourish of his whip and in a dusty cloud of glory Doctor Gifford would flash past in his high, two-wheel dog-cart drawn by a wicked-looking, flea-bitten strawberry roan, or by one of his two spanking grays. At times—particularly in the spring—Doctor Gifford was known to have rattled through the village driving tandem, and, as everybody knows, a tandem marks one as a dashing man of the world, more even than a fiercely waxed mustache or clothes made in London.

Anthony, his hand in the pocket that held the jeweller's package, ran up the deserted village street. As he came around a curve and saw the doctor's house in the moonlight, he stopped for a

moment. Surely the exertion of running alone did not cause that thump, thump, thr-r-rump in his heart? He could *hear* the thunderous beating of it. For an instant there sprang to his eyes tears, which he blinked back angrily. How good to be alive, to be out-of-doors in all the wonder of that June night, to be permitted, out of all the millions and millions of men in the world, to sit for an hour or so in Her presence!

All at once he wanted to suffer for her. If only the doctor's house could catch fire—if only in rescuing Alma he might be terribly burned! With a smile at the ecstasy of his torture, he would wave the doctor aside as he lay a wounded thing under the mulberry-tree in Alma's garden. How sweet to die with his head on her lap! "I give you my life," he would whisper with dry, cracked lips, "as willingly as, long ago, I gave you my heart." Then, as her tears fell on his upturned face, he would die. What rapture of death! He hoped the physical pain would be almost unbearable, but not even a hair of Alma's head should be singed.

Cautiously Anthony let himself in at the side gate that led to the surgery door. There, while he waited for admittance, he was screened from the view of any village gossip who chanced to pass by.

The doctor opened. "So you managed to slip out, did you? Well, I don't know what the vicar would say if he knew. Something quite unclerical, I'll bet. But come in—the girls are expecting you."

If only—Anthony reflected as he shook hands—if only the doctor would have put "girls" in the singular number. Anthony walked into the drawing-room, and for a moment a mist enveloped him.

Through this mist came Alma's voice. "I'm glad to see you, Tony." (She pronounced it in her adorable way, "Tonee," and used his name in almost every sentence that she addressed to him.) "Are you glad to see me, Tonee?"

Her eyes were laughing at him as the mist cleared away. Anthony found himself staring down at her, for he was tall. Alma, looking up, liked the size and strength of the boy, liked, too, his crisp, fair hair with the kink in it, liked his well-bred air and the browned hands which were trembling a little because of her; liked best of all the blue eyes which shouted aloud—if eyes *can* shout—of his love for her. It was nice to be loved like that, even if he were only a boy. Of course, all boys were silly, but it was pleasant to see how this big creature trembled should she frown—to watch his intoxicated happiness when she smiled on him.

Then, too, Alma hated the vicar—a nasty, stuck-up old pig who had never called on them! What was he *paid* for but to look after his parishioners? And so proud of his title, and only an honorable at that! Yes, it was pleasant to own his son as her slave.

"But, Tonee, how rude of you! You have not spoken to Joan or Gladys."

Anthony shook hands and then sat down on a footstool at Alma's feet, but facing her so that for not one moment should his eyes be wasting the precious time. The girls chattered on—picking to pieces the village dwellers. St. Cullen, it seemed, was the last place on earth. They wished their father would sell his practice and buy one in a London suburb. Here they were stifled, buried alive.

"Don't you hate St. Cullen, Tonee?" asked Alma.

"Not now you are here. . . . I used to," he answered. Heavens! Had he said too much? Would she be angry with him? After all, it was frightful cheek—but Alma was not angry.

Both eyes of Sèvres blue and lips of rosy red were smiling at him. "What a courtier you are, Tonee! You are trying to flatter a poor little girl like me."

"Alma, you make me sick when you talk like that," put in Joan with sisterly frankness.

Why did not the ceiling fall and crush her? The vicar could not have been more shocked had an atheist or a socialist (the same thing in the vicar's mind) blasphemed aloud in church than was Anthony at Joan's remark. He tried to speak, to protest aloud, but that was the worst of it—a fellow could not say what he wanted when Alma was there: he could only worship in silence. But he wished he did not flush up so! He was certain his ears were red as a lobster.

"Do I, Joan dear?" Alma smiled sweetly. (What an angel—with an angel's

forgiveness for ordinary mortals!) "I don't make Tonee sick, anyway—do I, Tonee?"

The question was an impossible one. Did Venus give Paris such an unspeakable sensation? To change the subject, Anthony produced his parcel. "I've brought you this," he said a little gruffly, because in talking to Alma he could never pitch his voice just where he wanted.

Those little white hands with the blue veins fluttered about Mr. Coburg's parcel. "Oh, Tonee!" Alma cried with delight, "how perfectly adorable of you; and it was only last night that I said I wanted a cigarette-holder!"

"I—er—I—er got three of them, you see—one each," Anthony explained.

"And you went all the way to Newquay for them? *How* did you do it, you wonderful man?" (Oh, the sweetness of the word "man" from those lips!) "I thought you told me that your bicycle would not be mended before to-morrow?"

Anthony flushed. Would she laugh if he told her? Then desperately: "I borrowed my sister's donkey-cart and drove over this afternoon. I don't think Meg will ever forget it."

"Oh, you cruel Tonee, to take that darling donkey all that way!" You see, her divine pity for all living things included even a little mouse-gray donkey.

"I think we all of us owe him a kiss for these," Gladys suggested wickedly. Stooping quickly, she kissed Tony's forehead as he sat on the footstool.

"My daughter kissing a man in public! Let me kill him," mocked the doctor from the door.

"Wait, Daddy, till I've kissed him, too," insisted Joan. Kneeling down by Anthony, she gave him a friendly hug and frankly kissed his cheek. "Thank you, Tony—I just love mine."

"Your turn, Alma," her father laughed, with a wink that, fortunately for his peace of mind, Anthony missed. "Alma, forward, please!"

For an instant wild fear sprang up within Anthony. Was all this ghastly embarrassment to end with tragedy? Ah, the sacrilege of a kiss like that, with all these grinning idiots watching! As well might a devout kiss his crucifix at a circus!

As though sensing his mood, Alma shook her pretty head. "I do not give my kisses so lightly," she said, "but," she smiled, "you may kiss our royal hand."

Surreptitiously Anthony slid one knee under him, so that during that instant while his lips touched the white fragrance of her hand he was, as was fitting, kneeling before her. Dear heart alive, but the ecstasy of that kiss! How white, how wondrous white that hand, and charged by some magical current which caused him, indeed, to fight so as to keep that unexplainable moisture from his eyes. Did every fellow make such a fool of himself? Mature consideration showed him that every fellow did not, for the simple reason that no one before had ever loved as he did, nor could any one again so love in the dim distances of the future. To Anthony alone in all the world had been given the power to love so deeply.

So passed the minutes that of cruel necessity brought his visit to a close. At half past eleven Alma yawned—not with the gaping ugliness of ordinary mortals, of course, but with a dainty darling of a little yawn.

"You are sleepy," Anthony cried, getting up, contrite that he had tired her.

"Yes, I am, Tonee," she admitted frankly.

"It's a perfect night," remarked the doctor, who was leaning out of the window. "What do you girls say? Shall we walk up the village and round by Lucky Pig Lane and see this young man safely home . . . or is there some girl you want to serenade, Tony, when we should be de trôp?"

Awkwardly Anthony laughed away the suggestion that there could be such a thing as a girl.

So they set off, and, without arranging it, Anthony found that the doctor marched on ahead with Joan hanging on one arm and Gladys on the other. Anthony followed more slowly with Alma. The three in front seemed to be sharing some joke, for their laughter came back to them on the warm night air. Alma chattered away, and Anthony was content to listen to the music of her voice.

Their pace slackened, and as they entered the lane, darker than the village street as the overhanging branches of the

trees shut out the moonlight, Alma laid her hand on Anthony's arm. Ah, Lucky Pig Lane, Lucky Pig Lane! Was ever pig so lucky as youth?

"What absurd names they have in the country for their roads," remarked Alma. Then suddenly: "Did you like those two kissing you to-night, Tonee?"

Perhaps it was that the darkness lent him courage, but courage came to him. "No," Anthony asserted stoutly. "There is only one girl in the world I want to kiss!"

They were near the vicarage gate, where the others awaited them. Alma held up her face. For a fleeting second her lips touched Anthony's with the merest butterfly of a kiss, then, breaking from him, she ran lightly ahead and joined the rest. Anthony, his eyes ablaze with love, his heart thumping against his side as surely never heart has thumped before, came up with them.

Somehow, but for Anthony as though from a long way off, good nights were said, and later he found himself sitting on his bed. Suddenly he became conscious that he held Alma's scarf in his hands—a light, silky thing on which she had impressed something of her personality. Burying his face in its soft folds, and dressed as he was in his gray flannels, Anthony flung himself on his bed, and so, later, slept.

A month went by, and the affair continued to run on. Consumed by his love, Anthony longed for an opportunity to propose. After all, did not a kiss, however butterfly its nature, cause a man to hope that his furnace-like sighs have not all been spent in vain? But Alma held him at a distance: Anthony never quite knew how he stood with her. One night he would part from her with his heart well-nigh broken by sorrow because she had hardly looked at him all the evening. Search his soul as he might to find out wherein he had offended, no solution would offer itself. Then, perhaps, on the very next night, when somewhat tremblingly Anthony stood before her with a huge bunch of the vicar's pet roses—surreptitiously plucked by the light of a bicycle lamp—as an outward sign of penitence, Alma would suddenly bewilder him with the sunlight of her smiles. Promoting him from his lowly footstool, she would sit beside him on a sofa, and if in examining his latest snap-shots her hand touched his, or her head rested for an instant so close to his that the softness of her hair caressed his cheek, surely that was not Alma's fault; and was not one or other sister always present as chaperone?

It was late in July that the vicar left home to attend a clerical convention at Exeter.

"I shall be back on Saturday, and I shall look for a good account of you from Mr. Carter on my return," the vicar admonished with one foot on the step of the brougham. "I shall rely on you to retire at your usual hour, and, as Mary is away, see that my birds are fed and that no one touches those fuchsias in the bed under my study window. Take plenty of exercise, but see that you do not neglect the work. 'Hinc lucem et pocula sacra,' you know!"

With a sigh of relief Anthony watched the carriage out of sight. It was barely nine, and he made his way slowly up the street toward Mr. Carter's cottage. How repulsive was the very idea of Virgil while the sun bathed everything in gold. A delightful breeze, fresh from the near-by sea, brought memories of bathing. Why should he be shut up all the morning in the curate's study? He would scrape through his exams somehow; and, anyway, who wanted to be a lawyer? Nothing but Alma mattered, and there, coming jauntily from the chemist's at the corner, appeared her father.

It was, the doctor insisted, too delightful a day to work. For his part he was going to take a day or two off, as no one seemed to be ill. Joan and Gladys had just set off for Newquay to stay with friends. Well, if his children could desert their old father, then, by Jove! he would go on the gadabout himself. The doctor and Alma were to bicycle slowly to Plymouth, forty miles away, go to a theatre, put up at a hotel for the night, and return by rail the next day. Of course Anthony would not care to accompany them?

There was no hesitation about Anthony's acceptance. Pictures leaped to his mind of riding through the pleasant country lanes beside Alma. Think of it! To be with Her for two whole days—to be

allowed to push her bicycle up the hills, perhaps even to clean it for her on arrival at Plymouth! No hireling should touch the handles on which her little hands had rested. Of course there would be a frightful row with the governor, who was bound to hear of it—St. Cullen would see to that—but what matter a row? Nothing could take from him those hours with Alma. True, also, that he had no money, but he could get some. Burton, the butcher, would lend him as much as he wanted.

The doctor stood smiling to himself as he watched Anthony stride off to make his preparations for the trip, and his smile was not altogether a pleasant one. Only the day before, when walking with Gladys, Doctor Gifford had passed the vicar, and, in response to his bow, Mr. Tremellis had merely raised one finger toward his soft clerical hat, thus placing the doctor and his daughter on a social level with any of the village tradespeople. How furious Alma had been at lunch when her father and Gladys had detailed the snub for her benefit! Still, she maintained, it was not Anthony's fault. He was a dear boy and he had a proper appreciation of her undoubted attractions.

"Oh, Mr. Burton," Anthony remarked carelessly as he stood in the butcher shop, "my father has just gone off to Exeter and I find I have no money. Could you let me have five pounds for a few days?"

The fat canvas bag, weighted down with gold, was instantly pulled from Mr. Burton's capacious pocket. Was Mr. Anthony sure that five was enough?

Anthony was certain. To be sure, it would only add to his father's rage if he heard of it before he could repay the genial butcher, but that did not matter: nothing mattered. Enough that these two glorious days were his.

An hour later, having sent a cool note to his tutor that he would be away for a couple of days, proudly Anthony rode beside Alma through the village street and out onto the road beyond. The doctor, who knew his county, rode ahead, and, branching off the main roads to avoid the dust of the passing motors, skilfully made his way through the smiling lanes and byways undisturbed by the modern mania for speed. Anthony rode on as one in the clouds, and demonstrated the fact that it is perfectly possible to ride a bicycle without wasting more than a very occasional glance at the road ahead.

But why labor the point? How describe how Anthony pushed Alma's bicycle up the hills and on every occasion that she dismounted persuaded her to pose for just one more snap-shot? Enough that Alma, bewildering in her white serge and big, floppy hat that shaded her flower face, reduced Anthony both by her smiles and by the glances from those Sèvres blue eyes to a glorious state of helpless adoration. How graceful she was, how cool in spite of the exercise, how entirely different to all other girls! Merry and gay she was, too, and her laughter was almost, but of course not quite, infectious enough to make Anthony forget the sublime misery that his love enforced upon him. Not for him as yet to laugh: too solemn and sacred was the adoration which dominated him. As well might one laugh when, from the vast spaces of some mighty cathedral, a voice would rise higher and higher in ecstasy of praise, the while the organ sobbed and crashed out the volume of its melody.

Enough that Anthony lived with every sense divinely attuned to the worship of his wonder girl. Again, how set down the rapture of that evening when Anthony, bathed, and clad in the fresh cricketing flannels he had brought with him in a knapsack, sat in the darkened theatre intensely aware of the nearness of her presence?

Of the play he was of course oblivious. Who wanted to see a rotten play when in the faint light he could just make out the curve of Alma's head or, bending toward her, could catch her whispered criticisms? With what delight he heaped his gifts upon her from the riches of Mr. Burton's five-pound note! With what rapture he watched her eat his chocolates, bury her face in his flowers (ah, lucky flowers!), drive back to the hotel in the motor which he had ordered for her!

Having made his good nights, Anthony strolled toward his own hotel, as Doctor Gifford had insisted that Mrs. Grundy would be the better pleased if Anthony stopped elsewhere. Passing a street-lamp, a woman, ghastly in the paint of her profession, laid a detaining hand on his arm. "Why! What a hurry you're in, dearie,"



*Drawn by Reginald Birch.*

And on every occasion that she dismounted persuaded her to pose for just one more snap-shot.—Page 746.

she began, but Anthony, shuddering, had already snatched his arm away and was running like a hare up the street.

How horrible! Oh, how utterly horrible! He felt defiled, unclean, in the intensity of his youth. That such a one had touched the arm on which She had deigned to lean!

Going into his bathroom, Anthony vigorously sponged the offending sleeve of his coat, and hung it up to dry. Then, plunging into a cold tub, he scrubbed his arm with a nail-brush. Suddenly he hated Plymouth. When they were married they could not live in London, law or no law. Only was the country pure enough for her. That such a creature as the woman who had spoken to him should breathe the same air as Alma was a desecration.

Seeing a writing-table in his room, an idea occurred to Anthony that taxed his courage to the utmost. Still, tucked in the roses that greeted Alma at breakfast was a note. In his infamous schoolboy scrawl, Anthony had written:

> "Oh, Love, when out the deep blue sky
> They lent the blue to make your eye,
> Then Eros shot his deadly dart
> And pierced through my very heart.

"I know you will laugh, but please don't.

Now, on the return journey, when they were only half-way home, the clouds rolled ominously black before them.

"There will be a downpour in a minute," the doctor remarked as he circled back to them from where he was riding ahead. "Let's go back and branch off to the left. . . . If we hurry we can get to a station in a few minutes and take the train home. You don't want to get wet, Alma."

In the first-class carriage of the local train which ran slowly through the now drenched country, a great sadness descended upon Anthony. He sat looking at Alma in the corner seat and sometimes through the wet window-panes at the black sky beyond. It seemed to typify his life. So it was all over! Why could he not go on riding by Alma's side through the sun-kissed lanes forever? Was that what life meant? Did everything beautiful suddenly come to an end? Soon they would be at St. Cullen station, when they would put their machines on top of the Red Lion 'bus which met the trains and would jolt noisily the mile and a half to the village. There awaited him the row with his father, and, naturally, the butcher must be paid. Of course it had been well worth it, and he would do it again, but what a fool he had been not to have seized the opportunity to propose. Now it was too late. He must wait for another chance—but supposing Alma refused him! He hardly dared hope, and without her how could he contemplate life? Yet even at that moment she was smiling at his serious face.

"Are you sorry it's over, Tonee?"

"Frightfully," he told her. "It's been . . . it's been so absolutely ripping. I wish we . . ."

"Oh, look! My shoe is all muddy," Alma interrupted him, holding up one foot.

Forgetting the doctor, who looked on with a cynical smile, in an instant Anthony was on his knees on the dusty floor trying to wipe off the mud with his handkerchief.

"You really are a dear boy, Tonee," she rewarded him as he resumed his seat.

Then from out of space fell the blow, and for Anthony the world stood still.

"Yes," put in the doctor, "but the dearest boy in all the world is coming down on Saturday. Alma's fiancé, Jack Havelock, is coming to stay for a week or so . . ."

A whole month later, after the Kaiser's armies had swept out to battle, Anthony, fully conscious both of his dignity as an officer in his Majesty's service and of the resplendence of his fresh khaki, sat beside his major's sister, who was glancing through the pages of his snap-shot album.

"And who is this girl on a bicycle?" she asked. "You seem to have millions of her."

Now gone from Anthony was his former shyness, for shyness attends but the first love. "Oh, *her?*" he replied as with much care he screwed a newly acquired monocle into his right eye. "That's a little girl I used to be rather keen on long, long ago. A boy-and-girl affair, you know; and that," he added gravely, "was *long* before I had met *you!*"

# THE VERY ANXIOUS MOTHER

By Katharine Holland Brown

THE very anxious mother stood in her low doorway, a flickering clay lamp in her hand, and peered out toward the gray twilight line of the Judean hills.

"It is too dark for you to see a rod before the door," grumbled her husband. It was the first day of the Passover. For him, a hard-working, skilful potter in the wide sunny field beyond the hill, a day of forced and dreary leisure. He had chafed around the little house all day, as wearing to his good wife as only the caged man can be. Now he lay sprawled on a sheepskin flung over a rough bench. "When he does come home, I'll thrash him well, the stubborn glum lout! Forever ungrateful, forever teasing to go to sea! As if the potter's wheel and the good safe task were not good enough for him!"

The mother did not reply. Only her dark searching eyes peered the more intently.

"Always has he been stubborn, from the hour of his birth. I mind well how, when he was but a hand's span long, he would sulk and fret if you did not lift him from his cradle with the first whimper. And he would scream and strike out with his tiny fists at whoever came near. And you—with him, you had no reason. Sometimes you would laugh. Sometimes he would grieve you to the heart."

The mother did not speak. But her beautiful strong shoulders gave the tiniest shrug. An eloquent little shrug, that. One might translate: "Yes, I have seen more than one sulky baby, in my time. And some wore swaddling clothes; while others——"

"All his fourteen years, he has cost you more work and thought and care than all our younger children put together. He is a sturdy, upstanding boy, I grant you, a keen brain—when he chooses to use it. But he is all whims and changes, all tempers and fine fancies, too fine for an humble potter's son. And always you have humored him, you have given way. Once you took half the silver I had given you to buy a fine new cloak of the lambs' wool, broidered, and bought for him, instead, a tiny boat, that he might sail upon the brook, and dream himself a seafarer—the seafarer that he has always longed to be!"

"And I dreamed with him," smiled the mother to herself. But she spoke no word.

"Then, one day, sailing his precious ship, he slipped on a wet rock and fell in. And the swift deep current seized on him. And you, seeing him fall, rushed down the hill and threw yourself into that black water, though you could not swim, and you fought your way to him, and saved him. But as you struggled ashore, a log struck you, and cut your forehead, broad and deep. Weeks you lay, at the gate of death. You will bear that scar for life."

The mother pushed back the great wave of black hair, folded low on her brow. She touched the grooved scar.

"Under my hair, it does not show," she reflected. "And, anyway, some scars do not hurt at all."

"And you vowed that never should he sail his boat again, never go near the brook, even. But before you could walk, your son was away again to his brook, his boat, his stubborn desire. Always the restless waters for him. Always must he keep you fretted and distressed. Today, it is the same old tale. 'I want to be a sailor! I want to go to Tyre, and join a crew.' Always the sea, the sea. And he the son of a potter! I cannot understand."

"Nor can I." All the dark perils of the sea were deep in her eyes now. The lamp in her firm hand wavered: her mouth was pinched with dread. "No. I cannot bear it. To let my boy, my little, little son, go away to sea! Yet—how can I bear to hold him back!"

"There you go again." The father

grunted, irate. "Always this rebel grieves you, yet always you love him, exult in him. Always you are more proud of him than of all our docile younger children."

"H'm. Is he not my first-born?" The mother's head gave a haughty little fling. Reason enough for all her yielding. But what dull man-creature could be expected to see that?

She turned back into the room, so dimly lit by its guttering candles, although it was a night of solemn festival. Absently she moved about, did a trivial duty or so. Then again she crept outside, and stood, lamp lifted high, looking anxiously away. Now the hills rose black against a sky all orange sunset, and the air was very still.

"If only he would come home!" her loving face quivered. Her eyes strained past the farthest hills. "He has never been so late. Never before!"

But as she spoke, he came, a slim eager young figure, racing up the last rough slope. Not one moment's heed would he give her rebukes. Great overgrown cub that he was, he jerked himself ruthlessly from her arms, and burst into frantic boyish pleading.

"Oh, mother! I've been tramping away up the brook, miles on miles! And I met a man there, a seaman from the coast. He told me that three great ships, merchant ships for Egypt and for Rome, will sail from Joppa within the month. If they can find men enough to man them. And I want to go, I've got to go. Oh, mother, mother——"

"Go to Joppa! Sail on a great ship, for Egypt—for Rome!"

"Oh, mother, listen!" Those passionate jealous arms had caught him close again. Again he tore himself free. "You don't understand—you *won't!* You and father want me to stay here and turn a potter's wheel. I'd rather be a dog, and turn a spit before the fire——"

"But a potter is a skilful man, an honored man. You are your father's eldest son. You shall have his wheel, he will teach you all his craft. You shall not go down to the far terrible sea. You shall not throw your life away——"

"But there is no danger! Only great chances, glorious adventures. Ask any man who walks these hills, which would he rather be, a potter chained to his wheel, or a proud sea-rover. Ask any man. Even a stranger—that man yonder, even! See what he will say!"

"That man yonder," a tall shape, dim in the twilight, was climbing slowly up the path that led past their door. A working man, by his rough clothes and sandals. A very tired man: that told itself in the stoop of his big shoulders, his slow listless gait. To the eye, no oracle, this. Yet, as if swept by the same will, mother and son turned to him.

"Stranger, speak to my mother. Tell her it is right for me to go to sea!"

"Right, indeed! For you to leave your home? Stranger, speak to my son. Tell him how foolish he is, how wrong!"

"Foolish? Wrong? Why so?" The stranger halted. Through the thick dusk, he stood and looked on them, with grave kind eyes. His deep voice was kind, too, a voice that was heavy for weariness, yet rang with deep resounding music. Like children, the two fairly flung themselves upon him.

He heard their frantic arguments without a word. Only upon his dark worn face came a light; a light as of a compassion past all words: and mingled with that compassion, the tenderest gleam of mirth.

"But I *will* go to sea! I am fourteen years old, a man grown. I have the right——"

"He shall not go! He is but a baby, only fourteen. He is mine, my own. I shall keep him close, always close with me——"

The stranger waited. At last the angry voices faltered, ceased. Then, gently, tenderly, he spoke.

"Long ago, mother, when your son was very little, and lay wrapped in his swaddling clothes, then you could hold him, close. But soon he fretted at his swaddling clothes, and fought to use his own strong little legs. So you undid his bonds, and taught him to stand alone, then to take a wavering step or two. One day, you carried him to the gleaning, and laid him to sleep on a pile of straw, while you worked. But soon you heard him cry; and when you looked back you

saw him, standing bravely upright, but screaming for anger and fear. And your breast throbbed, and your feet urged, to run to him. But you thrust that down, and made yourself stand still. And you laughed aloud in your pride at his anger and his strength, the little cross scared puppy that he was. Soon he saw you, and ran to you, stumbling and falling, but now eager and delighted to be walking alone. And your heart swelled to bursting for pride, that he had made his way to you, across the great strange world of the harvest field!"

The mother smiled. Her hand slid downward, as if she laid proud fingers on a little head at her knee.

"You would let him go, then, where he willed. You would trust that he would come back to you. Yet to-day—you will not have him act the man. You cannot send him away, and trust him to find his way back to you, across the white harvest fields of the sea——"

"Oh, mother, you can trust me! You *can!*" The boy fell upon his mother, urging, imploring. The man stood silent, gravely smiling, while for a moment the two contended. Then he spoke out, straight and clear.

"Mother, your son is, as he says, man grown. He is eager for his man's work. You ask my judgment. Let him go."

The boy, after one exultant whoop, was silent. The mother, too, stood silent, dumb, poor heart, with defeat. Strangely, she did not even question this passer-by and his authority. Very humbly she began to set their case.

"But, sir, we are not seafarers. How can he go away, among strangers? Where will my child find friends?"

"He is a stout lad, and a brave heart. Give him store of bread and meat, and a little silver. Send him by foot down to Joppa. There let him seek out a friend of mine, Simon the tanner, who lives near the sea. Many seamen lodge at his house. Tell Simon what you have told to me. He will put you in charge of one of his sailor friends."

"Then I shall fare out and see the whole world!" Ecstasy bubbled in the youngster's voice.

"Ay, as I have longed to see the beautiful far world. Always I have desired. But—not now." A shadow, darker than mortal shadow, crossed his face. Then, wearily, resolutely, he drew himself erect, and started away.

"But — who — what — what name, sir, shall he take to Simon the tanner?"

Over the strong face came again that glinting smile.

"Tell him—I was—the carpenter from Nazareth."

"The carpenter from Nazareth?" The mother stared. "What should a carpenter have to do with folk that follow the sea?"

The man did not answer for a moment.

"Little enough," he said at last, half to himself. "Yet on the shores I found them, simple fishermen, but loyal hearts, all. Ay, loyal! And yet, to-night——"

A shudder seized on him. His strong face wrenched, as if with intolerable pain.

The woman put out her hand to him. For that instant, to her mother-eyes, he seemed only another child, stricken with strange heart-breaking woe.

"Sir, you have done us a great kindness. But you are tired and sad. Come into our poor house. My man and I—we will be honored to give you food and a bed."

But, in a breath, that marring grief had vanished from the stranger's face. Grave, gentle, he lifted one sun-browned hand in farewell. Then, steadily, doggedly, he turned away, and started up the last long hill.

Wide-eyed, aflame with triumph, the boy endured his mother's arms, her reproachful kisses. Then he wriggled away and clambered up the rude ladder to his own loft and his own hard little bed.

A moment the mother stood and looked away, up the path that the stranger had gone. Then, pale but serene, she entered her house. From his sheepskin her husband awoke, and growled.

"I thought you were never coming in."

"Hark. I have great news for you." Her mouth trembled, but her eyes were shining with hope. "It is all settled. The boy is going to sea!"

"Going to sea?" Her husband sat up and gaped at her.

"Yes. A strange man came by. He heard us both out. Then he spoke judg-

ment. He even told me where to send him. It is all planned, and done."

"A man came by? What kind of a man?"

"Why, just a man like you. Taller, perhaps. A working man, for I saw the callouses on his palms. A carpenter. From Nazareth."

"A carpenter! From Nazareth!" The husband laughed out in noisy scorn. But the mother stood her ground. Soon, to his own amazement, the husband found himself yielding, convinced utterly, albeit against his wish.

"Well, we'll see. If he must see the world, why then—" For sometimes a woman is in the right. Although it is never wise to admit that openly. "But how this man could so bend you to his mind— What manner of man was he? What did he say?"

"I can't just remember that. But I tell you, he was like all other men. Yet not like, either, for he was very strong, I could see that. And yet so gentle! And never have I heard man speak as he spoke, so grave, so wise, so very tender. No. He was not like other men. And still——"

She turned back to the door. Wistfully she peered out into the night. But the carpenter from Nazareth had gone far past her gaze. Now, head bowed, heart sick, he was making his way up the longest, steepest hill. And he crept on to his dark Garden in an anguish unspeakable, believing himself deserted, forsaken by his disciples, who slept, forsaken even by his God. For being a man in all ways like unto ourselves, his loneliness was rending his very flesh, was tearing the living soul. Yet he was mistaken. He did not walk alone to his Gethsemane. For all the love and passion and gratitude of all the world, of all the worlds to come, followed close, and walked with him.

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# THE LOVE OF LITTLE TREES

## By Joseph Edgar Chamberlin

THE use of the earth, for some of us, is chiefly for the planting of little trees, which we love, and which in our imagination we see grown great some time, but which in our hearts are really never anything but little trees in whose early sprightly growth we take a pleasure that is akin to our joy in the prattlings and the play of children.

It is a bravely tender employment, a holy joy—this planting and nurture of little trees. I once visited a town on a Western plain where no trees grew spontaneously, and where the settlers had the greatest difficulty in making their planted trees and shrubs withstand the conditions of a parched soil, a withering atmosphere, and the fierce summer heat and bitter winter cold. But I have never seen more undismayed and heroic planting than I saw there, nor a more tender parental pride than those people had in such scanty growths as they were able to maintain.

It was like the especial love of a mother for a sickly child who costs her the laborious care of all her hours, and chides her for her pains. And, though I thought it prudent to question the wisdom of these people in planting, in so unkind a climate, the apple-trees and firs and elms, the maples and roses of their ancestral land in the East, advising them to plant instead the box-elders and cottonwoods and nettle-trees of their own general region, I was, nevertheless, touched and delighted to see them engaged in the desperate attempt.

For, after all, in planting with such good hope so many hopeless things in this world, we follow the example of nature herself. We plant not so much in the soil of the plain as in the soil of our own faith. Is not that what nature does? What a lot of the surface of her own garden na-

ture covers with seeds and shoots that will never come to anything! She will not, of course, in the long run, let any plant grow or any creature live out of the habitat that is suited to its needs. If the growth is unadapted, it cannot be; that is her word. Nevertheless, nature is always starting the willow on the rock and the oak on the marsh. You have seen the pine-tree sprout in a thimbleful of earth in a crevice or between the shingles on an old roof. Next year it will wither; but from its withering nature has taken no lesson nor regarded it at all. She sprouts the seed where she can sprout it; that is all.

It is not so much the blindness of chance as the supreme optimism—a perfect and infinitely fearless design which never denies the miracle. The pine seed has ended by cleaving the rock and the oak has in the end dried up the marsh.

When I see sprouting in a hopeless place the seed which the winds or the birds have cast abroad, I seem to hear a dialogue going on between the two great powers of nature, the Creator and the Destroyer.

"I plant an oak," says the Creative Principle.

"I shall destroy it," says the Destroyer.

"Attend thou to thy destruction; I shall create, nevertheless."

"To what end, then?"

"To the end of life and joy, and to the end that there shall always be more of life than of death; for the sum of my endeavors is always a little greater than thine. Thou followest me forward, not I thee backward. Destroy, then; I have but to create, and I create in abundance, in excess. The shoot that most invites thy hand has escaped thy hot glance; thou shalt not destroy it until it has served my purpose and added to the sum of life."

Thus the eternal dialogue. The creative principle dispenses with all economies, with all selections, with all calculation of results. It never ceases to challenge destruction. We associate ourselves with it in many ways; one beautiful way, of these, lies in the planting of seeds and trees which it may be perfectly vain to plant.

The undaunted gardener, with his seed catalogue and his nursery list, is even greater than he himself imagines. In his small way, he does a divine thing.

We have all around us examples of quite wonderful triumphs in this field of new life. Probably there will be still greater. There is nothing so easy as miracles, when you once get them started. My old friend Coburn, who turned Kansas into a garden, making a billion blades of grass grow where not any grew before, has told me that for almost the space of a generation he worked vainly to make the elm-tree grow in the open spaces where now stands the shady city of Topeka. No elm-tree would grow there! But Coburn kept on where others despaired. Have you been in Topeka? The streets are embowered in the noblest elms; and on the prairies round about little elms spring up of their own accord like weeds, so that the farmers must turn themselves into the god Kali and mow them down.

Then there is the fig-tree at Nantucket. Nantucket is a bleak and brumal Massachusetts isle of stunted vegetation, but there, on the village street, is the fig-tree, a monument to some one's fantastic optimism.

Marvels of adaptation will be achieved, but they will not be achieved without confidence and that kind of patience that outlasts a life. I had a friend, a Spaniard, who, though he lived in New England and knew the bitterness of its winter winds as well as any one, asked me why we did not raise oranges in Massachusetts. And let me explain that this Spaniard was not a fool, but as wise a man as I ever knew. He told me that far up on a certain high mountain in Spain, at whose summit the snow sometimes lies all summer, there is a monastery which is occupied by a most patient order of monks. For centuries these monks, each generation taking up the task when the one before it had laid it down, carried the growth of the orange higher and higher up the mountain, until at last, acclimated, the trees grew and throve and produced their sweet fruit in the monastery garden; and no bitter winter wind can longer wither them. "Why do you not, then, do the same?" asked my Spanish friend.

If we were like the monks of Montserrat, or like Coburn of Kansas, perhaps we

might eventually have oranges growing in Berkshire and Westchester orchards. If there is now some enthusiast who is seeking to cover the barren slopes of the Catskills with orange groves, I shall at least associate myself with him in spirit.

That is the faith; but I think the greatest tree planting is done in love rather than in faith. I have never known a nobler planter than my brother, who was stone-blind. No ray of light reached his retina in the days when, on his country place in Minnesota, he planted many trees. Not fruit-trees, whose fruit he might some day hope to eat; not merely shade-trees before his door, under whose branches he might expect to find shade from the summer sun; but many avenues, thickets, and groves of little trees and shrubs. Not merely did he plant those which already had some growth—he sowed the seeds and nuts whose sprouting he could observe only with his groping fingers.

From year to year he tenderly felt the young shoots with his fingers and noted their progress. He tended them with a joy surpassing the joy of men who see. When the trees had grown so large that he could no longer feel their tops with his hands, he followed the growth with his stick. When they were grown larger still, so that his stick would not extend to their tops, he felt their stems with his hands, and passed his stick fondly along their lowermost branches to their uttermost twig.

Did ever a man before so build himself into a tree or a tree into himself? And in the love of these little trees, and also the sense that the trees were loving him, nature compensated my brother for the loss of his eyes.

More intimately than I who see, my brother associated himself with the process of creation. He convinced me anew of the truth that I had learned before from other blind ones, and especially from those wonderful beings who can neither see nor hear, that our physical senses sometimes close, rather than open, the windows of our souls.

I have a fancy that the common love of shrubs or bushes has in it, besides the delight in the flowers that the shrubs may bear, a great deal of the tenderness that all humanity bears toward children. For though a shrub, like a sturdy box-tree, may be old, it is always like an infant when compared with a tree—even when compared with a young tree that has attained a great height. We can put our hands on the heads of these shrubs, and are sometimes tempted to take them up and hold them in our laps. We want our pretty bushes, like our children, to be prodigies, and quite wonderful, each in its special way; and that explains why we plant more exotic shrubs than exotic trees. Look about in your garden; scarce a shrub there is a native. You have lilacs from Persia, roses from southern Europe, a Japanese quince or two, a hawthorn from England, a magnolia from Carolina, a honeysuckle from Tartary, a Forsythia from China, a privet from California. Yet you shade your avenue with native elms, or maples, or pines, and are better pleased with them because they are native. Why, then, all these exotics? Perhaps because you like the spirit of strangeness and precocity, as of something saucy and quaintly distinguished, in these children of your horticultural fancy.

But sometimes it happens that a shrub is so common, yet also so shy and woodsy, that no one knows it except people as common and campestrian as itself; and then it becomes distinguished. Of late years the wild shrubs of the woods have been planted in many of our city parks—all at once, as if they were discoveries; and so they are, for when people see the wayfaring tree, the June-berry, the rhodora, or the arbutus, they say, "Why, what strange thing is that?" and begin at once to guess whether it is a native of Japan or of the Himalayas, though they might have dug it up in the woods if they had taken a spade and a half-holiday.

Thus, it is plain, some of our sturdy native virtues need to be dug up by woodsy persons and given a little every-day garden cultivation. They are becoming too shy and remote. As an example of these native and neglected virtues needing transplantation into every front yard, need I mention any other than the virtue of nonconformity, on which our republic was founded and which nowadays seems quite an exotic? Let me hope that the

cult of exotics will decree its generous planting!

There is another reason why most men love the shrub better than the tree. It is because the bush epitomizes creation better than a tree, being all within the range of our vision; we can look down on the top of it, and sometimes see both sides of it at once, which is a great virtue in an epitome.

You have heard of meeting God in the bush. An extravagant phrase; but I think I know of at least one case in which that has been done. There was a little invalid girl who had always been confined to a poor city house, for the most of the time bedridden; who had never been in the country, nor even in a city park, but who had been taught to read and write. This little girl was visited often by a woman whom she called her teacher, and for this teacher she wrote a little composition called "Spring." In this paper the little girl said that spring first came with a gentle flush that was a kind of pink and a kind of yellow; that presently it became yellower, and then all at once a beautiful light green, which soon turned into a darker green. She said also that sometimes spring came earlier than at other times, and that when it came late it was hard to wait for it; only it was just as happy in the end, because when it came so late it was all the more beautiful, and burst out first with flowers and then with many leaves all at once.

The woman who was called teacher wondered greatly at this composition, because the child had never read of these gradations of the spring color in any book —we do not read about all that in books —and she also wrote as if she had seen and felt the passion of the efflorescence and studied its small, thrilling details. The teacher asked the little girl what she meant by writing in this way about the spring when she had never seen it. The child, her face falling, answered: "But I have seen it—in the Donellys' bush!" And then the visitor saw that, by looking into a small mirror that hung on the wall, the bedridden child had a view of a neighbor's back yard, and in that yard a small willow-tree grew, leaning away from the brick wall—a tree much stunted as to its height, but yet stocky and thrifty, bearing now a luxurious mass of pendent leaves.

Here was all nature, and God with it, in a bush. The spring had been there, and none of it left out; for all of the abounding spring that did not come to the little willow-tree was as naught to the keen and reverent eyes of the child. I doubt if a great tree could so have epitomized nature to her. She could not have seen it all, nor could she have felt, from the spreading elms, the tender and warming thrill that came to her from the little willow.

There is a little tree that I remember well. It stood alone on the prairie, just inside the fence by the roadside; a white poplar-tree, a trembling aspen. The great, level field that stretches away southward from the road is covered with young corn—endless rows of corn. A boy is hoeing corn here—a boy not of robust strength like the others; not ill either, but of poor physical powers. All the rest, except his mother and sisters, are inclined to laugh at him because of this. Hoeing the endless rows of corn, the boy trembled in the heat and longed for the spot of shade cast by the little poplar-tree and the wild, cool grass beneath it. He toiled on, striving to keep up with the other hoers, yet always tenderly beckoned to by the little tree.

Sometimes, indeed, all rested there; and then the boy lay on his back and watched the delicately poised leaves at their playful dance on the vast floor of the blue sky. The air breathless—seemingly as still as death—but the aspen leaves danced lightly, sentiently, against the sky. Was it a dream that they danced in measures and at some soft-voiced signal? The boy looked at a motionless leaf and willed it to move, and it danced as if it were mad. Another leaf paused when he bade it be still. They were all in league with him, and begged him to come and play all day, as they played! How they tapped and bumped one another—but so lightly—as if they loved! How beautiful the soft, silvery under sides of the leaves! And the white, smooth bark of the little tree was like the touch of one's mother's cheek.

Up around the farmhouse there were

great white oaks, burr oaks, red oaks, hickories, noble and wonderful; but the little poplar-tree down on the prairie was dearer. When the boy had errands across the prairie, his sister would come as far as the poplar-tree and await him there. A parting-place, a meeting-place; the tree blended with the perfect love of a sister, against which one cannot sin, which endures all things, which transforms one's thoughtlessness into some subtle kindness and gilds one's follies with the gold of genius; the sister and the poplar-tree, and the new leaves of love always springing.

Later in a life spent far away from the poplar-tree, the boy, now with gray hairs that rebuked the world for its endless toils, came back to the prairie one day —came back alone; and as he walked the long, straight road his heart was almost bursting with fear that the poplar-tree would not be there. Out over the prairie—the same long road—and then, a long way off, he noticed the dark spot by the roadside where the tree should be. It was there. He rushed on toward it—the poplar-tree, but so old! Its largest branch, which leaned southward over the prairie and overhung the grassy corner where the boy had rested from his hoeing, was but a branchless prong; but the cold winter winds of the prairie had kept the poplar still a little tree—an old little tree. The man ran and bent down one of the branches which still had a little life; it seemed to him that the tree was only waiting until he came back, to die; but it could not die till then. He bent the branch down until it rested on his bared head. He put his arms around the blackened trunk that had once been so downy and white, and tears fell from his eyes on the rough bark.

The branches! They were outlined grimly against the gray sky, for the month was November. The man lamented the leaflessness of the tree, for he wished to carry away one leaf for remembrance. As he thought this he saw just one yellow leaf, not trembling, but hanging perfectly still on the end of a twig above his head. It was glossy, as the leaves on the tree used to be, but it was like gold. He put out his hand to take it, and the leaf fluttered quickly and irregularly, all at once, in the old, trembling, dancing fashion. The tremor of the leaf seemed so plainly to answer his own movement that he was startled; it was the old sentient answer!

The leaf kept on fluttering, and the man, when he went away, left it there; he liked the idea that had come to him that the leaf was a type of himself, as it shone in the light of an autumnal day, looking out on the highroad where many curious men and beasts had passed; soon, quite soon, in the middle of some night when a cold wind should sweep over the world, it would let go its hold and begin a little, lone flight downward through the darkness.



# MY FATHER

By Katharine Denison

THERE isn't a distinct first occasion when I remember my father. There is for my mother—the beautiful long lines of her garnet princess wrapper trailing slowly across the new carpet in the new house which my father had rented and moved us all to while she was sick. I remember how excited I was picturing her coming in and smiling at us after the long time we were kept away from her, and I wondered with all my own eagerness and the eagerness of my father how she would like the new carpet. I can see her yet through the little child's eyes, lifted out of the carriage by my father's impetuous arms, carried up the steps and set down triumphantly. There! said his wide-spread hand—he was generously big in every movement of body or mind. There! my more timid spirit repeated, wondering, wondering if she would really like it. It was such a jolly carpet, just like my jolly father, but perhaps my beautiful mother—! I see her torn from her lingering greeting to us by my father's impatient ecstasy in his purchase—that it wasn't the handsomest carpet in the world never bothered his brain. How I see my mother, her beautiful tall figure, her beautiful long face with the shining spiritual eyes, trailing slowly, dubiously over the flagrant pattern on the floor, her new living-room transformed by my father's rollicking fancy into fantastic stretches of big and little squares—it was glorious for hop-scotch when I grew a bit older. Mother was so wonderful about it. I can see my father now laugh out like a crowing boy —*he* was little Jack Horner!—*he* had done it with his little hatchet!—alas, alas, he had!—wasn't she pleased? wasn't she delighted? hadn't he given her a happy surprise? Mother was wonderful all her life.

Father was always in the midst of us, he was in the midst of everything throughout his days. Of course, he went to town, but we were invariably racing to have breakfast with him before he left, the first down could sit beside him and explore his plate for treasures if, as frequently happened, he finished his own quickly. It was exciting to get him into his overcoat, to put on his hat and gloves, to smoothe him down properly and rush out into the hall to call up-stairs shrilly for somebody to throw down a whisk-broom—not a crumb or a thread must mar his clothes, he must look quite grandly perfect as he closed the door for the day. How proud we were of his health and his strength, his ruddy cheeks and his shining blue eyes that never missed a trick or a fight, a joke or a trouble—how they laughed, wept, sparkled, watched, prayed!

I don't know what we did those early years, but five o'clock found us quarrelling for the best place at the windows, the frustrated one crouched up the stair where he could survey the sidewalk through the transom. And then the fun began. First, we had to go out—fresh air was a rigorous tenet of his creed—he was always jerking the windows up as far as they would go in the winteriest weather to air the rooms, scoffing and growling when we ran to cover. How mother must have shivered!—she was never very strong.

Sometimes "all hands," as my father bunched us, must go for a ride. No one could escape, he wouldn't be happy with one left at home. Once one of us was crowded out and fell in the park road. Father couldn't hear—he was going so fast—so a policeman picked up my tumbled, unhurt, screaming little brother and gave him into the shaking arms of my horrified mother riding behind us unknown to my father, in the leisurely elegance of a friend's victoria—we never owned anything but racing-buggies, racing-horses, racing-yachts—it wasn't any fun for my father unless he were leading the line.

I remember my timid small head was always buried in my father's broad back, and my timid heart fluttered with fright, and the air sang in my ears, and the lake roared; and I wished the propitiatory "Just once more, children; then I'll take you home to your mother," wouldn't go on over and over as we'd turn back the side roads to come down the park speedway like the wind. I recall how proud my shaking heart was that my father always won, the shivery thrill at the cheers of the crowd. But I did wish—oh, how I wished—I didn't have to go when "all hands" went too! Now I can laugh at the funny black, narrow buggy on the red wheels, bulgy with children—often a neighbor's added too—popping up between my father's legs or from under his arms as he sat erect, his straw hat jammed on tight, casting calculating glances at the rival horses as we moved temperately up the side roads pretending our pacer was just a nice simple family nag; and then—whiz! bang! let her out! let her go!—till, across the line first, we'd turn for another try. Then I was very fastidious, craving quiet, order, decorum, out-of-doors where people could stare and comment. But my brothers would never conform to the rules, and I'm sure my prim soul was always pulling them straight and looking out of my shamed eyes rigidly ahead, pretending I wasn't there.

Mother sympathized with me—she was never eager out-of-doors to be an "all hands" herself—but father never could understand. The more the merrier was so absolute a law of his vitality. He couldn't imagine quiet without sound nor seclusion without crowds. He was ever greeting people, his happy "I'm glad to see you" ringing out with the joy of a boy—even if he didn't always know them they all knew him. He would appear at the house uncountable times with groups of persons he had asked to dinner or to spend the night—mother was invariably expected to "stow away the children"—with the air of bringing us a glorious treat. I can't see now how mother manipulated the double stowing but she always managed in some magic way of her own. Mother was wonderful, but how could she ever have disappointed the supreme confidence of father's face?—though it must have wearied her never to be alone. I used to shrink, I know, from the bustle and congestion, for memory pictures me backing into corners or behind protecting furniture to view the crowd, but mainly my father taking off coats, urging renewals of food, insisting they must stay all night—it was nonsense their talking of leaving—there was plenty of room, wasn't there, Margaret?—he'd be heart-broken if they went. And he meant it and the guests knew it, and the boys would hang over the banisters excitedly praying they were going to accept, for it meant a bed on the floor in father's and mother's room, and they could get up early and play circus with father.

Mother used to tell us some of the adventures my father lived through before she knew him—he was almost middle-aged when she married him, though age and father were incompatible terms—he was an incorrigible, mischievous, happy-hearted boy with the beautiful enthusiasm and simplicity of youth to the end. As a child he played with the Indians in the young Chicago. They taught him to manage a canoe and be as agile in the water as they, an accomplishment rewarded by his proudly borne sobriquet of "Hell Cat." He learned Pottawatomie words which he would recall, to our unbounded delight, to make the Indians at circuses laugh and shake his hand. They taught him to dance the war-dance, and once, when some one sent him an Indian club—people were always giving him presents, he was as pleased as a child with the tiniest gift—he began to hum and growl the menacing rhythms, brandishing the club aloft with alarming gestures

—we were all there playing—always where he was were we. Suddenly, with the most blood-curdling whoop, he bounded to his feet, bumped the chairs of the living-room out of his way, and began the circle of the mad ritual, lifting his legs with the lithe sureness of the redman—he was immensely proud of his tapering legs—you ought to see him try a jig or a pigeon-wing!—and every three seconds shouting his whoop. We dropped our toys in a flash and started circling wildly after him, trying vainly to catch his coat or the club and screaming: "Let me do it, father—let me do it too, father." Mother came flying down the stairs—she never in her beautiful grace seemed to touch the treads—crying: "What is it, oh, what is it?—oh, John, John, I thought one of the children was hurt. What will you think of next! You'll be utterly exhausted. You'll surely hit your head with that stick. You'll be tired to death. What shall I do with you!" But John wasn't John, he was the inflexible enemy on the war-path, and nothing could stop that gyrating ceremony till he had seriously finished the Indian supplication—father was always in deadly earnest whatever he played—that's why he won so often. Once, in a race, he sprang open the seams in his old yacht carrying sail to beat a fleet racer imported to whip him. The sloop sank that night in the harbor but she stood under him till he captured the cup.

He sailed the lakes for many years before mother knew him, commanding other's ships first, then his own. He was proud of what the sailors called him—Storm King—because he took every chance he could see or invent and crowded sail till the masts groaned warning. Only once his crew told him they'd desert. "All right," he said, they could go the next port. He stood at the bottom of the gang-plank as the first man came down with his bundle and casually managed to trip him into the river. There was a roar of laughter from the men on the deck; they threw aside their packs, and gave a cheer for their captain as he offered a hand to raise the sheepish swimmer to the wharf. Through life afterward, when there was dissatisfaction among the vessel trimmers, the men would call for my father to lay their cause in his hands, ever sure of his generous, indefatigable protection. One time, mother told us, he landed at Beaver Island in Lake Michigan just as an angry gang rushed to the dock to drown Strang, the Mormon leader. In an instant my father tore him from his persecutors, rushed him ahead of him onto the deck and hid him in an empty barrel behind the cabin before his tormentors could swarm aboard. When they did he couldn't be found and father got him away to the following port of call—he wasn't very eager to continue with a Mormon. Mother said he was always saving lives—going out in fearful gales and storms, when others wouldn't venture from the harbor, to rescue men from sinking ships. He was out five days and nights gathering dying and dead from the ill-fated *Lady Elgin* wreck. Once, in a biting winter wind, he forced one of a fleet of tugs he owned through the crackling ice of river and lake to reach a group adrift on an ice-cake near the four-mile crib only to discover, as he labored nearer, an impassive flock of sand-hill cranes. He saved hundreds during the great Chicago fire, mother told us proudly, by forcing the draw-tender at Kinzie Street to keep the bridge closed till the people crossed instead of opening it, as he had started to do, to a signalling ship commencing to flame—there is never resistance to authority of power. People were always giving him watches and testimonials, but he didn't care about them; he said there was no reward equal to the joy of saving a poor fellow's life or the misery of being too late. Once he broke his leg, mother said, five days out from Chicago. His men begged him to put into port but he refused to chance the ignorance of a village doctor—he was too proud of his legs to risk one shorter than the other. He bore the agony till he reached his home where "Glory to God!" exclaimed a friend who saw him "boxed," "I didn't think the devil himself could keep you in bed."

Mother wasn't married then. We always accused father of picking her up and running off with her as he did one day on the yacht. We were having a picnic at Jackson Park. Father thought he would give us a jolly surprise, so he sailed after us and stood out from shore there with the *Wasp*. The sloop drew too much

water to land at the pier, so father and the sailors lowered a rowboat which rose and fell with horrifying irregularity to the worried watcher on land, father of course looking like a Viking and enjoying his surprise like a boy. Mother told him she wouldn't go back that way, she couldn't —she had ever a fear of the lake. She wished he wouldn't take the children, but if he insisted she would say nothing, though she'd think a great deal. But she simply would not, could not, go herself. "Oh, mother!" we all cried. "Now, Margaret—" father began. "No, I won't, I can't; I'm going to take the car now." She started to turn, when father caught her deftly up in his inflexible arms, ran with her laughing to the rowboat, put her down in the stern, and shoved the skiff out from the sand, where she couldn't jump ashore, wading back and forth in water to his knees till he had lifted the rest of us aboard. He was a dripping sight, but what did he mind?—not half as much as mother, whom anxiety forced out of her dignified aloofness. That was why it was really easy for father to win—mother was always taking care of him and us mentally and physically; she was never long engrossed in grievances of her own. Father used mother in other funny fashions. He was never out of his own house to dinner without her but once in his life, and then to a yacht banquet celebrating one of his own victories he insisted on taking his half-grown son to furnish excuse to go home early. He was always being asked, being urged, pleaded with—he was so buoyantly, successfully a man's man when away from his wife and his family. But "Margaret is not very well, you know," "Margaret is not very strong, you know," invariably ended the discussion. Father would come in clapping his hands in glee. Mother said she had been sick and dying as father's scapegoat since the first months of their marriage.

Once mother was away. She and the smallest sister had gone to a Wisconsin lake for a week. Father had promised to come up Saturday. But about Thursday he decided he would surprise her that night. He would go down as far as Racine in the yacht, take his son and his town comrades for the ride, leave the latter in Racine while he crossed on the junction train for his wife, and then all would sail blithely home again on Friday—father could never cure himself of the invincible optimism that mother, in her heart, really liked to yacht;—he never cured himself of any invincible optimism, thank God, through life. Mother fortunately didn't know, so she was saved that worry, but the wind shifted suddenly and blew a hurricane from the north when the small sloop with reefed mainsails had crept only as far as Waukegan. They couldn't go on. To turn her into harborless Waukegan was to lose his boat and most of his guests—few could swim. Father had the wheel, his son close to him in the cockpit. I can see his white, tense, inflexible face as plainly as if I saw it then—I saw it often so before and later, when he'd win or drown, when he'd get the solution that escaped him or sit up all night—when he decided he wasn't going to die yet the morning after the physician had given him up, and he rose from a swift stroke of paralysis to pace the floor of his room, working his legs and arms and twisting his head and finger-joints, so that when he was strong enough to go down-town there would be no testimony of a crippled vitality.

That night off Waukegan father decided to head his sloop back to Chicago. He couldn't go north in the fury of the gale without sinking his ship. He couldn't run her in to shore where he was without pounding her to pieces on the dangerous sand shoals. When he called the order for shift of the helm his friends besought him like children not to attempt that hazardous trip home, to put into port, they knew he'd make it, to save them, save them, not drown them in that long, perilous voyage. Some even fell on their knees before him, clutching his hand, begging him to spare them, to save them in the name of God. My father put the wheel into the hands of his son, shouted to them to get up out of there and go down where they belonged—he was in command of that ship and if they didn't obey his orders he would throw them overboard. With a commanding gesture of his determined arm he drove them down the cabin steps and locked the door. He listened with grim humor to their pounding, groaning, beseeching, all the way to Chicago. For he made the dangerous turn and plunged through the sea

with as much sail as he dared carry, his hands on the wheel all night long, his dexterous knowledge of the lake allowing him to meet the engulfing wave as lightly as the yacht would ride it. Safe in the harbor at Van Buren Street, he threw open the door of the cabin with a cry of "You'd all better thank God on your knees before you come out." How they loved him, those sheepish men! They told the story of being huddled like schoolboys down the companionway on the Board of Trade before my father arrived that morning. He had come up to us first, to show us he and my brother were "all right—why, nothing was the matter," but he felt my sister and I had walked the drive on the edge of the lake, from midnight on. Even before that he had telegraphed mother he was back in Chicago and all were safe, a message needless to say which mother interpreted as the direst, if actual, escape from calamity—it brought her home at once. When father went on the Board of Trade that noon a cheer from the members echoed on the street while the unashamed and grateful mariners proudly presented to him a mammoth silk flag.

My father loved that flag. I used to dread Decoration Day and the Fourth of of July. The afternoon and night before he spent getting ready for floating his flag out the window. It was too large for a pole; so we "must run and get all the clothes-line in the house, children"—it was always running and getting for father. He would tie one end to a hatchet in the most complicated of sailor splices —we all knew the knots on a ship. He would stand down on the sidewalk and swing the long rope, the other end attached to the window up-stairs, round and round his shiny straw hat, to swirl through the fork of our tall elm to be proudly tied after the accomplished feat —it wasn't as simple as I've made it appear—to the trunk of the tree. In the first place the flag was run on a double rope, so it could be pulled in if it rained—and it was always raining, it seemed to my weary feet and amused spirit, bounding up the stairs to "ease her when she pitches," "haul her in before she spotted," my father always below on the steps gazing proudly aloft at the sweep of the banner—he was emotionally patriotic all his life. In the second place, he would swing that hammer twenty, thirty, fifty times before it would perversely give in to his dexterous determination, fly through the limbs of the fork, and slip down the other side of the trunk. Father would have kept at it all night. Men passing home from work would circle around him to watch his efforts and take a hand at a try themselves, but I never remember an instance when it wasn't my father who put it over. Then mother was always coming to the door and begging him to give it up. "John, you'll exhaust yourself—John, you'll strike your head—John, you'll break your arm—John, you'll hurt one of the children"—what a glad sigh went up from all hands when the acrobatics were over and John would decide to sit down!

Father loved to sit on the front steps after dinner. And of course we were around him, he entertaining us—he was like a magnet drawing us to him. "Where's father? When's father coming home? Why is he so late to-night, mother? I'm going to telephone and see if father's started." "Very well," mother would say; "tell him to be sure to put his overcoat on"; or "Tell him to be sure to keep to the shady side of the street"; or later, "Ask Tom to walk to the car with father—it's so crowded at this hour; but don't let him know he's doing it just for that." My beautiful mother threw around him invisibly the mantle of her loving solicitude; but woe to all hands, even much nearer the end, if he guessed he were being convoyed! "Venus is looking wonderful to-night," he would exclaim, gazing with joy at the heavens. Or "It's a mackerel sky—look out for squalls." Everything through life, even the weather, was an adventure, a drama to be seized and drained and lived to the full—at the last he was interested in the drain of his pulse.

He was interested in his home, quite fussy often—poor mother—about the furniture and colors. He loved green and detested yellow—he couldn't understand why I desired a yellow room one time. "Green was much prettier—or pink or blue." He was so deliciously an amusing, pleading little boy if you didn't agree with him that you were either wishing always you could or delighting in teasing him with your exaggerated differences—

you couldn't let him alone anyway, he was too much fun, the heart of our life. Christmas always developed at the final minute into laughing surprises we could get for father. Mother was the instigator. When you asked her she never wanted anything herself, but she was full of suggestions for him. It was such fun watching his expectant look as he untied the package, and you had such a quivery glow in your heart when he'd drop it after an irresistible murmur of enthusiasm to seize your face and, with "My darling child," kiss you with emotional gratitude. "Don't stay long, my darling child," he would beseech us wistfully as we boarded the train for a visit; "it breaks my heart to have you go away from me." He would greet our return at four in the morning if the boat or train arrived at that hour—we never came back unheralded from even a three-day stay.

What fun he was! We used to wake him at night if we were having ice-cream down-stairs to give him a large plate—he loved it and we loved watching him love it, though he always waited till assured there was enough for all of us before he would begin his portion. He was delighted to be awakened for a feast and would give up his plate and settle back contentedly in bed with a "Good night, darling; God bless you and make you well and happy"—a prayer he prayed for us all as he died. He was fond of sweet things—every day he had a bag of candy in his pocket, a piece carefully counted and saved for each of us at night. He entertained every one who came to see us just as he entertained us. He used to sing rollicking water songs like "The Bay of Biscay O-O-O," or sentimental tales of "William and Mary Down by the Church-Gate," or thrilling stories of "The Sword of Bunker Hill"—we knew them all and made him go through a long list to show him off—we were so proud of him; just as we called him before guests to recite "One Dark Night on Lac St. Clair"—a habitant he was to the life.

I can see him sitting beside us when we were sick, refusing to go to meals, fighting mother's instructions from the doctor—he guessed he knew more about his own children than any doctor in God's creation. I can see him tearing dogs apart from a fight. I can see him throwing a balky horse to the street and holding him there, without a touch of the whip, till he decided the horse had had punishment enough. That horse was as docile as an angel when allowed to get up, and when father rubbed his nose in forgiveness the animal seemed to us actually to cry he was sorry—he adored father fulsomely from that hour. I can see him splicing a false tail to his white racer Jack because he was bobtailed and his friends' horses had beautiful flowing hair—that was before we knew him, but mother said it was true. I can see him on Good Friday praying in the back of the Cathedral with childlike trust and fervor; he never missed a Sunday "on dry land." I can see him laughing over the jokes of his friends—he would roar like a boy and clap his hands ecstatically; his friends were as vital to us as to him. I can see him mourning, one long Sunday afternoon, the death of the manly son of a companion down-town. I can see the look of his face the day he announced to mother: "John is dead. My old friend is gone. God have mercy on his soul"—his voice choked with sobs, the tears running down his cheeks. I can see him walking the shore of the lake telling us of friends who were lost in the waters; he remembered them all, remembered with love.

He was in bed only three hours before he died. When they told him—"That's what I've been fighting," he said. "Well, God knows best"—there was instant acceptance. He had fought till command was gently taken from his hands—there was immediate submission to the will of his Superior. We were all around him just as always in life. Death had no sting—it was triumph, victory. "I hear music," he said; "I see waving flowers." "I'm so *glad* to see you," he welcomed his only brother in a voice they told us they heard down-stairs. "My pulse is almost gone," he turned it over to show us. He wound his watch, started it, my brother finished. He turned quietly, as his custom, on his left side. "Good night," he murmured drowsily; "God bless us all and make us well and happy." He closed his eyes, was gone. It was January, heavy snow on the ground. One flash of lightning, one roll of thunder startled every one. That was all—one. It seemed God's salute to his soldier.




An Appreciation of the Poetry of Edwin Arlington Robinson

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON has reached the half-century mark, and those of us who are fortunate enough to know him and his work can fully appreciate how great has been his contribution to the literature of his country. He is essentially and above all else American, and at the same time cosmopolitan and of every country and age, as all great poets must be. The influence of Greece, of Elizabethan England, of France, and of modern England may all be felt in his verse, but the lines that are riveted in the memory are owed to no individual source but are as up-to-date as the "Medea" of Euripides or Rostand's "Cyrano." No one could set a date to "Amaryllis"—if we were told that it was written in the "spacious times of Great Elizabeth" few would comment upon the statement.

"Once, when I wandered in the woods alone,
An old man tottered up to me and said,
'Come, friend, and see the grave that I have made
For Amaryllis.' There was in the tone
Of his complaint such quavor and such moan
That I took pity on him and obeyed,
And long stood looking where his hands had laid
An ancient woman, shrunk to skin and bone.

"Far out beyond the forest I could hear
The calling of loud progress, and the bold
Incessant scream of commerce ringing clear,
But though the trumpets of the world were glad,
It made me lonely and it made me sad
To think that Amaryllis had grown old."

Who of us when reading the Bible or any ancient writing has not been struck by a line, or phrase, or incident and exclaimed to himself: "How very modern—it might be to-day!" Elemental facts depending on the working and expression of man's mind are neither ancient nor modern. The story of David and Goliath may be told in terms of sling-shots and "smooth round stones from the brook," or perhaps it is Abe Golstein of the First New York Infantry and an adversary in the Prussian Guards, in which case the weapons will be a Springfield rifle and a German machine-gun. The elemental agencies behind it all remain the same, and the man who correctly analyzes the basic feelings and clothes the result in the few words that most fit in all his mother-tongue, is the master. His similes will hold just as true, whether it is an automobile race at Sheepshead Bay or a chariot race in the Forum.

My father greatly admired Robinson. In "A Book Lover's Holidays in the Open" (by Theodore Roosevelt, 1916), he quoted from "The Wilderness," always among his favorite poems, and one of his articles on preparedness was headed by some lines from "Cassandra":

"Because a few complacent years
Have made your peril of your pride,
Think you that you are to go on
Forever pampered and untried.

"What lost eclipse of history,
What bivouac of the marching stars,
Has given the sign for you to see
Millenniums and last great wars?

"What unrecorded overthrow
Of all the world has ever known,
Or ever been, has made itself
So plain to you and you alone?

"Your dollar, dove and eagle make
A trinity that even you
Rate higher than you rate yourselves,
It pays, it flatters, and it's new."

As shown in his poetry, Mr. Robinson's "philosophy of life"—to use a cant phrase—is basically vigorous and sound; there are the inevitable tragedy and sorrow, the periods of depression which come in greater or less degree to all when we feel with Luke Havergal's admonisher that "the dark will end the dark if anything," but the ever underlying conviction is expressed in "Lingard and the Stars":

"When earth is cold and there is no more sea,
There will be what was Lingard, otherwise
Why lure the race to ruin through the skies?"

There is ultimate justification of existence; there is to be no snuffing out; the torch is to be handed on, responsibility does not end there; we must not only justify existence to others, but first and last to ourselves.

Mr. Robinson's keen sense of humor is always sympathetic, it never degenerates into a mere exposition of the ridiculous or grotesque, it is never bitter or warped, and

with it he relieves the inevitable sadness of life. Sometimes the whole poem is quizzically humorous, like the verses about Uncle Ananias, beginning:

"His words were magic and his heart was true,
And everywhere he wandered he was blessed.
Out of all ancient men my childhood knew
I choose him and I mark him for the best.
Of all authoritative liars, too,
I crown him loveliest."

Frequently it is a dry, whimsical humor, as when he tells us that

"There be two men of all mankind
That I'm forever thinking on—
They chase me everywhere I go—
Melchizedek, Ucalegon.

"Ucalegon he lost his house
When Agamemnon came to Troy,
But who can tell me who he was—
I'll pray the gods to give him joy."

Then we have the sad case of "Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn," who

"loved the Medici,
Albeit he had never seen one,
He would have sinned incessantly,
Could he have been one.

"Miniver cursed the commonplace
And eyed a khaki suit with loathing
He missed the mediæval grace
Of iron clothing."

Mr. Robinson's humor is not the sort that makes you laugh aloud; you smile to yourself, and read the lines to someone with whom you can share your enjoyment. The words stick in your mind, and each time you think of them they appeal to you more strongly.

There was never a master poet who depended for his name less on any individual poem. In writing of Mr. Robinson verse after verse comes into one's head that would well emphasize some point that one has been making. The temptation is strong to continue quoting poem after poem. The technique is so perfect; there is everywhere such evidence of painstaking toil and refining of words. There are some who believe that geniuses do not need to work—there seems to exist a hazy belief that they produce their masterpieces with as little volition as a spider uses in spinning a web. As far as I have been able to ascertain, master minds are no more exempt from toil than the rest of us; the only difference is that with their work they can accomplish results that are beyond the possibilities and scope of ordinary mortals. Mr. Robinson writes and rewrites, chooses and eliminates; every word that is eventually printed has been weighed and considered over and over again, not once but many times. When we read one of his poems it is like looking on a masterpiece of painting; in the back of our mind we realize what infinite pains have been taken to perfect each detail, and the unthought-out realization only heightens our appreciation of the whole. Anyone who has read the poem on Lincoln called "The Master," or that about Napoleon entitled "An Island," will, I am sure, understand the completeness of the result of the painstaking fitting in of mosaics. Each word has been carefully tested and its value and fitness in the context considered at length, but as is the case with every great work of art, the labor that has gone to its fulfilment does not show upon the surface, for the whole has been so thoroughly blended. Rich has been Mr. Robinson's gift to his country, and much may be hoped for in the years of fruitful labor that lie ahead of him.

Lloyd's on Lost Words

THE other day a young and hopeful writer asked me to help him find an adverb to emphasize "futile" in the phrase "He felt ——futile." The situation was that of a lover whose fiancee is raving in delirium. She begs pitifully for him to be brought to her bedside and all the time he is sitting beside her, holding tight to her hand. The situation called for a good strong word; a weak word would have been worse than none at all. But when we came to turn over our store of strong words suitable for such an exigency, we found that more than half of them were lost, utterly lost to any real utility by the flavor of melodrama which misuse or overuse had given them, or so diluted that they had no flavor at all.

"Agonizingly" occurred to both of us. Once it would have expressed exactly what we wanted to convey, a sense of the man's suffering at his inability to reach his fiancee's conscious mind. But so many heroes and heroines have agonized over melodramatic distresses that the note which it strikes is hopelessly flatted.

"Horribly futile" was passed over without even the formality of a consideration. Yet "horrible" was once a word of almost offensive power. "Horror," "horrid," "horrible," what fine old Latin-born words

they were! They were lost words long before our day. We glimpse their power only in the older poets, or in those stilted Latin translations which the pupil painfully mouths in a language quite alien to his daily speech. And now the "horrible" of Vergil's Aenead, or of Macbeth's "Hence horrible shadow," and the shuddering "horrid" of Milton's "Mid horrid sight and shrieks and shapes unholy" have become the horrible of "I'm horribly tired, my dear," and the horrid of "It's horrid of you to go so early."

In like fashion we were obliged to discard, after a trip to the thesaurus, such lost or partially lost words as "terribly." So completely lost is this twin brother of "horribly" that Roget's first synonym is "greatly." "Bitterly" and "distressingly" were also put aside. I suppose "distress" was once a powerful word, now one connects it chiefly with gastric disturbances.

We finally chose "suffocatingly," a word whose connection with a definite action has saved it from the fate that words of a less concrete nature are exposed to. (One forgets that "horror" came from a verb that meant "shiver"; perhaps "suffocate" may in its turn become disconnected from its original meaning and pass into a general term.)

Besides the words that have been diluted until their original flavor is lost, there are also those that have been cheapened out of their birthright. Take such a word as "lady." There was a time when if you wished to designate a woman of breeding and social distinction you could refer to her as a lady. "It is not now as it hath been of yore." You would not to-day so demean her, and yourself.

Fortunately, we have a substitute that helps compensate for this loss because it is itself such a gracious word that it is good for us to have been driven to recognize and use it. I refer to the word "gentlewoman." That and its twin sister "breeding" are to my mind two of the richest words in the English language at the present. What the reckless, spendthrift generations will do with their wealth, no one can say. I can only hope they will outlast my time.

It is natural in this era of swiftly changing styles, and of fortunes made overnight and lost the next day, that words should be as quickly found and lost. Never, I am sure, was there a time when a word could rise more quickly to a position of popularity and authority, dominate a whole country, and then pass as swiftly into disrepute and oblivion. Take the words "efficient" and "efficiency." Five years ago, how many persons had ever met these words in their present connotation? Only a small group of thinkers and theorists. And to-day these are practically lost words. The thinkers, as is their immemorial custom, hastily dropped them the moment the rest of us found them. And even with common folk, the attrition of constant usage has worn these words so smooth that they slip into one ear and as easily out of the other. "Conservation" is by way of being another of this class of words. And the case of "camouflage" is almost pathetic. For surely no word ever entered our language under more brilliant auspices and with a greater wealth of suggestion, and surely no word ever had a briefer day before the life was crushed out of it by relentless overwork, in books, in magazines, in the news of the day, in advertisements, in conversation.

Some years ago when I first happened upon the statistics of the number of tons of coal the world consumes each year, I remember being appalled by the fear that we must use up the supply before very long and the whole machinery of the world stop short for lack of coal. Inquiries brought me the kindly promise that Mother Earth would not go to the coal cupboard and find it bare for ten thousand years. This was reassuring. Without being a Louis XIV I could not quite feel it my duty to worry about my five-hundred-times great-grandchildren.

But is not our language in a more imminent danger? The rate of loss, always serious enough, must have been greatly increased by the strain upon each individual word, incident to the use of language in the innumerable books, magazines, and newspapers of the present day. I have no doubt that Lloyd's, if asked to insure a word to-day, would charge a much higher rate than they would have required even fifty years ago.

Indeed, if words continue to be lost at the rate at which we are now losing them, or, as is more probable in the light of human events, at a rate increasing with arithmetical progression, one wonders if the young writer of two or three generations hence will be able to find any word at all to emphasize

"futile." If, indeed, he be able to use "futile" itself.

A Friend of Mine

THE first time I met him I was impressed by the far-away look in his eyes. They were such sad eyes, eyes that made you think of old sorrows, old dreams, old mysteries of life. They were certainly the windows of *his* soul. We were soon on familiar terms and I noticed a quick response to a kindly spoken word, a manner that expressed keen interest in any small attention. You know the type, I'm sure, the sort that unless you are entirely absorbed in yourself you can't help liking, can't help wanting to be kind to.

Our mere acquaintance developed early into a warm friendship and we had numerous walks together. His was ever a silent friendship and only by his manner were you sure he was enjoying the beauty and freedom of the country roads, the lush meadows, the cooling waters of the brooks we met. I used to enjoy watching his enjoyment, his feeling of companionship, his sense of being in friendly company, and I found myself responding to his moods and cheerful abandonment to the joy of the present moment.

There was no guile in his heart, evidently, and with him I often forgot the pressing cares of the years, the youth that I'd left along those same roads, along those same brooks. I, too, could walk with lighter step, feel the impulse to run and jump and let old care go hang. When sad eyes sparkle and every step betrays enjoyment it's hard to be a clam and not hear singing voices, feel new thrills in old veins. At least this is the way it always seemed to me when I walked with my friend.

I've seen him sit quietly, pensively, as if trying to look beyond the distant blue hills, and wished I could read his thoughts, and fathom the soul in those sad brown eyes. They were always appealing, the eyes of a trusting helpless one, one dependent upon human kindness, and I couldn't think of any one wanting to be rude to him, or being unwilling to share a friendly meal if he happened to be around when the dinner bell rang. He was so appreciative of attention, though he never overdid it, or made you feel that he was only nice for what there was in it. So many can be nice when they are looking for some profit. This fellow was more thankful for a kind word than for any other gift. He simply couldn't be happy without believing the human world was a friendly one. You have met this kind. I don't mean the whiners, the fellows that beg, but the genuine kindly soul that gives himself and his friendship and love and only asks a return in kind.

My friend was ever a wanderer and I thought his wanderings were chiefly in his search for sympathetic and friendly companionship. He was quick to see when his advances were understood and then his whole manner changed from one of sadness to one of joy and animation. I confess I liked his friendship. It flattered me. I was glad I was one of his sort, that we could meet and exchange greetings, walk the roads together, and without a word on his part be conscious we were enjoying each other's society.

I was from the first in doubt as to his exact nationality. He appeared to be of mixed races, but with predominating characteristics that pointed back somewhere to British ancestors. There was a reminder of John Bull in the squareness of his jaw and in his sturdy body, and on one or two occasions I discovered that he was entirely capable of defending himself from uncalled-for rudeness. He evidently lived on the Shakespearian principle of

> "Beware
> Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in
> Bear't that the opposed may be ware of thee."

He never walked by my old home without stopping to exchange greetings, never passed me on the road that he was not ready to wigwag kindly sentiments. He was known to many passers-by and few but had a kind word for him. I have left the old town and the old boyhood home I loved, but I shall hope as the years go by and my friend reaches the middle years and beyond, that he may always have some place to call home, some place to end his days in comfort.

The older years are so full of sad memories for all of us. True friends are few and the honest simple souls are easily forgotten in the stress of life these modern days.

Of course Mike is only a dog, but somehow I can't help believing that dogs have souls and that our own are made better by our response to their honest love and faith.

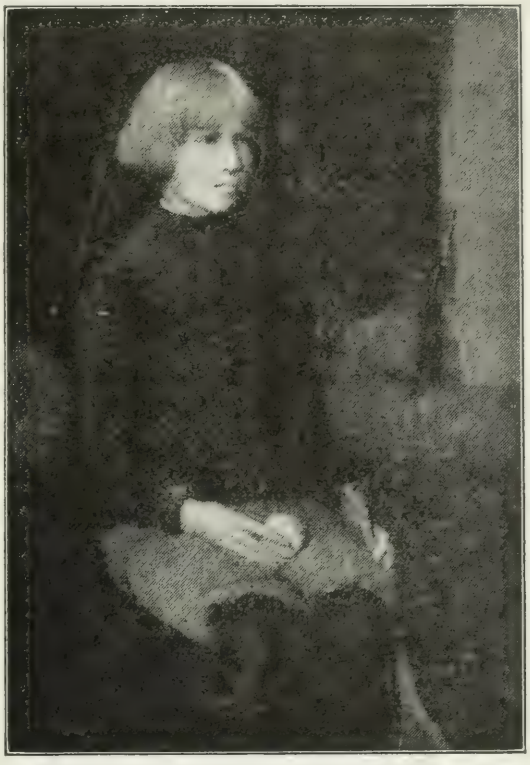
# EMIL CARLSEN

By Eliot Clark

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS BY MR CARLSEN

THE social unrest of the past century is clearly manifested in the realm of pictorial expression. The struggle for freedom, the revolt against convention, the neglect of tradition is apparent in egoistic acclamation and individualism. Each succeeding generation has broken lances with the preceding one.

In the midst of insurgent glamour and publicity a quiet soul worked alone and was unknown. When general recognition followed, the art of Emil Carlsen was fully formed. Not content to follow the belligerent banner in parade of self-assertion, he had slowly mastered the art of painting as a craft. His expression is revealed to us within the well-defined limitations of this craft, clearly, adequately, and beautifully.



Dinas Carlsen at 14.
From a painting by his father, Emil Carlsen.

In contrast to the restless activity of his time, of materialistic competition and ceaseless turmoil, the art of Emil Carlsen is serene and tranquil. Studying somewhat apart from the general current of contemporary art, he has expressed in his work his own temperament. His art is static, not dynamic. In his expression we see a poise and balance, and a sense of contentment which is the direct emanation of his own being. Idealist and realist, he embodies in his expression the eternal mystery of life; personal and impersonal, he sees through the veil of the visual world the eternal verity.

All life impresses one with the paradox of the seen and the unseen, the objective and subjective, the sensuous and the spiritual; one an effect, the other a cause; one changeable, the other constant; one concrete, the other abstract. In the painting of Carlsen we see this combination happily balanced, a nice relation of objective realization and subjective expression.

Carlsen was born at Copenhagen, Denmark. He was trained as an architect, but there being several marine painters in his family, his recreation was passed in painting. His early associations are of the sea. After fulfilling his military service, Carlsen came to America and worked as an architectural draftsman. But this routine and sedentary work was not to his liking, and he determined to follow painting as his profession. It is the realization of this desire that marks the determination of the man and the artist. For despite a long and constant struggle Carlsen maintained his artistic integrity and purity of purpose. Perhaps it is something of the memory of this early struggle that has made Carlsen always a sympathetic friend to younger painters, to many of whom he has



The Open Sea.

lent a guiding and helping hand, and it has brought to his teaching a personal and intimate understanding. But although teaching for many years in the important schools of our country he has ever been himself a student. Not only a student of nature but of art. On returning to the Continent Carlsen worked assiduously from nature, but also copied several pictures of the great masters whom he most admired. As a connoisseur his appreciation is sensitive, sound, and catholic, and his interest in the work of others is enthusiastic, sincere, and sympathetic.

Carlsen has always had a deep appreciation of the work of Chardin. We can see in their natures something analogous; a freedom from social aspiration and professional ambition, a genial spirit, indefatigable application, and an intense love of the craft. If the technic of Carlsen is not as virile and vigorous as Chardin, he has added a spiritual charm which finds expression in a gentler touch and a more tender caress of the canvas. His work has not the same illustrative and graphic form as Chardin; he is not a realist in the naturalistic significance of that term, though his pictures are thoroughly realized. Dealing with form in an absolute sense, he yet makes of it a means of transcendental expression. This is due largely to the spirit he imparts to the manipulation of paint. The sense of touch enters into Carlsen's appreciation of form; the surface quality as well as the material solidity. If his observation of objects is sensitive and keen, in their representation they become imbued with their æsthetical significance. This is happily expressed by the play of light, which not only enhances the form, but in its interpretation reveals the spiritual idea of the artist. What is inanimate becomes animate. He takes the objects somewhat out of their purely objective environment and reconstructs their aspect in accord with his æsthetic idea. For his pictures of still life he chooses his models with fastidious care, not for their rarity, but for beauty of form, and in particular for the way in which they reflect the light. In his arrangement he combines a significant contrast of shape, with an effective relation of light and dark. His color is restrained and is but a means of heightening the effect of the values which reveal the form. It exists by subtle relations rather than contrasts.

Never picturing light by means of complementary contrast and broken color, as seen in the works of the impressionists and

their followers, Carlsen has nevertheless been sensitively appreciative of their expression and sympathetically receptive to their interpretation of light. Thus we note a change from the low tone and stronger contrasts of his early pictures, to the higher key and more limited range of values of his later work. This may also have been suggested by his study out-of-doors. In his treatment of landscape the contrast of color has been increased, while the contrast of values has been decreased.

As a landscape painter his range of subject is limited; his themes are more or less confined to a few color motives. He is not responsive to the dramatic manifestations of nature, and does not express the emotional quickening produced in nature's theatre. He adapts nature to his own use, and his use is largely decorative. A tree becomes the subject of a separate theme, sometimes seen in colors of autumn, but more often in delicate hues of varying gray-greens and silver; but in whatever scheme of color, the hues are closely related. Always we feel a certain dignity, obtained by a carefully calculated pictorial balance, the result of the poise of the artist's soul. The tree becomes separated from other trees, just as each soul is a separate entity; yet we inevitably feel its relation to the universal, the soul seeking its assimilation in the One. The spirit of aspiration is in everything that Carlsen does, the endeavor to attain a perfection which is the result of love as manifested in form. The single tree or a simple group of homely utensils, therefore, assumes a significance quite apart from the subject matter represented. A feeling of radiant gentleness and kindliness pervades his work, the true emanation of his own character. Nature is never harsh, austere, or powerful. In his marines, it is the sea in quiet, undulating motion under a blue sky that he describes, or silvery moonlight sifts through upward-moving clouds that float languidly in summer airs. When great waves dash upon rounded rocks it is the decorative, vaporous mass of white flying water that fascinates the eye; or a simple rhythm of wave is seen under high cumulous clouds, symbolical of aspiration. We have nothing of the power of Homer as seen in his rugged, resisting rocks, turbulent water, and onrushing waves. With Carlsen it is the serenity of nature that is interpreted rather



The Old Sycamore.

than its more dramatic and destructive manifestation. Homer has presented in a very personal way something of the impersonality of his subject, while Carlsen is more temperamental, and sees reflected in his subject the echo of his own nature. Thus lines of rest appeal to him more than lines of action, lines symbolical of heavenward reaching, of quiet and repose. In the woods it is the repeated upright that becomes the motive of the composition—silver, slender trees seen against a background of cool gray-greens, while the sunlight plays upon the warmer ground of nature's carpet. In the pictures of moonlight it is the mysterious, all-pervading, diffused light of night that interests the painter. The forms are dreamily defined, and the colors are closely related to the dominant hue.



Still Life.

The technic of Carlsen is intimately related to his expression. He makes of it an element of style. It does not vary with the variation of theme; his theme is made to conform to his method. But his method is personal and unique. The sensitive temperament of the painter is imparted to the painting, the picture becomes imbued with his magical message; seemingly a most faithful rendering of a given subject, it is unmistakably the purified emanation of a particular temperament. The method is significant not merely as a manner of painting but because by its means is manifested the perfect embodiment of an æsthetic idea. It is herein that Emil Carlsen fulfils his mission as an artist. His message has been made clear by his means. It is thus that spirit finds its personal expression. His method is not evident or obvious, though i[illegible] once apparent. As he sees natu[illegible]ugh a temperamental veil, so his method of expression, though clear, is subtle and elusive. It has nothing of that suggestion which is due to quick improvisation or the exhilaration of a moment. It is considered and calculated, indirect rather than direct, built up and refined. The painter does not rely on distance to complete the form which the brush has suggested; on the contrary the æsthetic form is absolutely defined, and although he relies upon distance to complete the tonal relations and the significance of volume and mass, the handling is not calculated to impress one by its economy of means or the carrying power of the brush-work. Herein his work is emphatically different from the work of Chase. The latter relied upon directness of touch, impulsive and immediate effect, unctuous pigment, and effective impasto. His pictures are, in consequence, brilliant and striking. The spectator is imbued with the exhilaration of the painter; the still life becomes quickened by the impulse of the moment. The work of Chase is likewise an exposition of his temperament: clever, brilliant, and fascinating. By contrast Carlsen is retired, reflective, remote. His brush-work is suppressed, it does not intrude upon the form; his painting is comparatively thin and dry; the necessary oil in the pigment is reduced to a minimum. The unctuous, flowing quality of paint which seems the soul of full, sensuous coloring as exemplified by a Rubens, is manifestly inconsistent with the cool, reserved, and restricted palette of Carlsen.

It is thus that spirit seeks its own medium and manner of expression, and it is the embodiment of spirit that makes the work of Emil Carlsen distinctive.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 8.

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